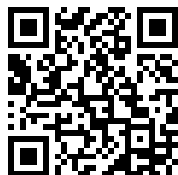


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# DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XVII.

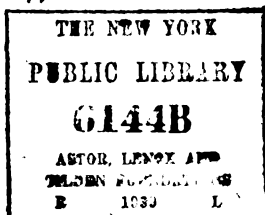
FROM JANUARY TO JULY, 1863.



BOSTON:

OFFICE AMERICAN UNION, FLAG OF OUR UNION, AND NOVELETTE.

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# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII.—No. 1.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1863.

WHOLE No. 97.

## ARMY AND WAR SCENES.

A friend from the battle-fields of Virginia, who was wounded at Antietam, and who is an excellent amateur artist, has brought us a few sketches, which Mr. Champney has redrawn for us upon the wood. The freshness of these illustrations, being taken from life and on the spot, are their strongest recommendation to the interest of our readers, hundreds of whom have brothers or other family connections in the army at the present moment, engaged amid the scenes which we have here depicted. The *first* illustration represents the vidette, or mounted picket-guard, upon whose watchful care so much of the safety of the army depends. He sits ready for instant action during all the hours of his night or day watch, his horse prepared to move, and his rifle ready cocked; his comrades, equally vigilant, are stationed within hailing distance along the line which they are to guard. Hazardous is his duty—the treacherous enemy may, unless he is ever watchful, steal near enough to put a deadly bullet through his heart. The *second* illustration shows the tired men after a long and perhaps wet day's march gathered with their camp-kettles about the cheering blaze of the fire, to snatch a few hours of rest before the drum beat at dawn of day. The *third* engraving is an actual picture of the First Massachusetts infantry in camp on the banks of the Potomac. The *fourth* picture of the series represents a corps of the United States Flying Artillery, one of the most efficient arms of the service. Twelve batteries in all have been sent from Massachusetts, numbering about two thousand men for this service alone. The *fifth* illustration is from an actual scene also, where our troops are bringing in a squad of the enemy taken in a skirmish across the Potomac.

The *sixth* and largest scene depicted is a charge of Massachusetts infantry at the late battle of Antietam, when they drove the enemy in the most gallant style, and captured two stand of regimental colors and many prisoners. We present this set of timely illustrations to our readers with much satisfaction, particularly on account of their genuine character. Our army correspondents have furnished many striking accounts, and elaborate details of engagements, of camp life, of successes, of disasters of one sort or another, for our daily and weekly periodicals; and perhaps a more varied and eloquent series of chapters of war literature was never before so offered to the world as this war has called forth, in the record of bravery, endurance, heroism and patience which have been evinced by our armies.



THE MOUNTED PICKET GUARD.



**JERUSALEM AS SEEN AT SUNSET.**

We generally resorted to the city as the sun declined. Solemn, sepulchral is the character ever impressed on the mind. Here is a city, still to the eye extensive and populous, but no voice arises from its wide area and the hills and valleys around. The evening breeze rustles among its hoary trees, sweeping sadly the bleak, rocky surface of the ground. The red light glances over the city, touching its domes and minarets with a last dying gleam; and the dreary hills are broken into grand masses of purple and vermillion, while the glen below, where sleep millions of the sons of Israel, and the sad groves which shrouded the agony of Christ, are sinking into shades of night.

Such is the hour to view Jerusalem, alone, seated under some ancient tree, memorial of

ruins of a castle or convent, overlooking the Dead Sea and the Moab Mountains. In the village is shown a tomb which tradition has selected as that of Lazarus. The pilgrim will linger about this pastoral spot, recalling the walks through the cornfields, where Jesus plucked the ears of corn by the wayside, or imagining the sister of Lazarus coming forth to meet and conduct him to the tomb of his friend. Of all the walks about Jerusalem, this Bethany, over the Mount of Olives, is the most picturesque in itself, and the most pleasing in its recollections.—*Bartlett's Jerusalem.*

There are many Christians who, all their life long, carry their hope as a boy carries a bird's nest containing an unfledged bird that can scarcely peep, much less sing—a poor fledgless hope.

**THE NIGHT BIVOUAC.**

her past burden and guilt. Then, looking eastward over the fair horizon of Moab and the desert, glowing in the sun's last rays, complete the indelible impression of a scene, that, for its association, is unequalled in the world. Our survey of Olivet would be incomplete without visiting Bethany—which is in fact at its eastern extremity—the village to which Jesus so often retired to visit the hospitable family of Lazarus. The path continues from the crest of Olivet, and as we lose sight of Jerusalem, presents us with a succession of pleasing landscapes. The approach is through the open cornfield; the white roofs of the sequestered village are seen among groves of olive trees, nearly the extremity of cultivated land. As we reach the solitudes of the desert, where we are, on the right, the remains of the buildings of the middle ages, and on the bleak hill beyond, the more extensive

**THE FIRST AMERICAN PRINTER.**

In wandering through the graveyard of Trinity Church, New York, my eye was arrested by a gravestone on the north side of the church to the memory of William Bradford, who, it is mentioned, was born in Leicestershire, old England, in 1660, and came over to America in 1682, before the city of Philadelphia was laid out. "He was printer to this government," the inscription continues, "for upwards of fifty years," and died May 23, 1752, aged ninety-two years. This monument was much injured during the building of the present church edifice, and in another generation or two will entirely disappear. Yet the memorial of Bradford's resting-place ought not thus to be obliterated. He first established the printing-press in the vast region south of Boston. He came over with Penn, on the "Welcome," in 1682, and began his career in



Philadelphia, in or near to which city he fixed his first printing-office, as early at least as 1686, and a paper-mill on the Wissahickon, near Germantown, very soon afterward—the first paper-mill ever erected in the United States; and as appears by a printed prospectus yet preserved, he was the first person who proposed in America to print the Holy Bible. This was A. D., 1688, in Pennsylvania. He mingled largely and actively in the stirring events which agitated colonial life in that litigious province, and maintained with success his printing-press against the efforts of the proprietary government to break it down. He came to New York in 1692, at the invitation of Governor Fletcher, and was printer to the crown, as his epitaph records, for the space of half a century. In this office he amassed honestly great wealth, which he left to numerous descendants, who have been among the most distinguished families of New York, New Jer-

sey and Pennsylvania—the Ogdens, the Van Courtlands, Creightons, Boudinots, and others of less public reputation but high private worth. The Hon. William Bradford, attorney-general under the administration of Washington, was his great-grandson.

an attack having subsided, the bayonet of Parker's light infantry, and desperate charge made by Gunn, proved irresistible. The chief, fighting hand to hand with Wayne, was killed. Seventeen of his warriors fell; the rest, abandoning their pack-horses, and leaving a very considerable prize of peltry to the victors, fled. It must forever be regretted that this encounter, in which consummate gallantry was displayed on both sides, did not terminate here; but unhappily a report, which the nature of the attack rendered probable, produced the most dire catastrophe. It appeared incredible that Indians, accustomed for the most part to resort to stratagem for success, should, without the certainty of timely support, venture on so hazardous an enterprise. An alarm was spread that the enemy from Savannah, led on by the gallant Browne, were at hand, hastening to support their allies; and twelve young warriors, who were prisoners, were doomed to die,



IN CAMP.

sey and Pennsylvania—the Ogdens, the Van Courtlands, Creightons, Boudinots, and others of less public reputation but high private worth. The Hon. William Bradford, attorney-general under the administration of Washington, was his great-grandson.

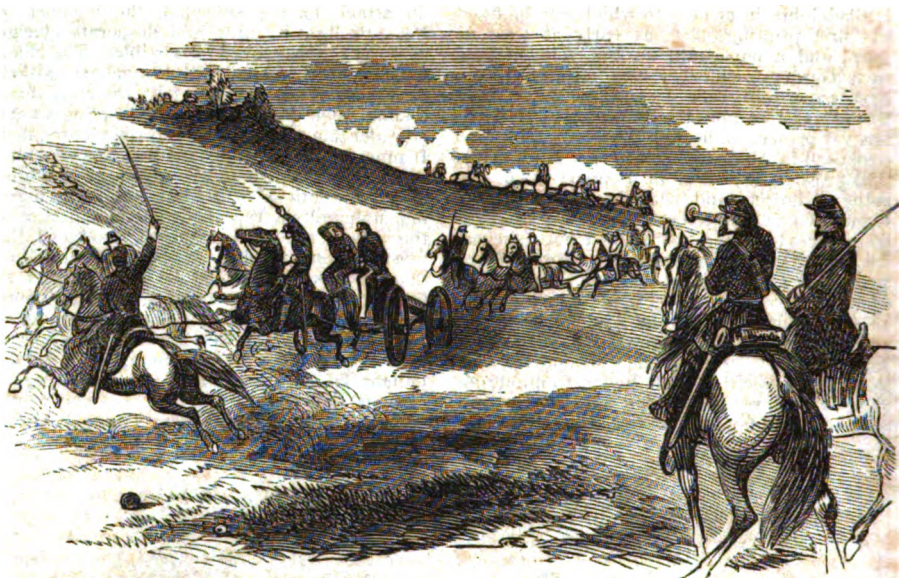
#### NIGHT ATTACK ON GEN. WAYNE.

One of the most singular occurrences of the war was the midnight attack upon the camp of General Wayne, then lying at Gibbon's Plantation, about five miles distant from Savannah, by Gurestessego, a chief of the Creek nation. The intrepidity of this gallant warrior was, in the first instance, attended with complete success. The sentinels were surprised, the camp entered, and cannon taken. The endeavor to render them serviceable proved his ruin; the time was lost which should have been employed in pursuing his success; and the confusion occasioned by so unlooked-for

lest they should join the expected assailants. The precipitancy of the order caused many a pang to the heart of the general, for before the falsity of the intelligence could be ascertained, the devoted victims were delivered up a sacrifice, and unresisting fell.—*Garden's Anecdotes of the Revolutionary War.*

#### A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

It is said of the Icelanders, that they scrupulously observe the usage of reading the sacred Scriptures every morning, the whole family joining in the singing and prayers. When the Iclander awakes, he salutes no person until he has saluted God. He usually hastens to the door, adores there the Author of nature and providence, and then steps back, saying to his family, "God grant you a good day!" What a beautiful illustration is this of the Christian obligation on the part of households to recognize and worship God.



UNITED STATES FLYING ARTILLERY.

**THE ORPHAN BOY.**

The bustle of the fight was over; the prisoners had been secured, and the decks washed down, and the schooner once more relapsed into midnight quiet and repose. I sought my hammock and soon fell asleep. But my slumbers were disturbed by wild dreams, which, like the visions of a fever, agitated and unnerved me. Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder, and starting up, I beheld the surgeon's mate.

"Little Dick, sir, is dying," he said.

At once I sprang from the hammock. Little Dick was a sort of protegee of mine. He was a pale, delicate child, said to be an orphan, and used to a gentle nature; and from the first hour I joined the schooner, my heart yearned towards him, for I, too, had once been friendless and alone in the world. He had often talked to me in confidence of his mother, whose memory he regarded with holy reverence. Poor lad! his heart was in the grave with his lost parents.

During the late fight I had owed my life to him, for he rushed in just as a sabre stroke was levelled at me, and by interposing his feeble cutlass, had averted the deadly blow. In the hurry afterwards, I had forgotten to inquire whether he was hurt, though at the time I had resolved to exert my influence to procure him a midshipman's warrant. With a pang of reproachful agony, I leaped to my feet.

"My God!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean it!—he is not dying?"

"I fear, sir," said the messenger, sadly, "that he cannot live till morning."

"And I have been lying idly here," I exclaimed, with remorse. "Lead me to him."

"He is delirious, but at the intervals of lunacy he asks for you, sir;" and as the man spoke we stood at the bed of the boy.

A battle-stained and gray-haired seaman stood beside him, holding a dull lantern in his hand, and gazing mournfully on the face of the sufferer. The surgeon knelt with his finger on the boy's pulse. As I approached they all looked up. The veteran who held him shook his head and would have spoken, but the tears gathered too chokingly in his eyes.

The surgeon said, "He is going fast, poor little fellow!—do you see this?" As he spoke he had lifted up a rich gold locket which had laid upon the boy's breast. "He has seen better days."

I could not answer, my heart was full; here was the being to whom a few hours before I had owed my life—a poor, slight, unprotected child—lying before me with death already written on his brow. They noticed my agitation, and his old friend the seaman, who held his head, said sadly:

"Poor little Dick, you'll never see the shore you have wished for so long. But there'll be more than one, when you're log's out," he spoke with emotion, "to mourn over you."

Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes and looked vacantly around.

"Has he come yet?" he asked, in a low voice. "Why won't he come?"

"I am here," said I, taking the little fellow's hand. "Don't you know me, Dick?"

He smiled faintly, and then said, "You have been kind to me, sir—kinder than most people are to a poor orphan boy. I have no way to show my gratitude, unless you will take the Bible you will find in my trunk. It's a small offering, I know, but it's all I have."

I burst into tears; he resumed:

"Doctor, I'm dying, aint I?" said the little fellow, "for my sight grows dim! God bless you, Mr. Danforth."

"Can I do nothing for you, Dick?" said I.



"You saved my life. I would coin my blood to buy yours."

"I have nothing to ask—I don't want to live—only, if it's possible, let me be buried by my mother. You'll find the name of the place in my trunk."

"Anything, everything, my poor lad," I answered, chokingly.

The little fellow smiled faintly—it was like an angel's smile—but he did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the stars flickering in that patch of the blue sky overhead. His mind wandered.

"It's a long, long ways up there—but there are bright angels among them. Mother used to say that I should meet her there. How near they come!—and I see sweet faces smiling on me from among them. Hark! is that music?" and lifting his finger, he seemed listening for a moment. He fell back, and the old veteran burst into tears—the child was dead. Did he indeed hear angels' voices? God grant it!—*National Intelligencer*.

#### HANNIBAL CROSSING THE ALPS.

Of the events related in ancient history, concerning great warriors, there are few more famous than the passage of Hannibal over the Alps, which took place, according to historians, in the year 217 before Christ—upwards of two thousand years ago. Hannibal was the leader of the Carthaginian armies, who were engaged in war with the Romans under Scipio. Carthage was on one side of the Alps, and Italy upon the other. Hannibal determined, in his great daring, to carry his army over the Alps, instead of going by sea into Italy. His soldiers dreaded the expedition, but yielded to his strong will, and even commenced their march cheerfully. The Alps are among the loftiest mountains in the world, and many of

their summits are covered perpetually with snow, while the gorges or depressions between them are filled with immense masses of ice, called glaciers, which gradually move down to the valleys below. Sometimes they rush down with immense force and velocity, and produce what is called an avalanche, in which towns, and villages, and vast tracts of land are overwhelmed. Across these formidable hills there was a road, but it was so dangerous as to intimidate the boldest traveller. Yet Hannibal resolved to carry a vast army over it; and history tells us that he succeeded, although at a terrible sacrifice of thirty thousand lives!

How fearfully and grandly, one above the other, rise the snow-clad peaks of the mighty Alps, among which wends a vast train of men, and horses, and huge elephants, stretching through many a wild chasm, and over a vast space of the dizzy pathway! For months they toiled—sometimes resisted by watchful enemies, who encountered them in difficult passes, hurled down upon their heads huge rocks, and disputed their progress at every step; sometimes opposed by dreadful precipices or almost unscaleable cliffs—at all times pinched by the intense cold, and oftentimes by hunger, which could not be at once appeased. Still they went on, for they had a leader whose courage was unconquerable, and whose will was not to be disputed. Though thousands of his followers died around him, he was undaunted and firm in his purpose. Had he not been so, all his army, and he, too, would have perished in the wild gorges. Nor did the greatness of the undertaking cease when Hannibal and his army stood upon the highest point of their path; for the descent into the fertile valleys of Italy was even more dangerous than the ascent had been.—*The School-Fellow*.



BRINGING IN PRISONERS.



CHARGE OF MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY AT ANTIETAM.



## TRAVELLING SKETCHES.

The pictures on the twelfth and the following pages illustrate scenes in the Old World and the New. In explanation of the engravings, we are pleased to be able to furnish some notes of intelligent travellers but lately published in this country. The first is a representation of one of the native peasants of the Landes, in the south of France. A peculiarity of the shepherds of the Landes is strikingly represented in this engraving. It consists of the immense stilts on which they traverse the vast heaths of their department. In the use of these appliances they are most dexterous, some indeed performing wonderful feats with them, such as Gabriel Ravel used to exhibit on the stage. All of them are enabled to perform many miles an hour with these contrivances. It will be seen that by means of a staff the shepherds of the Landes are enabled to take a rest whenever desired. Seen from a distance, stalking through the fog, these peasants present a strange and spectral appearance, which might well alarm a traveller who caught a glimpse of them for the first time. The name of Landes is given to a department of south-western France formed of part of the old province of Gaseogne, bounded north by Gironde, east by Garonne and Gers, south by Bas-Pyrenees, and west by the Mediterranean. It has an area of 3846 square miles, and a population of about 300,000. The surface is covered by spurs of the Pyrenees in the south, but north of the Adour are the extensive heaths (Landes) from which the department obtains its name. On the coast are numerous lagoons communicating with the sea, and between these are extensive downs, the sands of which are partially fixed by plantations of pines. The principal rivers are the Leyre, the Adour and Gave-de-Pau. The climate is mild, but unhealthy on the coast. The wealth of the department consists of iron and coal mines, bitumen, timber, and mineral waters. It is divided into three *arrondissements*, Dax, Mont de Marsan, and St. Sever.

## STREET AMUSEMENTS IN ITALY.

The game represented in our engraving on page thirteen, a sort of swing, is called by the Italians a *canofiena*. It is specially in favor during the autumn. Songs, the music of the tamborine, and the shouts of the young girls, blend together with a chorus of merry laughter at the oscillations of the swing. About, and on the porticoes, some work of antique art or of the *renaissance* rarely fails to add effect to the scene, and the sun, before plunging beneath the horizon, gilds with his tenderest rays these joyous scenes, which the inhabitant of the north contemplates as he passes, and which he can never forget.

## AN AFRICAN MOUNTED RANGER.

The curious-looking black mounted on a South African bullock, bitted and saddled, who faces us in the engraving on page fifteen, is an African mounted ranger, a specimen of the tribe of Griquois, who derive their origin from the Hottentots, and whom the colonists and wild tribes have driven by degrees back

into the interior of the country. Now they are in some sort under the control of the missionaries, who have founded Griquois-town in the environs of the Orange River. The population of this station may perhaps reach 6000. Each family possesses its cabin and patch of ground. From a distance their numerous habitations give the settlement the aspect of a large town. During a brief portion of the year the land is fertilized by rivelets, but at other times it is parched and burned by the sun and wind. The crops also suffer from rust and the ravages caused by clouds of grasshoppers. The missionaries have established a copper currency, which only passes among the Griquois. The natives fabricate useful articles, cultivate corn and all sorts of vegetables, and raise large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats. At certain periods they sell their produce at Cape Town, as well as cloaks made of the skin of wild animals, which abound in their country—such as lions, leopards, and antelopes. The Griquois are rarely more than four feet two or three inches in height. Their faces are long, copper colored, the cheek bones very salient, the eyes small, the lips gross and prominent, and the head covered with thick wool. The men wear garments of skin, and the women cloaks, like the female represented in our engraving. Their cabins are generally of a circular form, three or four feet high, the opening being scarcely two feet square. The fire is in the centre, and the smoke eddies throughout the whole interior; a European would be smothered by it. The natives lie around this fire on sheepskins, and cook their meat on the coals or on spits. The Griquois are very fond of honey, which abounds in certain places, and which they carefully preserve in goat skins; they also consume edible roots which they find in the mountains. They also eat grasshoppers and locusts, cooked in hot ashes, with a relish.

## A BENGALÉE VILLAGE.

Next in the order of our series is the picture of a Bengalee village, on the banks of the Ganges, followed by a scene sketched in the environs of Calcutta. The first of these is strictly oriental, and the graceful trees, the tethered elephants, the bamboo cottage, the bright-plumed peacocks, are no stranger to our eyes than the attenuated forms of the native family lounging about in various attitudes before the door. The same strangeness of figures is seen in the group in the second engraving, which is enlivened by the passage of a native dignitary in a clumsy coach, surrounded by runners and attendants. Of these sights in the environs of Calcutta, the intelligent French traveller, whose notes we have before us, writes: "Let us transport ourselves to the banks of the Ganges in the environs of Calcutta. It is an animated scene, which extends for a distance of several miles. You see a crowd of Indians bathing. On one day there was a poor young man exhausted by malady, thin as a skeleton, lying in the sand near the river, with a faithful friend watching sadly beside him. Near the spot was a Brah-





PEASANTS OF THE LANDES, SOUTH OF FRANCE.

min of a certain age, with a severe countenance who had just painted his face, shoulders and breast, with great care, and was admiring himself in a little glass, seated on a wooden platform. On a larger platform, with a cover of foliage and mats laid over sticks, to serve as an umbrella, there was a whole society of Brahmans, one of whom was having himself washed. Then there were fakirs daubed with chalk, with their hair and beards disordered, though braided up. Sometimes, also, their hair was twisted round their heads in the shape of enormous turbans, and covered with

a red or white powder. A wretched, dying old man had himself carried out in a palanquin to try the reviving virtues of the air; his haggard air and excessive leanness indicated the approach of death. A young man, full of strength and grace, coming out of the water, displayed the rich hair that covered his head, and suffered his bronzed body to dry in the last rays of the setting sun. A corpse was carried to the dead house. The roof was occupied by an innumerable number of huge cormorants, and vultures and other birds hovered over or stalked round this sad receptacle.



A troupe of Brahmin women, light and supple, were descending towards the river to make their ablutions, covered with fine muslin drapery, rose colored, green or lilac. Farther on they are burning corpses on a funeral pyre, and the odor of their bodies spread far along the shore animated by so many scenes.—Yesterday I saw the sick young man again, seated and apparently re-animated; I was astonished, for the other day he was motionless and appeared to be dead. I gave him a rupee, which seemed to please him. His friend, perhaps his brother, was no longer with him—he had fulfilled his honorable task, satisfied the craving of his soul, and had returned to his habitual life. A Brahmin going to bathe

with his monkey, walked haughtily along, carrying the animal on his shoulder—both of them had their foreheads painted red. At intervals a carriage of the days of King Dagobert drove by, filled with rajahs or Indian lords, young and old, great and small—those obscure lords who live in the infected quarters of the strange capital called Calcutta. These men are either naked, with immense heads of hair in disorder, or wear theatrical turbans with plumes, and faded robes of gauze or brocade. The servants, naked or wearing short drawers only, cling to the old carriage and the springs, while others run alongside. Calcutta forms a singular contrast to a European city, and the proximity of the



STREET AMUSEMENTS IN FLORENCE, ITALY.



prosaic civilization of England, transplanted to Indian soil, brings out in marvellous relief the poetry of those rooted manners which seem proof against man and time. Thus, after a grand dinner at the governor-general's, in the midst of officers in scarlet uniforms, blazing with gold, and fair ladies whose complexion shames the pearls they wear, how great must be the effect of the festival of Kali, the goddess of vengeance, whose sectaries are the Thugs, the sworn assassins, devoted to murder as many victims as possible, to appease the wrath of their terrible divinity! These wretched Thugs believe that all tricks are admissible which enable them to accomplish their ends. They insinuate themselves into the good graces of travellers, make friends with them, warn them of the danger they run from Thugs, persevere for entire months, and when finally the moment comes, and corresponds with the signs of the goddess, when the crow flies in a certain direction, or the jackall runs on the right side of the road, then they execute their fell design. Men of all religions are admitted into this sect, as you would hardly expect to meet among a people commonly so gentle as the Indians.

"On leaving Calcutta, we were at first for many days in the narrow streams forming the delta of the Ganges, between marshy inlands, covered with impenetrable forests or jungles, uninhabited by men. Every evening we anchored in these solitudes for the night, for fear of the sand banks. The young officers on board, returning to their regiments, attempted to make an excursion in boats near the banks, and one of them fired a gun, to which a thousand jackalls replied. But their lamentable cries were overpowered by a prolonged howling like the rolling of subterranean thunder. It was the voice of the tiger, and the young men hastily returned to our vessel with pale faces. At the first red light of the morning we resumed our voyage, and when the sun dissipated the humid but hot vapors of this pestilential desert, we saw, here and there, crocodiles lying motionless, as if they had been bronzed carvings, on the sand of the narrow beach beneath the forest and the river, as in ambuscade in a ravine, with their jaws open towards the water, and their bodies under the deep shadow of tropical vegetation. These terrible creatures are from fifteen to twenty feet long. An officer fired a charge of small shot at one of them, which, on being hit, whirled rapidly round in the air, and then suddenly entered the water. Thus five or six days passed, at the end of which we saw, for the first time, a Bengalee wood-cutter's boat, then villages, the roofs of which were made of bamboo canes and palm-tree mats, in clumps of cocoa and other trees. The women were partially clothed with a simple and beautiful drapery. The men had a dark and wild look under the shadow of their luxuriant hair. Graceful children were sporting on the sand. Benares we found a curious and picturesque but not a large city. It is a compact heap of three story houses, with little temples carved like chessmen, in which are seen brahmins and fakirs painted with different colors, little hump-backed white bulls, decked with flowers and with

gilded horns; half-naked women loaded with rings, sprinkling water on a multitude of little idols or cylindrical stones rounded at the end. Then you see strange horsemen, with their bows passed over their shoulders, as in the representations of the gods of mythology, with arrows attached to their backs, without quivers, riding horses dyed with henna and indigo. And all are there crowded together in narrow streets, in the middle of which, here and there, tower up elephants with odd trappings, forcing their way with difficulty and noise amidst the crowd of animated beings, temples, houses with balconies, and shops of eatables, sometimes carrying away in their progress the awnings made of cocoa leaves, sustained by slender bamboo canes. It would seem as if they would crush women and children at every step; but it is not so—the colossus is considerate in his ways, and carefully avoids injuring or even incommoding them. But let us leave Benares for Lucknow, the scene of such great events in the late rebellion, and we shall have a better idea of the picturesque luxury of this strange country. At Lucknow, Colonel Low, the English resident, tendered us the use of one of his elephants to make the tour of the city. He called out from the window, and instantly I saw emerging from the garden the gigantic quadruped, with a howdah of silver gilt, adorned with mock jewelry imitating diamonds, rubies and emeralds, which, instead of being set, were hung to the howdah, and produced a charming effect in the red morning sunlight. This pavilion of a singular appearance and form, was composed of two swans carved in silver, and the festoons of mock jewels I have mentioned. The curtains and cushions blazed with red and gold. The kornak was dressed in white, with a cashmere shawl thrown over his back. I mounted by means of a ladder. A servant wrapped in a cashmere shawl, seated himself behind me, in a place made for the purpose, and we set forth, preceded by a regular horseman, a sort of Cossack, oddly dressed. There are always a dozen of them mounted at the door of the residence, ready to escort the persons of the household. I entered a broad and populous street. Handsome Moorish edifices and Muscovite cupolas and innumerable minarets, appeared on all sides of me. Horsemen dressed in cloth of gold and cashmeres, on pretty horses, preceded by men with silver pikes or sabres, running; other lords carried in open and gilded palanquins, with rich silver hookahs, or rather *gourgouri*—for these pipes with elastic stems are so called—in their hands, surrounded by servants, preceded by guards of honor on camels caparisoned in red and green; elephants, often in groups, surmounted by splendid pavilions, in which the people of Lucknow were conversing from one to the other, hookah in hand, in brilliant costumes of the liveliest colors; troops of wild Afghans swinging on their huge camels—made up a scene of Oriental magnificence of which I had often dreamed in my early days, but of which the reality far surpassed the anticipation. It was altogether a gorgeous *resume* of the Orient, and I regretted not the toil of travel which had been crowned by a spectacle so grand."





AN AFRICAN MOUNTED RANGER.

**CROSSING A TORRENT.**

Passing from East to West, from Asia to South America, on page 18 we present the reader with a scene in one of the beautiful virgin forests of New Granada. The principal features in this sylvan scene is the passage of the torrent that dashes itself among the rocks of the river-bed in the midst of the primeval

forest. The traveller is placed in a seat, to which rope stirrups to rest his feet are attached, while strips of hide are passed over the shoulders of his sturdy Indian carrier. The latter is trained to support a heavy weight and is perfectly sure footed, though the sensations of a nervous person in being transferred in this way over the round and slippery trunk of



a tree, above a leaping cascade, are anything but agreeable. We should imagine that the sense of personal danger would not add very much to the pleasure of such a mode of transition.

who occupy such a shelter. The silver mines of Peru are not nearly so productive as they were formerly. The yearly returns from the mines of Ceno Pasco once reached the amount of 1,650,000 pounds, but the annual produce is



BENGALÉE VILLAGE ON THE BANKS OF THE GANGES.

#### HUT OF A PERUVIAN MINER.

Another of our South American scenes is a neat though slender construction of canes and thatch, and looks more like a magnified bird-cage than a human habitation. It serves, however, the purpose of the simple people

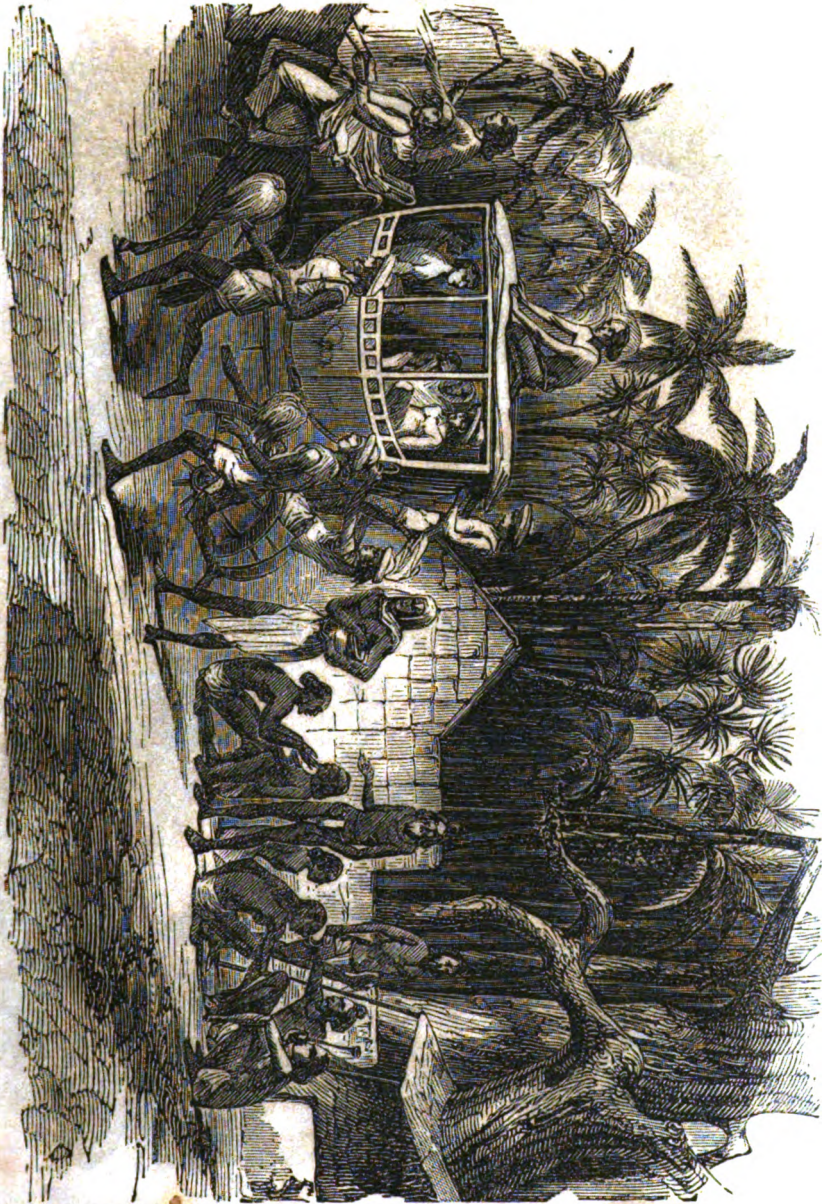
now not half that sum. A government establishment receives and stamps the silver before it is sent to Lima. There it is coined and then returned, and on its return is very often waylaid and plundered by the bandit montoneros. The city of Pasco stands on a table-



land, in a basin surrounded by rocks, and is 13,720 feet above the level of the sea. There an incessant clatter is going on, strangely different from the solemn stillness that reigns around. The mines are opened in all sorts of

rich mine is opened, they are paid in ore, and are at such times handsomely remunerated. To compensate for the mines which are rendered useless by the irruption of water, or other accidents, rich and new ones are daily

SCENE IN THE ENVIRONS OF CALCUTTA.



public places, and we cannot pass many yards without encountering one. Some not more than twenty feet deep, some fifty, some double, some three times that number. The miners, with some few exceptions, are Indians. They earn about half a dollar a day; but when a

discovered. They are all found in the chains of mountains, commonly in dry and barren spots, and sometimes in the sides of the *quebreñas*, or astonishing precipitous breaks in the ridges. As the need of man increases, new resources are continually developed.



## HALT ON THE ROAD TO MOCO.

The last sketch of our series represents a group of Indian carriers, halting in a pleasant valley near Mocoa, by the side of a cool stream that finds its way down the mountain, to drink and wash themselves, and take their frugal

markably correct in the representation of the glorious foliage of South America, where indeed vegetation attains its utmost luxuriance. Some of our modern landscapists are beginning to work the mines of scenery in South America that woo the pencil—its magnificent



CROSSING A TORRENT IN NEW GRANADA.

repast. These men carry enormous packs up on their backs, and yet ascend the steepest hills, like those shown in the background of our engraving. The Indians of South America are almost literally beasts of burden. They are mild and patient, contented with little, and willing to work hard. Our engraving is re-

forests, mountains, and its prodigious cataracts and rivers. There are beautiful exhibitions of natural scenery hitherto unknown to the world, on the southern continent of America, which, if embodied in the conceptions of the artist, would strike the mind with all the force of loveliness and grandeur.

{ORIGINAL.]

## WAITING.

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

O, my heart is sweetly dreaming  
Through the gay, soft summer days,  
And of one whose thoughts and feelings  
Are outbreathed in all his lays:  
Thrilling o'er my heart each songburst,  
All its hidden grief allays.

Yet I know not in my dreamings  
Who he is, or whence he came;  
While I cherish his bright fancies,  
Ah! unknown is still his name:  
But ere long a gem 'twill sparkle  
On the royal crown of fame.

As the flower in its bosom  
Shrines the blessed drop of dew,  
So my heart would prize the friendship  
Of a soul so noble, true;  
It would gleam amid its darkness  
When life's winds of sorrow blew.

I would soothe him as a sister,  
Chase the shadow from his brow,  
In his deep despair so lonely,  
While my heart would silent bow  
Low before its Maker, pleading  
For his weal as it does now.

Will I meet him ere I vanish  
From time's dim and dreary shore?—  
Ere eternity's vast waters  
Rise my weary bark before?  
Once it drifts out on that ocean,  
'Twill return—ah, never more!

O, my heart is faint with waiting,  
And its sweetest hope has flown,  
For in friendship's sacred circle  
One is wanting there alone;  
O, my heart is sadly waiting  
For the friend so long unknown!

{ORIGINAL.]

## THE NOVICE OF SANTA CLARA.

### AN OLD SEA-CAPTAIN'S YARN.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

It was on my twenty-first birthday that I took command of my first ship. Every one of these white hairs of mine was then as black as a tar-bucket; so, you see, it must have been a good long time ago.

My ship was called the Grampus, and we sailed from the port of Boston. We took flour

and other matters to Lisbon, and from there we were to go to Liverpool, where the principal part of our return cargo was to be made up.

While the ship lay in the Tagus, I lived on the opposite side of the river from Lisbon, near a little town called Almado. The house where I lodged was literally buried in orange groves and myrtle bowers. I never saw a lovelier spot.

There was a little garden attached to the house, filled with fruit trees, and producing grapes of a most delicious flavor, in the greatest abundance. There was also a grape-vine arbor where I used to stretch myself at full length, after the business of the day was over, to enjoy, what the Portuguese loves no less than the Italian—"il dolce far niente"—the lordly luxury of laziness; the air around me all teeming with perfume, and oranges, figs and pomegranates, hanging within the reach of my hand.

In this miniature garden of the Hesperides I was one evening reclining, when a pebble with a bit of paper wrapped about it fell almost at my feet. Where it came from I could not tell. I soon satisfied myself that there was no one in the garden; and unless it was thrown from one of the windows of the adjoining houses it could not have come from without.

Being unable to come to any decision on this point, I unfolded the paper, and read the following words, in English:

"You are an American, and therefore I take it for granted you are an enemy to the oppressor and a friend to the oppressed. I am a poor, friendless orphan-girl, a novice of the convent of Santa Clara. My relations will force me to take the black veil, and become a nun for life, one week from this day. I would almost rather die. I detest the convent, and all connected with it; besides, my mother was an American and a Protestant, and though I have been permitted to know but little of her religion, my whole heart is drawn towards it, in preference to that of my persecutors. I have an uncle in New York, my mother's brother, who would gladly receive and protect me. But how to get there!—how to escape from the convent! If you could do anything for me—O, if you could—I would bless you—pray for you—till my dying day! We novices will all attend public mass, in the great chapel, on Sunday. I will have a black ribbon in my hand. Pardon, I pray you, my presumption—my forwardness. But, O, if you knew how miserable I am!

ESTRELLA D'AVEIRO."

That was all. The hand-writing was uncommonly neat and delicate, though occasionally tremulous, and apparently blistered with tears. It was done with a lead-pencil, and the

paper was tied to the stone with a silken string.

My age and temperament were such as to be most violently acted upon by such a communication. A helpless girl, the orphan daughter of an American mother, the victim of foul wrong and cowardly oppression—could imagination conceive of a more powerful appeal to my sympathies!

But it might be a hoax, a trick, or even a snare? Possibly; and being a stranger in a strange land, a land too where very strange things were sometimes done, common prudence and common sense certainly required that I should be cautious.

Sunday however would soon come. I would then attend the chapel, and if I saw a novice with a black ribbon, I would be pretty safe in regarding the note as a genuine production of one really in affliction.

Sunday came; I went to mass, and saw the troop of novices, and in the hand of one of them I saw a bit of black ribbon twined about fingers as delicately white as the petals of a new-blown lily. The ample white veil and the conventual drapery prevented me from seeing anything more.

But, just as the congregation was in the bustle of departure, the white veil was for an instant thrown aside, and there flashed from beneath it a pair of eyes so black and brilliant, and yet so tenderly beseeching withal, that they haunted me from that moment, by day and by night, even in my sleep.

In a second or two the veil was replaced and the beautiful vision withdrawn; but that one look had taken my heart by storm, and made me the lovely novice's slave, just as effectually as a gaze of an hour's duration could have done. There is an electricity of the heart, more potent than that of any machine: and its "prime conductor" is the eye.

The convent of Santa Clara was not enclosed by a high wall merely; it was encompassed on every side by houses, all the property of the convent; and except through these, there was absolutely no means of ingress or egress. How was it possible to carry off a young lady, who was almost a nun, from the centre of this stronghold, and that too within a few days?

For twenty-four hours I slept not at all, and did not eat more than half a dozen mouthfuls. My whole soul was brooding over this apparent impossibility. In the end I became fully convinced that if anything was to be done it must be by running great risks. It was a desperate case, and the only hope was in des-

perate remedies. So, as the first risk, I determined to tell the whole story to my landlady.

I knew the *Senhora Valverde* to be a very zealous, perhaps a bigoted, Catholic; but I knew her at the same time to be a truly kind-hearted woman. She spoke English quite fluently, and I had a good deal of intercourse with her. I made a confidant of her, fully and unreservedly: and begged her, if she would not assist, that she would at least not betray me. But she *did* assist, with all her might, and greatly perilled her own interests by so doing.

I was somewhat startled when I learned from her that the lovely *Estrella* was the granddaughter of a marquis. Her father was the youngest son of the Marquis D' Aveiro, and an officer in the Portuguese navy. His American wife had brought him a large fortune, which was inherited by his orphan daughter; this was the true cause of her being driven, by threats and various forms of persecution, to enter the convent of Santa Clara. If it became absolutely necessary, there is little doubt that force would be used to induce her to assume the black veil, and leave her property as the spoil of the victors in this infamous contest.

*Senhora Valverde's* garden was separated from the convent by a range of buildings which did not form any part of it. They were its property, however, and were in part a dependency of a school for young ladies, which was managed by the sisters. There were some rooms in this building occupied as hired lodgings; but, alas! the lodgers *must* be of the female sex. None of the other gender were tolerated.

For several days I brooded over plans and projects of a greater or less degree of absurdity. At last I had but two days left. Now or never the thing must be done. But one possible, not to say probable, scheme presented itself; and that I jumped at with the ardor of desperation. I would disguise myself as a female, and thus procure a room in one of the tabooed buildings.

By my landlady's assistance, I obtained a dress suitable for an unusually tall woman, forged a batch of recommendations, which were "done into Portuguese" by the *Senhora's* aid, and thus provided, presented myself as an applicant for a vacant chamber.

When shaved close and clean, my twenty-one-year-old face had rather a feminine look, under a bonnet; I was accustomed to disguising my voice, for sport; and I felt confidence

enough in my own assurance to go coolly and calmly to work.

The very audacity of the attempt was probably in its favor. At all events, it was successful, and I secured a room with a window overlooking a courtyard where the novices were accustomed to walk every day, though not of course without attendants. I would greatly have preferred a room nearer the ground, but the lowest one vacant was in the third story.

So far I had succeeded. But what next? What advantage was I to gain by this lodgement within the enemy's citadel? That depended very much upon the nerve, the resolution, of the young lady herself. Did she possess such qualities? I would soon know.

The novices, and some of the boarders in the convent, were in the habit of resorting to the court beneath my window, for air and exercise, several times each day; but accompanied by and under the strict supervision of nearly an equal number of sisters.

The utmost caution was necessary, of course. The first time I saw Estrella in the court, I seated myself at the window, with my face concealed, but with one hand carelessly dangling on the outside, and a bit of black ribbon twined about my fingers, as if in listless idleness.

In a few minutes I saw that my manoeuvre had produced the desired effect, and that the young lady was aware of my presence. But the next step was much more difficult. How was I to communicate with her? How was I to make known my plans and purposes?

I might drop a note beside her; but it would inevitably betray us. It was out of the question. What else could I do? What other plan could I adopt?

There were lying on the ground, within the courtyard, quite a number of bits of slate, which had fallen from the old and somewhat dilapidated slate roof of the building. This gave me an idea. I procured a bit of old slate, and scratched upon it, with the point of my pen-knife, the following words:

"While the bell is ringing for prayers, to-morrow evening, and just after all have commenced leaving the yard, I will let down from the window a basket large enough to hold you. Jump fearlessly into it, and trust to Providence and  
JNO. MOULTON."

This piece of slate I held at the window till I knew that Estrella had seen it. I then kept it concealed within my hand, watching for an opportunity to drop it unperceived. The mere

dropping of a piece of slate upon the earth would not be noticed, provided I could prevent them from seeing it leave my hand.

Estrella, who was as quick-witted as she was lovely, saw the difficulty, and immediately provided for it. There was a kitten gambolling about the place. She trod upon its tail. It gave a squeak, and for a second or two every eye was turned towards it. This was enough for me. I dropped my bit of slate, and no one noticed it.

Estrella was now suddenly possessed of a fancy for scribbling on fragments of broken slate. She strolled along, picking up a number of pieces as she went, and at length slipped one of them into her bosom, unobserved. It was the right one.

The next time she came into the yard, she in her turn had a piece of black ribbon in her hand. This I at once interpreted into an acceptance of my desperate proposal. I tarried no longer, but hastened away to Lisbon. I had been straining every nerve to get the Grampus ready for sea, but much still remained to be done, and I had to work a good part of the night to get everything in readiness by the evening of the next day.

The sun was almost setting as I ran down the steps of the custom-house, with my clearance papers in my hand. I jumped into my own boat, and eight powerful arms pulled me swiftly across the Tagus. I was just barely in time to resume my disguise and reach the window as the bell tolled for prayers.

Estrella was on the watch, but I had already seen that she was the object of the strictest surveillance on the part of the attendant nuns, and my hopes were not very sanguine. I was resolved to go ahead, however, at all hazards.

I had a stout rope prepared, and a basket as large as could be gotten through the window. With this simple apparatus I meant to haul the lovely novice up if possible; though I knew I would have to do it before the eyes of the whole squad, with an absolute certainty of being caught in the act. There was no other way to manage it, for she was never allowed to be alone in the yard for a single instant.

The decisive moment was at hand. The bell had rung, and the novices and nuns were leaving the yard. Estrella lingered behind. One of the sisters observed it, stepped back from the door, and peremptorily ordered her to go in, before the others. The poor girl cast a despairing glance at the window, and prepared to obey.

Measuring the distance with my eye, I cast a large bunch of lighted fire-crackers at the feet of the imperious sister, and at the same instant let down my basket. I did not lower it, but let it drop to the ground at a dash.

While the others were screaming and running from the crackers, Estrella flew across the yard and jumped into the basket; whereupon I immediately began to haul up with all possible expedition. The lovely novice was as pale as death; but she never once screamed or otherwise betrayed her fear.

For a while it seemed as if she might get all the way up without discovery; but the operation necessarily consumed a good deal of time, and with so many eyes about I had never hoped to get off unobserved. She was within a foot or two of the window, when some one below gave the alarm, and in another minute there were a dozen fingers pointing at us, and a dozen voices squealing a most discordant chorus of cracked trebles.

There was of course no time to change dresses. I tore off Estrella's conventual veil, however, buckled about me a cutlass and a brace of pistols, and away we went in the direction of the wharf where I had left my boat. I had a mantle thrown over my dress, which served the purpose of concealing my weapons.

My only hope of safety was in the round-about course which would have to be taken by any one coming from the convent before our track could be reached. Many an imprecation I bestowed upon the confounded petticoats, which clung about my legs and impeded their motion. I chafed too not a little at the necessity of continuing to go no faster than a walk. By absolutely running we would have attracted universal attention, and would very probably have been forced to stop before long.

But the time soon came when nothing but speed would serve us. We had heard a confused murmur and a clamor of voices for some minutes, and finally we saw, coming round a corner, at full speed, a motley crowd of shaven monks, lay-brothers, lay-sisters, and miscellaneous individuals, of all descriptions, crying aloud:

"Stop her! stop her! Sacrilege! She is carrying off one of the Sisters of Santa Clara! stop her! Sacrilege, sacrilege!"

Just as they came in sight, two soldiers with sabres joined them, and soon took the lead. It had now become a question of legs, emphatically; so picking up my lovely charge with my left arm, I broke for the boat, with all the strength and speed that were in me.

Encumbered though I was, I distanced all my pursuers, with the exception of the two dragoons. I was now in sight of my boat; but these two men were within eight or ten yards of me.

In this emergency, I pointed out the boat to Estrella, then set her down, and told her to run to it as fast as possible. She hesitated a moment, but it was only about leaving me. I told her I would follow her, in a minute or two, and implored her to begone. She started, and ran like a greyhound.

At the same instant I turned and faced my pursuers, with the cutlass. They all took me for a woman, and this act filled them with amazement. They wavered and hesitated, but at length some one cried aloud:

"It's a man! It's a man, I tell you! Stop him! Catch him, or cut him down!"

The soldiers drew their sabres, and pressed upon me furiously, but I kept them off with my cutlass, till I saw that Estrella had nearly reached the boat. I then took to my heels again, and ran for life and liberty, in the same direction.

I soon reached the water's edge; but by that time, the whole crowd was upon me—many having run ahead while I was engaged with the soldiers. I had to make a dash through those who were trying to cut me off, and while the soldiers at the same time attacked me in the rear.

Estrella was now in the boat. I too jumped aboard, and called out to my men to shove off. There were by that time scores around us, all shouting like madmen. I threw down my cutlass, drew my pistols, and gave them to understand that I would shoot the first man who approached.

Nearly all of them drew back, but one fellow seized an iron ring, in the bow of the boat, and held on to it with all his might. I levelled my right-hand pistol at his head, and was about to pull the trigger; but at that moment Estrella cried—"don't kill him!" I lowered the pistol, drew up my right foot, and crushed the man's hand beneath my iron-shod heel. He fell back, roaring with pain, the men shoved off, and the next moment they had shipped their oars, and were pulling rapidly towards the centre of the Tagus.

Three boat-loads of our pursuers, however, were soon after us, and one of these boats, being full of rowers, quickly overhauled us; but they had no fire-arms, and were afraid to come within pistol-shot.

I had many a time gazed with joy and pride



upon my gallant ship, but never did I behold her with such feelings as now, when cloud after cloud of canvass fell from her yards, when sail after sail was spread to the wind, and slowly gathering headway, she came down with the tide, to receive us in her bosom, and bear us away to a land of peace and freedom.

We were now alongside, and while we were placing *Estrella* in a chair, to be hoisted on deck, five or six of my men, with loaded muskets, stood by the gangway, threatening our pursuers, who had prudence enough to keep at a respectful distance.

While we were getting aboard, a man stood up in the stern-sheets of one of the boats, and called out in a loud voice to the others. I could not hear what he said; and if I had heard him, I would not have been much wiser. They answered with a loud cheer, from the other boats, and all immediately began to row away with the greatest possible expedition.

I was about to inquire of *Estrella* if she had heard what the man said, when I discovered that they were making for a fort the guns of which commanded the reach of the river just below. They were of course going to report us to the commandant, and we might certainly expect to be fired into as we passed the fort.

Expedition was now everything. The tide was in our favor, and we soon had every inch of canvass set that would draw. We then got out our sweeps, and away we went, at such a rate as the *Grampus* had never travelled at before, with such a breeze.

They had five point-blank shots at us, and five times as many more after we had begun to get out of range. But they had to "shoot flying," and Portuguese gunners are not the best in the world, under any circumstances. A trifling damage to our rigging was all the harm their noisy cannonading did us. Most of the balls passed high above our heads.

I now considered that we were safe, though I did feel some anxiety at the dawning of the next day, and I gazed carefully in every direction, with a good glass, as the light spread over the sea. But there was nothing but sky and water to be seen; and not a sail came in sight for several days.

Every additional hour spent in the society of my lovely companion did but heighten the effect which her grace and beauty originally produced upon me. I was resolved to make her my wife, if she would let me; and it was not long before I was able to give a pretty good guess as to the probability of obtaining such permission.

We now laid our course for St. George's Channel. About two hundred miles north of Cape Finisterre, there hove in sight a man-of-war, which I soon made out to be a French corvette. The United States were then, at least nominally, at peace with all the world; but France and England, and half of Europe besides, were at loggerheads, and the rights of neutrals, as many of my countrymen can testify, were but very imperfectly respected. For this reason men-of-war, of all nations, were generally shunned as a nuisance by vessels in the merchant service.

Under these circumstances, I made every possible effort to give the corvette a wide berth; but it was all in vain. She was an unusually fast sailer, and evinced a pertinacious determination to overhail us. After a long chase, she fired a shot across our bows, as a signal to lie to.

Finding it impossible to avoid a visitation, I backed my topsails, and awaited an inquisition such as many Americans were then made to endure, to their extreme vexation, and often to their very serious detriment.

An officer came on board. As soon as he reached the deck, I saw plainly that there was a preconceived scheme to put me in the wrong. He roughly demanded why I had attempted to escape, and then, without giving me time to answer, he declared with an oath that by doing so I had proved that there was something wrong about me. The innocent, he said, courted investigation; it was only the guilty who ran away, as I did.

He now overhauled my papers, examined my cargo, asked a hundred questions, and finally returned to his ship, to consult his captain. Many of his questions were asked, I have no doubt, for the express purpose of puzzling and confusing me; and with my imperfect knowledge of the French language, this was by no means a difficult thing to do.

In something less than half an hour, the officer returned, and the captain came with him. He was a tall, imperious-looking man, with a long gray moustache, and a very white head. He harangued me, for a long time, about the "Berlin and Milan decrees," the "Orders in Council," ports under blockade, goods contraband of war, and Heaven knows what beside, and ended at last by taking formal possession of my ship and cargo, as the lawful prize of his imperial majesty's ship, *L'Imperatrice*, the Chevalier De La Roche-brune, commander.

Boiling over with indignation, I gave the



French government, imperial majesty and all, a blessing, in downright, vernacular Yankee English, which was a good deal less choice than energetic, I dare say. One of the officers who heard it happened to understand English, and so the entire speech was reported to the captain. I cared very little for this at the time; in fact, I would have given it to them in French, if I had had the ability to use that language as glibly as I did my native tongue.

There was something else, however, which I did care for. They clapped me in irons, on the spot, and kept me in close confinement till we made the port of Brest, where I was eventually set at liberty, but only to learn that the case of the *Grampus* had already been adjudicated, and that, in spite of the protest of the American consul, she had been declared a legitimate prize, with all she contained.

Here was a revulsion indeed! Toppled headlong, in a single instant, from the summit of fortune's wheel, and hurled helplessly to the bottom. If it had not been for Estrella's unswerving fortitude, and her wise and gentle counsel, my hot blood would undoubtedly have hurried me into the commission of some desperate deed, which would probably have been the means of ruining me forever. She sustained, advised and comforted me, in a manner which was nothing less than marvellous in one so young and inexperienced.

As it seemed quite useless to remain any longer at Brest, we resolved to go to Havre, and there, if possible, procure a passage to the United States. As Estrella and I were proceeding to the "*Messagerie Imperiale*," where places in the diligence were to be secured, we encountered, near the *Bagnes*, a little man who seemed to be killing time by strolling about and looking at the shipping. We took him to be some sort of an official about the great penitentiary establishment at this point. We were speaking English as we passed him, and this apparently attracted his attention.

"Are you an Englishman?" said he to me, very abruptly, if not impudently.

I was about to make a very testy reply, for my temper was in anything but a tolerant condition, when Estrella gave me a warning pinch, in consequence of which I restrained myself so far as to answer, with a sort of semi-sarcastic civility, in the negative.

"How is that?" continued he. "You speak the language too fluently and too well for a Frenchman."

"Most people speak their mother tongue with a good deal of fluency."

"You are not a Frenchman, then?"

"I am not a Frenchman."

"What the deuce are you, then?"

"What the deuce is that to you?"

"Not much, I grant you. You might as well tell me, though. Are you a Yankee?"

The fellow's pertinacity began to amuse me, and I answered in the affirmative.

"Well, now," continued he, "you ought not to get angry at me for asking questions. Your countrymen live by it, I am told. What makes you so touchy? Why do you look so sour?"

"Well, Mr. Inquisitor, I'll tell you what makes me look so sour. It is your rascally navy, your rascally government, your rascally emperor—a pack of thieves and cut-throats, the whole of you."

"Ha, ha, ha! how's that? What have the rascals done to you, eh?"

Though addressing me all the time, he kept his eyes fixed upon Estrella. This induced me to say:

"I can't speak French well enough to tell a story. The young lady will tell you, if she thinks proper."

He caught at the idea immediately, and though she hesitated for some time, he finally induced her to tell the whole affair; and most admirably she managed it. Her French was pure and beautiful, and the very slight accent with which she spoke rather heightened the effect, than otherwise. Her voice was as soft and winning as her beauty, and the little man was evidently charmed by both. He listened with great attention, though occasionally throwing in queer questions and odd remarks, which certainly displayed a great deal more originality than politeness.

When Estrella had given him a brief account of our joint adventures, he mused a moment, and then said:

"Your name, you say, is D'Aveiro. Are you in any way related to Alphonse D'Aveiro, who fell at the battle of Marengo?"

"Alphonse D'Aveiro was my father's brother. If he had lived, I would never have needed a protector."

Without another word, the man took out a pocket-book, tore out of it a bit of paper, scribbled a few words with great rapidity, handed it to me, and then walked away and began to talk to a group of convicts, who were at work a little way off.

"He is a madman—a stark Bedlamite," said I, gazing after him.

"Let us see what he has written," remarked Estrella.

The paper was folded, and addressed, on the back, to "Monsieur the Prefect of the Department of Finisterre, Rue de l'Empire, Brest." Inside were these words:

"The Count de Lagny will take immediate steps for restoring to the bearer his vessel, the Grampus, together with such damages as he may claim."

There was no signature—not another word.

"No, he is not crazy," roared I. "The heartless scoundrel is amusing himself at our expense—making a jest of our misfortunes."

If I had been left to myself, I would have torn the paper to pieces, and followed the little man, with summary chastisement in view. But my more prudent companion restrained me, showed me that the object of my wrath had disappeared, and even persuaded me to see the prefect and present the strangely-worded paper.

"I will do anything you tell me, Estrella; but I will be unmercifully laughed at for my pains."

"That won't hurt you a bit. I've laughed at you myself, many a time; and I'll do it again, if I find you are afraid of the Comte de Lagny."

I would have gone to the prefecture and asked permission to pull the count's nose, if she had insisted upon it; and I would hardly have thought the errand a sillier one than that in which I was now engaged.

After considerable delay, I was admitted to the presence of the chief officer of the department, and with a reluctant hand I gave him the paper. He started when he saw the handwriting, read it, looked at me attentively for a minute or two, and then, to my unbounded astonishment, said:

"What damages do you require?"

Was the man really in earnest, or was he only carrying on a heartless joke? He repeated the question, and certainly looked as if he was in earnest. Hardly knowing what answer to make, I at length blurted out:

"Thirty thousand francs."

"Bon," said the count. "Take a seat, if you please, for a few minutes."

He said a few words, in a low tone, to an attendant, who immediately withdrew. In about twenty minutes he returned again, with a little bag in his hand, and said a word or two to the count, who immediately handed the bag to me, saying:

"Here is your money, monsieur. The ship is at your disposal. You have only to take possession of her."

I could hardly persuade myself that what I saw and heard was a reality. I must surely be asleep, or the victim of some strange delusion.

"Who, in heaven's name," I stammered out, "who was the queer little man who gave me that paper?"

"That queer little man," said the count, smiling, "was the *Emperor Napoleon*."

"And I called him a thief, to his face!"

"Perhaps you pricked his conscience, and induced him to make restitution. At all events, I congratulate you upon the result."

The count bade me good morning, and bowed me out.

I was still half inclined to think the whole business was a hoax. But there was the money! There was no deception in that, for I counted out fifteen hundred golden effigies of his imperial majesty. And the head on the "naps" did look like the little man's phiz—it did indeed. Pictures of Napoleon were scarce in those days. I had never seen one, and I could hardly persuade myself that the mighty warrior who was shaking all Europe to its foundations could really be identical with the queer, snuffy little man I had so lately parted with. But it was even so. In half an hour I was aboard of the Grampus again—its acknowledged master.

The next morning we left Brest, not in the Havre diligence, but in my own vessel. In Liverpool Estrella became my wife. Some years afterwards we recovered the greater part of her fortune; but if I had never touched one cent of it, I would still have continued to think, as I do now, that the luckiest thing I ever did, even considering it as a mere business operation, was the hoisting up of that basket from the courtyard of Santa Clara.

#### CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

Steele wrote excellently on temperance—when sober. Sallust, who declaimed so eloquently against the licentiousness of the age, was himself a debauchee. Johnson's essay on politeness is admirable, but he was himself a perfect boor. The gloomy verses of Young give one the blues, but he was a brisk, lively man. "The Comforts of Human Life," by B. Heron, was written in prison, under the most distressing circumstances. "The Miseries of Human Life," by Beresford, were, on the contrary, composed in a drawing-room, where the author was surrounded with every luxury. All the friends of Sterne knew him to be a selfish man; yet, as a writer, he excelled in pathos and charity, at one time beating his wife, at another wasting his sympathies over a dead monkey.—*Home Journal*.



[ORIGINAL.]

## REGRET.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

Life's restless tide sweeps ever on,  
 No counter current sets it back;  
 Though rope, and spar, and shrouded sail,  
 Like waymarks, tell its stormy track.  
 Resistless down the opening years  
 We glide like fancies in a dream;  
 And not the boldest carman there,  
 Dare think to stem the ebbing stream.

Then, since to man it is not given  
 Th' chance to redeem the hours that set,  
 Of what avail this constant flood  
 Of foolish sighs and vain regrets?  
 Why sit in sackcloth dumb amid  
 Dead ashes of the changeless past,  
 And grieve that fate, or providence,  
 So sore a lot for thee hath cast?

Up! it is nobler, braver work  
 To reform, than it is to repent;  
 And holy deeds and charities  
 Atone for many a year misspent.  
 And God accepts with kindlier smile  
 The frailest soul by sin beset,  
 Who yieldeth somewhat, but still strives,  
 Than he who sits in weak regret.

The past is dead—the active hours  
 The present brings demands thy strength;  
 Work now, and trust in God to bring,  
 Through seeming ill, some good at length.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCES

IN EAST HOUSTON STREET, N. Y.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

I HAVE been recently an actor in certain scenes of an extraordinary and startling character. When I look back upon them from my present standpoint, one favorable to calm retrospection, even I, with all my impressions of these events fresh and vivid, sometimes ask myself, if these circumstances were not the confused phantasmagoria of a delirious dream instead of stern realities, so inconsistent were they with the prosaic spirit of the days we live in. But no, the evidence lies before me—legal, convincing—it has stood the test of every touchstone, and the testimony is ready to be produced should the word of the narrator, Philip Latham, gentleman, which never

yet was impugned, be called in question now by any man of honor and consideration.

Yet circumstances personal to myself which preceded the more special subject of these pages, might well have rendered my mind incapable of accurate observation, as the reader of this narrative may judge. Few men entered upon manhood with more brilliant prospects than myself. Although left an orphan at so early an age that I can scarce recall the features of my parents, yet I suffered none of the hardships so many children thus bereft are called upon to endure. My guardian was a good man, and my breeding was kind and judicious. I lacked neither necessities nor comforts; even some little luxuries were granted me, though I was taught to be self-reliant and manly. A liberal education was afforded me, and I graduated from Harvard with a high rank in my class. But a great surprise was in store for me. The day after I left the university, I attained my majority, and was then first informed that I came into possession of an ample fortune. I think I may say, without boasting, that I was fitted to enjoy it. I had passed unscathed through the fiery temptations of youth—my habits were formed, my principles fixed, my character crystallized. I was fond of books, of the fine arts, of nature; I delighted in manly exercises; I despised all luxury save that only which enshrined the beautiful.

I had formed, in my college days, a scheme of foreign travel, to be realized when I should have attained a competence. With not only a competence, but a fortune, the dream might be instantly fulfilled. My preparations were soon made, and I sailed for Europe. I made a very extensive tour, and enjoyed all I saw with the keenest zest. I admired the glories of the great European capitals; I revelled in the wild grandeur of nature in her noblest forms, as exhibited in the stern passes of Switzerland and the Tyrol. I deemed that nothing could enhance the charm of an existence so elysian. But I was mistaken. It needed to love and to be loved to dream that earth might be indeed a Paradise. And even this blessing was vouchsafed to me. On the continent it was my fortune to meet with a family from New York—the Brentons—making their first tour in Europe, like myself. They were people to whom my heart warmed at first sight—one of them soon became dearer to me than life itself. I will not pause to describe Julia Brenton—such beauty as hers defies description—let it suffice that in her I



found my ideal, that our natures accorded intensely, and that a perfect understanding between us was almost immediately established. I was not doomed to suffer any of the pangs, the jealousies, the fears of doubtful and struggling love. We gave ourselves to each other without hesitation, without a doubt of our future happiness. Her fortune, like mine, was ample, and I am certain that no more acceptable suitor could have asked her parents to give him their dearest treasure. Ah, then indeed I discovered what it was to gaze on the glories of art and nature, with eyes brightened by true affection! Ah, then I felt how true an interpreter of the mysteries of both is truest love! Then, and not before, did I fully appreciate the tenderness of Raphael and of Fra Angelico; the leafy glories of Vallambrosa; the music of the Alpine horn echoing among the mountains on whose summits the lily and the rose were blended as the last kiss of the departing sun was pressed upon the snowy brow of the glacier.

We lingered many months in Europe, and then as the time for our union was fixed, I parted from my bride to prepare a home for her reception. Swiftly sped the gallant ship that bore me across the broad Atlantic. My orders had preceded me, and as money can accomplish the marvels of Aladdin's lamp, I found that the domain I had designated, on a commanding eminence near my native city of Boston, had been purchased, the walks laid out, shrubbery and flowers planted, and a stately chateau been erected on a plan which I had forwarded from Paris. I brought with me a large quantity of furniture, of pictures, statues, books, plate, tapestry, to decorate the home of my bird of Paradise, and this care, associated with so many delicious hopes, fully occupied my mind and time, and gave wings to days of absence that otherwise would have dragged their weary length along.

At last all was ready, and as I surveyed the product of my wealth and taste, I felt satisfied that Julia would approve of all I had done. I received frequent letters from her and from her parents, and at last one most welcome one, announcing that they had taken passage in the new steamship *Azalia* from Liverpool to New York. I then began to count the hours, nay the minutes that would elapse before I could clasp my bride to my heart. So the days passed by, and every one brought me nearer to happiness.

But one morning, one fatal morning, all these blissful anticipations were shattered and

wrecked—the sun blotted from the sky—the glory of earth departed—the night of despair descended on a hundred desolate hearts and homes. The newspapers contained a brief account of a terrible marine disaster. The *Azalia* had taken fire, burned and sunk in mid-ocean; every soul on board lost!

One hour after this intelligence reached me, my servants found me lying insensible on the floor in the breakfast room, and the fatal paper grasped in my hand. I returned to the consciousness of my irreparable loss only to sink into paroxysms of despair which menaced my reason, and nearly cost me my life. Perhaps the brain fever that followed alone saved me from suicide. For days and days I lay unconscious of everything, and watched over with a tenderness which I know had nothing mercenary in it. The spectacle of such awful sufferings as mine calls forth the noblest attributes of human nature. Men and women who, under the circumstances, might be hard, selfish, even cruel, are melted to ruth, vindicate the native glory of our race, and assert its claim to future bliss.

To be brief, I recovered; shattered, worn, wretched, it is true, but still possessed of a vitality which I then could hardly call a blessing. I wandered like a ghost amidst the scenes which I had lately trodden with the port of a prince. The flowers had lost their glory and perfume, those flowers from which I had hoped to cull *her* bridal wreath. The woodland paths which I had hoped to tread, her hand in mine, now seemed like the avenues of a cemetery. When I went into the stable, my dog sprang upon me, and my favorite horse laid his head upon my shoulder—but what were the caresses of these poor mute animals? There stood the milk-white palfrey I had bought for her use—I could not bear the sight of the beautiful creature, and I rushed forth into the air. Alone again in the woods, I called aloud on the lost one; but the echoes that sent back her name seemed the utterances of mocking fiends. Then I would fling myself on the grass and weep till my heart and head seemed ready to burst. I would apostrophize her gentle spirit. "Julia, if you are near me, as you must be, touch my hand." And I would stretch forth mine, expecting to feel the well-remembered thrilling clasp that had so often sent the blood dancing through my veins. But there came no spirit-clasp, no spirit-answer to my appeal. Then I would torture myself with picturing the exact manner of her death. Sometimes she appeared to me

sinking into the fiery vortex of the burning ship; at other times I beheld her delicate limbs whirling unburied in the ghastly recesses of the ocean, preyed upon by the ravening monsters of the deep. My tortures were intolerable. I resolved upon a change of scene. Leaving my house to the care of my farmer and his wife, I went to New York. I had formed the idea that the rush and the whirl of a great city might tend to take me out of myself. I was mistaken. The roar and clatter of Broadway, instead of diverting my mind, turned it inward. It preyed upon itself as cruelly here as in the solitude of my estate. I sought the loveliest scenes in the environs, in the hope that the tranquil beauties of nature might produce an opposite effect. I hired a yacht and crew, and voyaged slowly up the matchless Hudson. But I saw nothing of the beauties of its picturesque shores, and even the bold, blue outlines of the Catskills, first seen through the gauze of mist that veiled without concealing their beauties, was mirrored on a heart too desolate to furnish one throb of pleasure at the magic image. I returned to New York sadder, more despairing than ever.

But something must be done, if I would avoid madness or the grave. Employment, no matter what, might save me from evils even worse than death. I attempted literature, but I had not the nerve for continuous composition. I could think and write of but one subject, and I shrunk from laying bare the sacred wounds of my heart to the public gaze. I then bethought me of an art which I had studied in Paris partly for amusement, and partly to aid me in preserving the most striking scenes I visited—photography. Apart from the occupation its exercise would give me, it would afford me an opportunity of doing very acceptable service to many poor and worthy people. The war had broken out, and I resolved to employ my skill without charge in behalf of the gallant volunteers and their families and friends. Accordingly, I engaged rooms—plain and unpretending ones—in a house in East Houston Street; and, dressing myself very unostentatiously, commenced business. The specimens I had brought from Paris made my showcase at the door, and my sitting-room up stairs, very attractive. Besides, I had portraits of some of our popular generals and several military groups which produced their effect. The very first day I opened I had the pleasure of making a whole family happy. A father, mother and sister

came with a young man, the son, who was in a Zouave uniform, looked at my pictures and inquired very anxiously about my prices. I mentioned a very small sum, but I gathered from their whispered consultations that it was a very large one for them. They finally settled on having the young soldier's picture taken—a single copy. What was their surprise and joy when I offered to take portraits of all the family, asking for my sole remuneration the privilege of retaining copies for myself? Of course I did not lack patronage on such terms; but my manner of dealing produced entire confidence on the part of my visitors, and I learned many cases of domestic sorrow and affliction, some of which my wealth enabled me to alleviate, while others, beyond the reach of pecuniary help, taught me that I was not alone in my bereavement, and that heroism of endurance was not an uncommon virtue. Insensibly I began to recover my former tone of mind. My happiness was wrecked; but resignation proved not to be beyond my reach, and a life of active benevolence not unattainable. There was at least something left to live for. The accomplishment learned in an hour of leisure had already done me yeoman's service.

The study of faces and characters soon became interesting to me. There were two persons—lodgers in the dilapidated house of which I occupied a part—who were objects of curious study to me. One of these was a young man who went by the name of Paul Welford. I say he was young, for there were many indications of youth about him, and yet he bore traces of premature decline. He was thin, and there was a nervous tremor in his limbs that usually accompanies only a far advanced age. His cheeks were hollow, and his figure thin, but he was still remarkably handsome. Those exquisitely cut Grecian features, those luminous black eyes, that silken, wavy hair, black as the raven's wing, might still have won the heart of woman, in spite of the sordid dress, the relic of former gentility, but for something repellant in his expression—something that suggested the fallen archangel. He had no visible means of support. Sometimes he passed days in his room, uneasily tramping to and fro; of ten the whole night was so occupied, and again he returned to his lodgings at daybreak after having been away since the preceding afternoon. I should have premised that I lodged myself in the building, getting my meals at a neighboring restaurant. I often met him on the stairway, with a loaf



of bread and piece of cheese at dinner time. Again I have seen him with a well-filled basket, from which the neck of a bottle of champagne protruded. Once he sauntered into my room, with his inimitably graceful air, looked at my specimens, and made some remarks which showed he was a connoisseur. I asked him, as a neighbor, to sit to me.

"What, in this dress?" he replied, with a sarcastic glance at a suit which would have been a fitting costume for Robert Macaire. "Time was, though—" But he cut his probable confession short.

After a pause, he thrust his hand into the breast-pocket of a greasy coat, and pulling forth a miniature, the setting of which had been removed, handed it to me, asking if I had ever seen the original of that.

"It is your portrait," I replied, "and an admirable painting."

"Ay," he returned, "but I have parted with my good looks since then."

"Your judgment is too severe."

"Perhaps," he muttered with a not altogether unsatisfied look at the mirror, and then he glided away.

The second fellow-lodger to whom I alluded was an old Jew, who rejoiced in the Hebraic appellation of Abraham Isaacs. Nothing more sordid and repulsive than the raiment of this individual could well be conceived; and I doubt whether any of his brethren in Chatham Street would have given him five shillings for his whole equipment. But he had a grand nose, and a most magnificent beard. It was a head Rembrandt would have delighted to paint in his grand style, with his rich and sombre color and massive shadows. I offered to take his likeness.

"What will you gif me?" was the reply I received.

"Eight shillings," was my offer.

He dropped the greasy pack he was carrying on his shoulder, and in an instant was posed before the lens of my camera. When the picture was finished I showed him a proof. There are few men without some particles of vanity in their composition, and the old Jew was not an exception to the general rule. He gazed at it long and wistfully, and seemed reluctant to give it back into my hands. After resuming his pack, and loitering about some time, he shuffled up to me and said:

"Wont you—wont you give me von for mineself? I sat so patiently—so patiently."

"With all my heart," said I, and on the same day I redeemed my promise.

At the close of that week, late on Saturday night, I heard a rap at my door. Opening it, I found the old Jew. He had two apples in his hand—very poor specimens of the fruit, by the way. They were extended towards me, but withdrawn the moment the door opened. He seemed rather confused.

"I beg pardon," he said, "but will you be so kind, misther, as to tell me what time it is?"

I glanced at the clock on my mantel-piece.

"It is eleven."

"So late!" He turned to go, but wheeling round again, asked in a tremulous voice, "Are you fond of apples?"

"I never eat them."

"O, dat's all," replied my visitor, and shuffled off with great celerity.

He had undoubtedly sought me to offer me the apples as an equivalent for the picture, but his heart had failed him after the initiatory step, his generosity had then rallied, and finally he was rewarded for the doubtful sacrifice by my refusal. It was a curious trait of a sordid nature.

One morning, not a great while after this, I was roused at an early hour, by a great commotion in the house, and opened my door to ascertain the cause. The first person I saw was Paul Welford. He was pale, and I noticed that he was slightly excited.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Matter? Matter enough," he replied. "The old Jew Isaacs has been murdered."

"Murdered!"

"Murdered—found this morning by the old woman that takes care of the rooms, with his throat cut from ear to ear."

"Good heavens!"

"A fact, I assure you. The coroner's people will soon be here."

"And no guess at the motive for this dreadful deed?"

"None whatever. It couldn't have been revenge, for the old fellow had no enemies; nor rapine, for he was as poor as Job's cat. You heard no noise last night?"

"None whatever."

"Nor I, for I slept sound till seven this morning."

We went into the room where the poor old man lay in the sleep of death, on a heap of sordid rags, saturated with the blood that had flowed from his mortal wound. Like the other inmates of the building, we were interrogated by the coroner, but could throw no light on this tragic mystery. In the corner of the

room stood an oaken chest, clamped with iron and secured by a heavy padlock. The key to this was found in the dead man's pocket. On being unlocked, the chest was found to contain one or two suits of second-hand clothing, an old-fashioned gold watch, some promissory notes, and a few hundred dollars worth of bank notes of various dates, together with a parcel of silver and a few rouleaux of gold. The discovery of this treasure untouched made the mystery darker. The theory of suicide was dispelled by the absence of any implement that could have inflicted the wound. A clasp knife, closed and rusty, but yielding to microscopic examination no trace of blood, was found on the person of the deceased. No satisfactory conclusion could, therefore, be reached.

This dark affair was food for the sensation papers, and the theme of the town talk for some days; it was discussed at the corner grocery and in the adjacent lager beer saloon a little longer, and then it died away. None of the lodgers moved away in consequence of the occurrence, and before a great while the old house in East Houston Street resumed its normal condition.

In some way or other, however, this tragic event seemed to produce a good effect on Paul Welford. He began to keep more regular hours, and, as he became somewhat familiar with me, informed me that he had obtained some employment as a copyist, showing me some sheets of law manuscript written in a splendid hand. After working steadily for a good many weeks, he appeared one day in a new suit of clothes—cheap, indeed, but very tasteful in cut and color.

"Ah," said he, "I begin to feel once more like a gentleman. I've led a harum-scarum life, and run through a great deal of money; but I've sowed my wild oats, and henceforth I mean to be a model young man. So now, Mr. Photographer, I've a fancy to do what I had not the courage to do before—sit for my likeness. Don't be afraid, I'll pay you for it honestly."

"I could not accept payment for a service I once offered gratuitously."

"Pride for pride; you forget that I'm a gentleman once more," replied Welford.

"As you please, then," said I. "Are you ready?"

"Whenever you are."

I soon accomplished my work; and a hasty glance at the negative assured me that the first sitting had been a success.

"I shan't have to trouble you again," said I.

"Good?" said my sitter, jumping up. "For if there's one thing I hate more than another, it is sitting for a portrait. Being tried for one's life, I fancy, is a less momentous operation."

It happened that I had no other sitters that day, and so I was enabled to devote myself without interruption to taking an impression of this picture, which I was determined should be a *chef-d'œuvre*. It should be without flaw or speck. When my work was completed, I examined it by means of a microscope, but the instrument fell from my hands in the amazement caused by the discovery I made. Horror, fear, astonishment, incredulity renewed by a second examination, shook my nerves as they have never been shaken before or since. What I beheld, the sequel of this strange narrative will show:

The next morning, at an hour appointed by myself, Welford came for his picture. I led him to that part of my saloon where the light fell fullest, and placed the photograph in his hands.

"It is capital," said he, as he glanced at it carelessly, "and now how much am I to pay you?"

"Stay," said I, "please to look at it through this microscope. I wish you to be certain that the picture is free from the minutest speck."

He adjusted the focus of the instrument to his eye, but the first glance of examination that fell upon the picture caused a convulsion of his whole frame.

"It is myself," he cried, "and—and the Jew I murdered for his money!"

He had spoken the truth. Incredible as it may appear, the solemn fact was, that, standing behind the life-like image of Paul Welford was the figure of the old Jew, with one hand pointing to the ghastly wound in his throat, with the other designating his murderer! It was this revelation, amazing, awful, unheard-of as it was, that had nearly overthrown my reason the day before.

In another instant the officers of justice, who had been concealed behind the curtains of my room, laid hands upon the guilty man. What followed may soon be told. His trial was purely formal, for he pleaded guilty from the first. A dissipated, desperate, unsuccessful gambler, he had discovered that the Jew had a large sum of gold in his possession. By means of a duplicate key, he entered his



room, and was surprised by his victim in the very act of forcing the lock of his chest. A death struggle, fatal to the wretched miser, followed. Then Welford possessed himself of the key, opened the chest, and took out a large amount of gold, leaving other property untouched, to avoid suspicion. He had the nerve to relock the chest and replace the key.

To account for the supernatural image in the picture, various theories were advanced, the most plausible being that I, suspecting the murderer, had, unknown to him, introduced a prepared figure in the background, when he sat to me. But artists who have examined both my negative and the copy, shake their heads and shrug their shoulders at this explanation. Those who knew the old Jew will admit that it would be impossible to counterfeit him in this way. For my own part, I can only repeat that I have told the truth, upon my honor as a gentleman.

I might here end my narrative, but I have something to add which, though not so strange as the incident I have just recorded, produced a more profound impression on my heart, and raised me from the depths of despair to the summit of earthly bliss. By it I learned that joy is almost as terrible as sorrow. Can my readers guess what I am about to tell? All the passengers of the *Azalia* were not lost with that ill-starred vessel. One boat escaped the flames and waves, and that boat contained my friends—my love—my life! Julia was at last restored to me. For weeks, months, after our union, I could not bear her from my sight a moment, could not believe in the reality of my happiness. She is now the light of my happy home, where, in memory of my hour of trial, one room is devoted to my photographic apparatus, and one picture, veiled by a curtain, tells me, from time to time, that the mysterious occurrences in East Houston Street were not, as has been charitably suggested, the phantasms of a grief-maddened brain.

#### A FOOLISH WAY.

It is said that the ancient philosophers once tried to find what was the original and natural language of man, by bringing up a child so that he never heard the human voice. Instead of obtaining their end, the child became dumb. What hearing is to the ear, truth is to the mind; and he who wishes to give his child a moral and religious education, must not keep him ignorant of moral and religious truth. The child will become dumb.

—*New York Observer*.

#### THE PROFESSOR AND STUDENT.

A professor of Latin in the University of Edinburgh, now no more, having desired the students to give a list of their names in Latin, was greatly surprised at seeing written on a slip of paper the name, "Joannes Ovum Novum." After in vain seeking for a translation of this, he at last became convinced that it was either one of those dark Latin passages, to decipher which even the skill of Bentley would have failed, or that it was a hoax. He therefore next day, in the class, read out the three dark words, and desired the writer of them to stand. One of the pupils quickly rose.

"What are you?" said the professor.

"A poor scholar, sir," was the answer.

"A very poor scholar, indeed, sir, or you would never have written such stuff as 'Joannes Ovum Novum.' That can't be your name, sir."

"I don't see," said the student, "where you could find better Latin—my name is John Egnew. 'Ovum' for Egg, 'Novum' for new; Ovum Novum—Egg new."

The professor, seeing that he had rather the worst of it, immediately laid his finger upon his forehead, and looking at his hopeful pupil, who was standing somewhat in the attitude of a drill sergeant, exclaimed in a pitiful voice:

"Alas, alas! something wrong here, no doubt."

"May be so," shouted "Ovum Novum," "something may be wrong *there*; but," striking his hand upon his own forehead, "there is nothing wrong *here*."—*Theodore Hook*.

#### ALLIGATORS' NESTS.

These nests resemble haycocks. They are four feet high, and five in diameter at their basis, being constructed with grass and herbage. First, they deposit one layer of eggs on a floor of mortar, and having covered this with a stratum of mud and herbage, eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they then beat down round the nest the dense grass and reeds, five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending them and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Lutzemberg once packed up one of these nests with the eggs in a box for the Museum of St. Petersburg, but was recommended before he closed it to see that there was no danger of the eggs being hatched on the voyage. On opening one, a young alligator walked out, and was soon followed by the rest, about a hundred, which he fed in his house, where they went up and down stairs, whining and barking like so many young puppies.—*Researches in Natural History*.

#### NATURE.

There's music in the sighing of a reed;  
There's music in the gushing of a rill;  
There's music in all things, if men had ears;  
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

BYRON.



[ORIGINAL.]

## WEEP NOT.

BY D. HOYT WILLEY.

Weep not, weep not, my friend,  
 Though sorrow dim thy path;  
 Though clouds hang dark above thy way,  
 And threaten in their wrath.  
 Weep not, for what avails it thee,  
 Thy sorrow and thy grief?  
 'Twill give thee neither joy nor hope,  
 Nor bring thy heart relief.

Weep not, though friends have distant grown,  
 The heart no longer cheer,  
 There's joy where rest the good and brave,  
 Beyond this mundane sphere.  
 So let thy gloomy fears depart,  
 Thy heart no more repine:  
 Then beams of hope will rend the clouds,  
 And round thy pathway shine.

Weep not, weep not, amid thy gloom,  
 Nor longer stay thy hand,  
 But touch the harp that drowns thy fears,  
 And join the Elysian band.  
 Thy tears will make thee weak and pale,  
 And life's dark night seem long;  
 But joy will make thee bold and free—  
 'Twill make thy spirit strong.

Then, weep no more, for hours shall come,  
 When round thy path shall bloom  
 Those heaven-blessed joys awaiting thee  
 Beyond the silent tomb.  
 Weep not, though death may threaten thee,  
 Thy heart shall learn no fear;  
 Reach forth thy hand, and with a smile  
 Pass to yon radiant sphere!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MAN OF MYSTERY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

A DREADFUL thing had happened in the little village of Waldo! A dreadful, dreadful circumstance; and as a natural consequence, the whole vicinity for miles around was ringing with it!

Three weeks previously, a strange gentleman had arrived in the stage-coach; and entering himself on the books of Craig's Hotel as "Mr. Grum," had desired a room in the second story for an indefinite length of time. He had continued at Craig's ever since, and although all the busybodies in town had tried their best to ascertain the antecedents of Mr. Grum, and

his business in Waldo, all their efforts had most signally failed!

This was, in all conscience, bad enough, but the worst part of the story is to come! *Mr. Grum always wore his coat buttoned up to his chin.* No living person in Waldo had ever seen him with his coat open!

He made no acquaintances; never smoked cigars, or drank cider, in the bar-room; declined all proposals to play checkers, and remained in his room from sunrise till sunset, except for an hour just after dinner, when it was his custom to indulge in a hasty walk.

Such a state of things had never before prevailed in Waldo. It was horribly mysterious, and many were the tea-drinkings and solemn conclaves holden in consequence.

The old ladies talked about it at the quiltings, and at the close of the weekly prayer-meetings the men "compared notes" at the stores and street corners, and the young girls whispered tremblingly of it to their lovers as they went past the tavern on moonlit nights.

Dick Smith, one of the boldest of the village youths, had followed Mr. Grum in his mysterious walks, but the information he got for his trouble was exceedingly meagre. Mr. Grum went with his head down and scribbled most of the time on a piece of paper; his lips were compressed, his cheek burning into a fiery red spot, he muttered incoherently to himself, and, instead of going round a mud puddle, he went straight through it!

This last act was deemed a sure evidence that Mr. Grum had a guilty conscience; for what person who had no terrible sense of guilt in his conscience would take the polish off from his boots by wading through a mud puddle? There was no polish on Mr. Grum's boots, Dick said; they looked as if they had not seen the blacking brush since their creation!

Dick volunteered—by way of eliciting further evidence of this mysterious man's character—to climb up to his window at the hotel, and observe the movements of the attic room's occupant. A cloudy evening was selected, and Dick, attended by a couple of his friends, and piloted by the landlord bearing a ladder, was shown the mystic window, to which he speedily mounted. There was but one lamp in the room, and by the light of that, Mr. Grum was very composedly shaving himself, a perfectly innocent proceeding certainly, but Dick was sure that the razor was longer and larger than razors generally; and there was something exceedingly singular in the

fact that he had his shaving water in a six quart tin kettle, which was nearly full!

He soon had a proof that it *was* singular, for Mr. Grum, having finished his performance, pushed up the window under which Dick was standing, and threw out the entire contents of the kettle full into Dick's face! which had the effect of bringing that half-suffocated eaves-dropper down the ladder two rounds at a time.

After that, Dick was careful to keep away from the mysterious lodger's vicinity; he had no desire to go through another baptismal ceremony. One such experience was enough to satisfy him.

But very soon a circumstance occurred which set the whole village by the ears! John Green, a drover, arriving at Craig's late in the evening, when the house was well filled; had been put to sleep in the attic room which adjoined that of Mr. Grum, and separated from it only by a thin partition of boards.

In the dead of the night, the drover was awakened by the sound of stealthy footsteps in the neighboring apartment, and directly an excited voice exclaimed:

"Yes, by Jove! I'll kill her! Strange that I did not think of it before! Catherine has been murdered just six months, and it will be well to have another victim added to the list! It will help people's curiosity! I'll do it, and risk the consequences!"

Horried and indignant, the drover slipped out of bed and placed his ear to a crack in the partition, that he might the better catch the stranger's fearful soliloquy. Directly Mr. Grum went on:

"She shall exist no longer! I swear it! But how shall she die? What means shall be employed to rid the earth of her? There is poison—well, shall it be poison?"

Then followed a short pause, during which the hurried promenade across the floor went on with increased vigor. Mr. Grum was in earnest.

"No! poison is too common! Every fool can get poison! Emeline shall die a noble death! There are daggers! too much Spanish about that method! By Jupiter, I have it! she shall be smothered with a pillow—even like the beautiful heroine in Shakespeare! And I'll do it!"

The auditor shuddered and grew cold with horror. He deemed it his duty to make the proper authorities acquainted with the fact that they were harboring a villain of the deepest dye among them; and accordingly he dressed himself in haste, went below, aroused

the landlord, and after a lengthy consultation, the two alarmed the house, and a magistrate was sent for.

The drover gave in his deposition; a writ was issued for the arrest of Mr. Grum for the intended murder of an unknown lady, and when Mr. Grum came down to breakfast, with his coat buttoned up, as usual, he was astonished to be greeted by a tall, spare gentleman, who placed his hand on his shoulder, and exclaimed in sonorous tones:

"You are my prisoner!"

"Your prisoner?" ejaculated Mr. Grum, in surprised displeasure; "I told her she must wait; she has played me false!"

"I do not understand you, sir," said the sheriff. "To whom do you allude?"

"My—my—to my washerwoman—" stammered Mr. Grum, growing very red in the face, and drawing his coat still more closely around him.

"We have not the honor of your washerwoman's acquaintance, sir; but we arrest you in the name of the Commonwealth of the State of Maine, for intended murder!"

"Good heaven!" has it come to this? Sir, I protest that I am an innocent man! I——"

"O, yes, I know about that! They are all innocent, every one of them! I never had the good fortune to meet with a single guilty one in my whole career as sheriff of this county! Not one, sir! You must come with me to the presence of Justice Shaw, and if you are guiltless, there you can clear yourself."

There was no alternative, and poor Mr. Grum, followed by a tribe of hooting urchins, at early sunrise, was taken to the magistrate's office, where at nine o'clock his examination began.

Justice Shaw was an excruciatingly dignified man (all justices are), and fully realized the fact that the hub of the universe rested on his shoulders; and that the world could not revolve on its axle without his aid and countenance. It is a great thing to fully understand your own responsibility.

Mr. Grum was ordered to remove his hat, which he did, with some hesitation, revealing to the assembled crowd a singularly handsome, intelligent face, pale and cadaverous as if from recent illness, or severe mental affliction.

The examination was conducted with all formality; the testimony of various witnesses was taken, going to show the mysterious conduct of the stranger since his residence at Beaverville; and finally, to cap the climax, and establish the turpitude of the prisoner beyond



a doubt, the drover was called to the stand and gave in his evidence.

Every eye was turned upon the accused, every one present expected to read guilt in his face, but he had a most original manner of displaying his sense of shame, for at the first few sentences of the drover he had looked amused, soon smiled, and before Mr. Green had finished, Mr. Grum burst into a hard and uncontrollable fit of laughter!

Justice Shaw put on an awful frown, stopped proceedings, and asked the prisoner if he intended to insult "this court." Mr. Grum would have here replied, but his voice was so choked with laughter that he was unable to do so, and while the justice was deliberating on the proper course to pursue, the door was thrown open and a gentleman came in. Casting a rapid glance around the apartment, he sprang forward, and folded the prisoner in his arms, exclaiming:

"Arthur! my dear boy! have I found you at last?"

"Henry!" cried the other, in an embarrassed tone of voice—"why did you seek me? I have chosen for myself!"

"Yes; and your choice shall be ours also. Your mother will not oppose you! Come home at once."

"But I am a prisoner here—a prisoner, charged with intent to murder!"

The dark eyes of the stranger flashed angrily, and turning to the justice, he said authoritatively:

"Please have the goodness to explain this affair to me at once. I am in no mood for useless delays."

Justice Shaw was a little awed by the commanding tones of the stranger, and proceeded to give the facts of the case as briefly as possible. When he had finished, the stranger burst into a hearty laugh, as Mr. Grum had done before him.

"My dear sir," he said, "you and all the rest of these good people have been ludicrously taken in. The young man whom you have arrested on suspicion, is not Mr. Grum, but Arthur Gifford, of Portland, and my younger brother. We two are the only children of our mother, who happens to be both wealthy and respectable. Arthur had the misfortune—excuse me, brother—to conceive a violent passion for authorship, and for two years he has devoted the greater part of his time to scribbling for the papers. His mother has always been strongly opposed to this, and about three months ago she told him that he must either

quit the business or leave her house. He chose the latter alternative, and behold the consequence! The murder he was about to commit was a murder on paper! He is writing a novel, the heroine of which is named Emeline, whom it has become necessary for the interest of the story to annihilate! Authors are, proverbially, crack-brained individuals, Mr. Drover, and probably when you listened to my brother's midnight soliloquy, his eyes were in a fine frenzy rolling!"

"I—I didn't notice his eyes—" stammered the drover, sheepishly.

Mr. Gifford, *alias* Mr. Grum, was discharged, and just as the court was breaking up, Dick Smith came forward:

"Mr. Grum," said he, "I want to ask you one question."

"Very well," said that gentleman, "you can do so."

"Well, then," pursued Dick, pulling his forelock in an embarrassed manner, "I want to ask you what you keep your coat allers buttoned up for? The gals and wimmen folks are dying to know!"

Arthur blushed to the very roots of his hair, hesitated a moment, then replied:

"The reason why I wear my coat buttoned up is because my only shirt is held as a hostage by my washerwoman. It is not exactly convenient to wear my coat open without a shirt. Authorship is not the best paying business in the world."

The court and the audience indulged a little private snicker: and the mysterious stranger, with his coat buttoned up, was allowed to depart in peace.

### HOLD THE HAY LOWER.

Dr. G. was, while a pastor in Philadelphia, more than fifty years since, an eminent preacher of righteousness; and was honored with many seals of his ministry. But his earlier sermons are described as having been too highly wrought and as marked by great rhetorical finish. This gave him popularity with a multitude, but it failed of commending him to all his flock. One day, returning from the service of the sanctuary, he was accosted by a poor woman, a member of his church, who fearing that his language was not always adapted to the capacities of his hearers, took the liberty of giving her youthful pastor a hint.

"Mr. Green," said she, "what do you think is the great business of the shepherd?"

"No doubt to feed the flock, madam."

"That is my notion, too," she added, "and therefore I think he should not hold the hay so high that the sheep cannot reach it."

The monition was received in the spirit with which it was given, and had its influence in causing him afterward to "hold the hay lower."

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO A LADY.

BY W. HOWARD FERRIGO.

Though I stand alone and blighted,  
And my hopes are buried low;  
By thy smile my soul is lighted,  
In this darkest night of wo.

Though the world has all forsaken,  
Thou art true as in the past;  
Thy pure love remains unshaken,  
By the storm and tempest blast.

And when others have defamed me,  
To thee lies thou didst not heed;  
As a friend thou 'st ever claimed me,  
Truest in my utmost need.

And now by the world forsaken,  
And a mark for envious hate;  
Though heart riven, yet soul unshaken,  
I am equal to my fate.

No worse than the past has brought me,  
Can the future have in store;  
And the lesson well is taught me,  
To place trust in hope no more.

Though by all the world forsaken,  
I have still a friend in thee;  
And 'tis sweet, the one unshaken  
Is the dearest one to me.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SPIRIT OF THE FORD.

## AN IRISH GHOST STORY.

BY A. H. D.

"MICK, avourneen, ye're goin', shure?"

"Och, tak' another dhrop, an' be aisy. It's a bad night, it is."

"Faix! it's a long road and a bad one, evick."

These expostulatory sentences were volubly poured out by a circle of brawny sons of the sod, seated in the ingle of a snug little tap-room of Ballinshally, to a stout, jovial-looking young farmer, who, with a brimming mug of potheen in one hand, and a thick, iron-bound whip-handle grasped tightly in the other, stood near the door, leering with a pair of comical little eyes at the buxom landlady within the bar.

"Hould yer tongues the whole uv yez.—Troth, an' isn't it Fair-day the mornin', an' the dumb bastes, an' the childer, an' the ould woman to be lookin' ather, ye onconsiderate

spalpeens? Shure, it 'ud look like Mick Teenan to be late, and the Murphys an' O'Keegans to the fore. Get out wid yez!"

"Arrah, Mick, tak' my advice," said the rosy-cheeked landlady, bustling forward and taking hold of the whip which the young farmer grasped. "For the sake of your blissed sowl, don't go home the night. Shure, don't ye mind the ugly *sperrit* that sits at the Ford o' Darrochdyle? Och, it's the night uv all others in the year that the *sperrit* has power to hurt thravellers. Troth, it's flyin' in the face o' rayson, to pass that same place, an' not a leprighawn to say good luck till ye."

"Ye might as well be ather savin' yer breath to blow the fire, Misthress Carney," replied the young man, snatching away the whip, and giving it a sudden twirl around his head that made the lash crack like a pistol. "I'll go home to-night if all the *sperrits* in Conne-mara stood fornenst me. So jist ordher Pat Mulligan to bring 'Norah Creen' to the door, and here's a stirrup-cup to the whole uv ye. Hoorah!"

And with a sudden jerk of the head backwards, as he applied the whiskey to his lips, the young man swallowed its steaming contents at a draught, and deposited the empty vessel upside down upon the bar.

The gossips in the chimney-corner shook their heads in silent reprobation of the young farmer's foolhardiness, and the landlady disappeared from the bar, to give orders to Pat Mulligan, the red-headed hostler.

In a few moments Norah Creen, the little black mare which Mick Teenan averred was worth her weight "in goold" was led round to the door of the cabin, and Mick himself, buttoning his coat closer to his throat, and giving his top-boots an encouraging hitch, bade good by to the occupants of the snug ingle, in spite of their renewed entreaties that he would not attempt his lonesome journey home.

"Ye're detarmined, thin, Mick Teenan," said an old man who occupied the warmest spot, removing his short *dudheen* from between his lips, with a deprecating puff of smoke, "ye're detarmined to leave us?"

"Divl smoder me if I'm not, Phil Darley, an' that's no small oath."

"Thin hearken to me, avourneen, an' go round by Pat Doyle's mill, an' don't pass the Ford o' Darrochdyle. It's no far out uv yer way, an' by that means ye'll chate the *sperrit*."

Before Mick Teenan could reply to this adjuration of the old man, a sudden peal of thunder shook the walls of the frail roadside tav-



ern, and a flash of lightning glimmered through the windows.

"Whillaloo! what's that?" exclaimed another of the party, starting to his feet, as the dismal reverberations died away in the distance. "Holy vargin, what a crash!"

The door of the tap-room opened, and the caroty head of Pat Mulligan the hostler appeared in the aperture. His face was white as chalk, and from his coarse canvass jacket the rain streamed in a score of little rivulets. He beckoned nervously to the young farmer.

"Misther Teenan, Norah's conductin' hersilf very onkindly," said he. "Divil a bit will she be aisy at all, plase ye, sir."

The next moment a shrill neigh from without attested the truth of Pat Mulligan's deposition. The bar-room occupants crowded to the door, cautiously protruding their heads with due deference to the big drops of rain pattering from the eaves; and Mick Teenan seized the head of his restive mare.

"Who told ye to tie the crathur, ye *omad-houn*?" cried the young man, angrily, as he hastily unfastened the bridle which the hostler had hitched to a post. "Norah Creen's like her mather—she'll niver be contented widout her fraydom. But, good luck to all uv ye, till we meet again, and don't trouble yersilves about Mick Teenan."

So saying, and with another crack of his whip, the young farmer sprang upon Norah Creen's back; and then with a loud "hoora," put spurs to the animal, and trotted off into the stormy darkness. The buxom landlady and her customers remained at the door as long as the departing hoofs could be heard in the distance, and then returned, with anxious faces and many misgivings, to the ingle-tide, there to speculate upon the rashness of youth, and to refresh each other's memories by the recapitulation of a hundred legends of "Petticoat-Loose," "The Spirit of the Ford," and all the calendar of Irish ghosts and hobgoblins.

All who have travelled in the south of Ireland, if they have mingled at all with the peasantry, must be familiar with the numberless marvellous tales that are recited concerning the celebrated "*Petticoat-Loose*," an evil spirit, whose destiny, according to popular tradition, is to inflict harm upon rash or wicked mortals during a term of centuries in which she expiates an ill-spent life.

It may be well to remark, in this place, that it is the popular belief among the peasantry of the south of Ireland, that the purgatory which is apportioned to many who die in sin, is often

located near the seat of their earthly crimes. In other words, it is supposed that the spirit of a bad person, after his bodily death, remains upon the earth, wandering up and down, continually suffering, and constrained to perform certain acts which are at the same time its punishment and the means of expiating the sins of a former life. For instance, one spirit is believed to haunt the spot where a cruel murder was perpetrated, and there its terrible destiny is to waylay and murder certain individuals who are sent and delivered into its relentless hands. Others, again, are compelled to remain, viewless and disembodied, between the heaven and earth, witnessing with the keenest pangs the miseries and crimes of their friends and descendants on the earth, and remorsefully conscious that they have been the cause of all by their own sins committed while in mortal life.

"Petticoat Loose" was, as the belief runs, once a beautiful maiden, who, in her life-time was cursed with a violent and ungovernable temper. In her height of passion, she would attack and maltreat an aged mother, beating her shamefully, until the poor old woman sank beneath her blows, and prayed that God would punish her wicked child. Then the right arm of the young woman became endued with immense strength, and as the story goes, increased in weight to several tons. Whoever she struck, or even laid her hand on, was crushed immediately, and thus she destroyed not only her mother, but also her lover and many of her friends, until at last every one fled from her, and she perished miserably, bearing her heavy arm down with her to the grave.

But her punishment was not even then complete. While her body mouldered in the common resting-place of good and bad mortals, the spirit of the wicked daughter remained near the scenes of her living crimes, and the dreadful weight which had been the instrument of her earthly penance still remained in her incorporeal arm. The curse still clung to her, and she was condemned for thousands of years to linger upon the earth, and be the medium of destruction to sinful mortals. She was to sit upon a ruined wall, or in some lonely spot, and there, at certain seasons, power was given her to crush with her fearful hand the unfortunate traveller who should cross her path.

This is one version of the story of "*Petticoat-Loose*," and infinite are the marvellous stories connected with the exercise of her evil power. The traditions concerning "The Spirit



of the Ford" are somewhat different, but the same unholy destiny is prescribed to her—to destroy human life. Her usual place of resort was the "Ford of Darrochdyle," where, on a particular night in the year, her evil power was fatal to all who approached the haunted stream. And it was upon this unlucky night, that our headstrong young farmer, Mick Teenan, had resolved, *malgre* the advice of his friends, to leave the comfortable tap-room of Mistress Carney, and betake himself to his lonesome homeward journey.

For some time after leaving the tavern door, the little black mare, Norah Creen, dashed on through the storm at the very top of her speed, and Mick, into whose head the fume of *potheen* had ascended, was in a most blessed state of indifference as to whether it was midnight or noonday. Norah was familiar with the road; and her master, sitting firmly in his saddle, and grasping the reins, indulged himself in all the amusing fancies and corresponding actions, which a drop too much is calculated to inspire. He cracked his whip about his head, shouted "hoora" in answer to the thunder-peals, and trolled snatches of every old ballad he could call to mind; to the accompaniment of his mare's hoof-strokes. Mick was as happy and uproarious as Tam O'Shanter, before he reached Kirk Alloway.

But as the potent exhilarator, *potheen*, began to lose its virtue under the cold rain which now was soaking through the young man's garments, so Mick's ebullitions of mirth began sensibly to decrease. His whip-snaps subsided into a sober waving of the lash, his "hoora" no longer emulated the thunder, and even his musical talents were now only developed by a few sepulchral attempts to whistle "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

And as the effects of Mistress Carney's whiskey declined, Mick Teenan began to reflect, and very soon arrived at the conclusion, that he was not so comfortable as he had previously supposed himself to be. His great coat, he became aware, clung to his body with a weight and coldness that satisfied him of its being pretty well saturated with Irish fog. Norah's flanks were smoking with the exertion of her long gallop, and the little mare was now indulging herself in a leisurely amble. The rain had ceased, to be sure, but the clouds still hung heavy overhead, and the road was dark and gloomy, and moreover broken and miry, so that poor Norah was compelled either to pick her way most delicately, or to run the risk of sinking fetlock, if not girth deep, in some un-

lucky bog-spots. Mick Teenan's thoughts began to lose the *couleur de rose* with which *potheen* had painted them.

And as the power of the "spirit of whiskey" departed, the power of "The Spirit of the Ford" began to fill his mind with uncomfortable images. He began to recall, one by one, the thousand stories he had heard in his childhood of the baleful doings of this Darrochdyle fiend, and of the numberless unhappy wights who had been known to set forth upon the same road which he was himself journeying, but who never returned to tell their anxious friends of their adventures. He remembered how the parish priest, Father Mulrooney ("God rest his sowl," murmured Mick; "he's dead now"), had walked along by the Ford one Sunday night, with cross and book in hand, to exorcise the evil spirit, and how the good father had heard wild, unearthly shrieks whenever he sprinkled the holy water about him. He recollected, too, how Will Carey, the miller's son, who never feared man nor beast, had gone out with a stout crab-stick to the Ford, swearing by this and by that, to have a game of single-stick with the "*spirit*," and how that the poor boy had been found next morning drowned in the stream, and his crab-stick, the only token, broken to small bits, and lying by the Ford.

All these reminiscences, it may be imagined, were scarcely calculated to enhance the agreeableness of Mick's situation, wet to the skin as he was, and trotting over a muddy road, at the "witching hour" of one of the darkest and dreariest nights laid down in the almanac. He could hardly refrain from picturing to himself the comforts of Mistress Carney's tap-room, and it is not to be wondered at if he wished himself back there, or if he mentally accused himself of having done a very foolish thing in leaving such snug quarters. In fact, poor Mick, as he peered forward into the darkness, and thought of Darrochdyle, almost pulled the rein of his little mare to turn her back towards the road-side tavern. But the apprehension of the well-merited ridicule to which he would be exposed, should he return to Mistress Carney's after his vaporing departure, checked the hand. Beside, he was already more than half way home; and, after passing the Ford, the road was direct and good. But the Ford itself—there was "the rub." Poor Mick, as he neared the haunted vicinity, began to feel strange misgivings.

Once he thought of the advice of old Phil Darley, at the tavern, to go round by the mill,

and thus escape the dreaded pass. But, then, to do that, he must retrace his steps nearly to the point where he started, and afterwards pursue a roundabout and lengthy course, which would keep him on the road the entire night, and completely "beat up" poor Norah Green for the next day. At last Mick Teenan, like a true Irishman, came to the conclusion that the safest way to get round danger was to go straight through it, and so, mustering his courage for the emergency, he gave a "chirrup" to encourage Norah, cracked his whip to embolden himself, and away went mare and master in a smart canter over the road, towards the Ford of Darrochdyle.

The clouds were now beginning to break away, and a few small patches of clear sky were straggling out from the driving masses of darkness. It was evident that the storm was completely over, and that the latter portion of the night would be starlight. This tended somewhat to lighten Mick's apprehension, as it assured him if the "sperit" was visible at all, he could see her better with the aid of a little light, and so he might have time to "rayson with her," as he pleasantly, though rather feebly, remarked to himself. But at this moment Norah Green, the black mare, suddenly stopped short in her canter, and Mick Teenan was well-nigh thrown bodily over head.

"What the divil do ye mane by that?" cried Mick, apostrophizing his mare, as he recovered his seat in the saddle.

Norah Green answered with a shrill neigh, and planting her fore-hoofs wide apart, stretched out her nostrils and began to snuff the air.

"Tunder and turf, what are ye at?" cried Mick.

"Don't swear, Michael Teenan," said a voice, which seemed to proceed from some one by his side.

But he saw nothing. The mare's eyes, however, were dilated, and a cold sweat broke from her neck.

"Howly vargin presarve us!" ejaculated the young farmer.

"Bless yourself three times, Michael Teenan, and you'll see a friend," said the voice.

Mick did as he was directed. He crossed himself reverently thrice, shutting his eyes all the time. When he opened them at last, he beheld a white horse standing beside his own black mare. Astride of it sat the figure of a man, and Mick Teenan trembled in every joint, for in the face of that man he recognized that

of an old friend long since dead. It was that of Andrew Boyne, at whose death-bed he had himself watched years before in the north of Ireland.

"Do you know me, Michael?" asked the stranger.

"I do, Andrew Boyne! In the name of God, what are you?"

"I am a spirit, Michael, and I have learned this night that the life of an old friend was in peril. I have come from the far-off north to save you, Michael Teenan. And now I say to you, go back from this place."

Mick had been gazing in the face of him who had been his friend, and a strange feeling had come over him. The fear which had at first oppressed him was gone, and it seemed as if he were face to face with the living instead of the dead.

"You have come to save me, Andrew," said he, "what must I go back for?"

"The Spirit of the Ford of Darrochdyle is powerful for evil this night," answered the strange voice of him of the white horse.

"I fear not, Andrew, if you ride with me beyond the Ford."

"That I cannot do," said the shape, sorrowfully.

"Then I will ride alone," cried Mick Teenan, spurring his mare.

But Norah Green stirred not; she only neighed shrilly.

"Michael, you are, as of old, obstinate and headstrong; but, nevertheless, I will save you this night. Listen to me, and obey my words."

And while Mick Teenan, with a strange awe creeping over his heart, watched the countenance of his ghostly friend, the shape drew from its bosom a long, bright-bladed knife, with a black horn handle.

"Take this knife," said the spirit of the north, in a solemn voice, "place it in your bosom, and ride forward. You will reach the Ford, and there you will behold a woman seated by the water. She will ask you to permit her to ride with you. Speak no word in reply, but draw this knife, and plunge it into her bosom. She will cry to you, 'Draw, and strike again!' but as you value your life heed her not; for if you draw the weapon she will regain her strength and destroy you. But spur your horse, Michael Teenan, and spare not whip nor rein. You ride for your life, and either you or your horse, or both, must die to-night."

Mick Teenan heard the last words of his

spirit-friend sounding in his ears. He felt the black handle of the knife within his grasp. But the white horse and phantom rider were visible no more.

Mick crossed himself once more, while the cold drops stood upon his forehead. Then, placing the knife within his breast, he spurred Norah Creen, and galloped forward.

The heavy clouds were now soudding away before a strong breeze, and the rising moon began to appear dimly working her way upward from the horizon. Wide streaks of light and shadow began to be developed over the face of the country, and it appeared probable that by the time Mick Teenan should have reached the Ford, the clear light of a cloudless sky would enable him to discern whatever good or evil might be in his path.

The young man, though his head was bent upon his horse's neck, his brow rigid, and his teeth set as if in intense thought, was yet almost unconscious of what he was about. His mind was a confused chaos of strange phantasmas, in which no object was clearly distinct, yet a thousand were vividly present. The events of the evening, his tavern companions, his mysterious interview with the dead, his lonely ride, all were mingled together, and wrapped in a maze of unreality. Only one idea gleamed palpably forth, and that was of the act—the blow—by which his life was to be saved. He nervously clutched the black handle of the spirit's knife, and bending on the mane of Norah Creen rode on towards the Ford. He reached it.

The stream was swollen and turbid, and as Norah Creen dashed in and breasted the water, her feet touched not the sand. The storm had fed the mountain streams, and the Ford was no longer passable save by swimming. The black mare snorted and blew the muddy water from her nostrils; but she stemmed the current gallantly, and reached the opposite bank.

There sat a pale-faced, weeping woman, with a thin shawl wrapped about her fragile form, dripping with thick drops of rain. Norah Creen stood still upon the banks and neighed. Her eyes were inflamed and dilated with fright. Mick Teenan clutched the black handle of his knife.

The moon now burst brilliantly from behind a frowning cloud. Her rays fell brightly upon the banks. They fell, too, upon the white, melancholy countenance of the lonely woman, sitting upon a stone by the bank of the stream. The woman's eyes were blue, and

tears were gushing from them thickly and fast. Mick Teenan's heart sank within him.

"I am weary, I am sick," spoke the woman, in a low, sweet voice, like music. "May I ride with you, friend, to the nearest village?"

Mick Teenan, as he listened to that voice of singular melody, half rose in his stirrups, and stretched forth his hand to lift the woman to the saddle. But Norah Creen, at this moment neighed, and struck the earth with her hoof, and at the same moment the black handle of the spirit's knife glowed beneath the young man's grasp like fire. Mick Teenan called on the name of God and raised the glittering steel. It descended into the bosom of the weeping woman.

"Draw, and strike again!"

But Michael Teenan released the clutch of the knife, and plunged his rowels in the side of Norah Creen. The gallant mare stretched forth her neck. She snuffed the breeze and sprang away like a cross-bolt.

Then sounded a shriek amid that lonely place, as if a thousand souls were expiring in agony. Its horrible, unearthly sound was echoed and re-echoed from the hills. The terrible chorus, mingled and prolonged, froze the blood and maddened the brain of the young man.

Then, from afar—from afar off among the snows of the north, came an answering shriek. It was the cry of an evil spirit coming to the rescue of his fallen sister.

Norah Creen, with breast distended, with blood-shot eyes and streaming mane flecked with streaks of foam, dashed forward. And her master, bending down, hugged the neck of his brave mare. On they swept, clattering through the solitudes; and behind, on the wings of the north wind, came the far-off spirit to release his sister.

Mick Teenan raised his head and gazed forward with straining eyes. He beheld in the distance his own cottage, shining in the moonlight. Norah Creen beheld it, too, and snorted wildly as she bounded on.

On—on, with headlong speed, and look! Look, Michael Teenan—the stable doors fly open! Look, beyond the threshold stands a black steed, and beside it the phantom of the dead. Norah Creen pants and leaps forward.

"Throw yourself from the saddle, Michael Teenan, or you die!"

Mick heard the voice of his spirit friend and flung himself from the back of his faithful mare. The next instant he had crossed the threshold of the stable, and the doors were



closed behind him. He sank senseless upon the floor.

In the early morning, when the mother and the family of Mick Teenan arose, they discovered the young man sleeping upon the stable floor, whilst just without the great doors lay Norah Green—dead. Mick related to his awe-struck audience his fearful story, and then, arousing the priest and the neighbors, he led them back over the road that he had traversed at the speed of life or death. They reached the Ford of Darrochstyle, and closely examined the spot where Mick had stabbed the weeping woman.

The black-handled knife was there—its blade sunk deep in a mass of crimson matter which melted and disappeared when they drew the weapon forth.

*Reader*—And what became of the black-handled knife?

*Author*—I am informed that it is still preserved as a sort of heir-loom in the family of the Teenans. After this adventure, Mick himself was never known to taste a drop of whiskey, or other intoxicating drink; and whenever he saw a friend obstinately bent on a foolish enterprise, he would shake his head and relate the story of his fearful rencontre with the Spirit of the Ford, which had made him a sober and humble man; always concluding his recital with a deep sigh, and the exclamation, "Poor Norah Green!"

#### A VALUABLE GIFT.

Once upon a time, at the gathering of "fine spirits" at Drayton Manor, Dr. Buckland, Sir William Follett, and Mr. George Stephenson, were among the guests assembled. Sir William having the leading professor of geology at the same table with the expounder of new notions on stratification, contrived to bring them into intellectual collision. Mr. Stephenson disputed the facts of the formations as alleged, and Dr. Buckland defended them; and the latter combated the arguments of his opponent with such happy fluency and facile reference, that he crushed his adversary with as much apparent ease as one of the engineer's own locomotives would an obtruding rabbit, when the engine was going at the rate of forty miles an hour. Mr. Stephenson felt that he was worsted, not defeated; but being pleasantly and politely "chafed," the efforts that he made to recover his position only served to aggravate the pain of his wounds. Although it was but a friendly controversy, he was considerably irritated, and slept but little that night. He was up early next morning, and sought to cool his temper in the spacious garden of Drayton Manor. He had not taken many turns on the silicia when Sir William Follett made his appearance. His first salutation was:

"George you made a pretty fool of yourself last night."

"I have a strong suspicion of that kind, myself, Sir William," replied Mr. Stephenson; "but I am convinced I was right after all."

"To be sure you were," said Sir William; "but you cannot talk. I never heard such a bungler. You were full of facts—wonderful facts—and Buckland had only sophistry and assertion to oppose to your facts. He beat you to a stand-still because you had no rhetoric."

"Sir William, I am no lawyer."

"But I am. Come, sit down in this alcove; and now, before we are called to breakfast, repeat to me your whole theory."

Mr. Stephenson did as Sir William wished. He went through the process of fire and water, the operations of electricity, the nature of forces, the position of strata.

"That will do," said Sir William. "Now at dinner to-day hold your tongue; leave Buckland to me."

After dinner, Dr. Buckland, excited by the triumph of the preceding evening, soon introduced mineralogy. Sir William, in his gentle, quiet way, drew him into a controversy, closed upon him, out-talked him, and prostrated the professor as effectually as the professor had overthrown the engineer the evening before. Sir William enjoyed the encounter; no one was displeased; and as they rose to retire, Sir William whispered, "George, what do you think now?"

"Think!" replied Mr. Stephenson. "I think there is nothing on earth, or in it, like the gift of the gab."

#### MONOMANIA OF THE REFORMER.

We have seen a sick man, in moments of hallucination, prescribe for the supposed disorders of his healthy friends around him. He administers his fanciful drugs for imaginary disease with infinite tenderness, according as he conjectures they are needed. The sight is extremely touching, and has dissolved whole companies in tears. Equally sad and melancholy it is sometimes to observe a poor sick reformer, whose brain has become diseased by the contemplation of misery and evil, attempting to prescribe remedies for social disorders, which either do not exist, or cannot be cured if they do. Society is doubtless sick, and needs physic and a physician. But care must be exercised, that the physician is not an invalid himself, and occupied in dealing out medicines for maladies he feels, but does not see. The good and amiable member of mankind is sometimes unhappily a monomaniac.—*Newark Advertiser.*

#### PURE LOVELINESS.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,  
The very air seemed lighter from her eyes,  
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife  
With all we can imagine of the skies,  
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—  
Too pure even for the purest human ties;  
Her overpowering presence made you feel  
It would not be idolatry to kneel.—*Byron.*



[ORIGINAL.]

## MY PALACE.

BY LUCY A. TRUE.

I built me a palace. It hung in the air,  
Suspended by cords of hope and trust;  
I gathered rich perfumes to fill its halls,  
And covered its floors with golden dust.  
I draped it with clouds of crimson and blue,  
Its ceilings were gemmed with glittering stars;  
I painted bright pictures to hang on the walls,  
The future framed them with silver bars.

I raised a throne in its fairest room,  
And cushioned it over with velvets of rose;  
I glanced down scornfully on the world,  
Throbbing with anguish, and tears, and woes.  
I robbed my heart of its sweetest buds,  
Of its dearest hopes, and purest dreams;  
And I wove a crown for my idol's head,  
That filled his life with its loving beams.

My palace was lighted with soft brown eyes,  
And flushed with lips that were sweet and red;  
It was filled with the music of one dear voice,  
Made royal by the poise of a graceful head.  
I did not care that my goblet of life  
Was drained of its richest and rarest wine:  
I only knew that the red lips said,  
"I love you, Laura, and you are mine."

I lived in my palace for one fleet year,  
Then the clouds were torn and the flowers died;  
And my throne fell down, and my idol fled,  
And I sat alone in my bitter pride.  
And I know that to-night the tented field  
Clasps in its whiteness my loved one's head,  
And the ghosts of joys that forever have flown,  
Flit round the grave where my hopes lie dead.

[ORIGINAL.]

## OUR MUSIC TEACHER.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

THE advent of Miss Coles into the little village of B. caused an unusual excitement in that naturally excitable community. A young lady of twenty or thereabouts, with a fine figure, a calm, summer face with regular features and handsome blue eyes, with one of those peach-bloom complexions, in which the rose and lily are so indescribably commingled in hue, and smooth auburn hair, curled becomingly around the well-sloped forehead, concealing with its silky bands the tiny ears, and worn in a long, shining curl low down on the white neck. Miss Coles attired herself becomingly,

and the delicate ruffs and blue ribbons that trimmed her dresses enhanced the charms of the really attractive face.

The village of B., like a variety of other little towns, boasted with unbounded pride its university, and, in prosperous times, this institution of learning had flourished like a "green bay tree;" but war times came upon us, the young men threw down their books and grasped the bayonet, and many of the young girls who had gathered together in the "Central University" in days of yore, must needs supply their brothers' places at home, planting the yellow corn and gathering in the golden grain with their fair hands.

And so it chanced that the said university's tide ebbed low. Miss Noel, who had reaped golden harvests in days gone by, teaching music in the school, turned her attention to a more promising field of labor, and but for the timely advent of Miss Coles into the school as successor to Miss Noel, the young ladies of the musical department would have been obliged to have hung their harps on a willow tree, or taken lessons of Miss Lawson, a young person who had secured two or three pupils by teaching several dollars below the general price, and who, but for the *entree* of the new teacher into the aforesaid school, might have secured two or three more, in all probability. Now, under the circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that Miss Lawson, a fourth-rate performer, looked with envy and hatred upon the new comer, who had no doubt bereft her of pupils she might have won over to her side and her piano; and not only this, but who threw her old music completely into the shade with her new songs and the latest instrumental pieces. Miss Lawson's pupils were just taking "Revolutionary Tea" and "Bonaparte crossing the Rhine," when Miss Coles surprised the community with "Six hundred thousand more" and "McClellan's Quickstep." Miss Lawson saw her danger, and immediately made a tea-party, and invited in not only her pupils and their sisters, but those young ladies who, it was expected, would take music lessons the ensuing term of the school about commencing.

Young ladies are fond of attending tea-parties, and Miss Lawson's invitations were unanimously accepted. Music was called for, and that lady entertained her guests with "Grandma's Advice," "Coming through the Rye," "Bonaparte's March crossing the Alps," and several other pieces of a like style and date. Then the conversation turned upon the

new music teacher, and Miss Lawson entered into it with spirit and with zest.

"What do you think she said the other day?" said that person.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied a chorus of voices.

"The impertinent thing! I'll tell you; she called here and wanted to hire my piano!"

"Is it possible?"

"It is, indeed. She made an excuse that she heard I was going away, and was going to leave my piano; but what put that into her head, I can't say."

"Why I heard you say you were going away this fall, and I told her I thought she could hire your instrument, perhaps," observed Miss Wilson.

"Well, suppose she did hear I was going away, what of it?—she a perfect stranger to me! How do you suppose she introduced herself? Why, she knocked at the door, and when I opened it she said 'Miss Lawson, I presume?' and I said 'yes,' and she said 'my name is Coles.' Did you ever? Such vulgarity!"

"La!" exclaimed the attentive girls.

"And when she came in the door, she just pulled up her dress in front so that I saw the top of her gaiter."

"Afraid of stepping on it, I guess; I notice she wears her dresses dreadful long," observed Miss Wilson.

"Well, I don't think it's at all genteel to wear such long dresses," then said Miss Lawson; "I never do."

She had no need to have made the remark. The short scrip dress told its own story.

"They say she's awful stuck up," spoke up a little prinking miss, one of Miss Lawson's pupils.

"No doubt of it; and hateful and overbearing. Why, you can just see it in her eyes."

"And the way she holds her head," observed another.

"And the how she talks," added another.

"Did you hear the story Mrs. Morehouse tells about her?" questioned one.

"No," chorused the rest.

"Well, I'll tell it as Mrs. Morehouse told me. It seems when Miss Coles arrived, the lady where she was to board was cleaning house; so, as her beds were down, she took her over to Mrs. Morehouse's to sleep—she and another young lady who had come up with Miss Coles. In the morning, Mrs. Morehouse said, the stuck up thing got the young lady who was with her to go down stairs and

bring up a basin of water for her to wash in, instead of going down into the kitchen and washing in the sink, as she ought to have done."

"Now that's too bad," observed Miss Wilson, a pleasant, thoughtful girl. "Miss Coles told me all about it. They got very dusty the day before travelling, and when they arrived at Mrs. Stafford's her house was all upside down, and they had no opportunity of washing themselves. When they went over to Mrs. Morehouse's they thought to get a basin of water at night, but the family had gone to bed, and they didn't like to make any disturbance; so in the morning the young lady who was with Miss Coles volunteered to go down and get a basin of water and a towel."

"Phew! of course she tells it all her own way. But that isn't the worst of it—she sent that young lady over to Mrs. Stafford's for her morning dress! Too stuck up for me!"

"She told me the young lady was going over to Mrs. Stafford's for some articles of her own, and she said she would bring over Miss Coles's morning dress, if she wished it," said Miss Wilson. "Miss Coles's travelling dress had a rent in it, and was dusty and soiled; besides, I suppose she didn't think it looked fit to put on in the morning."

"I suppose you'll be taking lessons of her soon," snapped Miss Lawson.

"I hadn't thought of it—yet I may," was the reply.

"She plays horridly," said Miss Lawson; "the day she was here I asked her out of politeness to play, and such playing!"

"I have heard that she was quite a good performer."

"Well she's a most miserable one. She has a faculty of making a great noise and show, but she makes awful mistakes; although no one except a proficient in music would understand or notice them."

"She played very well, the day I heard her," said one.

"Of course you couldn't detect the mistakes. She has a very easy way of getting over blunders."

"Such fortunate blunders they seemed like variations," laughed Miss Wilson.

"She may suit you, but she don't me," snapped Miss Lawson. "Did you hear she is from Missouri?"

"Yes; she said her father was obliged to leave for his life, and that as men were generally safer travelling with ladies than alone, she



accompanied him. I think she was really brave," said Miss Wilson.

"A great story! I suppose you believe it! How would a man be safer with a lady, I'd like to know?"

"Well, I suppose the secessionists wouldn't shoot into a carriage so quick if a lady was in it, as if a man was travelling alone. I guess they don't make a *practice* of shooting women, bad as they are."

"Of course they would. But then suppose what you say is true, why didn't he take his wife, instead of her?"

"I suppose he thought a young lady hardly the best individual to protect and care for a parcel of little children—that's what I suppose," said Miss Wilson, growing quite pale in her excitement, for she really liked the quiet, pleasant, lady-like Miss Coles; besides, it was her nature to defend the characters of any absent persons, especially when she was prejudiced in their favor.

For several days after the tea-party there was nothing discussed but the new music teacher. The stories about Miss Coles, ill-natured as they originally were, lost nothing by repetition. It was rumored that Miss Coles was a secessionist—that she was a spy—that she wouldn't sing the "Star-spangled Banner," and that she had been heard to sing southern "Dixie;" moreover, that she had most audaciously insulted poor Miss Lawson, and that she had ordered Mrs. Morehouse round like a servant—that she wanted to use the people of B. like "niggers," and that she couldn't play as well as the veriest school-girl.

And Miss Coles, unsuspecting, went on in the even tenor of her way, little knowing of the torpedo at her very feet; pleasant and affable to all, yet with her native dignity of character distinctly manifest. She little thought her every look, word and action were misjudged. To be sure the coldness of the people with whom she came in contact had arrested her attention several times; yet she never suspected the real state of affairs until she accidentally overheard a conversation that revealed all. Sick at heart, with a dull, lonely pain in her very soul, Miss Coles left the music room and returned to her boarding-house. She found a dirty faced boy ringing a bell and shouting, "*Great War Speech!* ladies and gentlemen, turn out! meeting at Fowler's church this evening! every one be present and hear Colonel!"—here the boy's voice was lost in the ringing of the bell, and the poor girl hastened to her room, where,

throwing herself upon her couch, she gave way to desolate sorrow.

A low tap at the door.

"It's only me," spoke the cheerful voice of Mrs. Stafford; "there's a gentleman in the parlor wishing to see you; he has been waiting here for half an hour."

"Who is he?"

"Somebody pretty smart. Look your best, Miss Ella." And the lady turned and disappeared.

"Who can it be?" questioned Ella Coles to herself, as she bathed her eyes and arranged her toilet. "Who can it be?"

\* \* \* \* \*

The church was in a perfect blaze of light, and crowded with "fair women and"—the brave men had mostly gone to the war—and a few invalids, boys, old men and lukewarm patriots filled the house. Miss Lawson was there, all animation, in all the glory of a new fall bonnet, and by her side sat one of her particular friends, the two maintaining a most interesting whispered conversation.

"She's ruined for this place," whispered one.

"Everybody's down on her," said the other.

"Can't obtain any patronage."

"Of course not," assented the other.

"Who's to speak?"

"Colonel Simmons, a real brave officer, who was wounded lately in Virginia—recruiting his health, and, O, he's so handsome! I sent him a beautiful bouquet this evening"—Miss Lawson whispered—"I'm going to set my cap for him. Ah! there he comes, and"—a blank pause—"Miss Coles!"

"The forward huzzy! went to his lodgings, no doubt, and forced her company upon him," whispered Miss Lawson, as the handsome officer ascended the rostrum. "Just as soon as the speaking's over, I shall tell him as a friend just what a character the thing has got here."

Miss Lawson was as good as her word, and after the concourse of people were dismissed, nodded to her friends and elbowed her way to the speaker, where he stood surrounded by several of the leading men of the village.

"Colonel Simmons."

That officer bowed, and a bystander announced Miss Lawson.

"I saw you come in with that new music teacher," began Miss Lawson, forgetting her nicely studied speech in her embarrassment, for the young colonel's cool, handsome eyes were upon her. "She, I know, forced her company upon you, and I thought it only

right you should know her character. She's a secesh—she wont sing the "Star-spangled Banner"—she—"

"Madam," spoke up the colonel, in a clear, ringing voice, "I have heard of the manner in which the daughter of a persecuted patriot and the betrothed wife of a wounded officer in your army, has been treated in this loyal village. It is a shame to you! Allow me to bid you good evening!"

He advanced to where Ella Coles stood, placed her arm in his and left the church; and Miss Lawson collapsed like a damaged balloon.

Miss Coles is all the rage now. No songs as beautiful as those she sings—no manners so refined—no words so chaste and elegant as those she uses. A great reaction has taken place, and the great public extols where they once censured, and goes down on its knees, not beholding a mere music teacher, but the betrothed bride of a hero.

And Miss Coles? There is a great peace in her heart, and she harbors no unforgiving feelings. She is only waiting for the peace that must come, until then content dwelling in the generous, noble heart of him who adores her.

There are many who are thus waiting, up and down over the length and breadth of this land. God bless and God help them!

#### SAGACITY OF ELEPHANTS.

The following story is almost too strange to be true, but we find it in one of our exchanges, given as authentic. It shows that elephants have a sagacity which approaches very near to reason, and it might puzzle even a shrewd metaphysician to draw the line of separation between the two:

Some Indian soldiers stationed at an outpost near Fort de Galle, in Ceylon, to protect a granary containing a large quantity of rice, were suddenly sent away a few miles in order to quiet some unruly villagers. Two of the party happened to remain. No sooner had the soldiers withdrawn than a party of wild elephants, which had been long noticed in the neighborhood, made their appearance in front of the granary. They had been preceded by a scout, which returned to the herd, and having no doubt satisfied them that the coast was clear, they advanced at a brisk pace toward the building. When they arrived within a few yards of the enclosure, quite in martial order, they made a sudden stand, and began to reconnoitre the object of their attack. Nothing could be more wary and methodical than their proceedings. The walls of the granary were of solid brick work, very thick; and the only opening into the building was in the centre of the roof, to which the ascent was

by a ladder. On the approach of the elephants, the two astonished spectators clambered up into a lofty banyan-tree, to escape mischief. They were so completely screened by the foliage of the tree that they could not be perceived by the elephants, though they could see very well what was going on below. Thick brick walls were objects which seemed at once to call forth both the strength and sagacity of these dumb robbers.

Nothing daunted by the greatness of the difficulty which they had to surmount, they began their operations at the angles of the building. A large male elephant, with tusks of immense size, labored for some time to make an impression; but after a while his strength was exhausted and he retired. The next in size and strength advanced and exhausted his exertions with no better success. A third then came forward, and, applying those tremendous levers with which his jaws were armed, and which he wielded with such prodigious might, at length succeeded in dislodging a brick. An opening once made, other elephants advanced, when an entrance was soon obtained sufficiently large to admit them. As the whole herd could not be accommodated at once, they divided into small bodies of three or four. When they had taken their fill, they retired, and their places were immediately supplied by the next in waiting, till the whole herd, upward of twenty, had made a full meal. By this time a shrill sound was heard from one of the elephants, which was readily understood, and those that were still in the building immediately rushed out and joined their companions. One of the first division, after retiring from the granary, had acted as sentinel while the rest were enjoying the fruits of their sagacity and perseverance. He had so stationed himself as to be enabled to observe the approach of an enemy, and upon perceiving the troops as they returned from the village he sounded the signal of retreat, when the whole herd, flourishing their trunks, moved rapidly into the jungle. The soldiers, on their return, found that the animals had devoured the greater part of the rice. A ball from a field-piece was discharged at them in their retreat; but they only wagged their tails, as if in mockery, and soon disappeared in the recesses of their native forest.

#### VICE.

He who yields himself to vice must inevitably suffer. If the human law does not convict and punish him, the moral law, which will have obedience, will follow him to his doom. Every crime is committed for a purpose, with some idea of future personal pleasure; and just so sure as God governs the universe, so surely does a crime, although concealed, destroy the happiness for the future. No matter how deeply laid have been the plans of the criminal, or how desperately executed, detection pursues him like a bloodhound, and tracks him to his fate.

The best part of beauty, after all, is that which a picture cannot express.

[ORIGINAL.]

# THE ANGEL OF THE MIND.

*Dedicated to Miss R. W., Gettysburg, Pa.*

~~~~~  
BY J. HOWARD WEST.  
~~~~~

This world is mixed with many scenes  
Of parried pleasure and pain;  
And I sometimes think both love and care  
Gnaw deep in the wearied brain;  
And I sometimes dream, as billow-tossed,  
I toil in the fevered strife,  
That labor and love are the gauntlet and glove  
Of an unsubstantial life:

That labor's the febrile grasp for fame,  
That wears out body and soul;  
That love is the rust of ideal minds,  
The heart-throb's poisoned bowl.  
And then my brain aches and whirls again,  
To fathom the misty unknown:  
To reach the shore, where eternity's door  
May be passed by Azrael alone:

To see if futurity may not unfold  
The pleasure without the pain,  
And the parried strokes of a world of care  
Fire not the aching brain.  
Whenever such musing thoughts arise,  
When the world looks dark to me,  
When there beams no sign of a happier time  
In mind's philosophy,

There is blent with these dreams a soothing calm,  
(For a face is mirrored to me);  
I saw it—perhaps in dreams, perchance in a  
throng—  
But it much resembles thee.  
And oft at eve on the busy street  
That face goes flitting by;  
The light of that eye, like the bow of the sky,  
Breathes love, but never a sigh.

And I sometimes think in phinoned dreams,  
That the smile of that unknown face,  
That helps to calm both pleasure and pain  
In time's bewildered race—  
The smile of that mist-veiled angel of good,  
More bright than the houri's glance,  
Is like to thee—but, pardon me,  
'Tis all a dream, perchance.

~~~~~  
[ORIGINAL.]

# SAVED.

~~~~~  
BY LAURA J. ANTER.  
~~~~~

"Isn't it perfectly beautiful, Lawrence?  
So delicate, and yet so elegant. See the dainty  
curve of this lily, and the half opened bud  
is perfect. How I wish I had the money with

me to purchase it. ~~Something for my wife~~  
ty-five dollars."

The little lady turned her beautiful eyes up  
to the face of the gentleman beside her, with  
an expression he could not help but read. It  
said as plainly as possible, that it would be a  
pretty keepsake for him to purchase for her.

He knew very well what was passing in her  
mind, but save a flush on his white forehead,  
he made her no reply. The lady paid for  
some trifle she had bought, and with another  
glance at the elegant bracelet that had elicited  
her admiration, turned and left the fashionable  
store. The gentleman, Lawrence Vane, walk-  
ed by her side in silence, ever and anon look-  
ing into the rosy face that was now darkened  
by a little cloud, and at the pretty lips, which  
were an unmistakable pout. Finding that his  
companion, Mildred Trover, was not inclined  
to break the silence between them, he became  
moody himself, and there was a look of actual  
pain on his fine face. Presently he com-  
menced:

"Mildred, you are thinking me penurious  
and mean, not to have bought you that pretty  
trifle, are you not?"

She looked up quickly, her face turning  
crimson, as she felt how completely he could  
read her thoughts. She hesitated a moment,  
and then said, frankly:

"I was thinking I should have prized it a  
great deal, if you had given it to me, for you  
have never given me any keepsake since our  
engagement, Lawrence, and that was so beau-  
tiful, and not expensive, either. I can get it  
myself at any time I choose, but I would have  
valued it so much more highly if it had been a  
present from you."

She turned her glowing cheek from his  
view, for there was something in his face that  
half frightened her—a look so sad at first, that  
settled down into a hard, stern determination.

"You shall have it, Mildred. I will get it  
for you to-morrow; I have never given you  
anything yet, and I should love to see my dar-  
ling wear a gift of mine."

"O, I am so glad, Lawrence, because it  
pained me to think you anything but noble  
and generous." The smile returned to the  
lady's lips, and musical words fell from them—  
words that were sweeter to the ears of Law-  
rence Vane, than the chime of silvery bells  
would have been.

He left her at the door of her elegant home,  
and walked hurriedly down town to his place  
of business, for Lawrence Vane was nothing  
but a poor clerk in a large wholesale estab-



ishment, and must needs be punctual at all times.

It was strange that a belle like Mildred Trover should have loved one so far beneath her in the fashionable world; yet, flattered, and in a great measure spoiled, as she had been, there was much that was good and noble in her heart, much to draw her to a sensitive, intellectual man, such as was Lawrence Vane.

Then their courtship had been a romantic one from the beginning. They had met in the country one summer, where Mildred had gone to see an aged and dearly-loved aunt. Lawrence Vane was there, a privileged and much loved guest. Mildred's aunt had known him from boyhood, and highly delighted was the dear old lady to have her two favorites meet and know each other.

Withdrawn from fashionable influences and conventionalities, what was more natural than that Mildred should forget her fortune and her pride, and wander for hours through the beautiful landscape, listening to the pleasant, yet sensible words that dropped from the lips of Mr. Vane? Or what could have been more natural, than that during those walks at sunset and by moonlight, and in the quiet sails on the beautiful lake, where their two voices blended together in song, her unrestrained heart had gone forth tenderly and lovingly, to the brave, true one that called her to him? So it had been, and so Lawrence Vane had won the prize that others had failed to purchase, even with their heaps of wealth.

\* \* \* \*

"Here it is, my darling. Let me clasp it on your arm. Do you know, Mildred, how much I love you—that I would sacrifice life itself to give you pleasure, my beautiful, darling Mildred?"

He drew her to him, caressing the small hand that lay so confidently in his own, looking down on her with a greedy, worshipping look, as if he feared she would fade away from his fond clasp, and as if he longed to place her bodily in his heart, there to keep her forever.

"You are a foolish boy, Lawrence, and yet I would not have you otherwise. It is wicked in me, but I love to know how much you worship me—to feel that for my sake you would forsake everything else in the world. I am such a spoiled girl, that I wonder you, with your delicate perceptions of good and evil, should ever have found qualities in me to love. O, Lawrence, I shall try to ever be worthy of you, to repay you, if possible, for all your love and kindness to me."

Her voice was low, tender and full of feeling.

"Will you promise me, Mildred, that even if others should turn from me with loathing—should scorn and pass me by with hatred, that you would come to me through the jeers and taunts of the world, and love me as you do now?"

She looked quickly up into his face, wondering much at its pallor, and at the husky tones of his voice. She laid her hand on his dark hair soothingly.

"I promise you, Lawrence, that so long as I have life, I will love you, even though the whole world rose up to prevent it. If the day should ever come when sorrow and care have settled down on you, and those who are friends to you now, pass you by without a kind look or word, I will come to you and help you bear life's burden, for though my feet may be weak and faltering, my heart will be firm and brave."

"God bless you, my Mildred, for your tender words. I believe you, I trust you, as I have never believed and trusted any other woman in the world, and as I never shall any other." He kissed the sunny, love-lit face, again and again. At last he rose to go.

"I shall not see my darling again for two long months. You do not know how lonely I shall be without you. Will you remember me, Mildred, when surrounded by the gay throng at Saratoga? Will you remember me, and this happy evening we have spent together?"

"I shall never forget you, Lawrence—you will ever be with me. I shall hear your words, and feel your hand clasping mine, even in the crowded and brilliant ball-room. My heart will yearn there for a sight of your dear face, or the touch of your loving lips."

A little later and he left her, her face bathed in tears; the first she had ever shed for him, because the first time she had ever left him for so long a period.

\* \* \* \*

The two months had almost passed away. They had been happy ones for Mildred—at least they had been as happy as any she could know away from Lawrence. There had been letters from him—letters full of love and feeling, and yet over the tone of them all there brooded a sadness she could not account for.

She sat on the piazza one night, quite alone for the moment, as the gentleman she had been dancing with had gone to bring her an ice. Two gentlemen standing in the moonlight, perfectly unconscious of her presence, went on with their conversation:

"Lawrence Vane a petty pilferer! Is it possible? I am sorry—very sorry. He was a fine young fellow, and I always thought him the soul of honor. What could have induced him to throw away his good name for such a trifle?" The speaker's voice expressed genuine sorrow and surprise.

"I believe the way of it was this. He has a sweetheart, I have heard—a belle and an heiress—and Lawrence is a high-spirited fellow, and could not bear to appear parsimonious in her eyes. Being used to wealth herself, it is probable that, either through heartlessness or thoughtlessness, she expected from him the same expensive attentions that were bestowed upon her by her wealthy suitors. Mr. Graham, the senior partner in the firm where Lawrence was employed, was the first one to discover his guilt. He noticed that Lawrence had become gloomy and morose, and wondering what could have caused the change—for Lawrence is usually a cheerful, whole-souled fellow, you know—he kept a close watch on him, wishing, if possible, to discover and remove the cause, for Lawrence had always been a great favorite with him. What was his horror and surprise, when one evening after the store was closed he discovered Lawrence abstract five dollars from the safe! His manner was wild and hurried, and he seemed in a state of great mental pain. Grieved and shocked beyond measure, Mr. Graham thought best not to mention the matter to any one, till further disclosures made it absolutely necessary. That night he saw him at the opera with Miss Mildred Trover; and it was no doubt for the purpose of taking her, that he stole the money. Scarcely a week afterwards he detected him taking money from the safe again. This time his employer followed him, determined to see what could have prompted him to take such a disgraceful step. Lawrence went into a jeweller's store, and purchased a delicate but elegant bracelet, and then hurried to Miss Trover's residence."

"Do you suppose she knew how small his salary was?" interrupted the first speaker.

"O, no, she probably had not thought anything about it, and imagined he could very well afford such a present. Be that as it may, I have seen the lady wear his gift—the same, I am sure, from the description. It was a fatal step for poor Lawrence, for, after a brief consultation, his employers thought best to discharge him, agreeing, as he had always been a good clerk before, to say nothing of the matter, simply deducting the thirty dollars

from his salary. Lawrence did not try to defend himself, they said; but his very silence was full of the bitterest humiliation and anguish. He tried to find other employment, but somehow or other the story got out, and no one would trust him. I saw him last week—the perfect wreck of what he used to be disgraced and gloomy. I have heard that he supports an aged mother, and often he has gone to bed supperless, that he might purchase some little luxury for her. Lawrence is becoming dissipated very fast, and I pity him sincerely. No doubt his fine lady will desert him, too, as have all of his other friends."

"Never!—so help me, God, never!"

A white, stony face gleamed up suddenly from amidst the shadows, and Mildred glided away, leaving the two gentlemen looking with astonishment at her retreating form.

Mildred was at home again. The morning was a dark, gloomy one. Sullen clouds overhung the sky, and a thin, drizzling rain had frightened in the fashionable ladies who usually thronged the streets; but Mildred never heeded the weather, scarcely seemed conscious of it, as she hurried along, her pale face only half hidden by the veil thrown over it. Coming down the sidewalk, slowly and despondently, oblivious to everything around him, she beheld Lawrence Vane. She remembered herself just in time to repress the cry that rose to her lips; and as he raised his eyes and beheld her, he gave a glad start, then, as if recollecting himself, he paused a second, waiting to see how she would greet him, disgraced and dishonored as he was. She only bowed slightly, and stepped into a store, leaving him more gloomy, more wretched, more humiliated, than he had yet been.

Poor Mildred!—she had not dared to speak to him there, her heart was too full; she knew she would have burst into tears the first word she uttered. She stood still, and almost breathless, till he had passed on down the street, her heart aching painfully as she remembered the mournful, reproachful glance he had bent upon her. And it was *her* fault that Lawrence Vane was what he was—a man shunned by honest men.

She came out of the store at last with a look of calm determination on her face—a look that said she had battled with and overcome some fear or weakness. Her steps grew faster, till she almost ran. She forgot to be weary, forgot herself, forgot everything but Lawrence Vane in his hopeless despair. She entered the

large establishment where he had been employed, and asked a clerk if she could see Mr. Graham. The reply was favorable, and a moment later she was ushered into his office. An elderly gentleman, with a grave, pleasant face, rose as she entered, and politely handed her a chair.

She sat down in silence, not daring to trust herself to speak for a moment, half-scared at her own daring in coming at all, and on such an errand. Her pale, beseeching face touched the heart of Mr. Graham, as nothing else would have done.

"You seem to be in trouble, Miss Trover. Is there anything I can do for you?"

The kind voice re-assured her, and a look into the benevolent face loosened her tongue.

"I have come to ask a very great favor of you, Mr. Graham; one that I fear, with all your kindness, you will not grant me." She paused, as if doubtful how to proceed.

A light flashed over the mind of Mr. Graham, and he was the first to break the silence. His voice was slightly stern.

"Do you come from Lawrence Vane, Miss Trover?"

"Not from him, but for him and myself. I am the one to blame for the disgrace into which he is now thrown. In my utter thoughtlessness, I urged him to take me to the opera, because I preferred going with him, and because I thought it only a whim of his, that he did not wish to go. It was very improper, very ungenerous in me; but we are affianced, Mr. Graham, and exhibit but little formality to each other. In the same way I was the innocent cause of his purchasing the bracelet, never even dreaming what it would cost him. I have brought his spotless name down low in the dust. I have crushed out the brightest, best hopes of his life. I would give my life to recall it.

"He is so proud and sensitive, he could not endure to have me think him avaricious, and so he was tempted and fell. O, if he had only told me his circumstances frankly, this pain would have been spared us both, and I should not be here this morning before you, like a pleading, guilty culprit myself! Mr. Graham, you know what I would ask of you. Take him back into your service once more, and let his exemplary conduct hereafter crush out the shame attached to his name. No one will trust him now, and unless you stretch forth a hand to save him, he is lost. Treat him as you would have your own son treated were he in the same condition. I promise

you he shall never be found wanting again. I appeal to all the good and Christian feelings in your heart, try him once more, for *my* sake—for the sake of sweet pity and mercy." The tears choked her further utterance, and her wistful, eager face was a picture that would have softened a harder heart than Mr. Graham's.

"He did me a very great wrong, Miss Trover—a very great wrong; for he abused my confidence in him, and wounded my feeling as no one else could have done. But I can say for him, in spite of all this, that in every other respect, he is just such a man as I should be proud to call my son. It has hurt my feelings more than you think, to set him adrift on the world. Maybe I was too hasty in doing so—maybe I did wrong. At any rate, for your sake, I will try him again. Tell him from me, Miss Trover, that it is *only* for your sake."

In her gratitude she took his hand and covered it with kisses.

"God bless you, Mr. Graham! Your words have filled my whole heart with sunshine. You have saved, by your kindness, a fellow-creature from a lifetime of despair. I wish I could find words to thank you."

"Your happiness more than repays me, my child. I am an old man, and have a daughter of my own, and my heart is not quite made of stone. Lawrence was a good boy anyhow, and I have not felt quite right since he left. I hope and trust he will be all you promise. There, now, my dear girl, go home and rest yourself; you are ill and weary, I can see from your face. Good-by."

He did not give her time to thank him again, but hurried from his office, through the long counting-room and into the street, and watched her till she turned the corner.

"A good girl—a noble, good girl! I hope my daughter may be just like her, and I hope Lawrence Vane will appreciate and treasure the prize he has won."

Something very like a tear glittered in the old gentleman's eyes as he walked slowly back to his office; and there was a very warm spot in his heart.

When Mildred reached home, a note from Lawrence awaited her. She read it through, while the scalding tears fell thick and fast.

"O Mildred, it almost broke my heart this morning, when I met you, and saw that you scorned me, even as others do! I could have borne anything else but that. I felt as if I should have loved to drop dead at your feet, never to mar your life with my presence again. How I had hoped and prayed for that meeting



—blind idiot that I was—daring to think you would love me, in spite of my sullied name. The end of my hope was a bitter one, and what I deserved. I ask your pity, Mildred—I would scorn it from any one else. But O, if you knew all that I have suffered, all the agony I have endured, all the temptations I have gone through with successfully till then, I am sure you would pity me! I am not so lost to all sense of honor as they think me either, Mildred; and I know you at least will believe me, when I tell you I intended replacing the money as soon as I drew my pay. I did not tell them so, because I did not wish them to think me a liar as well as a thief. Poverty is such a curse, Mildred; it has been gnawing away at my heart-strings, dragging me ever down from you. I wish I had died before I had ever, in my weakness, committed such a crime.

"I do not write to make you miserable though, but to release you from an engagement that must now be hateful to you—a very mockery. I send you back your picture, too, because I should go mad, if I had it near me, ever to reproach me with its sad, beautiful eyes. Good-by, Mildred—good-by for the last time! You can never know the anguish it is for me to write this. LAWRENCE VANE."

It was evening now. The leaden clouds still wept their heavy tears, but Mildred hurried along the dim, narrow street with heart full of sunshine and happiness. She had declined using her carriage—instinctively she shrank from making any display that would show more painfully the contrast between the sphere of life she dwelt in and that in which Lawrence moved. She paused at a dingy, two-story wooden building, and rang the bell. A tidy servant-girl answered it.

"Does Mr. Vane board here?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Will you tell him a friend wishes to see him?"

The girl showed her into a small parlor, and ran up stairs to deliver her message. A moment later the door was opened, and Lawrence Vane stood on the threshold. At first he did not see the slight, girlish figure, half hidden by the window curtain; but the next moment he sprang forward, and caught her in his arms.

"O, Mildred, my darling, you are an angel to come to me now!" He bowed his face till it rested on her soft hair, and sobbed like a child.

"You would not come to me, Lawrence, so I have come to you. I want to ask you to forgive me for being the innocent cause of your taking such a desperate step. Why did you not trust me, Lawrence? Where my love is concerned, I am brave and strong, and I

should not have loved you less, because poverty stood by your side. So much I love you, Lawrence, my darling one, that I can brave all things for your sake." She drew his face down to her own, and kissed his lips.

"Would that I were worthy of you, Mildred, noblest, devoted girl," he said at last, calmed and soothed by her tenderness.

The hard, flinty look had gone out of his eyes now, for with Mildred to love and cheer him, he could once more lift his head bravely, and look in the face of the world.

"You are worthy of me, Lawrence, and the world shall yet call you a good, honest man. I have news for you, dearest, the best, most cheering news."

Then she sat down and told him all that had transpired that morning after she saw him, all of Mr. Graham's goodness.

"I owe you more than life, sweet Mildred, more than love. What shall I ever do to show my gratitude?"

"Be a good, brave man, and resist all temptations, however strong, and let me stay with you, Lawrence, to love and help you on."

"Do you really mean it, Mildred? You are not trifling with my feelings? Will you be my wife now—the wife of a poor, dishonored clerk?" How eagerly he looked into her sweet, glowing face!

"I mean that I will be your true, loving wife, Lawrence Vane, if you will take me, and love me always as you do now." How full of unutterable tenderness was her voice!

He could only kiss her again and again, murmuring softly:

"To think I should ever for a moment have doubted you, my sweet Mildred, my precious, devoted, darling little girl!" Suddenly a painful thought checked the current of his joy. "What will your father say to this, Mildred? What will my little darling do when taken away from her luxurious home to one where the bare necessities of life will be almost unknown?"

"I shall be happy anywhere in the world, dear Lawrence, so that you are with me. I have already told my father what I should do. He was very angry at first, and threatened to drive me from his door if I persisted in my designs; but finally he grew calm, and tried to persuade me to abandon you to your fate. Father is kind at heart, though, and when he saw how miserable it made me to have him talk so, he promised to treat you as kindly as he could, for my sake; but said he would never do anything to assist us along in the world,

till you had proved yourself to be worthy. That was all I asked of him, and more than I expected. Nothing but his great love for me induced him to make such concessions. Fortunately for us, I have a little cottage, a snug brown thing, that was given to me by my mother, so that we will have a cozy home, even though it be not a fine one. Then Uncle John gave me my piano, so that I can take it with me, and I intend giving music lessons, both to amuse myself and assist you."

He tried to interrupt her, and to beg she would not think of such a thing; but she was firm and unyielding.

"I am fond of music, and it will be a pleasure to me. I have been such an idle girl all my life; but now I am going to be a good, useful woman. O, Lawrence, we will be so happy in our little home!" She looked up into his face with a glad, contented smile.

It was growing twilight now, and he accompanied her back to her home, another and a better man than she had found him. A month afterward they were married.

Five years later, Mildred sat in the parlor of one of the hotels at Niagara Falls, where Lawrence had left her to see about getting rooms. Two gentlemen came in and commenced talking.

"That is the first time I have seen Lawrence Vane for five years. He was a gloomy, disgraced man then; he is an honorable, respected one now. What has caused him to go up in the world so fast, I wonder?"

"It is all through the influence of his wife, I believe. She is a noble woman. I never dreamed she had such a true heart—she is one out of a thousand. She went to Mr. Graham, and got him to take Vane back into his place again, and then leaving her spacious, elegant home, married Lawrence and settled down in a wee cottage, where she taught music, and assisted him bravely and cheerfully, in every way possible. She has the true courage. From the day she married Lawrence, he seemed a new man, and he has been climbing up in the world ever since. Mr. Graham's confidence in him is fully restored, and he has lately bestowed on him an interest in the firm. So much for woman's love and influence. Had it not been for his wife, I firmly believe he would this day be a worthless, miserable man; but through her faith and perseverance, he was saved."

At this moment Lawrence came into the

room again. He looked down fondly into the flushed, beautiful face of his wife.

"Little wife of mine, what has pleased you? I can see joy shining from your eyes."

"It is nothing to tell you, Lawrence," smiling sweetly in his face all the while; but in her heart there was a sweet song resounding, "Saved, saved!"

#### RESULTS OF APPLICATION.

Many curious illustrations are found in literary biography, of what resolution and application may accomplish, in the way of intellectual progress. One of the most remarkable cases of the kind is that of Anthony Purver, an Englishman, who had been brought up as a shoemaker, with no education excepting a very slender knowledge of his native tongue. Purver was a Quaker, of a serious turn of mind, and after much reflection he resolved to examine the religious principles which he had imbibed in his youth, and in the course of his inquiries found himself much embarrassed by the different translations and explanations of Scripture. This determined him, though late in life, to study the original languages. He began with Hebrew, and in a very moderate compass of time, made himself a competent master of that and other oriental languages, which are most useful to a critical knowledge of the Scriptures. He afterwards learned Greek, and at last Latin, and finally undertook the Herculean task of making a new and literal translation of all the books of the Old and New Testament, with notes critical and explanatory, which was published in two volumes, folio, in 1765—the fruit of thirty years' laborious application. He was aided by an excellent memory, but the resolute and persevering manner in which he applied himself to his literary labors is none the less commendable.—*Notes and Queries.*

#### SCHILLER'S MIDNIGHT STUDIES.

On sitting down to his desk at night, he was wont to keep some strong coffee or wine chocolate, but more frequently a flask of old Rhenish or champagne, standing by him, that he might from time to time repair the exhaustion of nature. Often the neighbors used to hear him earnestly declaiming in the silence of the night; and whoever had an opportunity of watching him on such occasions—a thing very easy to be done from the heights lying opposite his little garden house, on the other side of the dale—might see him now speaking aloud, and walking swiftly to and fro in his chamber, then suddenly throwing himself into his chair, and writing, and drinking the while, sometimes more than once from the glass standing near him. In winter he was to be found at his desk till four, or even five in the morning; in summer till towards three. He then went to bed, from which he seldom rose till nine or ten.—*Carlyle's Life of Schiller.*

#### PROGRESS.

The eternal steps of progress beats  
To that great anthem, calm and slow,  
Which God repeats!—WHITTIER.

[ORIGINAL.]  
TO A FRIEND.

BY WILLIAM CLARENCE WARE.

O, let us cheer each other, love,  
While here below we live,  
And never barter friendship, love,  
For all the world can give.  
O, never let unkindness, love,  
Fall from those lips of thine,  
But let us ever cherish, love,  
Friendship pure, divine!

For what is life without it, love?  
What joy can this world give,  
When friendship and sweet faith, love,  
Have ceased in us to live?  
Ah, let us cheer each other, love:  
Of friendship let us sing,  
And time will fall dull sorrow, love,  
'With clouds and cares to bring!

[ORIGINAL.]

MR. STERLING'S CONFESSION.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

My father was a respectable merchant, living in New York city. He met a terrible end, perishing by fire. I was studying medicine at the time, with Dr. Betton, when I received intelligence that my father's house, in White Street, had been burned to the ground, and that he had perished in the flames. My mother was rescued. I immediately left for New York, for the purpose of consoling her under her great affliction. When my father's affairs came to be investigated, it was found that he had left my poor mother almost penniless, although I had been led to believe that he was quite wealthy. It was partially this reason that made me give up the medical profession, for I knew from my mother's scanty means she could ill afford the expense necessary to prosecute it vigorously.

It was about a year ago that my friend, Mr. M., the well known New York attorney, sent for me, begging my immediate presence. I immediately hurried to his residence, supposing that he wished to consult me on some case. I was shown at once into his study, where I found him poring over a parchment.

"Brampton," said he, after he had shaken hands with me, "do you know a Mr. John Sterling?"

"Sterling—Sterling," said I, endeavoring to

recollect; "I cannot say I do. But stay," I continued, "I remember a Mr. Sterling, a banker, with whom my father did business."

"Exactly," replied Mr. M., "he died last night."

"Indeed," I continued, supposing, of course, there was some mystery about his death to be investigated.

"Yes," continued Mr. M., speaking slowly, "and he has left you by will seventy-five thousand dollars."

"What!" I exclaimed, starting up from my chair, as if I had been shot.

"He has left you seventy-five thousand dollars," repeated Mr. M., in a quiet tone.

"Impossible!" I returned; "I did not know Mr. Sterling personally; I never spoke to him in the whole course of my life; in fact, I do not remember ever to have seen him."

"That may all be true, but he has nevertheless left you this money."

"But how can I take it when it rightfully belongs to his wife and family?"

"No, Brampton, it rightfully belongs to you."

"You are speaking enigmas to me, Mr. M. How it is right that Mr. Sterling should leave me such a large sum of money is more than I can fathom."

"Listen to me attentively, Brampton, and I will soon convince you that you are rightfully entitled to the money. You are aware that there is no profession which penetrates so deeply into family secrets as the law. The hiding place of the skeleton, which they say is to be found in every man's house, is readily entered by the family attorney, and all the secrets of his clients are necessarily revealed to him. During my professional career I have had confided to me some extraordinary secrets, which, if I were to reveal, would make the world stand aghast. Parties who have held situations of honor and trust, who have been held by the public as model husbands and fathers, who have been looked upon as the very epitome of integrity, would appear as scoundrels, forgers, and some even guilty of the highest crime known to the law. But the sacred nature of my profession closes my lips; I dare not bring to light the hidden skeleton, and stamp on it the impress of truth by revealing the facts to the world."

I could not understand what the exordium meant, and could only bow in reply.

"One of my best clients was Mr. John Sterling," continued Mr. M.; "a man of considerable fortune, and who was supposed to have led a most exemplary life. He was a member



of a church, and noted for his charitable donations to the funds of the cause he espoused. No one had ever presumed to breathe a word against his private character, and he was cited as a model of philanthropy and just dealing by all who knew him. When I first became acquainted with him he was a widower with no family. I had known him for several years without discovering anything in his past history which led me to suspect that it contained anything of a remarkable character. I always thought that he was unusually reserved and silent, but supposed that it arose more from his natural disposition than from any secret preying on his mind. I hope you are listening attentively, Brampton?"

"Certainly," I replied; "I hear every word."

"Three days ago, I was summoned to his house in a great hurry. The messenger stated that my immediate presence was necessary. Somewhat surprised at this sudden summons, I lost no time in obeying it. When I reached his house, which was situated in Fourteenth Street, near Fifth Avenue, I found his household in great confusion; several doctors were in attendance, and alarm was expressed on every feature. It appeared that Mr. Sterling had been seized that morning with a paralytic stroke, and no hope whatever was entertained of his recovery. I was immediately shown into his bed-room, where I found the sufferer reclining on a sumptuous couch. He presented a sad spectacle; one half of his body was dead, and his mouth was distorted. He did not, however, suffer much physical pain, but his face wore an expression of intense anxiety. The moment he saw me a smile flitted across his distorted features. He made a sign for me to approach his bed-side.

"I am glad you have come," said he, in a hoarse whisper; "I want you to make my will. It is a duty I ought to have attended to before. Set about it at once, for I feel that my end is fast approaching. Who knows how soon this feeble flicker of life may leave me?"

"I procured writing materials and set about my duty. I soon finished the preliminary writing, and paused for him to instruct me as to the disposal of his property. The invalid anxiously awaited for this moment, and then, in a tone of voice which was firmer than when he first spoke, he said:

"I bequeath the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars to Mr. James Brampton, detective officer, son of Mr. Thomas Brampton, late of White Street, in the city of New York."

"But your relations," I ventured to suggest.

"Do as I bid you," continued the dying man. "I leave my relatives the rest of my property, to be divided equally among them."

"I had no course left but to obey, and drew out the will as he requested. At the same time I thought it very strange that he should leave such a large sum to you, Brampton. The will was properly attested. When all was completed, a load appeared to be taken off the invalid's mind; a placid smile overspread his features, and he made a sign that all should leave the room but myself.

"Mr. M.," said he, as soon as we were alone, "draw your chair close to my bed-side, get your writing materials, I want to make a confession to you. I can see that you are surprised at the provisions of my will; but hear my history, and you will then learn that I have only performed an act of reparation."

"I remonstrated with him, and advised him to remain quiet and not excite himself by conversation; but he insisted, and said that if he did not ease his mind he would suffer fearful torture in his dying moments. Seeing that he was determined, I drew close to his bed, as he requested, and took down the words as they fell from his mouth. Here is his confession."

So saying, Mr. M. handed to me a dozen pages of MS., and begged that I would read them. I did so, and the following is his strange history:

"Fifteen years ago I was engaged in Maiden Lane as a banker. I did a large business, and soon accumulated a considerable amount of money. But reverses came; I speculated, and soon found myself involved beyond redemption. There was no other course open to me but to flee the country. I made my preparations, and soon arranged everything to my satisfaction.

"The very evening before my intended departure, as I was examining my books after bank-hours were over, I was interrupted by a knock at the door of my private study. In answer to my summons to 'come in' the door opened, and a friend of mine, Mr. Thomas Brampton, entered.

"How are you, Sterling?" said he, advancing and shaking me by the hand. "Excuse my calling after banking hours, but the fact is I want particularly to see you on a little business. You know the mortgage I had on Blanchard's property; he paid it off this afternoon. I want you to invest it for me."

"Certainly," I returned. "You know anything I can do—"

"O, yes, I know all about that. I would rather put this money in your hands than in the United States Bank. There is the amount, fifty thousand dollars. Give me a certificate of deposit."

"I made out the receipt and handed it to him. He placed it in his pocket-book, saying:

"This is all my dear wife and boy have to depend on. Thank God! it is now in safe hands, and I can sleep easy in my bed at night."

"How came Blanchard to pay off the mortgage?" I asked.

"I suppose he wanted to free his property. I have not mentioned the matter to my wife yet, nor shall I until you have made a fresh investment. You know what a nervous body she is."

"You are right," I replied; "women don't understand these things. But I will make your mind easy on that now. To-morrow I will look out for some good security."

"After a little further conversation, my visitor left. When he had gone, I seated myself by my study fire, and pondered long and anxiously. This fifty thousand dollars, so opportunely placed in my possession at such a critical moment, would release me from my most pressing embarrassments. But then it was impossible for me to use it. I must invest the amount at once. I could not take the sum with me, for I had given a certificate of deposit, and to appropriate the money to myself would be felony, and I could be pursued and arrested for it to the very ends of the earth. I did not know what to do. The golden bait, so temptingly placed before me, stifled as it were every good sentiment in my heart, and I felt that I could be guilty of every crime to further my ends. While pursuing these reflections, a sudden thought entered my brain, and to show how lost I was to all sense of moral rectitude, my soul did not fall back appalled at the suggestion made me by my depraved heart. I might get rid of him and appropriate the money to my own use. Then I dwelt on all I could do with such a sum. It would preclude the necessity of my leaving the country. Yes, I made up my mind that I would put him out of the way. I said that it must be done speedily, too.

"After I had thought over the matter in every possible light, I went home. I lived at that time in Canal Street, which was then the fashionable part of the city. I suppose my countenance must have expressed my anxiety, for my wife no sooner saw me than she

interrogated me very closely. And here, Mr. M., I must make another confession. I have been a bad husband. The world gives me credit for having been affectionate and loving to my wife, but it only shows how mistaken the world oftentimes is. I hated my wife, and in private treated her very brutally; and yet she was a kind, devoted woman. I have often seen her eyes fill with tears at some cruel speech of mine; and yet not one word of reproach fell from her lips, and God knows she had cause enough. Poor Emily! I broke her heart.

"But I am digressing. I replied surlily to my wife's interrogation, and bade her hold her peace. I knew it was only love for me that prompted her interference. She did not refer to the subject again.

"I went to bed that night turning over in my own mind my plan of action; one thing I had firmly settled, namely that, Mr. Brampton must be sacrificed. The only thing that I could not decide upon was how the deed was to be done. In the midst of these murderous thoughts, I slept. My dreams were of a varied character that night. Suddenly, in the midst of my slumbers, a thought occurred to me, which, for a moment, completely paralyzed me. I started up in bed, and exclaimed:

"Fool that I am! I forgot the certificate of deposit!"

"What is the matter, John?" said my wife; "what do you mean by a certificate of deposit?"

"Peace, woman, with your ceaseless babbling," I returned.

"How can you be so unkind to me, dear?" sobbed my wife.

"Have done with your useless repinings!" I answered.

"O, John, John, once you loved me, and now I believe you hate me! yet God is my witness that I have endeavored to do my duty to you as a wife. Do tell me, John, what can I do better?"

"Will you hold your cursed tongue!" I replied, and I kicked her. Yes, Mr. M., I brutally kicked her. The poor thing shrank away close to the wall, and I could hear her endeavor to stifle her sobs by thrusting the sheet into her mouth. God has now punished me for my inhuman conduct. The lower portion of my body is dead, and I can feel death gradually creeping upwards.

"But to return. The sudden thought that Mr. Brampton had the certificate of deposit

in his possession completely nonplussed me. If I were to kill him, he had in all probability deposited the paper in some secure place in his house, and after his death it would be brought to light, and I should be no nearer my end than before.

"It was after turning this matter over and over again in my mind that a hellish thought entered my head. I would destroy the house and all its contents by fire! The idea was no sooner conceived than it was matured, and the next night I determined to put it into execution. I went about my business the following day as usual. No one that saw me had the least idea that I was harboring any thought of so desperate a character. I do not know how it was, but it seemed to me as if I were the plaything of some mysterious power. The thought of two innocent people perishing in the flames gave me no concern whatever. The only aim and end that I had in view was to destroy the certificate of deposit. To do this I would have sacrificed all my relatives and friends. I believe if I had any children, and knew that by throwing them into the flames I could have accomplished my wish, I should have done it.

"Mr. Brampton called on me during the day. I told him that I was in treaty for a splendid investment for his funds, and that there could be no doubt, but I should succeed in making the arrangement in a day or two. He appeared to be perfectly satisfied, and left me after an hour's conversation on indifferent subjects; during which term I learned that he had said nothing to his wife nor any other person about the matter. I passed through that day as usual. I had the same smile on my lips as if my heart were as guileless as a child's. And yet the hellish thought was harbored there, festering its way to the innermost core.

"Evening came, I retired home as usual. I found my wife had been weeping all day, for her eyes were red and swollen. The sight maddened me, I no longer hesitated to use personal violence, and vile, cowardly blows followed each other in quick succession. She rushed to her own chamber and locked herself in. This was exactly what I wanted. It left me a free field for action.

"At midnight I left the house and started for Mr. Brampton's residence. It was a cold winter's night, and the wind blew violently from the northeast. The very elements seemed to conspire in favor of my diabolical design.

"Mr. Brampton lived in White Street. I

soon stood before his house. Not a soul was in the street. A small alley-way ran by the side of the house, and some wooden shanties leaned against one of the gable-ends. With the aid of a flint and steel, I easily procured a light. I then thrust a quantity of shavings through a small window, and set fire to them with a brimstone match. I also set fire to the shanties in two or three places. This done, I retired exultingly away to the corner of the street, to witness the effect.

"When I came to analyze the feelings I experienced at that time, I found they were actually feelings of pleasure. For some minutes no manifestation appeared—then came a bluish smoke—then smoke of a much more dense description, and lastly the whole building burst out into a sheet of flame. Even then the alarm was not given for some time. At last, I heard footsteps on the pavement, and suddenly the words, 'fire! fire!' broke the stillness of the night. These words were uttered by others at the distance. Watchmen's rattles were sprung, and the street was soon a scene of bustle and confusion, as the engines began to arrive. But amidst all this din there was one sound which could be heard above all others, and which proceeded from the burning dwelling. It was a woman's shriek. You may judge of the condition of my heart at that moment, when I tell you that these cries of agony and suffering fell mute on it.

"The scene which followed was so quick and rapid in its execution, that I can scarcely remember it. One part of it, however, is indelibly impressed on my mind. I saw one of the heroic firemen place a ladder against the burning pile, and fearlessly ascend it. A woman appeared on the balcony, clothed only in her night dress. She was conveyed safely to the ground. Mr. Brampton perished in the flames. The receipt was undoubtedly destroyed, for I have heard nothing more about it.

"When Mr. Brampton's affairs were investigated it was found that he had been paid a large sum of money; but no one knew what became of it. It was afterwards supposed that some robber had entered the house, and, appropriating the funds, had set fire to the dwelling for the purpose of destroying the evidence of his crime.

"Fortune prospered with me after this diabolical act. Money flowed in fast, and I became a millionaire—but I had no happiness. The gnawing tooth of remorse has been undermining my existence ever since. But still the



demon of avarice had taken such possession of me that I could not refund the wealth I had so criminally obtained.

"Mr. M., I have done. In leaving Mr. James Brampton the sum I have done, I only perform an act of retribution. It is a tardy act of justice, and can by no means wipe out my sin. My only hope now is in a merciful God—to him I commit my soul."

Thus ended Mr. Sterling's confession. I need not say how deeply I was affected by it. The sum restored to me was sufficient to enable me to give up my profession, and since the day I came in possession of it, I have ceased all business.

### THE WALLED LAKE.

The wonderful Walled Lake is situated in the central part of Wright county, Iowa. The shape of the lake is oval. It is about two miles in length and one mile wide in the widest part, comprising an area of some 2000 acres. The wall inclosing this lake is over six miles in length, and is built or composed of stones varying in size from boulders of two tons weight down to small pebbles, and is intermixed with earth. The top of the wall is uniform in height above the water in all parts, which makes its height to vary on the land side according to the unevenness of the country, from two to twelve feet in height. In the highest part the wall measures from ten to twelve feet thick at the base, and from four to six at the top, inclining each way—outward and inward. There is no outlet, but the lake frequently rises and flows over the top of the wall. The lake at the deepest part is about ten feet in depth, and abounds with large and fine fish, such as pike, pickerel, bass and perch. The water is as clear as crystal, and there is no bubbling or agitation to indicate any large springs or feeders. Wild fowl of all kinds are plenty upon its bosom. At the north end are two small groves of about ten acres each, no timber being near. It has the appearance of having been walled up by human hands, and looks like a huge fortress, yet there are no rock in that vicinity for miles around. There are no visible signs of the lake being the result of volcanic action, the bed being perfectly smooth, and the border of regular form. The lake is seventeen miles from Boon River on the west, eight miles from Iowa on the east, and about one hundred miles from Cedar Rapids. It is one of the greatest wonders of the West, and has already been visited by hundreds of curiosity seekers.

### CONTENT.

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,  
No chemic art can counterfeit;  
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,  
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,  
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;  
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,  
That much in little—all in naught—content.

### TURKISH HONESTY.

In the edifice Solimanie, Constantinople, is an open gallery, filled with chests of all sizes and descriptions, carefully marked, which contain treasures of jewels, gold and silver to an immense amount. These are all the property of persons who from any cause require a place of safety where to deposit their wealth. Each package, accurately described and scrupulously secured, is received and registered by the proper authorities, and remains intact and inviolate, despite national convulsions and ministerial changes. No event is suffered to affect the sacredness of the trust; and no consideration of country or religion militates against the admission of such deposits as may be tendered by persons anxious to guard their property from casualties. On one side may be seen the fortune of an orphan confided to the care of the directors of the institution during his minority; on the other, the capital of a merchant pursuing his traffic over the seas. All classes and creeds avail themselves of this security, and although an individual may fail to reclaim his property for twenty, fifty, or even an unlimited number of years, no seal is ever broken, no lock is ever forced. And despite that this great national bank, for such it may be considered, offers not only an easy but an efficient and abundant means of supply, no instance has been known in which the government has made an effort to avail itself of the treasures of Solimanie.—*City of the Sultan.*

### THE TEARS OF OYSTERS.

Glancing round this anatomical workshop, we find, amongst other things, some preparations showing the nature of pearls. Examine them, and we find that there are dark and dingy pearls, just as there are handsome and ugly men; the dark pearl being found on the dark shell of the fish, the white, brilliant one upon the smooth inside shell. Going further in the search, we find that the smooth, glittering lining, upon which the fish moves, is known as the *nacre*, and that it is produced by a portion of the animal called the *mantle*, and for explanation sake, we may add that gourmands practically know the mantle as *the beard* of the oyster. When living in its glossy house, should any foreign substance find its way through the shell to disturb the smoothness so essential to its ease, the fish coats the offending substance with nacre, and a pearl is thus formed. The pearl is, in fact, a little globe of the substance yielded by the oyster's beard; yielded ordinarily to smooth the narrow home to which his nature binds him, but yielded in round drops—real pearly tears—if he is hurt. When a beauty glides proudly among a throng of admirers, her hair clustering with pearls, she little thinks that her ornaments are products of pain and diseased action, endured by the most unpoetical of shell-fish.—*Household Words.*

When a good talker once gets the whole of the conversation to himself, his auditors listen as they would to an overheard soliloquy, and there is no chance for lesser minds and men.

[ORIGINAL.]

ELSIE.

~~~~~  
BY ANNIE GREY.  
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With hair of the softest, palest gold,  
 Rippling and showering round her,  
 On a moss-grown rock by a shady brook,  
 Was Elsie—'twas thus I found her.

White dimpled feet, dipping into the stream,  
 Tinted with pink; and the water,  
 Brilliant and sparkling, dashed here and there  
 O'er the witch—was she Undine's fair daughter?

No, it was Elsie—I knew that by her eye,  
 So blue and so saucy, yet winning;  
 Shall I steal up behind her, and kiss her wee mouth?  
 I am tempted—but no, 'twould be sinning.

Low-drooping round her, the willow's long leaves  
 Form a shade, and but one glimmering sunbeam  
 Boldly can enter there into that shrine—  
 'Tis sacred to her and my life-dream.

'Twill be but a dream, one sacred and pure;  
 My life's blood I would give that no sorrow  
 Ever should dim her fair, cherished life,  
 She moves—I'll away till to-morrow.

~~~~~  
[ORIGINAL.]**THE GHOST'S WELL!**~~~~~  
BY JANE G. AUSTIN.  
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It was in one of my summer vacations that I went, fagged and ill, to spend a few weeks at Ily, a little sequestered town among the hills, somewhere in Massachusetts.

I knew no one, but that was of the less consequence as I wished to know no one. Rest, and renewed health and strength were my objects, not society, and I accordingly secured quarters at a neat farmhouse some little distance from the village, and devoted myself to out of doors life. At first I used to ride or drive the farmer's horse through the long mazy wood-roads whole days at a time, charmed when, becoming bewildered, I had an excuse for taking out my pocket compass and finding my way home thereby. But as the exigencies of the farm required more and more of Dobbin's aid, I learned to depend upon my own powers of locomotion, and in a short time became a famous pedestrian, exploring the country in all directions, sometimes visiting localities unknown even to my host, who, boy and man, had lived in the vicinity some sixty years.

It was on one of these extended tramps,

hot, dusty, and tired, I emerged from a long stretch of pine woods and found myself approaching an old, a very old, unpainted farmhouse, the only building visible, before the road again plunged into the forest.

"I will at least have a draught of cold water, and rest for a few moments," thought I, passing through the gate which, staggering on one hinge, its corner deep buried in the grass, remained half open, as it had probably remained for years. At the corner of the house an old well sweep cut its clear angle upon the summer sky, but the pendant pole supported no "moss covered bucket," indeed there seemed to be no well where one should be swung, but in its place a rude mound of earth and staves not unlike a species of a monument not uncommon in old-fashioned burying-grounds. Into this mound the well-pole penetrated, and the whole array of sweep, pole and mound seemed parts of some one incomprehensible arrangement.

The house door stood ajar and gave me a view of a low, wide kitchen, its walls browned with time and smoke; its floor uneven as the waves of the sea and as white as their foam. A broad belt of sunshine streamed through the open western window, and in its fullest beam sat a wierd little old woman, her knitting work hanging motionless from her shrivelled fingers the while she paused to look with some curiosity, but no alarm, toward the open door, within which my shadow had already intruded. Making known my wishes, I at once received a hospitable invitation to enter and seat myself.

"And as for the water," said the hostess, "I'll go down to the brook and fetch you some."

"No, indeed. Tell me where to go, and I will wait upon myself, and bring some water for you too."

My new friend made some polite objections to this course; but these being speedily overruled, I was entrusted with kettle and directed to a small and rather brackish spring at some distance from the house, where I succeeded in assuaging my thirst and also in filling the pail.

"Why don't you use this well close beside the house?" asked I, as I put the tin kettle upon the table, and wiped my brow, with the feeling of a man who has earned the right to be inquisitive.

"Use the well? I guess, mister, you would rather go twice as far as that spring for a drink 'fore you'd take it out 'o that well, even s'posin' you could get it."

"Why, what's the matter?—isn't the water good?"

"Good? well I guess after what's been in't, most folks wouldn't say it was very good."

"What has been in it? Please tell me the whole story, if it's not too much trouble, ma'am."

"It's easy to see, sir, you haven't been in these parts long, if you don't know the story of the Ghost's Well."

"It is quite true, ma'am, that I am a stranger, and I trust to you to enlighten my ignorance, while I take the half hour of rest that you have promised me."

So I seated myself in the great wooden rocking-chair, after removing the thick feather cushion, and with the lonely landscape shimmering in the sunshine before my half shut eyes, and the drone of the bee and shrill cry of the locust mingling in my ears, with the dreamy voice of the wierd old woman, I listened, while she told (in substance) the following story.

"It's rather more than a hundred years since Drury Matheson built this house we're sitting in, and brought home a wife to keep it. My gran'ther and gran'ma'am lived then in a house just on the edge of the woods yonder with their only son, who was afterwards to grow up and marry, and live in the old place till in his turn he died and left it to me, who lived there after him with my husband, till the old house took fire one night, and before morning I had lost husband, home and all, all but my one poor boy, and the man that owns this old place gave me leave to live in it, and took Peterkin to help upon his farm.

"But I'm forgetting. It was about Drury Matheson that I was talking, and not about myself.

"There were three children came after a while to the Mathesons. There was first a boy that they called Leonard, and then in a few years more, twin girls, named Jessie and Jennie. Pretty girls they were, I've heard my gran'ma'am say, and smart, but as wild as the birds on a tree, as why shouldn't they be, away off here in the wilderness, where, except their folks and our folks, they didn't see a face from year's end to year's end?"

"As for schooling, no one round here thought of such a thing then; and if a girl picked up a little reading and writing it was all she was expected to know.

"But old Matheson had a brother who was better off than he, and lived in the city. He was a merchant, I believe; at any rate he had some property, and when Leonard was about eighteen and the girls sixteen, this uncle came

up one fall to see his brother, and when he was going home he offered to take Leonard back with him and give him a chance to learn something through the winter, and he asked the two girls to come too, and spend a few days in seeing the city and getting acquainted with his folks, who had never seen them.

"So they went, Jennie and Jessie and Leonard. The girls stayed a week or more, and then their uncle sent 'em home with a farmer who had come down to sell his produce, and he wrote a letter to his brother Drury telling him that he liked them right well, and would have kept 'em longer, but that the city wan't the place for girls so pretty and so wild as them, especially since the red-coats had come.

"For you must know, sir, that this was just in the beginning of the revolution troubles, and the English king had just sent a lot of soldiers to try and keep the folks quiet over here. How he made out, you know as well as me.

"Well, John Matheson, that's the city brother, he was what's called a whig. That is, he took the side of the colony agin the king, and being rich and well known, the soldiers soon found out that he was one of their enemies, and plagued him as bad as they could. But that only made him the furcer in his own way, and and more 'n that, it made his nevvv Leonard take up the same part, and 'fore spring, they heard up here that the boy had j'ined the troops that the colony was raising agin the king.

"Now that was a drestful blow to the old man, for he had kep' right on in the way he was brought up, and supposed what the king did must in course be right, and 'twas wicked to go agin it. So, when he got that news, off he set to Boston, and gave his brother and Leonard a piece of his mind, but I never heard that it did any good, and the old man he came home agin a cursing and swearing awful at 'em both, for he was a dreadful fiery creetur when he was urretated, though a main good sort of a man at other times.

"'Twas before this though, fact it was soon after the girls got home from their visit to the city, that the queer doings 'o night begun. Fust of all, my gran'ma'am was waked up one moonlight night by the sound of horse's feet clattering along the road. She sat up in bed and listened, and heard it plainer than ever. All to once they stopped, when they'd got about as far as Matheson's, and then she thought she heard voices.

"Jumping out of bed, the old lady run to a window that looked over this way, and sure



enough, in the moonlight she could see two men just going in at the door, while another still on horseback, was leading their horses off to the barn.

"Just then the clock struck twelve, and gran'ma'am crept back into bed, thinking it was pretty queer doings, but expecting to hear all about it in the morning.

"So as soon as she'd done up her dishes, after breakfast, the old lady (she wa'n't old then though) stepped across the field, and came right into the kitchen where Miss Matheson and the girls was always to be found of a morning, for they didn't keep no help, no more'n we did.

"Gran'ma'am looked round, but the company wan't in sight, nor nothing didn't look different from usual, only the girls looked kind of spiteful, and Miss Matheson, any one could see that she had been a crying. So after setting a while, gran'ma'am asked kind o' careless:

"Who was that rid up here last night?"

"At that Miss Matheson she went right out o' the room, and gran'ma'am could hear her bust right out cryin' soon's she'd shut the door. Jennie she went to wrastlin' with the kettle on the fire, as if she hadn't heerd a word, and Jessie, who was the peartest o' the two, she looked up as innocent as a kitten, and says:

"Rid up here? Why, Miss Cummings, what upon airth do you mean?"

"Mean?" says gran'ma'am, kind o' riled that the gal should try to face her down. 'Why, I mean them three men that rid up to your door last night, which I see two of 'em at least come in, just as the clock struck twelve. I s'posed it was Leonard and his uncle, come to git away from the sojers, and if it is, you needn't be afeared to tell on't, Jessie Matheson, for I guess I kin keep a secret well's any other woman.'

"Like enough you ken, Miss Cummings, when you git one to keep,' says Jessie, and then both girls laughed and looked at each other, but Jennie says:

"You musn't mind us laughing, Miss Cummings, we didn't mean no harm, and if uncle and Leonard had come we'd tell you in a minit, but it aint no sech thing, and I guess you was dreaming when you thought you heard them coming.'

"Gran'ma'am she got right up, and took her bonnet.

"It aint no matter, not a mite,' says she. 'Only I'd ha' liked it better, and 'twould ha' ben more hon'able to you gals, if you'd said right out, "Miss Cummings, we've got a secret,

and we mean to keep it. So ask us no questions and we'll tell you no lies."

"Jessie and Jennie they looked at each other, and they looked at her, but neither of 'em spoke, and gran'ma'am she walked off pretty mad.

"Three or four nights arter that, the horses went clattering by again, and gran'ma'am got up and watched while the two men went into the Mathesons' house, and the other carried the horses to the barn. That time she waked up gran'ther, and he listened and looked too.

"When the men had gone in, and the door was shet, gran'ther he declared he'd know what it meant. Gran'ma'am she advised him not to meddle, and said she'd die 'fore she asked another question, but he didn't pay no attention to her, but put on his clothes, took a cup off the dresser, and went out.

"Pooty soon he came back, and set down his cup with a little mustard in it, on the table, and says he, very solemn.

"I believe they're raisin' the devil over to Matheson's.'

"Lor, Mr. Cummings, what do you mean?" says gran'ma'am, and so he up and tells her that when he got over there the winders were all darkened by something hung up inside, and the door was fastened, for he tried it. But he could hear voices, the two girls, and two others, like men's; and he heard knives and folks clattering on the plates, and chairs pushed up to the table. So he knew they were eating and drinking, but as soon as he knocked—whist! there was no more noise than there'd be at midnight in any honest man's house.

"But gran'ther wasn't to be cheated so, and he knocked and knocked again, till a window round at the end of the house opened, and old Drury's voice asked, cross enough:

"Who's that, waking up quiet folks at this hour?"

"It's me, neighbor,' says gran'ther. "My wife she's took drefful bad with the cramp in her stomach, and we haint got a bit of mustard to rub her with. Haint your folks got none?"

"Matheson he grumbled out something, and then said he'd go and see, but before he went he shet down the window, and let the curtain drop over it. Gran'ther thought by that he was going to open the door, so he stood all ready, meaning to step right in, as soon as it 'twas stretched. But pretty soon he heerd the old man opening the same window, and then he called out, as short as pie-crust:

"Here's the mustard, Cummings,' and the

minute gran'ther took hold of the cup, the old fellow slammed down the window, and all was dark and quiet, as long as gran'ther staid, which wasn't long, for he began to be afeered 'twas sperits was carousing inside, 'twant a great while then, sence they had hung folks fer witches, with less to go upon than he had seen that night.

"After that, our folks didn't try again to find out who it was that came to the Mathesons, nor they didn't hear the sound of the horses again. Only when the moon came round the next month, gran'ma'am she looked out one night, and she see them three horses a sweeping along full pelt by the house, and making no more noise than you would make walking in your stocking feet acrost the carpet. Then gran'ma'am she knew fer sartin that they were sperits, and she crep' away into bed, and said her prayers as fast as ever she could.

"Now I do suppose, from what comes afterward, that them fellows had tied up their horses' feet in blankets or something, a purpose not to make a noise; but you see the old lady never thought of that, and she felt so skeered and so kind 'o bad every way, that she said she couldn't abear to look out of her windows towards that house again. As for going there, she hadn't ben since that first morning, nor she didn't go till—well, I'll go straight along with my story.

"The winter went off and it came spring. Then was the time that news came that Leonard Matheson had joined the rebels, as they called 'em then.

"That took a dreadful hold of the old man, and he swore an awful oath that he'd never speak to his boy again, nor sleep under the same roof with him, nor eat at the same table.

"But this was nothing to the blow that fell a few weeks later, a blow that killed the poor father and mother both.

"'Twas of a Monday morning, and gran'ma'am was just setting about her washing, when she heerd a man running, and in came Drury Matheson, his face just as white as a sheet, his eyes staring and bloodshot, and his hair turned just as white as an old man's.

"'For God's sake, neighbor,' says he, 'come to my wife.'

"'Lor, Mr. Matheson, what's the matter,' says gran'ma'am, unpinning her apron and rolling down her sleeves.

"She's dying—come along," says Matheson, and off he set, home again.

"Gran'ma'am she only stopped to take her

camphire bottle, and alip a Bible and a horse-shoe into her pockets, and then she took after him as fast as she could go.

"There wan't no one in the kitchen, nor in the keepin' room, though there was a table there, sot out with all the best things in the house, and plates of nice vittles partly eat up.

"Gran'ma'am didn't stop to look round, but went right up stairs, where she heard a noise. It came from the girls' room, and she went right in.

The room was all mused up, the case of drawers open, and the clothes all hauled out on the floor and on the chairs; in the fireplace was a lot of letters torn up, and in the middle of the floor was a table, lying all of a heap, that Drury let on he'd stove to pieces in his first rage, when he came up and found how things was.

"On the bed lay poor Miss Matheson in strong fits. She was so fur gone that she didn't know any one, nor she didn't come to, to speak a word afore she died, which was toward sunset. There wan't no other woman to be got, so gran'ma'am she laid out the corpee, and set the room to rights.

"Then she went down and found the poor old man where he sot in the chimbley corner, his fists clenched together, his teeth sot, and his eyes fixed on the cold ashes in the fireplace.

"Gran'ma'am she sot down 'side of him, and tried to comfort him up, but to all she said he never answered a single word, nor looked toward her. Only at last she saw he was a kind of whispering to himself. Listening close, she heerd at last what he was a-saying.

"Jennie and Jessie—Jennie and Jessie—Leonard too—and now the old woman! Jennie and Jessie—Jennule and Jessie—gone! gone! all gone!

"And so he kep' on all that long night. Gran'ma'm couldn't leave him, and she was afeard to stay alone with him, so gran'ther he came up, and their little boy—my father that was to be—was brought up and put to bed. The folks sot up all night with the poor old man, but he never seemed to know or see 'em, only kep' a mumbling to himself jest as he did at first.

"From what he said, and what they were able to put together one way and another, gran'ther and gran'ma'am made out that while Jennie and Jessie were down to Boston, they got acquainted with two young king's officers, who paid 'em more attention than their uncle thought good for 'em, and so he hurried 'em off home. But they got time to see the young

men first, and asked 'em to come up and see them at home. 'Cordingly they did, and them and their sarvent was the three men that used to come up o' nights.

"They used to leave Boston after dark and ride up, getting to Matheson's about twelve. The girls always had a good supper ready for them, and they stayed eating and carousing till near daybreak, when they set off agin and got to camp before the time they was wanted.

"Miss Matheson she never liked these doings, and she set her face agin them from the beginning. I expect she used take on a sight about it, but old Matheson he was so sot up with the idee that his girls was going to marry British officers—one of 'em was a lord, I believe—that he couldn't see no harm nor danger in it, and he used to carry the old woman off to bed before the young men came, and would not let her say a word of fault-finding to the girls about it.

"But at last, he got up one morning, and found the table wasn't cleared off, and the things righted, as the girls always had done 'em fore they went to bed; and the old man went up, kind o' mad, to call 'em down and make 'em do it. But as soon as he see the room, it all came upon him, and he began to rave round, kicking and knocking down the things, and smashed the table all to bits. The noise he made brought up Miss Matheson, who'd grown dreadful feeble with her worrimint of mind about the girls, and the minute she see the room, and heerd what her husband was roarin' out, she sunk right on the bed with a fit, and kep' on having 'em till she died.

"When morning came, gran'ther had to go home to do up his chores, and gran'ma'am went too, to get some breakfast, for she said she couldn't eat nor drink in that house if she'd a starved.

"As soon as she'd seen to her own folks, gran'ma'am took a mug of hot tea and a good bit of shortcake in her hand, and brought 'em over to give the old man some breakfast, but he wan't nowhere to be found.

"She sarched the house high and low, over and over again; she even looked under the bed where corpse lay, but he wasn't there, nor no-where. Then gran'ma'am she got skeered and run home and told gran'ther, and he came and looked, but with no better luck.

"Then he went and looked in the woods most all day, and finally he sot off to the town, ten miles away, and got help. Some men came back with him, and they all sarched for

miles around, but couldn't see nothing of him. So at last they give it up, and jest at night they buried the old woman and then went their ways.

"Pretty soon arter this, gran'ther went to Boston with a load of perdooce, and so he called into John Matheson's store and telled him all the story.

"Of course John felt bad enough, 'specially about the girls, who'd met their ruin when they was under his care, though by none of his will; and he came right up with gran'ther to see if he could find any trace of his brother, and to see if there was any will or anything, though of course all there was would go to Leonard, who was off fighting with the army.

"He slep' at our house, and in the morning he and gran'ther went over and looked all through the Matheson house agin. They didn't find no will, but they did find the old man lying at the bottom of the well, so kivered by the water, that, though folks had looked down several times, they couldn't see nothing of him, for he'd tied a stone round his neck, and another round his feet; and the only way he was found now, was by John Matheson drawing some water and seeing what a smell it had, and then letting down a pole with a hook on the end of it, and feeling round till he got it into Drury's clothes and hauled him up so's they could see him plain. But there wasn't no use in dragging him up, nor in having folks a talking all over the country about it, so they jest let him down agin under the water, and left him there. Then they pulled the well curb down and laid it acrost the mouth of the well, and then hitched the oxen to a big flat rock, and hauled that over the top of all. So they left it, but afterward, gran'ther laid up them stone and sods, and built the well pole in, and cut Drury Matheson's initials on it, to be a sort of monyment to his old friend.

"That is the eend of the first half of my story. The second is more curus, but it's just edzackly as true, and both of 'em's true as the biggest Bible that ever was.

"Ten years went by, and brought a good many changes. Leonard Matheson was killed in battle, and left his uncle heir to the farm and house, that had come to Leonard when his father was lost.

"John, he didn't want, I suppose, to see or hear of the place agin, and so, after a while he sold it cheap to a young Englishman and his wife, who had just come over, and wanted to settle down to farming. The man rode up one day and looked at the house, and then came



down to gran'ther's and asked a heap of questions about the land, and the markets, and the house; and finally, he asked why the well was built up and no other one dug.

"Gran'ther was a drefful secret sort of a man, and more'n that, he'd promised John Matheson to say nothing about his brother's death 'thout he was obliged to. So he only answered that the water wasn't fit to use up there, but that if the man took the house he might use his well till he got ready to dig a new one.

"Mr. Ross seemed satisfied, and when he got back to Boston closed the bargain for the farm, and in a day or two brought up his wife and their goods and then settled down.

"Twas only a few days after they come that gran'ma'am was setting alone, one pleasant afternoon, when in run Miss Ross, and sot down in a chair, as white as a sheet, 'thout saying a word.

"Lor, Miss Ross, what upon airth ails you?" asked gran'ma'am, and with that the young woman sot to cryin', and cried till gran'ma'am thought she'd have the histericks.

"At last she wiped up her eyes, and when she'd got her breath she said she'd been skeered e'en a'most to death. She was a settin' and sewing in her kitchen, as happy as ever she was, a singing to herself, when all to once she heered an awful noiae up stairs, as if some one was flinging round furniture, and stormin' and swearin' enough to take the hair right off your head.

"Fust she thought was that her husband had come home from his' work and gone up there, and found some wild critter harboring there, for they didn't use the rooms up stairs at all, but had left 'em just as they found 'em, with the old furniture a standing where my gran'ma'am had sot it up ten years afore.

"So Miss Ross she snatched up the great iron tongs, and run up to see what was the matter; but when she laid her hand to the door-latch the sounds stopped all of a sudden; and she said the dead silence was more fearsome than the noise had been.

"Still she opened the door and peeked in. All the things sot just as straight and still as they did when she see 'em last, the spiders had spun their webs among 'em, and the dust lay white on all. No one was there, and the air seemed still and dead, like a room that had been shot up a great while.

"When the young woman see that, she was skeered, and 'thout stopping for a second thought, she started and run down to gran'-

ma'am's as if the father of evil was after her. When she'd got through a telling her story, gran'ma'am didn't know nothing what to say. She couldn't tell her it was all her own fahncy, 'cause she know'd it wasn't. She couldn't laugh, nor yet she couldn't scold, nor she didn't want to tell the story that a would 'a set all clear. So she sort o' hemm'd and ha'd, and put her off like, till gran'ther come in for his supper, and with him young Ross a looking for his wife.

"Well, as soon as the young woman see her husband, she begun to laff and cry agin, and between whiles to tell him her story, just as she'd told it to gran'ma'am. When he'd got at the rights of the matter, John Ross laffed too, but it wasn't in a histeriky way at all, but real, honest good-nature. He wasn't afeared, he said, he guessed his little woman had fell asleep, and was dreamin', at any rate they'd better go home and get some supper, that was, if the ghostesses hadn't eat up everything while they was gone.

"So Miss Ross she got kind o' quieted down, and arter a while she said they'd go home, and home they went. Sure enough, when they got in, everything was as quiet and peaceable as if old Drury Matheson had never lost his wits and cussed his only son beneath that ruff tree.

"The young folks they went in, and got their bit of supper, and they eat it quiet and comfortable, but jest as they'd done, and John Ross was a opening his mouth to ask his wife where was them ghosts, some one jest the other side of the keepin' room door, clost to his elbow, laffed right out loud, a clear, soft, gal's laff.

"John he looked acrost at his wife, and she, jest as pale as death, looked at John, but nary one spoke, and in a moment they heered:

"Come, Jessie, the evening's getting on, and the things aint half ready. You set the table while I lay the fire."

"O, Jennie," says another voice; 'to think that to-night's the last night in the old house.'

"Don't talk nothing about that, Jessie," says the first voice, sharp and quick, 'or I'll give right up.'

"O, your poor-sperited creetur," says Jessie's voice, and then there was a noise like some one a cryin', and at the same time a rattle of crockery, with sounds like setting a table.

"John Ross had by this time got over his first skeer, and making a sign to his wife to keep quiet, he slipped off his shoes, and crep'

as soft as a cat close to the door of the keepin' room. The sounds ~~went on~~ — Jennie a crying, and Jessie a singing ~~and setting~~ the table. All to once, John Ross ~~lifted~~ the latch and swung the door wide open. The red light from the kitchen fire streamed in, and lit it all over. No Jennie, no Jessie, no table, nothing but jest an empty room with their own bits of furniture a-settin' sound it.

"John Ross, he draw'd a long breath, and looked at his wife. She clinched her hands and looked at him. What they'd 'a said, I don't know, for before 'lther one had spoke a word, there begun the awfullest clatter right over their heads, that ever you heered; jest the same noises that had ~~skereed~~ Miss Ross out of the house afore.

"Well, John he thought, I suppose, that arter all he'd said, it wouldn't do to back out 'thout going to look after whatever 'twas. So he lit a pine knot that laid handy, and follyed by his wife, who though she was afereed to go, was more afereed to stay, he crep' softly up the stairs, and jest outside the door stopped to listen.

"Sartain, sure, any one 'ud ha' said there was an old man's heavy step a stamping up and down that room, and sometimes they could hear him kick a chair or table way acrost the room, and sometimes he'd throw himself down, and sort o' sob, and choke, and swear real awful, all in a breath; and then he'd say over them same words that Miss Ross had heard afore.

"O, Jennie and Jessie, Jennie and Jessie, how could you do it? How could you leave your poor old daddy that never denied you any wish of your heart? 'Twas 'cause he loved you so well that he let them villains come a courtin' ye, thinkin' they'd make ladies of ye.'

"And then he'd begin to cuss and swear, and rave round again, and there wan't no drefful thing that could be named that he didn't call down on the heads of them two men, and sometimes on the gals themselves, and on Leonard, too, 'cause he'd gone contrary to the old man's mind.

"After a while John Ross throwed open the door suddin, just as he'd done the other one, and stepped in, holdin' his torch over his head. The room was as still and as orderly as it had been when the women looked in afore, and the spiders spun, and the white dust lay thick, as if no one had set foot within sence them two gals run off and left their mother to die of shame and grief, on that very bed.

"The winders was tight shet, and there want a breath of air stirring out o' doors, but as John Ross and his wife stood a staring round, a blast of cold air swept acrost them, as icy and as chilling as the coldest wind of the blackest winter night. It seemed to freeze the very marrow in their bones, and more than that, they both of 'em always told of a queer tingling feeling that went all through 'em, just as if they'd been struck by lightning, John Ross said, but Miss Ross always compar'd it to hittin' your elbow awful hard, right on the crazy bone.

"More'n all, their pine knot was blowed out, and they was left in the dark. The very same minit the voice begun right betwixt 'em, 'O, Jennie and Jessie, Jessie and Jennie, how could you do it?'

"I reckon neither John nor his wife stopped to pick their way very careful down the stairs, nor it wan't a great many minits 'fore they found themselves in the kitchen again with the doors clost shet ahind 'em. They made up the fire as bright as they could, and set down beside it, and John, he pulled up the light-stand with the big Bible on it, and commenced to read aloud. But the noise over-head, and the noise in the next room (for that had begun again), most drowned his voice, and arter a while he give it up, and he and his wife sat holding each other's hand, and looking at each other's pale face, till fur inter the night, they didn't know when, but all at once, they heard the heavy steps leave the chamber, and come stamping along the entry, every step soundin' through and through that great empty house. Down the stairs they came, and through the long entry, and they thought he was coming after them. John, he kitched up the big Bible to fling at the door, when it should open, and Miss Ross sunk down on her knees and begun to pray as loud as she could.

"But the steps went right apast the kitchen door, and out through the door at the fur eend of the entry way, and along the planking, till, now p'raps you wont believe me, but John Ross and his wife, they was honest, upright folks, and they always stuck to it, that the next they heard, was a sound of something heavy and big, a fallin', fallin', till with a great splash, it reached the water, and sunk to the bottom of that old well, that never had been opened or disturbed sence my granther and John Matheson had hauled that great stone acrost its mouth, ten years afore.

"And then the house was still, but it was a

stiffness like that inside a tomb. The very air seemed so dead and heavy, that it was like lead when you breathed it in, and John and his wife, without knowing what they was about, fell fast asleep in their chairs at the same minute, and slep' like the dead, till the sun next morning woke them a shinin' in their eyes.

"That day John Ross took his wife back to the city, where she had a brother married, but he came back himself, and got gran'ther to go and set up with him. Gran'ther went, but in the middle of the night both they back came to our house, and told grandma'am, who'd set up waitin' for 'em, that no money would tempt either one of 'em to stop another minit in that house. And then it was for the first time that gran'ther and grandma'am told him the story of Drury Matheson and his folks.

"John, he was kind o' mad at first, to think he'd been kept in the dark so long, but pooty soon he got over that, and said he was glad on't, for now he couldn't think he'd fahacted any part of what he'd heard. But nothing couldn't make him sleep another night in that house, he said, and next day he followed his wife to the city, and went to see John Matheson, who, when he'd heard the story, and had been to see Miss Ross, and had sent for gran'ther to come and tell him what he had seen and heard the night he had set up with Ross, give up the bargain real generous, and let John have back the money he'd paid down (which wan't much) on conditions that he would never say a word about the matter to any livin' soul.

"John, he promised, and I dare say he kep' his words, but Miss Ross hadn't promised, and somehow the story got out, and Mr. Matheson might jest as well have tried to sell the den of a roarin' lion, as that farm. Arter a while he offered a man the hull farm, rent free, if he'd stay on it and sleep in the house, but it was the same old story over. The man stayed two nights, and back he went, swearin' he'd rather starve than stop another day.

"Then the house was shut up, and so it stood for nigh sixty year, John Matheson lettin' the land first to gran'ther, and then to father, on conditions that they'd keep the house in good repair. They did it faithful, and when father died, my husband got it the same way of John Matheson's grandson, and when I lost all in that fire I told you of, Mr. Matheson offered me and my son the use of the place as long as we was a mind to keep it."

"And do you hear any queer noises, ma'am?" asked I, curiously.

"No, sir, we can't afford to hear 'em," replied the old dame, with a meaning smile, as she resumed her knitting.

#### THE DAY OF DEATH.

On the first of November, the *Jours des Morts*, it is said, that in accordance with the pious customs of the day, 20,000 people visited the three great cemeteries which receive the dead of Paris, and renewed the wreaths of *Immortelles* with which they annually decorate the graves of their friends and relatives. Those whose "loved ones lost" are buried (as two-thirds of those who die in Paris are) in the common graves, and whose bones are mingled promiscuously, not marked even by a headstone, deposit their offerings at the foot of a tall stone cross, near the entrance of the cemetery.

One of the most peculiar and solemn ceremonies of this day is the mass, which is said in a chapel in the Catacombs, where the bones of 3,000,000 of people, removed from the different burial grounds, wait the day of resurrection. Formerly, in France, it was believed that the portion of the night from midnight to daylight, preceding the *jours de morts*, was at a time when the dead were permitted to leave their graves and revisit the scenes of their earthly life, and the friends and relatives whom they have loved. Parents who have lost their children, and lovers whose loved ones had been crowned with the bridal wreath of death—all who have had friends or relatives residing in the tomb, on this night sat by their firesides, leaving open a door or window, in which it was believed the shades of the departed entered and sat with them again at their hearths, in the places and the presence which they loved in life.—*London Herald*.

#### ANECDOTES OF BIRDS.

The "Cow-Bunting," of New England, never builds a nest; the female lays her eggs in the nests of those birds whose young feed, like her own, on insects and worms, taking care to deposit but one egg in a nest. A cow-bunting deposited an egg in the nest of a sparrow, in which was one egg of the latter. On the sparrow's return what was to be done? She could not get out the egg which belonged to her, neither did she wish to desert her nest, so nicely prepared for her own young. What did she do? After consultation with her husband, they fixed on their mode of procedure. They built a bridge of straw and hair directly over the two eggs, making a sort of second story in the house, thus leaving the two eggs below, out of the reach of the warmth of her body. In the upper apartment she layed four eggs and reared her four children. In the museum at Salem, Massachusetts, may be seen this nest, with two eggs imprisoned below.—*Brooks's Ornithology*.

Memory seldom fails when its office is to show us the tomb of our buried hopes.



[ORIGINAL.]

## LOVE'S VOWS.

BY PERRY W. HOWARD.

By the mountains towering round us,  
 By the heaven that hangs above,  
 I will never for a moment  
 Be untrue to thee, my love!  
 While the stars of heaven are shining,  
 While shall spread the heaving sea,  
 Where'er fate shall bid me wander,  
 I will constant be to thee.

Though an ocean should divide us,  
 And for weary years and long  
 I am parted from thy sunny smile,  
 And thy soul-thrilling song,  
 I will never, love, forget thee:  
 And this constant heart of mine  
 Will full oft, in fancy's dreaming,  
 Wander backward to thy shrine.

For the chain that long hath bound me,  
 That sunny smile of thine,  
 Can never, never cease, love,  
 Round my inmost heart to twine;  
 Then, while yonder mountains tower, love,  
 While yon heaven hangs above,  
 I will never for a moment  
 Be untrue to thee, my love!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE HERMIT OF LYNN.

BY EDWIN SEYMOUR.

ELLENDEN CASTLE, not many years ago, stood, lofty and towering, upon an eminence of no inconsiderable grandeur, in the north of Scotland. Its owner, the eighth Lord of Ellendeen, died in the commencement of the present century, leaving a widow and two infant sons. These children were twins, and so nearly alike, that no one but their parents had ever been able to distinguish one from the other. Even the nurse who took care of them had not known whether she bore in her arms Donald or Malcolm, and depended wholly upon the Lady Ellendeen to tell which was the little lord.

As their childhood deepened into youth, their tastes and habits were of the same order, and their studies had a perfect similarity. Their tutor often heard the lessons twice from Donald which he believed Malcolm to be reciting; and on the other hand, Malcolm often received a reproof which was intended for his brother. This strong resemblance often pro-

duced the strangest mistakes, and one often suffered voluntarily for the other's rashness or errors. Even their mother did not always distinguish which was the silvery voice that spoke to her in the dim twilight, and often the confidence that was intended for Donald's ear, was given to Malcolm, and raised laughter and mirth from both when the blunder was discovered. For Lady Ellendeen, jealous of her young son's rights, was in the habit of exhorting the elder to exact nothing from him which should mark him as inferior to the young lord himself. It was such a pity, the good, simple woman used to say, that both could not be master.

As time went on, each was instructed in the arts of hunting and other active sports, to the exclusion of a regular course of study; although the younger brother was more inclined to learning, yet, as usual, he followed Donald's inclination rather than his own.

Nature had been less indulgent to Donald than to Malcolm. The bright blue eyes and ruddy complexion of the latter contrasted favorably with the gray orbs and pale cheeks of the former; but many preferred the calm, serious look of the elder to the more vivacious countenance of Malcolm.

The twenty-first birthday of the brothers arrived, and Lady Ellendeen celebrated it by summoning all the young people of rank within twenty miles with whose families she had associated. A grand ball and supper ended the festivities of the day, but some of those who lived at the greatest distance, remained all night. Among these were Lord and Lady Athol, and their daughter, the beautiful Helen Ayr. The young lady was about a year younger than the twins. Her grace and beauty had been the theme of admiration for the whole day, and some of the young Scottish noblemen had quarrelled already on her account. The young Lord of Ellendeen beheld her with feelings of undisguised admiration, and expressed himself very strongly in that manner to Malcolm, who smiled and colored like a girl—for he, too, had been won by the artless graces of Helen Ayr.

Before the night ended, the young lady had accused herself of unmaidenly conduct more than once, in listening too eagerly to the words of Malcolm Grange, for it was he, and not the young lord, who had captivated her youthful fancy. When they parted, in the gray light of morning, two hearts were irrevocably united in one, although not a word of love had passed their lips.

Two days afterwards the same party joined the chase. The Lady Helen was attired as Diana, and her graceful horsemanship completed Lord Ellendeen's bewitching. When the chase was over, he formally asked her hand from Lord Athol, who promised his consent, if he could obtain that of his daughter.

There was little time lost in waiting. Lord Ellendeen pleaded her father's promise, and seemed to consider it a settled thing that he should claim her as his bride. Helen, blushing and trembling, declined the honor; yet, having no reason to give that would satisfy him, he refused to accept her decision.

There was no alternative. Her parents insisted that she should marry Lord Ellendeen, and the first notice that Malcolm received was that the marriage-day was already fixed.

It was torture to him to see Helen going about with that fixed, unmeaning smile upon her lips, when he knew her heart was breaking. Yet, how could he dissolve the spell that lay upon them all by declaring his own love? No, even here Donald must be master.

The next morning after, when all the party had gone to their respective homes, Malcolm was missing at breakfast. There was no uneasiness felt in the household, nor even when days went by and he did not return. They were sure that he had accompanied some of the guests, and would be certain to re-appear at the right moment. It was a sad household indeed, when the conviction pressed strongly upon their minds that he would not return. No one but the Lady Helen guessed the truth of his absence, and to her it was painful beyond measure.

Lady Ellendeen was distracted, and Donald showed such sincere and bitter sorrow for his absent brother, that Helen was touched, and readily transferred the affection she had felt for Malcolm to his brother, when she saw how sympathetic were his attentions to his bereaved mother.

The conclusion which all at length arrived at was, that Malcolm had met with some violent and terrible death which had not been discovered. Helen yielded to this conviction at last, though unwillingly, and Lady Ellendeen had ceased to hope.

The deepest sorrows sometimes yield to the healing of time the restorer. Lady Ellendeen was a woman of thought and feeling; but in her were the elements of a resigned and happy Christianity, and the soothing of this faith wrought balm for this deep wound, and rendered her cheerful beneath the stroke which

the hand of Providence had laid upon her. Donald mourned long for his twin brother, but there was still joy, too, for him. At least he dreamed it—for he saw not his bride when the bitter tears fell from her eyes for the lover, who had been the beloved also. He knew not how eagerly she questioned each returning traveller from afar, nor with what absorbing interest she pored over every foreign journal, to see if haply the wanderer might not be the theme of tongue or pen. No! Helen might be his wife, but in her secret soul she remembered—how bitterly, and with what unavailing anguish!—the night when their two hearts lay unveiled before each other, yet refused to declare in words what was uppermost in feeling.

Yet Helen was a good wife; faithfully performing the duties of her lot, and patiently accepting all its trials. Had she been a mother, she might have learned to love her husband through them; but Heaven had denied her this grace, and her heart kept going out to the absent Malcolm, her first and only love. It made her sometimes shudder to hear herself named as a model wife, and her husband quoted as the happiest man living, and to feel that every night, in her dreaming hours, she might unconsciously reveal to his ear a tale which would make him shrink from her as surely as though she had been a guilty woman! And so year went after year, and the old love was never put off, and Helen kept on fading, fading.

Since the period of these events, twenty-two years had sped their round. Lady Ellendeen was dead; but save the fact of her death, nothing had occurred to mark any great change in the household of her son. A grave quiet brooded over his home. No children's happy laugh had echoed through the rooms. The servants went and came without any variation in their lives, and the lord and lady sat in their silent halls, or wandered over their well-kept grounds, from year to year, without anything happening of more consequence than the death of a canary, or the birth of a colt, to vary their monotonous existence.

The "young lord," as he was invariably called, was now forty-three years old, and his inactive and care-free life had given him the appearance of an indolent, good-natured, but very quiet man. Her ladyship showed deeper lines in her countenance, although three years his junior. Thought had evidently been at work within those deep-set eyes, and had left its trace around the still red lips; yet she had

schooled herself well. Her look was that of a grave and serious matron, handsome as a picture, mild and subdued. Yet an attentive observer might have suspected the inward fire that burned in spite of the ashes under which she had been trying so many years to bury it.

We will turn for awhile to another scene. Across the Atlantic, on a rocky, sea-beaten coast, lies what was once a small village, but now grown into a large and populous town. At the time of which we write, there were many sheltered nooks, where one weary of life might retire from the busy world, and sink down into the grave, unknowing and unknown. And here, in a leafy grove, into which few would ever have thought of intruding, and where a little hut had been erected for the accommodation merely of wood cutters who had penetrated thus far in the pursuit of their occupation, and had then abandoned it for one better fitted for their purpose, came a new tenant, early one spring, and took up his lonely and desolate abode. A few rude benches which had served the hardy woodmen for tables and chairs, a few rough shelves, and a pile of the fragrant tassels of the birch, forming a couch, made up the scant furniture of the single room. A fireplace, built of stones, was in one corner, and two larger stones, for the purposes of grinding or pounding corn, were the conveniences of the place.

The new occupant was a very young man, not much above twenty-one years of age, if one might judge by the smooth cheek and fair, soft hair which clustered about the white temples. Here he had evidently come to live, for he employed a boy, whom he had accosted in the town, to bring him stores sufficient to last for months. He had taken the fancy, he said, to try a life in the woods alone, and this spot just suited him. He hoped he was intruding upon the rights of no one, was willing to pay for his privileges, and wished the boy to find out the owner of the land, and bargain for the purchase.

And so, with the birds for his companions, and the deer for his meat, while the springs afforded him the clearest and most sparkling of drinks, the hermit, as the villagers called him, passed on to the middle stage of existence, a solitary man, apart from the world to which he might have been an ornament—throwing away the rich, bright gifts which nature had so profusely bestowed upon him—receiving nothing, giving nothing.

Some said he had committed a crime; but this charge, one look at the pure and innocent face confuted. Then the younger part of the people decided that there must be the romance of a love affair that made him thus abjure the world. They were more deeply convinced of this, when one bright summer morning, when the greenwood was vocal with bird songs, and the whole earth seemed one vast green bower, canopied with the bluest of skies, a carriage was driven into the town, and a lady, not young, but still very beautiful, inquired of some children the way to the hut of the hermit.

The news spread rapidly, and in less than an hour every inhabitant had passed the edge of the wood where the lady's carriage was standing, and nearly all had questioned her two servants as to her name, and whence she came.

The coachman answered politely, but seemed bent on not affording them any information; but the lady's maid was far more communicative, and prattled on until the public mind fully understood the following facts—that the stranger was Lady Ellendeen, from Scotland, a widow of forty, who came to seek a former lover, supposed to exist in the person of the secluded hermit; that she hoped to take him back with her, and that probably they would now be married.

"For shame, Margaret!" said the coachman. "What would my lady say if she knew that you spoke of these things? I would sooner cut out my tongue than reveal any of my lady's secrets. My friends," he continued, "since this foolish woman has prated so freely, I will just correct her statement. My lady's brother-in-law has been missing many years, and no one knew of his whereabouts, until since my lord's death there have been rumors that the heir was living. Of course, my lady was anxious that he should be found, and hearing that a Scottish gentleman, answering his description, was seen in this country by a party of travellers, she naturally determined to see for herself. Margaret is too hasty in adopting the other servants' version of the matter. I only hope that the hermit shall prove to be the true heir, and that our long search will be rewarded."

Of course, so polite and dignified an explanation could not but be satisfactory to the people. They bowed to the grave-looking coachman and departed, each one secretly intending to watch the carriage as it was driven away, to satisfy their curiosity as to whether the lady carried off her lost lover or brother.



The hermit had tossed for many hours upon his bed of leaves, burning with fever. A strange light gleamed in his eyes, a strange color glowed upon his cheeks and lips. The long, fair hair hung in pale curls about his burning temples, and every pulse throbbed with agony. It was one of the few moments in his life, in which he regretted immersing himself in solitude. In his pain and distress, his thoughts went back to the home of his childhood, to the mother's hand that had possessed such magic power when its cool touch had passed over his hot brow; and the transition from this thought, to that of his brother was natural and easy.

"Happy Donald!" he exclaimed, "with Helen's pitying hand to soothe every pain! Ah, how different are our lots!"

Yet as he spoke, something whispered that it might have been otherwise, even with him. He might have found

"Some love that in a desert still could blow,  
Some spirit that could breathe of happiness,  
Some soft, low voice to bid him welcome home."

But he resigned all to Helen Ayr, and lost at last.

At last! O, whose shadow was then moving slowly over his rude floor? Whose "soft, low voice" was breathing out his name? Who was the lady, not young, but still very, very beautiful, who was weeping happy tears over his hot cheeks? He thought, for a moment, that he had died, and was meeting Helen Ayr in heaven, and that she had grown into more spiritual beauty. He was recalled from this dream by her words.

"You must come home with me, dear Malcolm. Ellendeen awaits its master. You will recover among its peaceful shades. Let us away from this wilderness."

His eyes asked the question that his lips could not frame, and she, knowing what he would say, answered solemnly:

"They are dead! Gone, all gone but me—husband, mother—all gone. I am alone in the world. Malcolm, shall I go back without you?"

And the long, tearful embrace told her that the moment had come at last when Donald's last wish would be accomplished, and that Ellendeen's lord should also be the husband of Helen Ayr. For Donald, on his deathbed had charged her to find out his brother, if he was upon the face of the earth; and, suspecting what might have been his motive in going away, he besought her to reward him for his long exile.

The villagers had their desire. When the grave and serious coachman drove through the streets, he bowed low to the groups assembled at the corners, at the windows, on the steps of houses, and standing at shop doors; and, within the carriage, lay the hermit, his long, fair hair resting upon the lady's shoulder, and his hand clasped in hers, and as they disappeared from sight, a shout, long and loud, went up from the delighted crowd.

#### RUSSIAN CEREMONIES.

The Russians have curious customs—for instance their funerals. When a man dies, the priest comes and takes possession of the room in which he lies. The room is darkened and a number of candlesticks lighted, the priest continuing to mutter his prayers until the funeral takes place. The body is carried to the church, where the relations come and take the hand of the deceased, asking pardon for any offence they have given him in life. A paper is put into his hand, testifying that he was an honest man, and a member of the Greek church. When he is put into the ground, and the grave filled, food is placed near it for the purpose of propitiating the spirit. Drunkenness and disorder frequently prevail at this ceremony.

Their marriages are also singular. They are always in a church, at the door of which the priest meets the couple, and kisses their hands, at the same time giving them his benediction. They follow him to the altar, and a crown, light, and generally made of silver, is placed upon their heads. This is called the marriage crown. He puts a wax taper into each of their hands, and reads a portion of Scripture; a sweet and bitter drink, emblematical of the joys and sorrows of married life, is given to each. The whole service lasts about an hour, and ends by the bride and bridegroom, with all the spectators, following the priest around the altar three times. I was present at the marriage of the Duchess of Olga, second daughter of the emperor, to the heir apparent of the throne of Wirtemberg, and it was a very beautiful sight. The dresses of the parties, and some of the spectators, who were very numerous, were magnificent.

When a merchant gives a dinner, he and his wife stand behind the chairs of the guests, and wait upon them, receiving the dishes from the servants and placing them upon the table. Every time one of the guests asks for more sweetening in his wine, the merchant must march round the table, meet his wife, and salute her. When it is a newly-married couple, this ceremony, from the frequency of its being required, often becomes fatiguing to the parties.—*Russia and the Russians.*

The criterion of true beauty is that it increases on examination; that of false, that it lessens. There is something, therefore, in true beauty that corresponds with right reason, and is not merely the creature of fancy.

[ORIGINAL.]

WORK!

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

Up, and grasp the woodman's axe,  
Or the trusty iron spade;  
Up, and join the busy ranks  
That fill the halls of trade!  
Up, slothful!—slothful, up!  
And think upon a plan:  
Remembering that he doeth much,  
Who doeth all he can.

Shake off the net of listlessness  
That indolence has thrown  
Around the pleasure-wearied frame,  
To chain you for her own.  
Break the thrall that she has cast,  
And once more be a man:  
Remembering that he doeth much,  
Who doeth all he can.

"Work while the day lasteth,"  
Thus saith the Holy Writ;  
Up, and do its bidding,  
Every sensual folly quit.  
Cast your eyes around you,  
Think upon a plan:  
Remembering that he doeth much,  
Who doeth all he can.

God has given a noble heritage  
To the people of this land;  
Hills and vales as numberless  
As the ocean's changing sand.  
Then, why not improve it,  
And show yourself a man?  
Remembering that he doeth much,  
Who doeth all he can.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE PRETTY PLOTTERS OF PROVINCETOWN.

## A STORY OF CAPE COD.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

## CHAPTER I.

HOW THE PLOT WAS CONTRIVED, AND WHO  
WERE THE PLOTTERS.

EVERY one has heard of Cape Cod, but comparatively a limited number of persons have visited it, and yet I know of few more interesting places. Especially dear is it to the memories of Puritan descendants, since it was at Provincetown, the village nearest the extremity of the right arm of Massachusetts, that the Pilgrim Fathers *first* landed, and not

at Plymouth, as is generally believed. With that band of exiles, however, I have nothing at present to do. I have only to relate a little story of *modern* life on the Cape.

Towards the end of the month of March, 1860, the long street, and the various wharves of Provincetown, presented a bustling appearance. Quite a little fleet of schooners were being laden with casks of provisions, bait, water, and fishing tackle; for this was the season of their annual departure for "the Banks," or fishing grounds. And within the various houses of the town, all were busy too, for there was scarcely a dwelling from which either a father, brother, son, or other male relative, (or *intended* relative) was not going to the fishery, and for these, no small amount of stitching, mending, darning, and the like, had to be done by the female members of the community.

In some of the dwellings, however, there were no signs of such preparations, those belonging to retired captains, or citizens, who had realized, in a quiet way, sufficient means to enable them to do without any other employment than they chose to impose upon themselves in their own snug little gardens, or perhaps in the care of the cranberry-patches of which there were many in that region. To one of these "upper-crust" Cape Cod houses I must now introduce the reader.

It is a very neat cottage in the thoroughfare, at the rear of the principal street, shaded by fine trees and surrounded by a pretty garden, where feminine taste is plainly to be seen by practised eyes. In the front parlor of this dwelling-house, the time being ten o'clock in the forenoon, a servant maid, whose face you need not look at twice to be fully convinced that she is of Hibernian blood, is busy dusting the furniture, and soliloquizing in a brogue redolent of Tipperary and its bogs.

"Och! be the pipir that played before Moses! but it's a hard place I've got onyhow!" said Biddy, as she set about dusting some delicate china chimney ornaments, vases and statuettes. "There's ould misther always growling like a dog, and his ould wife watches me like a cat, as she is; and as for Miss Fanny, och! the divil take her gimcracks! it's break off the tail of this little chaney dog I have now, bad luck to it! Och! wirasthru! what 'll I do at all, at all? 'Deed if the young missis must have images, why don't she have the bilased Vargin, or hoully Saint Pater? And be the same token, it isn't dacent to have stattys as she calls 'em, like Julius Cayzar, or

Nabuccadpazzar, all standing naked in the open air, which Mike sings about. Now here's a little chaney gossoon, with the devil a rag on him, with two wings, and a bow and arrows. She said it was a haythen daity, a pretty thing for a Christian to have in her house! Let me see what quare name did she call him—Koo, Koo—

"Cupid, *that's* the name, you little Irish diamond! Cupid the God of Love, and King of Hearts—Emperor of Kissemall, and *I'm* his Ambassador," exclaimed a dashing young fellow, who bounced into the room, gave Biddy a smacking kiss, which freedom that discreet young person resented by a good-humored box on the ear of the offender.

"Now be done with you, Mr. Frank Langley," cried Biddy, as the gentleman appeared disposed to repeat the osculatory feat, "shure what would Miss Fanny say if she were here?"

"Oh! my Norah Creina dear, but then don't you see—"

"Don't be Norah Craneying me; that's not me name, which is Bridget Mulligan, and a good name 'tis to the fore, and why need I be ashamed of it, I'd like to know that, Mr. Frank? So hands off if ye please!"

"I was going, Biddy, to say, in the words of Tom Moore, you've heard of him, of course?"

"Av coorse and I have; Tim More was first cousin to me own mother's foster brother at Ballybragghan; and isn't he the boy for a scrimmage?"

"Pooh, I mean your countryman, Tom Moore, the poet, who says:

"O, 'tis sweet to think that wherever we rove  
We are sure to find something blissful and dear;  
And when we are far from the lips that we love,  
We have but to make love to the lips that are near."

"Now, Biddy, as a certain young lady's lips were *not* near, and yours *were*, I thought I'd adopt his philosophy, and salute her by proxy, so I merely kissed you on her account, do you understand? here's a dollar, Biddy."

"Indade I do, sir, and if it's to sarve Miss Fanny, Mr. Langley, O, why, av coorse I can't object, and you may make a proxy of me any day when it's convenient."

"Nothing like the time present, then."

And Mr. Langley was using his proxy so liberally, that he did not hear a step approaching the door. Just as he was withdrawing his arm from Bridget's not over slender waist, the door opened, and Mike the farm servant made his appearance, greatly to the confusion of Biddy, his *fiancée*. As for Mr. Frank Langley, he betrayed not the slightest embarrass-

ment, and stared Mike full in the face, and whistled 'Lillebullero.'

"Mighty purty doin's! I'd like to know, Miss Bridget, what that gentleman's face was so close to yours for, and his arm, too, around your waist?"

"Now don't be a fool, Mike," sharply responded Biddy, "you ought to go down on your knees and thank this gentleman for saving me from a most dreadful accident."

"What in time can the girl mean?" thought Frank Langley, "but I'll follow her lead. Yes Mike, you had nearly lost your Biddy. Had I not, fortunately, been on hand, she would have been—been—ahem!—she would have been—"

"Choked!" interpolated Biddy, observing that Frank was at fault. "Yes," continued Frank, now a little more at ease, "choked to death! It was about the narrowest escape I ever heard of."

"God bless me, Mr. Frank, and how was it?" inquired Mike, now somewhat alarmed, and less suspicious.

"I'll tell him," said Biddy, hastily. "You see, Mike, whin I was swavin' the carpet, I picked up one of the bades off ould mistress's necklace, looking for all the world like a golden green paa; and as my hands were full, I put it in my mouth to take care of it a bit. Jist then the devil of a cat came in and scared me so, that my heart jumped up into my mouth, and the paa stuck in my throat. Och! but it's chokin' I was, when Mr. Frank came in and—"

"Saved her!" exclaimed Jack. "Yes, Mike, she was black in the face. So I put my eyes close to her mouth, and saw the pea sticking in her windpipe. There was no time to be lost, so I squeezed her round the waist, and slapped her back, to force the pea upwards, and luckily I succeeded."

"God bless your honor," said the deluded Mike, gratefully, as hearing himself called, he quitted the room.

No sooner had he got out of earshot, than Biddy burst into an explosion of laughter, and asked Frank wickedly, whether she hadn't "cooked that paa nicely?"

"Ay, ay," remarked Frank, "leave a woman to get a fellow out of a scrape. But good-by, Bridget, and mind you swallow another pea when I come again."

"O, be off wid you," cried Biddy, as Frank attempted to repeat the squeezing process, and left the room just an instant before a young lady entered it.

It was Miss Fanny Nickettson, the niece of



Captain Bangs the owner of the cottage. Fanny was a very pretty girl, but as every one of my readers will, doubtless, have his or her own standard of beauty, I shall not describe her eyes, lips, hair or figure. Let the young gentleman who peruses this veritable story take his own *beau ideal* of beauty, and imagine Fanny to be *that*.

"No one here, Biddy?" said Fanny to the domestic. "I thought I heard you talking with somebody."

"And shure it's talkin' w<sup>i</sup>l' somebody I was, Miss Fanny."

"Who was it? You know my uncle is very particular about visitors."

"Indade 'twas with meself, miss; and shure that's the worst company I kape onyhow."

"I hope so; but Biddy, can you keep a secret?"

"What's *that*, Miss Fanny?"

"If I tell you something very particular indeed, you will not let anybody else know anything about it?"

"Is it me? nivr fear, miss! sure, and is it a love saycret?"

"Ah, Biddy," replied Fanny, with a blush and a little sigh, "I believe so. Were you ever in love, Biddy?"

"O yes, Miss Fanny; don't you know that an Irish girl takes to love as natterally as she does to the measles? It's Mike is afther me now, miss, if you'll plase to keep *my* saycret."

"Of course. Now listen, Biddy. You know Willy Hooksure?"

"Is it the mate of the Golden Mackerel?"

"The same."

"In coorse I do. Is *he* the looky man, Miss Fanny?"

"Well, never mind now, Bridget. I want you to stroll down to Commercial Wharf this evening, after sundown, and give him this note. You will see him in the neighborhood of his schooner. Then I want you to go with this other note to the Pilgrim House, where Mr. Langley boards."

"Sure, miss, he was here two hours ago, axin' for you, and by the same token, he tried to kiss me, the thief o' the world. Sure, Miss Fanny, you aint colloquin' with such as he is, onyhow!"

"Never fear, Biddy. But now just listen to me. As you cannot read, I have not *written* directions on them, but to prevent your making any mistakes in delivering these notes, I have folded one in a white and the other in a pink envelope. The *white* one is for Mr. Hooksure, the pink note for Mr. Langley. Are

you sure that you understand what I mean?"

"O, and indade I do."

"And be sure," continued Fanny, "that you do not let any one see you on the wharf, when you give Mr. Hooksure the *white* letter. You needn't be particular about the other. There's a dollar for you."

"Thank ye, miss," said Biddy, as she quitted the room, and Fanny threw herself into a rocking-chair.

"Well," soliloquized that young lady, "if ever a poor girl was half worried out of her life, I am. Here's Uncle Bangs insists on my marrying Will Hooksure, and Aunt Sally tells me I shall espouse no one but Mr. Langley. I can't please both, *that's* certain, so decidedly the best plan will be to please myself. Now, here are my two admirers, one is a rough, bold, honest Cape Cod sailor, with a heart as big as his fist; the other, a town bred dandy, who makes fine speeches, tells impossible stories, and I believe cares less for me than for my little dowry. It's a question between a man and a monkey. Now, there's my friend, Susan Block, if I could only—but by all that's wonderful, there *is* Susy, coming up the garden walk."

Miss Susan Block was the bosom friend of Fanny, a piquant, pretty lass, up to all kinds of mischief, and never so well pleased as when engaged in some little intriguing affair of the heart. After that warm embrace which young lady friends always bestow on each other (which a wicked bachelor friend characterizes as a "waste of the raw material"), Miss Susan commenced with:

"O, my dear Fanny, you're moping I see, as usual! Come, put on your bonnet and let us take a stroll. By the way, I met Mr. Hooksure just now, looking, poor fellow, as blue as indigo. I hear he is off for the 'banks' to-morrow, and—"

Here the lively young lady was interrupted by the entrance of Aunt Sally, a prim and precise old maiden lady with a peaked chin, an angular nose, and a vixenish voice, that sounded like the noise produced by the sharpening of a saw.

"And a very good job too," exclaimed the old lady, with reference to Miss Block's remark concerning Mr. Hooksure's intended departure. He'd better a deal be out there catching fish, than angling for young girls' hearts at home. Dessay when he came sneaking about here after you, Fanny, he thought that his 'linés had fallen in pleasant places.' Maasy forgive me for quotin' scriptur! Why,

Fanny, I should think you might look higher than a common fisherman! Only see how fond Mr. Langley is of you. There's a genteel young fellow, yet you are so perverse as to have nothing to say to him! What beautiful stories he does tell, to be sure!"

"None of which are true, aunt!" said Fanny, indignantly.

Here Miss Susan chimed in:—"O, Fanny, *there* I cannot agree with you. But even if they are not, they are so interesting. Why a woman who had Mr. Langley for a husband would save a little fortune in one item alone."

"In what way, pray?" asked Fanny.

"In story papers and magazines. Mr. Langley's stories are as good as those in *Ballou's publications*. I declare I've half a mind to set my cap at him myself."

Which remark of Miss Block was treason to a certain absent young gentleman, as will by-and-by be evident. Fanny muttered to herself, "I wish to my heart you *would*; it would be the greatest favor you could do me."

"Now Fanny," said Aunt Sally, "I've accepted an invitation to go to the Highland Lighthouse, with Mr. and Mrs. Coobiddy to-morrow, and I want you to fix up my lavender bonnet; you can easily do it this evening, my dear. Good-morning, girls." And out she went, greatly to the relief of the young ladies.

"Heavens! how provoking!" cried Fanny, "and I've made arrangements to meet Willie to-night on High Pole Hill, back of the Town House. Poor fellow, he sails to-morrow, and if I fail to keep the appointment goodness knows whenever we shall meet again. How *shall* I contrive it? Aunt's bonnet must be done, that is certain, and it is no less certain that I *must* see Will. Susan, darling, *do* set your wits to work, you clever creature, and help me out of the dilemma!"

"H'm," said Susan to herself, "and perhaps help *myself* to Frank Langley at the same time; not so bad a notion," and then she spoke out:

"Susan, I have it! You shall come to my house to spend the evening and sleep with me. At the appointed time you can slip out, dressed in *my* bonnet and cloak, and meet Will, and I'll take a stroll dressed in *yours*, so that afterwards, if necessary, you can prove an *alibi*. Afterwards, we can sit up late and finish the bonnet."

"Capital!" cried Fanny, in ecstasy, "I'll go directly and ask Aunt Sally's permission to go with you. If I just give her a kiss or two

(sly little puss), and tell her that I'll take extra pains with her bonnet, she'll consent to anything."

Fanny retired, and Susan said to herself, "And I'll write a note (I can imitate dear Fanny's handwriting, to a T) to Langley, informing him that a lady wishes to meet him this evening, on High Pole Hill. In Fanny's attire who knows but I *may* fascinate the fellow? At least I'll try; all stratagems are fair in love and war."

With this sage remark, she vanished.

We must now transfer the scene to the kitchen of Aunt Sally Bangs, where Biddy was employed in the rather unromantic vocation of darning stockings.

"Och! wirasthru thin," moaned that afflicted domestic, "what'll I do at all, at all? Here's Miss Fanny do be wantin' me to carry her two letthers, and the ould cat of a mis-thriss has gone out and took the key in her pocket, to kape me at home! And sure Miss Fanny has gone out too, so I can't give her the letthers back! It's most sivin o'clock, too. Holy Vargin! who's that rapping at the dure? Och! bedad! if it should be one of the sperits they talk about. There 'tis again—O—O—"

But just then poor Bridget's fears were allayed by the sound of a well-known voice without; it was that of Mike.

"Whist, Biddy, whist. I tell yez it's only me."

"Och! ye thafe o' the world," stormed Biddy, though she smiled pleasantly all the while, "what do yez mane by frightenin' a poor crathur like that for? But come round to the windy, Mike acushla! missis and miss is gone out and I can't let [ye in." O, but that's lucky, she thought to herself, "I'll get Mike to take the letthers!"

She opened the window—what passed between her and Mike it is not for us to say—enough to know that their heads were remarkably close together, and that suddenly Biddy exclaimed:

"There now, no more fooling, Mike! I want yez to do something for me. Do you see these letthers?"

"In coorse I do, Biddy."

"One of 'em is a *pink* letther, and the other is a *white* letther, Mike."

"True for you, onyhow," remarked Mike.

"Now," said Biddy, slowly, in order duly to impress the important message on Mike's memory, "put yer tin toes into your brogans, and take the *white* one, the *white* one,

mind, to Will Hooksure, on board the *Golden Mackerel*, at Commercial Wharf, and then carry the pink letter to Mr. Langley, at the Pilgrim House. Do you understand?"

"O that's asy enough," replied Mike, confidently, "the pink one to Mr. Hooksure, the white one to Mr. Langley, the chap as druv the paa out of yer throat. I say, Biddy, don't swallow any more paas, unless I'm by, bekase ye see I'd rather do the squeezing myself."

"Och! bothershin!" said Biddy, "now be aff wid ye, or ye'll be too late, ye devil!"

And after slamming the window in Mike's face, Biddy, who was pretty well tired out, dropped quietly asleep in her chair.

In a room in the Pilgrim House, sat Mr. Frank Langley, one of those gentlemen who are popularly said to "live by their wits." He was very flashily attired, and carefully "got up," though had his chains and rings been submitted to close examination, the triumphs of galvanism and electro-plating would have been evident. And Mr. Langley's moral character was much like his decorations, there was a good deal of worthless metal beneath the glittering surface.

"Very extraordinary, very extraordinary indeed!" said Mr. Langley to himself. "Here have I been cudgelling my brains for weeks past, in order to contrive means for procuring an interview with the adorable Fanny, and now comes a note from her, without her signature, but I know her hand-writing, in which she wishes an opportunity to meet me this evening! Well, well, it's quite true that woman's a riddle. But after all, her proposal is not so much to be wondered at. I knew she couldn't long resist Frank Langley; and the idea of her rejecting me for that great rough fellow, Hooksure, who always smells of tar and codfish, laugh! the idea is absurd. But here comes Mike, old Bangs's servant, what can he want?"

"Is it Mr. Langley, I'm spakin' to, yer honor?" said Mike, with a low scrape of a bow, and a pull at his forelock.

"That is my name," admitted Frank.

"Then here's a letter for ye, sir." And then poor Mike became perplexed, muttering to himself, "Bedad, if I remember which color I was to give him! Och! I have it. He's a rale gentleman, and av coorse he ought to have the claanest," and he handed him the white envelope.

"H'm, no directions on it," said Frank, "but let me see what is within."

He opened the envelope and read:

*"Do not fail to be at the appointed place this evening."*  
FANNY."

"Ha! ha!" cried Frank, "so the girl's coming round with a vengeance. She is so anxious indeed, that she sends a second note, to make sure of me, and in this one signs her name. Brave! Frank Langley! You must be irresistible! So now I will go and prepare for my interview with the charming Fanny."

In the centre of the long street of which Provincetown consists, rises an eminence, called High Pole Hill, on which the Town House is situated. About in front of this was Commercial Wharf, at which lay the schooner *Golden Mackerel*. On the wharf, Mr. William Hooksure, mate of the above named vessel, was pacing, on the evening of the day these incidents we have recorded, in what might be described as a doleful mood.

"And so," mused Mr. Hooksure, a stalwart, handsome son of the sea, and as thorough a fisherman as ever lived on Cape Cod; "and so, this is my last night in Provincetown, for I know not how long. I almost wish I had never returned to it, for unless I gain Fanny, life will be utterly worthless. Uncle Bangs, to be sure, favors my suit, but what can he do, poor easy man, against the will of his wife, who dislikes me because I am a plain man who would rather work than loaf about like that monkey, Langley? However, there's one comfort, Fanny *does* love me, and despises him."

At this juncture, Mike made his appearance, with a letter, which he handed to Will, who opened it and started with surprise, as he read the following:

"Sir:—If you have any respect for me, and wish to promote my happiness, I must desire that you desist from attentions, which are oppressive to  
Yours,  
FANNY NICKETTSON."

"Do my eyes deceive me?" exclaimed the agitated young man, when he had finished the perusal of the unlooked-for epistle. "No, there it is in black and white, and delivered to me by her own man. What can be the meaning of this? Has any one been slandering me to her? But here, at least, is my rejection, in her own writing. There's a mystery somewhere; but how to find it out! and I off to sea with the next tide. Let me see, it is now half-past nine. I'll try to see Fanny somehow, and know the worst at once. If I find she has flung me overboard, for that fel-



low, why, much as I love her, I wouldn't give a single whistle to call her back; but, if she be yet true, then, Fanny, I'll cheerfully toil for months to come on the 'Banks,' and your smiles when I return shall repay me for all!"

## CHAPTER II.

### HOW THE MYSTERY WAS UNRAVELLED, AND HOW THE PLOTTERS PROSPERED.

The reader must now be pleased to accompany me to the summit of High Pole Hill, where Mr. Frank Langley is awaiting an arrival.

"Nine o'clock," says he; "the precise time of my appointment with Fanny. I wonder if she'll keep it. Perhaps she only meant to make a fool of me, after all. But even if she is in earnest, how am I to secure my prize? We cannot get married here, and though I have managed to wheedle Aunt Sally with lying stories about my great connections, I don't believe she has sufficient influence with any minister to induce him to tie the knot privately. No, no, there is but one way for it, we must elope. But here comes somebody, eh! 'tis Fanny herself, known among a thousand. Now then, Frank Langley! remember faint heart never won fair lady. Courage!"

It was that deceitful jade, Susan Block, disguised in Fanny's apparel, who now made her appearance.

"O, Miss Fanny, how delighted I am to see you," said Frank, advancing, and offering an arm, which the lady accepted.

"O, Mr. Frank," said the supposititious Fanny, "what *must* you think of me?"

"Think of you, my angel?" exclaimed Frank, in raptures, "why that you are a darling, and that I am the happiest fellow in the world. O, Fanny! if you only knew what I have suffered during the last few days, while uncertain as to whether my love was returned, you would indeed pity me. But this meeting dispels every doubt, and makes amends for all!"

"O, Frank! how beautifully you do talk. But do you know that I can't quite trust you yet? I'm a little mite jealous."

"Jealous, dear Fanny! of whom?"

"Don't go to pretend not to know, Mr. Langley; do you think that I have not noticed your flirtations with Miss Susan Block?"

"What! flirt with Miss Block? That is not only untrue, but a decided libel on my good taste. Why the girl has a snub nose!"

"A snub nose, have I!" said Susan to herself, and addressing Jack, she added aloud, "It does turn up a trifle too much certainly."

"And then she has red hair!"

"No, Frank, that's not quite fair, *she* says 'tis true auburn."

"Nonsense! red, decidedly *orange* red, the genuine carotty, and then, her mouth! Why, it is like that large one of the man on whose tombstone the epitaph was written:

"'Traveller, don't linger on this sod,  
For, if he gapes, you're gone, by G—!'"

"A pretty portrait he's painting of me," thought Susan. "Well, Mr. Frank, Susan may not be very handsome, but then you must admit she has excellent qualities of head and heart."

"Head and heart indeed! one is shallow and the other hollow, whereas you, my dear Fanny,—but why not raise the envious veil?" and he attempted to remove it.

"Presently, sir, not just yet. Spare my blushes, dear Mr. Langley. But before I put perfect confidence in you, I must be satisfied of your affection beyond a doubt."

On hearing this, Mr. Frank Langley, threw himself upon his knees, and lifting one hand, he theatrically exclaimed, "Doubt, adorable Fanny! doubt?"

"'Doubt that the stars are fire,  
Doubt that the sun doth move,  
Doubt truth to be a liar,  
But never doubt I love!'"

"Can I—can I longer hesitate, O, Frank!" cried Susan, "but tell me what are your plans?" Prompt they must be, or my uncle will force me to marry that odious Will Hooksure against my will. Speak, dear Frank."

"Fanny, I see no other way than by eloping, to cheat the old hunks. We must elope, and by land, for we couldn't get away by the regular packet without all the town seeing us."

"Delightful, Frank. O, I *should* like an elopement, 'twould be so romantic, you know! just like that we read of in stories. Only just fancy it, Frank! I'll just give you an idea of it, shall I?" And the lovely girl drew a picture of a runaway marriage that was quite delightful. She had quite a gift of word-painting.

"Capital, my dear girl," said Frank, "your fancy sketch, Fanny, shall become a blissful reality. When will you be ready to start? No time must be lost, you know. Why not to-morrow night? If the Golden Mackerel should be detained by ill-winds, they may

blow good to Will Hooksure. They may marry you to him without delay."

"O, horror! yes, then to-morrow night be it, Frank. As you say, the sooner done the better."

"Certainly; and Fanny, love, I want to say something, but feel a little delicate."

"O, say on, Frank. Are we not one in heart now? and why hesitate to confide anything to your Fanny?"

"Well, you see, it's just this, Fanny. I've been paying some heavy bills lately, and am run short of ready cash, in consequence of my agent South not having remitted as he should have done; but the war has played the deuce with my plantation property. Now, dear Fanny, I thought you wouldn't mind drawing a few hundred dollars from your aunt, so that in case I do not find money at my banker's in Boston, we may not be inconvenienced. Do you understand?"

"O, yes, perfectly, make yourself easy, Frank; I'll make that all right."

"Thanks, dearest, and now let us take a stroll round the hill."

It was about ten o'clock as Fanny Nickettson, dressed in Susan's clothes, arrived on High Pole Hill, just after the pair just spoken of had quitted it.

"Ten o'clock," said Fanny, "and he was to have been here as the clock was striking. O, dear me, I don't much like this masquerading, but then it may be excusable, as it gives me an opportunity of testing a lover's sincerity. I'm sure I'm not given to jealousy, but auntie has been insinuating that Willie has been paying particular attention to Susan Block of late, and I don't like *that*. Now, I've a capital opportunity of finding out the truth of the matter, especially as I can imitate her voice pretty well. Let me see, I'll pretend that Fanny (that's me) is taken sick, and has sent me (Susan) to let him know why she cannot meet him. But here he comes."

It was indeed, that desponding young man, Mr. Hooksure, who on perceiving, as he thought, Susan, walked up to her.

"Susan, Miss Block, you here? What on earth can this mean?" he added, in an *aside*.

"O, Mr. Hooksure. I'm so glad you're come. Miss Fanny is so sick, that she has sent me to tell you why she could not come out."

"How unfortunate! and I, perhaps, have to leave to-morrow morning. I may never see her again."

"O, Mr. Hooksure, I wouldn't let *that* trouble me, were I you. Fanny isn't the only pretty girl in the world, you know."

"I'm well enough aware of that, Susan, but she is the only girl I care for, or ever shall, if it comes to that."

"Ay, ay, it's all well enough for you to say that, sir, but once at sea, you'll forget all about her. You sailors, they say, have a sweetheart in every port."

"Nonsense, Susan, if I don't marry Fanny, I'll never wed with another woman. By Jove, she is perfection."

"I don't see so much heart in her, for my part. Don't you think she squints a little, just a leetle, Willie?"

"No, but perhaps *yours* are little awry?"

"O no, and her nose! I don't call it a beautiful nose, it's too large; and her mouth is much too small. But these *you* look at with lover's eyes."

"To be sure I do; but it is not her face only, that I so much admire. Her mind is purity and love itself. O, Fanny, Fanny, shall I ever see you again?"

"Well, if you never should, Mr. Hooksure, I'm sure there's many a girl would jump to have such a fine, handsome, brave fellow as you. I declare I—I—. Pray lend me the support of your arm, I've such a strange fluttering about my heart—oh—oh—"

And here the artful young lady fell, in a seeming faint, plump into the young sailor's arms.

"Well," said he, "here's a pretty piece of business; if Fanny should see me now! I'll be hanged if I don't think Susan here is in love with me. Heavens! she's fainted dead as a hammer. Confound this veil, she clutches it so tight that I can't raise it to give her air. If any one should come now, what mischief might be made—and—by Jove, somebody is coming."

Yes, it was even so, for who should make their appearance at that critical moment, but Mr. Frank Langley, with apparently Miss Fanny Nickettson on his arm?

"Hallo!" shouted Frank, "what the deuce have we here? Mr. Hooksure, and Miss Block in his arms! by all that's wonderful. There, Fanny, haven't I told you that he was sweet in that quarter? O, the hypocrite, to pretend to be fond of her, and all the time carrying on in this way with Susan. But we'll expose them, and when we quit Provincetown, leave them to contempt and derision."

"O, it's perfectly awful, Frank. I couldn't serve you such a trick for all the world. The bold, forward creature!"

"Good evening, sir," said Frank, stepping up to Will Hooksure, "I see you are very pleasantly employed, but fortunately, sir, I have brought with me a young lady who will be glad to see a hypocrite unmasked. You professed an affection for Miss Fanny Nickettson; I find you here with her friend, Miss Susan Block, in your arms. Where is Miss Fanny, sir?"

"I—I—can explain all," stammered Will. "Miss Nickettson is at home, sick, and she sent this—"

"No sir, she is *not* at homesick," said Frank, interrupting him, "*she* is here;" and he led forth his fair companion, whom Will had not before observed.

"What, Fanny! speak—explain this mystery!" cried Will.

"Presently; but first let me attend to my fainting friend."

"I'm surprised," said Frank.

"So am I," cried Will.

"You'll be more so, presently," said Frank's companion.

"Yes," remarked the invalid, now recovering, "I fancy it will be a novel surprise party all round. I'm better now, Mr. Hooksure."

"I'm glad of it, Miss Susan, for though it's impolite to say it, I'm very glad to have you off my hands."

"Out of his arms, he means," said Frank, spitefully; "but Fanny don't let him deceive you further."

"Excuse us, gentlemen," observed the false Susan, "while you are settling your affairs, my friend and I will take a walk round the hill, and rejoin you in a few moments."

As soon as they had departed, Will burst out:

"Mr. Frank Langley, there is some trickery here, and my firm belief is that you are at the bottom of it. Now I am a plain, blunt, open-hearted sailor, attached as you know, to Miss Fanny Nickettson. I ask you, sir, how happened it that after she had broken an engagement to meet me here, on the plea of sickness, that she has come hither in your company?"

"Why," replied Frank, with cool effrontery, "because I presume she preferred my society to yours; but," he added, maliciously, "I shouldn't wonder if she felt a little surprised at seeing Miss Block in your arms, Master Will. It's all up with you in *that* quarter, so the sooner you sail the better she'll like it."

"How know you that, you jackanapes?"

"I have the best authority for it, that of the lady herself, who is returning I see, with your friend."

Now it must be told here that these crafty young ladies had, during their absence, again changed, and each had therefore resumed her own cloak and bonnet. Their veils too, had been discarded.

"Now sir," said Frank, triumphantly, "we *shall* see." He then walked up to Fanny, who turned scornfully from him, and walking up to Will Hooksure, much to the surprise of that gentleman, took his arm quite lovingly.

"Yes, we *shall* see," remarked Will, "the mist begins to clear up a little."

"What, Fanny!" said Frank, "are you so mad as to join that man after seeing him hug Susan just now?"

"Upon my word, Mr. Impertinence! Mr. Hooksure hug me, indeed; why he never took me in his arms in his life!"

"Well, that's odd," thought Will. "I know she fainted away, and that I kept her from falling."

"And Fanny," went on Frank, "will you deny that you agreed to elope with me to-morrow night?"

"Good gracious, is the man mad?" exclaimed Fanny. "Willie, as sure as there's a heaven above us, such an idea never entered my mind. Elope with *him* indeed!"

"O, O, Mr. Langley," said Susan, walking fiercely up to that gentleman, "I've got a crow to pluck with you, sir. I've a snub nose, have I? And I've carrotty hair, have I? And a big mouth, have I? How came you to assert that, sir?"

"I assert! You must be dreaming."

"You told me so yourself, sir," cried Susan, "and in return I drew a fancy picture of our elopement. Now do you recollect?"

Mr. Frank Langley looked amazed, as well he might. "Come Susan," said Will, "don't be too hard on Frank there; didn't *you* tell me that Fanny squinted, and had too large a nose, and too small a mouth?"

"I?" replied Susan, "I vow I never even thought of such a thing."

"And Fanny," asked Willie, "didn't you send a letter to tell me not to pay you any attentions, as my suit was offensive?"

"No, Willie, but I sent a note making an appointment to meet you here to-night."

"And Fanny," asked Frank, "and did not you send me a note appointing an interview with me here?"



"Never," indignantly replied the young lady. "O, stay a moment, a thought strikes me, and here in good time comes the very man who can help me out of the difficulty, if any one can."

At this juncture, who should make his appearance but Mike?

"If you please, miss," said he, "your aunt sent me to look for you. I've been to Miss Block's house, but you wasn't there, so, I came here."

"Stay, Mike. When you took a pink and a white note for these gentlemen, to which of them did you give the *white* note?"

"Why, that was the *clane* one. I gev it to Mr. Langley."

"And the pink note?"

"To Mr. Hooksure, miss."

"Ah, Willie," cried Fanny, "there's the mistake; you had the wrong letter, so had Mr. Langley, who must have seen the mistake, and meanly took advantage of it; and to further mystify the matter, Susan and I exchanged dresses, so that when Mr. Langley met Susan, he mistook her for me, and when, Will, I fainted (or pretended to) in your arms, you little thought you were clasping your own Fanny."

"But *why* this disguise?" asked Willie.

"I'll confess if you'll promise to forgive me?"

"Of course, I'll forgive *you* anything."

"Well," explained Fanny, "Auntie, who you know wished me to marry Mr. Langley, hinted that you flirted with Susan. I was weak enough to believe her, and as Susan, to play off a little harmless deception. There now, you know all."

"Mr. Langley," said Susan, "I'll be waiting for you at twelve o'clock, to-morrow night, with that two hundred dollars, *in case* your remittances should not have reached Boston, you know."

"The game's up," said Mr. Frank, and he sneaked off.

"Thank goodness all is right again, and I am happy," said Willie. "But O, Fanny, to think that in a few hours I have to leave you for so long a time. But when I come back—"

"Stop!" you're not gone yet. And now, Willie, I've got a genuine surprise for you. An hour ago I saw Uncle Zebe, and he has bought the Flying Fish. He will put you in her as captain; that will reconcile Auntie, and we shall have no more trouble. So go down to the Golden Mackerel, get your things ashore, and come to me in the morning."

Here Mike, the unconscious cause of the be-

wildering events of the last half hour, broke in with:

"And sure it's sorry I am, for the blundher I made, Miss Fanny; but 'twas Biddy must have gev me wrong directions, sure, bad luck to me. But if it's not displasin' to ye, miss, I've just bought out o' my savin's a cottage and a patch of ground, so I'll marry Biddy, the troublesome crathur, by your lave, and take her off your hands."

"With all my heart, Mike, and I'll give her the wedding gown."

"And what is to become of *me*?" asked Susan, "I should like to know *that*."

"When we are married," said Fanny, "you shall come and live with us, until a certain young gentleman comes here from the Indies. Mr. Pips wont let us keep you long."

"Is it Mr. Pips?" exclaimed Mike. "O, by the powers, but that's the name of a beautiful young sailor that's this blessed minnit at the Pilgrim House. He came by the stage, half an hour ago, and be the same token, he axed where one Miss Block lived."

"O, gemini!" cried Susan, "but I'm going to faint right off now, and no mistake."

"You'd better run off, Sue," remarked Fanny; "but stay, we'll go with you, and have a happy evening of it."

The next day, Mr. Frank Langley mysteriously disappeared from Provincetown, having forgotten to pay his little bill at the hotel where he stayed. In a week afterwards, Will and Fanny were married, and not long afterwards, Mr. Pips and Susan, and Mike and Biddy. The Flying Fish has made several successful trips, and her captain has never had cause to regret leaving the Golden Mackerel.

#### FALCONRY.

Falconry, which is now altogether in disuse among us, was the principal amusement of our ancestors. A person of rank in England, some three or four centuries ago, scarcely stirred out without his hawk upon his hand, which in old paintings was the criterion of nobility. The expense which attended this sport was very great; among the old Welsh princes, the king's falconer was the fourth officer of state, but, notwithstanding all his honors, he was forbidden to take more than three draughts of beer from his horn, lest he should get intoxicated, and neglect his duty. In the reign of James the First, Sir Thos. Monson is said to have given a thousand pounds for a cast of hawks; and such was their value in general, that it was made felony, in the reign of Edward the Third, to steal a hawk. To take its eggs, even in a person's own ground, was punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, together with a fine at the king's pleasure.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*.

[ORIGINAL.]

REMEMBRANCE OF EARLY LOVE.

BY D. C. SHOCH.

The rose, though 'tis faded and pale,  
After many a gliding year,  
A sacred perfume does exhale  
To the memory of true love dear.  
Its bloom and its fragrance are o'er,  
No longer its sweetness it gives;  
Yet the charming remembrance of yore  
In each sere, withered leaflet lives.

Each tender rosebud, when 'tis risen  
By lily white hands from its stem,  
And in love and affection is given,  
Is dear as a king's diadem.  
And when happy years have rolled on,  
We will gaze on that rosebud with joy,  
And find one sweet pleasure alone,  
Which time can never destroy.

Thus ever the dear, beloved name  
Of the fair and black-eyed Arabell  
Fans the spark of a long sleeping flame,  
And makes my heart ardently swell.  
And when I think of the sweet smile  
That, fair-like, danced o'er her cheek,  
I gaze on a heart without guile,  
And an angel submissively meek.

We met in our youth, and our love  
Was simple, and holy, and true;  
And often my bosom would move,  
As we sighed our parting adieu.  
We parted with hearts free from sorrow,  
For pure was such love as was ours;  
Then met we again on the morrow,  
And passed many innocent hours.

How quickly those hours would glide  
On their little pinions away;  
For with fair Arabell by my side,  
I ever had something to say.  
We culled the sweet flowers together,  
And wreathed as we sat in the grove;  
Whilst many a tale I would tell her  
Of childish affection and love.

With the light heart of youth we would move  
O'er the fields where the cattle would roam,  
And singing some sportive song, would rove  
Far away from our parents and home.  
Her jetty, long locks would be lying  
O'er her neck with wild beauty and ease,  
Or else would be tossing and flying  
About on the impudent breeze.

But pleasure has never yet lasted;  
Each transient joy has a sorrow;  
And fond hopes to-day are but blasted  
And turned to despair by to-morrow.

We parted! O, that was a stroke  
That severed each fond tie apart;  
From a blissful delusion I awoke,  
With misery's pang in my heart.

Saddened years have rolled over since then,  
And now I am happy and free;  
But I would taste sorrow again,  
To be, Arabella, with thee!  
And the mention of thy beloved name  
Each chord of affection doth start;  
Each spark kindles up to a flame,  
And renews youthful love in my heart.

[ORIGINAL.]

"POOR FLORENCE!"

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

THIS beautiful Mayday is to me an anniversary—it is just ten years since I came to live at Brook Farm. I had been brought up in the city, and knew the country only as city people know it, through occasional glimpses from the window of a railroad car, by a summer day's visit to some suburban village, or through the distorted medium of a watering-place. But that was not the country in all its wide significance and beauty; not the country as it appeared to my imagination in childhood; one boundless, outlying succession of green fields, long wooded slopes, dark masses of forests, kingly mountains, low, green valleys shining with the limpid waters of running brooks, sheltered, home-like old houses, guiltless of paint and architectural pretension, and simple, unconventional ways of honest people.

All my life long this imaginary picture haunted my brain. It never changed save to add new beauties to its familiar features. And now, when ten years ago, I came to the neighborhood of Brook Farm, I was surprised to find my childish picture almost realized. There, close at the foot of the mountain, nestled the little unpainted cottage where Aunt Lucy lived—I can see its brown roof as I look from my window.

From its doors, overhung with woodbine and clematis, I first saw Brook Farm. Its broad lands swept down to the rapid brook which divided them from Aunt Lucy's unpretending estate. The house itself, a quaint structure, with many gables, and odd turns and corners, stood on a hill. The eye travelled up long stretches of grassy land so green now in the May sunshine as to provoke continual exclamations of wonder and delight,

across wide plains, where great elms threw a soft, dark shadow in the warm summer afternoons, and on our patches of meadow land, bits of ripe grain waving like a billowy sea in the wind, thick, shady orchards, where in the delicious nights moonlight and darkness contended for the mastery, and so into the garden, along the grass plot which flanked the building, and up the path bordered with beds of tulips and petunias and pinks.

Brook Farm was a blessing to the neighborhood. So I told Aunt Lucy after I had stood at the door watching the shadows of white clouds drifting over the green fields, till the sun, getting higher, threw in such burning rays through the interstices of the woodbine trellis that I was forced to retire.

Aunt Lucy had just put away the breakfast things, and the little sitting-room was a miracle of tidiness, from the snowy window curtains to the pitcher of azalias upon the table, whose fallen petals she was just now brushing away.

"It is a pretty place, Katy, and Mr. Nugent is a fine man. Who knows, now, but he might take a fancy to you, Katy?" And Aunt Lucy glanced up at me with a face that expressed a very moderate approval.

Perhaps I ought to have bridled a little, looked surprised, affected ignorance, and asked what in the world she meant. Or, perhaps, being no longer a young lady, my cue would have been to put on an air of dignified severity, and demand an explanation, at the same time volunteering a declaration of future and everlasting independence. But as I am not an affected or insincere person naturally, and had, moreover, no motive for imposing upon simple-hearted Aunt Lucy, I did not pretend to misunderstand her, but simply asked:

"Is he a bachelor or a widower?"

"A widower. His wife died three or four years ago. She was a pretty woman; but she was a good deal too fond of society to be a good wife for Mr. Nugent. It was a real love match, but people think it wasn't a happy one, for John changed very fast after he got married. However, he's free now, and I dare say will be more particular next time."

"Are there any children?"

"Two little darlings," said Aunt Lucy, brightening, for her especial weakness was children. "You must see 'em, Katy. They're dreadfully kept under, though, by their Aunt Caroline."

"His housekeeper?"

"Yes. Mrs. Nugent's sister."

"Ah!"

Aunt Lucy remembered just here that the young turkeys hadn't been fed, and so I followed her out to the barnyard, and in the excitement of so novel a scene—the eager whirling, rustling scramble for food, the peck, peck, peck, of a score of bills upon the board where it was placed, in the amused contemplation of their curious actions, I quite forgot Brook Farm and its owner.

In the afternoon they were recalled to me by an unexpected incident. The blue midsummer sky had become overclouded, a light wind sprang up from the west, and it grew so tempting out of doors that I laid down my work and told Aunt Lucy that I was going out for a ramble. The intimation that a shower was not very far off did not make much impression upon me, and full of the new impulse I started off in gay spirits. A walk through a long lane at last brought me into a wood. How beautiful it was! How very still! The wind had gone down, and there was an inexplicable hush in the air. Scarcely was there the faintest movement among the leaves. I took off my bonnet and sat down, thoroughly enjoying the sweet repose of the place.

My thoughts became more sad than gay as I sat there, and yet not wholly sad, for as one grows older, and past disappointments and sorrows recede into the distance, they become invested with a soft and tender beauty, which, when they were nearer, we could not see with our tear-blinded eyes.

But the great masses of dark clouds were now rapidly rolling up from the west, and I rose in alarm, and was about to start off at a quickened pace for home, when suddenly a cry arrested my steps. It was a child's voice, loud, clear and piercing, and indicative of distress and terror. I paused, and in a moment it was repeated. I only waited now to be sure whence the sound proceeded, before hurrying away as fast as possible into the woods. The underbrush became more thick and tangled as I advanced, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I forced my way along; but by dint of much effort I gradually drew nearer.

"O, come, come! Do come, quick!" now burst in piteous tones from childish lips.

"Don't cry; I'm coming," I called in answer, and the cries were hushed into low sobs.

Presently I caught a glimpse of some light drapery among the tangled brushwood, and



in a moment I was close by two children, who I at once conjectured had lost their way in the forest. But they were little things to be trusted upon a long walk alone. The youngest, a lovely little girl, was not more than four or five, and the other a fine, manly little boy, who brushed away the tears, and ceased crying as soon as I came in sight, could not have exceeded six.

"What is the matter, my dear? Are you lost? Tell me what has happened?" I put out my hand, and the little girl with a charming confidence nestled at once into my arms.

"Yes, ma'am, we've got lost, Floy and I. We went into the woods after berries, and then we lost our way and Floy got frightened," replied the boy at once, in a grave, manly way that won my heart.

Just then a low, muttering thunder peal rumbled in the west. The little one in my arms began to sob again.

"O, it is so dark here! Dear lady, do take us home."

I did, indeed, perceive that not a moment was to be lost; but now, looking about me, I could not at once decide which way to take. Upon one side the woods seemed less dense, and hastily concluding that the opening must lie in that direction, I set off, urging the two children to come on as fast as possible; in a few minutes we came into a wood path, which I supposed to be the one I had just left, and now, free from the tangled shrubbery and the inequalities of the wood, our way became easier.

"What is your name?" I asked, as we hurried along.

"John Nugent," was the reply. The little fellow strode manfully along, keeping pace with my hurried steps, and presently added, "I live at Brook Farm."

"Ah, do you?"

"Yes. Do you know Brook Farm?" he demanded curiously.

"Yes; I live with Miss Lucy Sanford."

He brightened at once. "Aunt Lucy? Are you her niece she told us was coming?"

"I think I must be. My name is Katy Lynde. I came yesterday."

"That's it. O, Floy, this is Miss Lynde that Aunt Lucy told us about, you know. There, Floy, I told you so. You see," he added, in an explanatory tone to me, "Floy was afraid you wouldn't be nice, and we shouldn't dare to go to Aunt Lucy's any more. Floy thought you'd be like Aunt Caroline; but you aren't, a bit."

Smiling a little at this premature judgment of character, I still urged the children to press on, for now the vivid golden arrows of the lightning began to dart hither and thither in the clouds, and the thunder grew nearer and louder. It seemed as though this wood path was never to cease. I certainly had been twice as long traversing it as when I entered the wood. At last, most unexpectedly, we came upon a road, and to my dismay I discovered that I had taken the wrong path, and travelled in the opposite direction from home. An old elm which overhung the road I recognized as one that had been pointed out to me by the coachman the day before. It must be three miles away from Brook Farm. There was no house in sight. Still the dense black clouds rolled up from the west, and a dark curtain of vapor swung in mid-heaven.

I stood still a moment to think. There was not a sound audible except the occasional reverberations of the thunder. But as I listened the rattling of wheels broke in upon the stillness; they came nearer—a gentleman driving alone in a light, open wagon—and in another moment the boy shouted in a joyful tone:

"Papa, papa!"

The wagon drew up, and the gentleman sprang out. Of course there were confused exclamations of surprise and delight, the children clinging to their father in a way that showed how much he was accustomed to pet them. A few words made him acquainted with the position of affairs, and he then said, glancing at the clouds:

"We are two miles from Brook Farm, and the shower is close upon us. I am afraid, Miss Lynde, I shall not be able to place you under shelter before it comes; but we will try. Fanny is very fleet."

We were presently dashing along the road at swift pace. Just now the wind was quite still. It was the breathless hush that preceded the tempest. As we entered the drive which led up to the house, a blinding flash smote our eyes, and in an instant a sharp clatter shook the heavens, and rolled away in long, heavy peals. Before the carriage was drawn up at the steps there came the quick, tumultuous rush of the rain; but in an instant more we were safe in the broad, hospitable hall. Looking around me, and recalling in my excitement the somewhat strange position in which I found myself, I perceived a lady standing in the doorway of an inner apartment. She was tall and graceful; there seemed a peculiar pliancy in

her flexile figure, as she inclined forward in an expectant attitude. As I glanced at her face I caught the gleam of a singular expression which that instant swept across her handsome features. Immediately it vanished, and at Mr. Nugent's introduction she came to me with a smile, so singular in its fascination and repulsiveness, so inexplicable, so uncanny was the expression of her eyes, that I stood as one transfixed.

Only for a moment, however, for the touch of a cool, soft hand upon my own recalled me to my senses. I said a few words of acknowledgement in reply to her elaborate welcome, and then sat down. Mr. Nugent came and stood near me, opposite a window, looking out at the sheets of rain which poured down with ceaseless rapidity. Miss Warner sank upon a lounge, where she could look us both in the face. Again I felt those basilisk eyes fixed upon me. I looked up suddenly and met their full glance. But they did not fall; by some magic they held mine. That singular smile had not yet faded from her face; but now she threw into it a new element—something of an appealing pathos which interested me in spite of myself.

"I cannot divine where I have seen your face before," she said, in a tone like the smooth notes of a silver-voiced bird—tones which charmed you. "But it is strangely familiar to me. Is she like our poor Florence, John?"

Mr. Nugent glanced at me. His eyes were a clear, honest blue.

"I have not remarked it," he answered briefly, and again looked out of the window.

"I must be mistaken, then," she said, with a sigh. "You would recognize it of course."

Mr. Nugent turned abruptly, and walked to the other side of the apartment. All at once, there flashed across my mind a reminiscence of the past. Ten years ago I had had a pupil—a music scholar. Her friends were educating her for a public singer, it was said. A singular girl—having at sixteen all the art of a diplomat of sixty—so all who knew her thought. I had heard that she did not adopt the profession chosen for her, and stories of romantic interest had reached me in regard to her. In an instant it grew clear to me. Out from the past, over the pages of some difficult lesson, those weird eyes looked with their mingled fascination and repulsion. Her name, too, I remembered. I looked up at her and said, quietly:

"You knew me very well once. You were my pupil. Do you remember the old-fashioned grand, and the sonatas which you mastered so quickly?"

She rose and came to me, bent her head and kissed me. I saw then that she had known me from the first, but the surprise was admirably feigned. Then she drew back, looked at me again for a moment.

"Well, you have changed. Years bring changes to us all." And she swept back to her seat with her graceful air of self-poise and ease.

"They have brought none to you," I could not help saying.

"I don't know," shaking her head sorrowfully. "Poor Florence's death was a sad blow."

Mr. Nugent started with an impatient gesture.

"The rain has nearly ceased now, Miss Lynde. I will take you home as soon as it is quite done: In the meantime, are you a connoisseur of flowers? If you are I should like to show you mine."

It was evident that he wished to terminate this scene, and I was glad to second him. I loved flowers dearly, and it was with no affected interest that I followed him from one choice specimen to another. Caroline Warner accompanied us, saying little now, but making that little, by the aid of gesture and sighs in appropriate places, as eloquently expressive as a discourse could have been. This was "poor Florence's" favorite flower; another had an odor in which she particularly delighted; here was a rose, a slip from which was planted near her grave; those camelias were precisely like some which she wore at her bridal—"poor Florence!" So often was the dead wife resuscitated in this way, that I could not help pitying Mr. Nugent, whose face showed how great was his annoyance, though I did not comprehend the significance and drift of all these allusions. It was done raining now, and I was eager to go. Fanny was brought round to the door. Miss Warner wrapped me in shawls, but just as we were ready to go, she said:

"Wait one moment more. I must show you poor Florence's portrait."

Mr. Nugent stood at the door while she led me through one or two rooms to a little, darkened apartment in one corner of the house. Here she drew aside the curtains, and the likeness upon the wall started out into vivid relief. The painted face was the almost ex-

act counterpart of the living face near me. The same colorless, olive complexion, the same bands of heavy, black hair, the same almond shaped eyes, with their mingled elements of attraction and repulsion. It fascinated me. I looked at it earnestly, and then at last breaking the charm, I said:

"She was very beautiful!"

"Is it any wonder that John's heart is buried in her grave? Is it strange that he can never love another?"

"No!" I said, shortly, turning away.

She followed, and putting her arm around me, as we passed through the hall, said:

"I suppose, though, he will feel obliged to provide a mother for his children, dear little things! Don't you think he ought?"

We reached Mr. Nugent in time to spare me a reply, and it was with a feeling of relief that I found myself released from that presence. I could not help thinking that Mr. Nugent shared the feeling.

I confess I should not have supposed that he was the proprietor of a buried heart, judging from his conversation during our drive to Aunt Lucy's. It was animated, and often brilliant, with a play of genial humor and a pleasant flow of spirits. There was a little roguishness in Aunt Lucy's smile as she thanked Mr. Nugent for his care of me, and invited him to call again.

"Mr. Nugent was very deeply attached to his wife, wasn't he, aunt?" I said, as I was talking over my impromptu visit.

Aunt Lucy shook her head. "What makes you think so, Katy?"

"Why, Miss Warner said so, and was constantly alluding to her in a way that awakened some emotion in Mr. Nugent, though I cannot be sure what it was."

"Caroline Warner is very artful."

"But what motive could she have?"

"O, motives wouldn't be wanting, or she might do it out of pure wantonness."

That was not very likely, I thought; still there was in my mind a sense of her cunning, just sufficiently strong to make me refuse to trust her.

This was the commencement of my acquaintance with John Nugent. It progressed rapidly, for he was not slow to avail himself of Aunt Lucy's invitation. I say that the acquaintance progressed. It did, to a certain extent. We learnt to know each other's tastes and opinions. I learnt to admire him as a model of true manliness and honor. What he thought of me I did not know until

afterward. But so far as knowing each other's real selves is concerned, we might as well have been utter strangers. Now, I know whence the constraint arose which made it impossible for me to reveal myself to him.

Caroline Warner haunted me as if she had been my appointed satellite. She petted me, she patronized me. I was no match for her, and I submitted. She talked so much of Mr. Nugent, and his inconsolable sorrow for "poor Florence!" that by dint of repetition I came to believe it implicitly. Moralists are fond of talking of the power of truth; but I don't know that there is any inherent weakness in a lie if it is persistently adhered to and skilfully supported. Caroline was accustomed to dilate with touching pathos upon the forlorn condition of those two beautiful children. "Poor Florence" herself would wish it. Not that her image could ever be superseded—O, no, that was impossible—but some one might be found who would act a mother's part by the children; some middle-aged person of intelligence and amiability, who would not expect the devotion of a first affection, but would be content with esteem, etc.

During all this time, the summer, with its train of glories, was sweeping by, and scarcely one of those radiant days passed which did not see Mr. Nugent a visitor at Aunt Lucy's cottage. Sometimes the children came with him, but oftener they came alone. I encouraged this, for I liked it best. In his absence I could give myself up to them unreservedly, let them cling about me and caress me as much as they would. In his presence I could not do this, and it pained me to repel them. Of course these summer days did not pass without sly smiles and roguish intimations from Aunt Lucy, which I was obliged to laugh at, and try to forget, too often unavailingly. Midsummer grew into autumn. October gathered up the scattered tints that summer had thrown around in her lavish luxuriance of benefactions, and spread them over every forest, showered them over all the foliage, till every isolated tree, every lonely bush by the wayside, stood magnificent as a king in his royal robes.

I recall now with wonderful vividness the way in which the afternoon sun lay on the ash trees in the cottage yard when John Nugent first spoke to me. Though my heart stood still to hear, the drooping of those leaves, the graceful swaying of the long, flaming, leafy fringes in the southwest wind sank into my memory forever. And what was it that I



listened to? What were those words which so stirred my heart?

They were quiet and manly. If there was any emotion it did not shake the grave, kind tones. They were not impassioned words. They did set my heart wildly throbbing. They meant kindness, esteem, confidence, not love. Would I be his wife? he asked at last.

An indignant, passionate refusal sprang to my lips, but I had no power to utter it. I was inexpressibly pained and humiliated. I raised my eyes to his. How blind I was—how utterly, hopelessly blind—not to see that the eager, wistful tenderness which shone in every feature, belied the cold, calm words which he had just spoken!

But I did not see it, and my pride would not let me show how deeply he had wounded me. Was he indifferent? I could be doubly so. I knew my voice was very hard, as I repeated the common-place expressions of surprise, as I told him that I required time for reflection. He withdrew a step from me as I said this, and a shade of something like disappointment swept over his face. My indignation leapt forth afresh. Did he expect to win his house-keeper, his governess, for a life service without any demur upon her part?

If I had only said the things which sprang to my lips, it would all have been well, we should have understood each other; but pride kept me silent. He should not know that he had power to pain me so. I would give him my answer to-morrow, I said. Would he excuse me now? I commanded myself enough to receive his kind adieux without any display of emotion; but once alone, my fortitude gave way. How could he have so insulted my womanhood? How dared he ask me to shut up in my heart all its infinite affections, and bind myself to perform menial services for him and his children, rewarded by what poor crumbs of regard he could let fall for me?

But what else could I have expected? I rose and went to the glass. The pale reflection which met me contrasted strongly with the vision of the radiant woman who had filled the place I had been asked to fill. Pallor and care, and sorrow, sat upon this face, how could it attract him? I felt utterly humiliated. And yet, I could not sit down and write the cool note of refusal which I had intended. The feeling with which my intention recurred to my mind, showed me how nearly impossible it would be. By-and-by my indignation spent itself; the sharp, bitter pain I

felt, softened into a hopeless sorrow which had no anger in it. Could I ever win his love? Would he in time learn to love me as he had loved Florence? How potent must have been the charm with which he drew me so that I could have asked myself these questions! I longed for his love so that I was willing to submit to years of neglect and waiting if I might but gain it at last. But so well did I school myself that he could see nothing of this when the next day I met him in the little parlor.

When through my stammering, hesitating speech he saw my decision, a look which I could not understand flashed on his face. If he had loved me, I should have known it for joy, and pride, and fervid warmth. Involuntarily I shrank away from him; doubtless my manner took an additional shade of coldness. When I next looked at him it had faded, and there was nothing in his face save its usual sunny look of kindness.

The next day Caroline came to me. I tried to hide my heart from the gaze of those merciless eyes. She said she was delighted with what John had told her. I was such a dear, good, sensible little body, so unexact, that she thought—yes, she knew it would add to his happiness. Poor fellow! And the tears shone in her eyes as they were wont to do on occasion.

Mr. Nugent seemed eager to consummate our marriage, and I, Heaven help me! had no reasons for delay. I was thankful for the kind way in which he spoke to me of Caroline. She was quite alone, and dependent, he said, and he should be glad if I could find pleasure in having her an inmate of our family. Of course I had known it could be no other way from the first.

We were married at Christmas. Brook Farm lay hidden beneath a sheet of snow, and there was gloom in the outer landscape; but in my new home it was warm and cheery. Caroline was not more enigmatical than usual, the children were wild with joy, and Mr. Nugent's manner was so unaffectedly kind, he was so evidently happy, and showed such genuine pleasure in having me near him, that I must have been hard indeed to satisfy if I had not felt some real happiness.

But as weeks passed, the shadow in my home grew. I know that my experience was anomalous. With whom lay the fault? Not in my noble husband, with any intention upon his part. No one could be more kind and thoughtful, more appreciative and indulgent.

But this did not satisfy me. I craved tender words, looks, caresses. And these were in his nature, as I felt with keen pain when I saw the children clinging about him. Since this was wanting toward me, I could not be unrestrained. I was naturally shy; I could not be demonstrative.

With Caroline I tried to be patient. I listened to encomiums of "poor Florence!" When my attention was directed to the emotion with which my husband always heard her mentioned, I did not even suggest that it would be desirable not to speak of her so frequently. But there were some things in which it was hard to yield. Caroline had established an influence on little Floy—I saw how baneful it was—how could I counteract it? While I was perplexed by this, my husband fell suddenly ill.

For days and nights he tossed about in delirium. He lay for weeks upon the borders of the shadowy land. Even then, in all my agony, it was delicious to hear my name spoken in a tone which I had never before heard. At last my terrible fear was over—the delirium passed. He was very weak and helpless, but once more himself. After a few days he grew better.

During one of the early days of his convalescence, Caroline sought in some objectionable way to excite Floy's childish vanity. I interposed no objection in words; but Caroline, catching a glance that offended her, said in a tone of mock sorrow:

"Do as your new mama wishes, of course, Floy. I shall not interfere."

Suddenly my husband rose up from the lounge on which he was lying, some feeling bringing a vivid color into his pale face. I hastened from the room, unwilling to be a witness of any disagreement between them. An hour after, when I came back, I heard Caroline's voice. Its tones were still smooth and low. I did not apprehend that I was under discussion until I stood upon the threshold. Then I heard Caroline say:

"You always hated my poor sister. You love this pale-faced chat better than you did her."

I would have retreated, but wonder kept me still. My husband held out his hand.

"Come to me, Katy."

I went, and nestling down at his feet, the whole eager craving of my heart broke forth in the words:

"Do you love me?"

"My darling, do you doubt it?"

I looked up. Answering my unspoken question, he added:

"I never loved any one better."

He folded me in his arms with the first endearing epithets that I had ever known from him.

"Why did you never tell me so before?"

"I thought you were indifferent to it, Katy. I thought you were sufficient for yourself. Only lately I have begun to suspect that I held any place in your heart."

Caroline rose, her eyes flashing scornful lightnings.

"You must excuse me. I am not accustomed to such tender scenes." And she swept from the room.

She left us not long after, and with her went the only shadow which ever darkened our life.

#### POWER OF THE WILL.

Children often rise in the morning in anything but an amiable frame of mind. Petulant, impatient, quarrelsome, they cannot be spoken to or touched without producing an explosion of ill-nature. Sleep seems to have been a bath of vinegar to them, and one would think the fluid had invaded their mouth and nose, and eyes and ears, and had been absorbed by every pore of their sensitive skins. In a condition like this, I have seen them bent over the parental knee, and their persons subjected to blows from the parental palm; and they have emerged from the infliction with the vinegar all expelled, and their faces shining like the morning—the transition complete and satisfactory to all parties. Three quarters of the moods that men and women find themselves in are just as much under the control of the will as this. The man who rises in the morning, with his feelings all bristling like the quills of a hedgehog, simply needs to be knocked down. Like a solution of certain salts, he requires a rap to make him crystallize. A great many mean things are done in the family for which moods are put forward as the excuse, when the moods themselves are the most inexcusable things of all. A man or a woman in tolerable health has no moral right to indulge in an unpleasant mood, or to depend upon moods for the performance of the duties of life. If a bad mood come to such persons as these, it is to be shaken off by a direct effort of the will, under all circumstances.—*Timothy Titcomb's Lessons in Life.*

#### HAPPINESS.

True happiness is not the growth of earth;

The toil is fruitless, if you seek it there;

'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,

And blossoms only in celestial air.

Sweet plant of paradise!—its seeds are sown

In here and there a mind of heavenly mould;

It rises slow and buds, but ne'er was known

To bloom—the climate is too cold.—SHERIDAN.

## LEGEND OF THE WHITE CANOE.

In the days of old, long before the deep solitudes of the West were disturbed by white men, it was the custom of the Indian warriors of the forest to assemble at the great cataract of Niagara, and offer a human sacrifice to the Spirit of the falls. The offering consisted of a white canoe full of ripe fruit and beautiful flowers, which was paddled over the terrible falls by the fairest girl who had just arrived at the age of womanhood. It was counted an honor by the tribe to whose lot it fell to make the fearful sacrifice; and even the doomed maiden deemed it a high compliment to be selected to guide the white canoe on its hideous errand. But even in the stoical heart of the red man there are feelings which cannot be subdued, and chords which snap if strained too tight. The only daughter of a chief of the Seneca Indians was chosen as a sacrificial offering to the Spirit of Niagara. Her mother had been slain by a hostile tribe, and her father was the bravest among the warriors; his stern brow seldom relaxed save to his blooming child, who was now the only joy to which he clung on earth. When the lot of the doomed one fell on his beloved daughter, not a muscle of his rigid countenance moved; in the pride of Indian endurance he crushed down the agony which rent his bosom. At length the day arrives; savage festivities and rejoicings are prolonged until the shades of evening close around, and the darkness of night falls like a pall upon that wild funeral feast.

But the pale beams of the rising moon cast a mystic light upon the waters; higher and higher she rises in the still heavens, and the foam and the mists from the mighty falls gleam with a soft and silvery light. Niagara thunders into the dark abyss, but all besides is in a calm repose; the queen of night stoops to kiss the laughing waves, and all nature breathes of love, and peace, and happiness; the wild songs and the wilder whoops of the rejoicing savages suddenly cease; the dread moment has arrived, and a hush—an awful and mysterious hush—is upon the eager, listening crowd. And now the white canoe glides from the bank, and is instantly swept into the fierce rapids. From this moment escape is hopeless. But the young girl dreams not of escape; calmly she steers her frail bark toward the centre of the stream, while frantic yells and deafening shouts of encouragement and approbation burst from the savages who line the banks. Suddenly, another white canoe leaves the dark shade of the forest, and shoots forth upon the stream. A few powerful strokes from the paddle of the Seneca chief, and the canoes are side by side; the eyes of father and child meet in one last look of love, as together they plunge over the thundering cataract into eternity! Farewell Niagara! So long as memory lasts, thy grandeur, thy legends, and thy loveliness, will be ever before me.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

We say of the blind man, from whom the visible world is shut out, that he is poorer by half the world than the man who sees. O, ye spiritually blind, ye indeed are poorer than we by a whole world!

## RESULTS OF APPLICATION.

Many curious illustrations are found in literary biography, of what resolution and application may accomplish in the way of intellectual progress. One of the most remarkable cases of the kind is that of Anthony Purver, an Englishman, who had been brought up as a shoemaker, with no education, excepting a very slender knowledge of his native tongue. Purver was a Quaker, of a serious turn of mind, and after much reflection he resolved to examine the religious principles which he had imbibed in his youth, and in the course of his inquiries found himself much embarrassed by the different translations and explanations of Scripture. This determined him, though late in life, to study the original languages. He began with Hebrew, and in a very moderate compass of time, made himself a competent master of that and other oriental languages, which are most useful to a critical knowledge of the Scriptures. He afterwards learned Greek, and at last Latin, and finally undertook the Herculean task of making a new and literal translation of all the books of the Old and New Testament, with notes critical and explanatory, which was published in two volumes, folio, in 1765—the fruit of thirty years' laborious application. He was aided by an excellent memory, but the resolute and persevering manner in which he applied himself to his literary labors is none the less commendable.—*London Herald*.

## A LUCKY LOSER.

L'Ete of Ems, relates the following story: "A gentleman on entering the reading-room of the Kursaal found a louis at the foot of a chair. No one was in the room at the time, and the gentleman said to himself, 'This coin belongs to chance and let chance do what he likes with it,' and so he went into the play-room and threw it on the table. In three minutes after the piece of gold had become a rouleau, which in the twinkling of an eye became in its turn several bank notes. The gentleman took them up, and in returning to the reading-room saw another gentleman looking for something on the ground. 'What have you lost?' asked the first. 'O, nothing but a twenty franc piece, which I must have dropped somewhere here.' 'I found it,' said the other; and without hesitation he handed to the other four notes of 1000f. each, and some gold, adding, 'You say it was a twenty franc piece you lost; it is not my fault if the tapis vert has changed it into paper! but if you regret the transformation, the play-room is open, and will soon retransform it into less than the gold piece.' The original owner of the twenty franc piece did not require much pressing to induce him to take the windfall so unexpectedly offered him."

## THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Slow pass our days  
In childhood, and the hours of light are long  
Betwixt the morn and eve: with swifter lapse  
They glide in manhood, and in age they fly;  
Till days and seasons flit before the mind  
As flit the snow-flakes in a winter storm,  
Seen rather than distinguished.—BRYANT.



## The Florist.

And O, be sure ye bring me this,  
The love-link 'tis of pure and precious thought,  
Memento blest of love-engendered bliss!

Balm of the soul!

Yes, bring the pale blue-eyed Forget-me-not.

T. L. MERRITT.

### Work for January.

Look well to all standard roses; see that their stakes are firmly in the ground, and the stocks or trunks are well fastened to them. If you have not provided yourself with stocks before this month, lose no time, and when procured, prune the roots into moderate form, for they will frequently be found straggling and awkward. Protect the smooth-wooded kinds, budded on the stocks, in pots, from the cold, and see that those in beds are well covered with litter where there is danger of their suffering from frost; and, as the smooth-wooded varieties budded in pots will be growing, support their shoots and remove all other eyes from the stocks the instant they break. At the North, where roses in parlors and greenhouses are coming into flower, syringe the plants freely with water, and occasionally with a solution of Peruvian guano, mixed in the proportion of half a pint of guano to eight gallons of water. Fumigate often with tobacco, in order to keep down the green fly; and with sulphur, to kill the red spider.

### Preserve your Dahlia Tubers.

A correspondent of the *Journal of Horticulture and Cottage Gardener*, writes as follows:—"May I be permitted to offer a simple suggestion relative to the preservation of dahlia roots during winter? Though carefully dried before storing away in the autumn, I used continually to lose them by the rotting of the crown, till at length the idea one day occurred to me that the mischief was occasioned through the decay of the long stalk attached to the tubers; this becoming partially charged with fluid, kept the crown constantly wet. My remedy has been not to leave more than four inches of stalk; from this to scrape the whole of the outer covering or bark, and at the base to make a small opening which permits any watery deposit to escape. The result has been that I have preserved the whole of my tubers, while experienced gardeners around me have complained of loss, notwithstanding that every precaution from damp or frost had been taken."

### To obtain fresh-blown Flowers in Winter.

Choose some of the most perfect buds of the flowers you would preserve, such as are latest in blowing and ready to open, cut them off with a pair of scissors, leaving to each, if possible, a piece of the stem about three inches long; cover the end of the stem immediately with sealing-wax, and when the buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap each of them up separately in a piece of paper, perfectly clean and dry, and lock them up in a dry box or drawer, and they will keep without corrupting. In winter, or at any other time, when you would have the

flowers blow, take the buds at night and cut off the end of the stem sealed with wax, and put the buds into water wherein a little nitre or salt has been diffused, and the next day you will have the pleasure of seeing the buds open and expand themselves, and the flowers display their most lively colors and breathe their agreeable odors.

### The Strawberry.

To grow this in great perfection, a soil composed in part of clay seems desirable. If the ground be sufficiently fertile to grow corn or potatoes, trench it two feet deep, allowing a portion of clay, two to three inches, to remain on the surface, pulverize with your rake, and set your plants in rows, two feet apart, and from ten to eighteen inches apart in the rows, according to the vigor of the variety. This may be done as soon as the same season's growth are sufficiently rooted to admit of removal—from the last of August to the first of November in this latitude, or early the following spring. If only a few plants—the first produced—are grown from a stool, they will be of the best quality; and if carefully removed in September, they will yield a crop the following season. These should be protected by a covering of straw, leaves, or long manure, during the first winter. Some recommend covering every winter.

### Keep House-Plants clean.

The *London Cottage Gardener* relates an experiment showing the advantage of keeping the leaves free from dust. Two orange-trees, weighing respectively eighteen and twenty ounces, were allowed to vegetate without their leaves being cleaned for a year; and two others, weighing respectively nineteen and twenty and one-half ounces, had their leaves sponged with tepid water once a week; the first two increased in weight less than half an ounce each, while of the two latter, one had increased two and the other nearly three ounces. Except the cleaning, the plants were similarly treated.

### Pruning the Vine.

If gardeners would consult their spade as well as pruning-knife, they would avoid disasters. To prune skilfully, a vine planted unskilfully, is like richly furnishing a house built on sand; the foundations give way, and the decorations are crushed in the general ruin. So far as vines are concerned, it would be better to leave them unpruned than to plant them in earth they cannot feed upon, or in places where their roots gangrene at the extremities. The vine requires a strong, dry, warm soil, and people plant it in a light, wet, or cold border.

### Flowers.

If you don't love flowers yourself, do not quarrel with those who do. It is a defect in your nature which you ought to be sorry for, rather than abuse those who are more gifted. Of what possible use is the rainbow, we would like to know? And yet a wiser than you did not think the earth complete without it.

## The Housewife.

### Apple Meringue.

This is a simple dish, but very attractive-looking, and very pleasant to eat. Take some stewed apple which has been carefully prepared and is entirely free from lumps. It must be strained through a colander, if necessary. Put it into a pudding-dish; beat up the whites of two eggs with not quite as much sugar as you use for frosting; heap this upon the apple; let it stand in a cool oven long enough to become slightly brown. The apple may be flavored with lemon, wine or cinnamon. Any other fruit may be used. This kind of frosting is often put on lemon and other pies which have no upper crust.

### To prepare Fruit for Children.

A far more wholesome way than in pies or puddings, is to put apples sliced, or plums, currants, or gooseberries, etc., into a stone jar, and sprinkle among them as much sugar as necessary. Set the jar in an oven on a hearth, with a teacupful of water to prevent the fruit from burning; or put the jar into a saucepan of water until its contents be perfectly done. Slices of bread, or some rice, may be put into the jar, to eat with the fruit.

### To mince Beef.

Mince the underdone part fine, with some of the fat; put into a stewpan a small quantity of onion, a little water, pepper and salt; boil it until the onion is quite soft; then put in a little gravy and the mince. A few minutes will dress it, but do not let it boil. Have a small hot dish with sippets of bread toasted ready, and pour the mince into it. If a little acidity is liked, a tablespoonful of shalot vinegar may be used instead of the raw onion.

### Milk Whey.

Steep in a cup of hot water for four or five hours a small piece of rennet about an inch and half square. Pour the water, not the skim itself, into two quarts of new milk. When the curd is come, pour it into a sieve or fine earthen colander, and press the whey gently out of it into a jug. This may be given either cool, or made the warmth of new milk, whichever the patient prefers.

### To clean Paint.

Mix together one pound of soft soap, half a pound of powdered pumice stone, and half a pound of pearlsh, with hot water, into a thin paste; take a painting-brush, and lay on this mixture over the paint which requires cleaning, and in five minutes wash it-off with boiling water.

### Arrowroot and Milk.

Mix smooth, with a very little cold milk, one dessertspoonful of arrowroot. Boil half a pint of new milk, and the moment it rises to the boiling point, stir in gently the arrowroot and cold milk. Boil it till it becomes thick.

### To mince cold Veal.

Chop the veal up very fine with a little ham or bacon, a tablespoonful of flour, three eggs, yolks and whites well beaten, a few sweet herbs, a small onion chopped up, seasoning to the taste. Butter well a round pie-dish, fill it with the meat, leaving a round space in the centre of the dish, into which you must place a good-sized cup; put the dish in the oven, and let it bake until the meat assumes a light brown color, then take out the cup, and fill up the space with a rich sauce. White sauce with button mushrooms is the best.

### An economical Dish.

Take three sheeps' tongues; let them lie in cold water for two hours, until all the blood has left them; then throw them into boiling water for a minute, one by one, until you can remove the hard skin that covers them. Place them in a saucepan of lukewarm water; stew them gently for three hours, with three small carrots, two laurel leaves, cloves, a small onion or two, pepper and salt; cut them in two lengthways, remove the roots, and serve with a *sauce piquante*.

### To make Lemon Lozenges.

Take one or two whites of eggs, which beat with some orange-water; then add as much pulverized sugar as will make a stiff paste of it. Introduce also the raspings of lemon peels. All being well incorporated, roll it into balls the size of a thimble, which range on a sheet of paper and flatten afterwards as you like; then put them in the oven to bake. These are good for the summer complaint.

### Force Meat Balls.

Take any cold bits of meat; chop fine with crumbs of bread, and a teaspoonful of chopped onion; add a little salt, pepper and parsley; beat up an egg and put in, and rub all together. Make up into balls the size of an egg, and dip into a beaten egg, and then into flour or bread crumbs, and then fry in lard. These balls are nice put into soup, after frying.

### A Swiss white Soup.

Take a sufficient quantity of good broth for six people; boil it; beat up three eggs well, two spoonfuls of flour, and a cupful of milk; pour these gradually through a sieve or colander into the boiling soup; add nutmeg, salt and Cayenne pepper to your taste.

### Squab Pie.

Pare and cut apples as for pies; lay them in rows with mutton chops and sliced onions. Sprinkle with pepper, and salt, and sugar. Put in a deep dish with a top crust, and bake two hours or more. It can be made with any fresh meat. Eat hot.

### Bry Rot in Cellars.

This may be prevented by whitewashing yearly, mixing with the wash as much copperas as will give it a clear yellow hue.

## Curious Matters.

### A singular Coincidence.

A very singular meeting between father and son occurred at the battle of Antietam, which is well worth recording. Company K, of the 12th Massachusetts, were engaged as skirmishers, and among the killed was Mr. Henry Staten, of Gloucester. His son Henry is also in the army, serving in the 2d Massachusetts. His company also acted as skirmishers, and a moment before he fell, he was seen and recognized by the son; but before he could speak with him a shot from the enemy had accomplished its fatal work, and the father fell mortally wounded. He lived long enough to speak a few parting words, and expired. It was truly a sad meeting, and the feelings of the son, as he stood by his dying father amid the shock of battle, with the balls of the enemy whistling about him, can be imagined but not described.

### Death of a Stone-Eater.

John Speckmier, who for some years past has been travelling around the country entertaining audiences by his power to plunge the blade of a sword at full length down his esophagus, and by his capacity (?) to eat and digest any number of stones—his only food, except lager beer—died suddenly at Buffalo, lately. After he was taken ill, he stated that he had swallowed three pocket-knives a day or two previously, and they had brought on sickness. He was taken to a drug store, but died before he arrived there—the knives having cut the thread of his existence.

### An Eight-Legged Sheep.

An eight-legged sheep was on exhibition at the State fair at Hartford, lately. A gentleman entered the tent and saw the sheep—a great curiosity indeed, four of his legs rested on the ground, and the other four stuck straight up from his back. So it would appear that the sheep, on getting tired on one set, might turn over and travel on with the others. On examination the gentleman discovered some stitches on the side of the animal, and at once "saw" the freak of nature. The lower part of another sheep's hide, legs and all, had been sewed on this "wonderful creature."

### "Vatican."

Many who see this word may not understand its import. It is a pile of buildings covering a space of twelve hundred feet in length and one thousand in breadth on one of the seven hills in Rome. The site was once the garden of barbarous Nero. Early in the sixteenth century, the Bishop of Rome erected there an humble dwelling. This had been added to by one pope after another, until it is now one of the most spacious and magnificent palaces, stocked with paintings, statues, books and antiquities of the rarest kind.

### Big Bell.

The bells on the continent of Europe far surpass those of Great Britain. At Erfurt, in Germany, is a very famous bell, weighing over 27,000 pounds, which was baptized by the name of Susanne, and is distinguished for the excellence of its metal, having the largest proportion of silver. It was cast in 1497, whilst Columbus was still exploring the Antilles, and Martin Luther was a child at school. Thayer, in his "Lecture on Bells," says:—"As I stood by this noble bell I thought how often a few years later, with his exquisite sense of musical effects, must the future reformer have listened, delighted with its deep tones, as he went from house to house begging bread for himself and his brother monks. And what recollections must its voice have awakened within him, when he stopped at Erfurt and preached, while on his way to Worms; or towards the close of his life, when he came thither, the great apostle, honored and beloved by the third part of Christendom."

### Sleepiness in Church.

The art of balancing has become quite popular, and has been deemed worthy of explanation in the form of a lecture by the scientific Mr. Pepper, who is smart and learned at the same time. We must, says the London Court Journal, extract one of the little jokes with which he peppered his lecture, and made it most acceptable fare. He said the old monks' seats in Westminster Abbey, in Henry VII's Chapel, were placed on an axis which passed through the centre. As long as they remained awake nothing happened, but directly when they went to sleep the seat upset, and they were tumbled out. This unclerical merriment was also provided for at the church of Bishop Stortford, where the seats were similarly constructed.

### An Indian Arrow.

One of the arrows discharged by the Indians in the recent massacre at Madelia was taken from the body of one of the victims on the day after the fatal occurrence. The arrow penetrated through the heart to the depth of twelve inches. The Indians discharge these instruments with wonderful accuracy and terrible effect. Instances were seen of their having gone entirely through the body.

### Curious Incident.

At Davenport, lately, a rat ran up a man's leg inside his trousers. It laid hold of the man's leg with his teeth, and held its grip with such tenacity that the man's trousers had to be cut, and the rat was ultimately taken off with a piece of flesh between the teeth. The wound was quite serious.

### Religious Insanity.

A widow woman in Roslin, Canada, aged 62, not long since starved herself to death, under the superstitious belief that God had ordered her so to do, to save her soul. She lived thirty days without food.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### PRINTING.

When this art was first discovered, they only used one side of a leaf; they had not found out the expedient of impressing the other. Their blocks were made of soft wood, and the letters were carved. But frequently breaking, the expense and trouble of gluing new letters, suggested our moveable types. When Dr. Faustus had discovered this new art, and had printed off a considerable number of copies of the Bible, to imitate those which were commonly sold in MSS., he undertook the sale of them at Paris. It was his interest to conceal this discovery, and to pass off his printed copies as MSS. He could sell his Bibles at sixty crowns, while the dealers demanded five hundred. This raised astonishment; and still more, when he produced as fast as wanted, and at lower prices. The uniformity of the copies increased wonder; information was given in to the magistrate against him as a magician. His lodgings were searched, and a great number of copies of the Bible were found. The red ink which embellished his copies was said to be his blood; and it was solemnly adjudged that he was in league with the devil, and he was obliged to save himself from a bonfire by revealing his art to the Parliament of Paris, who discharged him from all prosecution in consideration of this useful invention.

**A FALL.**—Nick Biddle's partner, Baron Steinberger, died recently in St. Louis, on the 4th ult., in reduced circumstances. With Biddle he once divided three millions of dollars in a cotton speculation. He used to give dinners which cost \$10,000. Finally, however, he took to speculating, lost his money, began to drink, and at last "threw up his hand," poor and friendless.

**A SUBSTITUTE.**—A "retired physician, whose hands of life, etc.," says that an opium pill is one of the best things to appease hunger. We prefer oysters, followed by broiled plover.

**LOVE.**—Life without love is worse than death—a world without a sun.

### INTERESTING FACTS.

The Atlantic ocean includes an area of 25,000,000 square miles. Suppose an inch of rain to fall upon only one-fifth of this vast expanse, it would weigh 300,000,000 tons, and the salt which, as water, is held in solution in the sea, and which, when the water was taken up as a vapor, was left behind to disturb the equilibrium, weighed 16,000,000 more tons, or nearly twice as much as all the ships in the world could carry at a cargo each. It might fall in a day; but occupy what time it might in falling, this rain is calculated to exert so much force—which is inconceivably great—in disturbing the equilibrium of the ocean. If all the water discharged by the Mississippi River during the year were taken up in one mighty measure, and cast into the ocean at an effort, it would not make a greater disturbance in the equilibrium of the sea than the fall of rain supposed. And yet so gentle are the operations of nature that movements so vast are unperceived!

**ROGUES.**—A man who cheats in short measure is a measureless rogue. If in whiskey, then he is a rogue in spirit. If he gives a bad title to land, then he is a rogue in deed. If he gives short measure in wheat then he is a rogue in grain. And if he cheats when he can, he is in deed, in spirit, in grain, a measureless scoundrel. If he cheats at all, he is a tall cheat.

**THE FORENSIC "WE."**—Barristers have a ludicrous habit of identifying themselves with their clients by speaking in the plural number. "Gentlemen of the jury," said a luminary of the western circuit, "at the moment the policeman says he saw us in the tap, I will prove that we were locked up in the station-house, in a state of intoxication."

**ROYAL MARRIAGE.**—The marriage of the King of Portugal to the Princess Maria Pia, took place at Lisbon on the 6th Oct., amidst great rejoicing. The royal pair afterward drove round the city, and were received with much enthusiasm.



## CARE OF THE FEET.

"Of all parts of the body," says Dr. Robertson, "there is not one which ought to be so carefully attended to as the feet." Every person knows from experience that colds and many other diseases which proceed from colds, are attributable to cold feet. The feet are at such a distance from "the wheel at the center" of the system, that the circulation of the blood may be very easily checked there. Yet, for all this, and although every person of common sense should be aware of the truth of what we have stated, there is no part of the human body so much trifled with as the feet. The young and would-be genteel footed cramp their toes and feet into thin-soled, bone-pinching boots and shoes, in order to display neat feet, in the fashionable sense of the term. There is one great evil, against which every person should be on their guard, and it is one which is not often guarded against—we mean the changing of warm for cold shoes or boots. A change is often made from thick to thin-soled shoes, without reflecting upon the consequences which might ensue. In cold weather boots and shoes of good thick leather, both in soles and uppers, should be worn by all.

Water-tights are not good if they are air-tights also; India rubber overshoes should never be worn except in wet splashy weather, and then not very long at once. It is hurtful to the feet to wear any covering that is air-tight over them, and for this reason India rubber should be worn as seldom as possible. No part of the body should be allowed to have a covering that entirely obstructs the passage of the carbonic acid gas from the pores of the skin outward, and the moderate passage of air inward to the skin. Life can be destroyed in a very short time, by entirely closing up the pores of the skin. Good warm stockings and thick-soled boots and shoes are conservators of health, and consequently of human happiness.

BOOKS.—A blessed companion is a book! A book that, fitly chosen, is a life-long friend. A book—the unfailing Damon to his loving Pythias. A book that, at a touch, pours its heart into our own.

A CHILDLESS MAN.—Marshal Vaillant, the French Minister of War, says, in a letter giving a sketch of his career, "I have no child; and this is the greatest sorrow God has given me."

## A STAGE TRICK.

We have heard of a revengeful trick played upon a theatrical "star," by a subordinate brother actor whom he had offended by his overbearing manner at rehearsal, which strikes us as well worth recording. The "star" was shining brightly in "Hamlet," and the other was "reflecting" him in Guildenstern. In the scene which introduces the players, Hamlet, it will be remembered says: "Will you play upon this pipe?" "My lord, I cannot," replies Guildenstern. "I pray you," urges Hamlet. "Believe me, I cannot," again protests Guildenstern. "I do beseech you," implores Hamlet. At this point, to the horror of Hamlet, and the utter amazement of the audience, Guildenstern, instead of responding to Hamlet's continuous entreaty, "I know no touch of it, my lords," took the flute and said: "Well, since you're so pressing, I'll try and play you a leetle tune; but you'll be disappointed—I know you will;" and so saying, he put the "pipe" to his mouth, and gave the audience, who by this time "smoked" him, a slight touch of "Yankee Doodle!" As Yellowplush would say, "Phansey Hamlick's feelings!"

ALMOST INCREDIBLE.—A traveller tells of a Moorish lady in Algiers, caught out in a storm, who was so shocked because her *yashmak* was washed off her face, exposing her features to public gaze, that she rushed through a crowded street, and plunged into the Mediterranean!

HEALTH AND STRENGTH.—A man who takes proper care of himself, and indulges in plenty of air, exercise, and above all, recreation, ought to be in a high range of health and strength from twenty-four years to sixty-five.

A CHARITABLE LESSON.—It would be uncharitable too severely to condemn for faults, without taking some thought of the sterling goodness which mingles in and lessens them.

JUST SO.—When you go out to slide on the ice, choose a pond without water, and then you will be sure not to get drowned.

USEFUL RECIPE.—To keep water out, use pitch; to keep it in, use a pitcher.

SPIES.—He who turns spy for pleasure wouldn't stickle to be hangman for business.

**DON'T BE LAZY.**

We saw a book not long since, entitled "A Lift for the Lazy," which we thought an ill-chosen title, inasmuch as lazy people are the last persons in the world who deserve a "lift." Society abounds in croakers—people who have nothing else to do, apparently, but to go about grumbling, and obtruding their imaginary troubles upon other folks. Such people need employment. The fact is, leisure is a very pleasant garment to look at, but it is shocking poor stuff to wear, and the ruin of many a naturally good disposition and fine character may be traced to it. Your friend who complains so bitterly of low spirits, ennui, and the blue devils, needs business—something to do. Doubtless half his imaginary ills may be traced to indolence and feather-beds. The idler—or perhaps we should give him the more legitimate and descriptive name of loafer—is a sponge on society, a mere vegetable, a sort of toadstool, and quite as useless. He never produces a single thought, his hands are never turned to anything; but he lolls about, lazy and miserable, from morning until night. Fie, fie, man! what is life without activity? Only a door groaning on its rusty hinges. The best fun in the world is activity. Who ever saw a wood-sawyer or a hod-carrier troubled with the "blues?" It's only the rich and comfortable that die of indigestion. We never set our eyes on a lazy, complaining man, but we think seriously upon Zimmerman's words. "If you ask me," says the shrewd old philosopher, "which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No, I shall say, 'indolence will conquer all the rest.' Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity."

**GOLD.**—In view of the extraordinary discoveries of gold in several of the United States territories, and considering the increased necessities of the government, Congress will at the ensuing session be asked to enact some measures by which considerable part of the treasure may, through the miners, be secured for the public use.

**WOMEN OCCUPYING THE PULPIT.**—Rev. J. H. Cleveland, pastor of the Universalist Society in Milan, Indiana, has entered a regiment of volunteers from that State. He writes the Herald and Era that the ladies of his congregation have volunteered to fill the pulpit during his absence.

**A BOY HUNG IN SPORT.**

The Philadelphia Inquirer states that an occurrence attended with fatal results took place in the first ward of that city, lately. Charles H. Alburger, aged 14 years, a son of Adam Alburger, residing in Second Street, was in a slaughter-house attached to his father's residence, in company with several boys about his own age. They were engaged in playing "John Brown," i. e., going through the form of hanging, etc., using a dog belonging to Mr. Alburger as a victim. While engaged in this amusement, some of the boys playfully placed a strap, used as a rope, around the neck of young Alburger, and proceeded to draw him from the ground by means of a crank used to hang meat. By some unfortunate chance the strap tightened around his neck, while his feet did not touch the ground, and he was hung in earnest. His companions becoming frightened, did not attempt to take or cut him down, but called for the inmates of the house. Some of the women made their appearance, who cried for help, and brought a passer-by to the assistance of the unfortunate youth. He was cut down after hanging two minutes. All possible measures were at once taken for his recovery. Five physicians were in attendance, but their united exertions failed to restore him. After suffering much agony, he expired the next day at two o'clock.

**WEAR A SMILE.**

Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make everybody round you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire, surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eye, and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.

**SUGGESTION FOR THE STUPID.**—Never think of saying *bo* to a goose. Say *beau* to the gander—*belle* to the goose.

### THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

Traces of the semi-civilized race of men that inhabited this country prior to the advent of the present Indian tribes, are often met in the valley of the Mississippi and along its tributary streams. These traces consist of mounds, tumuli, fortifications, etc., and occasionally human remains and other interesting relics of the mound-builders are dug up from beneath these earth-works. Quite recently, near the town of Winchester, Randolph county, in the eastern part of Indiana, skeletons of men ten feet high have been found in the vicinity of these works of a past race. There is a fortification of earth-work near by, which covers a space of thirty-six acres. The present height of these works is fifteen feet, but there is a mound in the centre which rises to the height of twenty-five feet. Directly east and west from this central mound there are gateways through the sides of the fortification, and outside of these openings and around them are other smaller forts. These new discoveries are precisely similar in character to the mounds and fortifications heretofore found in those regions, and were doubtless the work of the same people.

In reference to the question whence these people came, and whither they departed, archaeologists have presented a very plausible theory of their origin in Southern Asia, and entrance upon this continent from the northwest, by the way of Kamschatka and the bridge of islands called the Aleutian chain. They made their way to the regions on the western shore of Lake Superior, and traces of them in the copper mines of that locality are found by the miners at this day. They occupied the Mississippi basin until driven thence by the invading Indian race, which originated in Northern Asia, and followed the former to America at a later period, settling upon the Pacific side, but gradually encroaching towards the east until they came at length upon the Mississippi, and encountered their more civilized predecessors in the line of emigration. The Leni Lenape, or Delaware Indians, according to the traditions handed down to them by their ancestors, resided many hundred years ago in a very distant country in the western part of the American continent. They determined to emigrate to the eastward, and accordingly set out in a body. After a long journey, and many halts of a year at one place, they arrived at the Namocsi Sipu (river of fish), the river now known as the Mississippi, which name is evidently a corruption of the Indian words

*namocsi*, fish, and *sipu*, river. At the river they met with another Indian tribe, the Mengwe (the Iroquois, or Five Nations), who had also emigrated eastward from a distant country, and had struck the river somewhat higher up.

The traditions of the Delawares further state that the country east of the "Namocsi Sipu" was inhabited by a powerful nation, who had many large towns built on the great rivers flowing through the land. These people were called the Alligewi, from whose name the original name of the Ohio River, Alleghany, also of the mountain chain to the eastward, is derived. They were remarkably stout and tall men, and the tradition further says that there were giants among them. They defended themselves by regular fortifications and entrenchments. The Lenape sought permission to settle in the country, but were refused, and could only obtain consent that they should pass through and seek a settlement further eastward. While they were crossing the great river, their numbers alarmed the Alligewi, and a furious attack was commenced upon them for the purpose of preventing their crossing. This treachery led to a war in which the Iroquois joined the Delawares, and the final result was the expulsion of the Alligewi from their country, and the eventual migration southward into Mexico, Central America and Peru. This occurred about the sixth century of our era, and the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians had traditions among them corresponding with these.

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**SPIRITUAL MEDIUM!**—Twelve pairs of boots, containing twelve bottles of whiskey, were taken from beneath the clothes of a female smuggler at Memphis, recently, just as she was passing into Dixie.

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**THE CUD.**—The Bridgeton (Me.) Reporter tells of a girl near that place, who chewed gum during the interesting ceremony of her marriage with her beloved. It was, doubtless, the "cud of sweet and bitter fancies."

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**THE OIL-WELLS GIVING OUT.**—It is stated that the flow of the Pennsylvania oil-wells is decreasing, the daily product of the whole region being estimated at scarcely four thousand barrels.

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**KENTUCKY LOTTERIES.**—Lotteries are now licensed in Kentucky. A per centage of the profits is to be used by a State library.

## COURTESHIP.

Falling in love is an old fashion, and one that will yet endure. Cobbett, a good sound Englishman, twitted Malthus, the anti-population writer, with the fact that, do all he could, and all that government could, ay, all that twenty thousand governments could, he could not prevent courting and falling in love. "Between fifteen and twenty-two," said he, "all people will fall in love." Shakspeare pushes out this season to the age of forty-five. Old Burton, writing on love-melancholy, gives us a still further extension of the lease; and certainly there be old fools as well as young fools." But no one is absolutely free from the universal passion. The Greek epigram on a statue of Cupid, which Voltaire, amongst a hundred of others, has happily produced, is perfectly true:

"Whoe'er thou art, thy master see!  
Who was, or is, or is to be."

Probably no one escapes from the passion. We find in trials and in criminal history that the quaintest, quietest of men, the most outwardly saintly, cold, stone-like beings, have had their moments of intense love-madness. Luckily, love is as lawful as eating, when properly indulged in.

Cobbett tells us how an English yeoman loved and courted, and how he was loved in return; and a prettier episode does not exist in the English language. Talk of private memoirs of courts, the gossip of this cottage is worth it all. Cobbett, who was a sergeant major in a regiment of foot, fell in love with a daughter of a sergeant of artillery, then in the province of New Brunswick. He had not passed more than an hour in her company, when, noting her modesty, her quietude, and her sobriety, he said, "that is the girl for me." The next morning he was up early, and almost before it was light passed the sergeant's house. There she was on the snow, scrubbing out a washtub. "That's the girl for me," again cried Cobbett, although she was not more than fourteen, and he nearly twenty-one.

"From the day I first spoke to her," he writes, "I had no more thought of her being the wife of any other man than I had the thought of her becoming a chest of drawers." He paid every attention to her, and, young as she was, treated her with all confidence. He spoke to her as his friend, his second self. But in six months the artillery were ordered to England, and her father with them. Here was indeed a blow. Cobbett knew what

Woolwich was, and what temptations a young and pretty girl would be sure to undergo.

He therefore took to her his whole fortune, one hundred and fifty guineas, the savings of his pay and overwork, and wrote to tell her that if she did not find her place comfortable to take lodgings, and put herself to school, and not to work too hard, for he would be home in two years. But, as he says, "as the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad two years longer than our time, Mr. Pitt having knocked up a dust with Spain about Nootka Sound. O, how I cursed Nootka Sound, and poor bawling Pitt!" But at the end of four years Cobbett got his discharge.

He found his little girl a servant of all work, at five pounds a year, in the house of a Captain Brisac; and without saying a word about the matter, she put into his hands the whole of the hundred and fifty guineas unbroken!

What a pretty, tender picture is that!—the young sergeant, and the little girl of eighteen, who had kept for four years the treasure untouched, waiting with patience her lover's return! What kindly, pure trust on both sides! The historical painters of the Royal Academy give us scenes from English history of intrigue and bloodshed. Why can they not give us a scene of true English courtship like that? Cobbett, who knew how to write sterling English better than many men of his own days, and most men of ours, does not forget to enlarge upon the scene, and dearly he loved his wife for her share of it; but he does not forget to add, that with this love there was mixed "self-gratulation on this indubitable proof of the soundness of his own judgment."

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PERSONAL.—Ellas Howe, Jr., the well-known inventor of the sewing-machine needle, whose patent yields the princely income of a quarter of a million of dollars annually, is a private soldier in the Connecticut Seventeenth.

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EXPENSIVE.—The government tax on the telegraphic despatches to the seven daily papers in this city, amounts to \$40 per week.

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AUSTRALIA.—There are in Victoria, Australia, 884 places of worship, with accommodation for 160,000 persons.

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QUERY.—What domestic vessels does a circus-rider resemble? A pitcher and tumbler.



**ORGANIC REMAINS.**

Of all the curious and interesting relics that are discovered in modern times, those that the earth is found to contain seem to us the most remarkable and worthy of note. The ground is discovered to be full of organic substances, animal and vegetable, which must have remained there thousands of years, forming the only monument and memorial of races of beings long since passed away. How curious the imagination at once becomes; how full of conjecture at the sight of these relics. To whom could they have belonged?—what sort of people, and what have become of these races, entirely extinguished, with all records of themselves save these curious organic remains? Have they passed through the vale of death and gone to people some of the stars? or does the silence of the tomb end their spiritual as well as bodily existence? The mind will revel in these fancies, will form strange and fanciful conjectures when it beholds these remarkable and unintelligible memorials. True, science has succeeded, in some degree, in classifying these monuments of the past. Their relative positions in the formations recognized by geologists, have also enabled scientific men to determine the relative period at which the people they represent acted their part upon the stage of life, hereafter to be trodden, perhaps, by an infinite succession of races!

Then springs up the wonder and conjecture in our minds, shall we, too, be thus forgotten? Will the seemingly imperishable monuments and records that we are multiplying, share this fearful oblivion? Doubtless, yes! All history and observation show that the earth's surface is undergoing a perpetual change. The currents of rivers and oceans are forming accumulations of land in some places, and washing away the surface in others. Indeed, you and I, gentle reader, can remember of the disappearance of whole islands of no inconsiderable magnitude. The lofty mountains, sapped and undermined by rains and heavy frosts, plunge into the hollows below, and towering hills and deep valleys are formed by the washing away of the soil in rivers' courses, and by earthquakes. Philosophical reasoners and able geologists have long since arrived at the opinion, that nearly the whole of the present surface of the earth was once at the bottom of the sea, and has been uplifted by mighty convulsions of nature.

Thus it is that shells and aquatic belongings are found on mountain tops, hundreds of miles from the sea, and swamps show the petrified

remains of vegetation that grows only on high and dry soils. Among other remains most curious are those of animals, the species of which is now extinct, but which are remarkable for their extraordinary dimensions and formations. Among them is the *Mastodon* found in this country, of the enormous dimensions of eighteen feet in length by twelve in height! In short, these curiosities of geology are almost inexhaustible.

**MIGRATION OF EELS.**

A close observer assures us that the following interesting evolutions occur when eels come in from the sea. The aggregate shoal, about to ascend the inland streams, moves up the shore of the river, in the form of a long, dark, rope-like body in shape not unlike an enormous specimen of the animals which compose it. On reaching the first tributary, a portion, consisting of the number of eels adequate for peopling this stream detaches itself from the main body and passes up; and, in the subsequent onward passage of the shoal, this marvellous system of detaching, on reaching the mouths of brooks, a proportionate quantity of the great advancing swarm, is repeated, until the entire number has been suitably provided with rivulets to revel in—such being the wonderful instinct by which nature ordains that each stream shall be provided with a competent number of this migratory creature.

**A MEXICAN FUNERAL.**—The Mexican *senoritas* are borne to the grave on open biers, whereon they lie attired in all the finery that was the delight of their young hearts while living. There they lie, with flowers heaped around them; their skirts fringed with costly lace, and the delicate ankles and feet showing yet more delicate in trim silk hose and Cinderella slippers.

**A BANKRUPT'S ASSETS.**—The entire assets of a recent bankrupt were nine children. The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.

**LIBERTY AND DESPOTISM.**—Despots are hostile to liberty; as though, among men as with geese, the wild ones were more cunning than the tame.

**PUNCTUALITY.**—With kings, a politeness; with men, a business; with women, a pastime.

## Foreign Miscellany.

Fatal accidents in London, for one year, caused by wearing crinoline, seventy-five.

Maj. Gen. Sir John Eardley Wilmot Inglis, the hero of Lucknow in the Sepoy rebellion, died 27th of Sept., at Hamburg, Germany.

A Belgian chemist has discovered alloys that so much resemble gold and silver as to be taken for the pure metal, but not as coin.

The great Suez ship-canal, which is now being cut through the Isthmus, to connect the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, will be 91 miles in length, 260 feet in width.

A Paris letter states that the Mexican expedition has already cost 74,000,000 francs, or nearly 3,000,000 pounds sterling, and 1600 men are in the hospitals or dead.

A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* estimates the property of Great Britain and Ireland, in 1858, at twenty-nine thousand millions of dollars, which is about \$1000 to each inhabitant.

The French government is said to have made a demand upon King Leopold for the expulsion of Louis Blanc from Belgium. M. Blanc's offence was the speech he made at the Brussels banquet to Victor Hugo.

The English lady who has a mania for collecting the stamps of all nations in an album, will have to procure ninety-five different kinds, which are used under our tax law, and expend \$196.53 to purchase one of each kind.

A quicksilver "lode" has been discovered within two miles of San Francisco. The prospects are rich and appear extensive. The discovery was made accidentally while excavating a hill to prepare to lay down a pipe for the Spring Valley Water Company.

The Sultan of Turkey has refused to sanction a proposed reduction of thirty per cent. on the salaries of all government employees. He is reported to have remarked that the employees have already suffered too much to be again subjected to new privations.

On a recent Sunday evening, a congregation in an English town were suddenly plunged into total darkness. The cause was that crinoline had just entered; a lady's dress was caught in the key of the gas meter, the lady dragged the crinoline, the crinoline dragged the key, and light was locked out.

The *London Examiner* is severe on fashionable head-dresses, remarking that "we still disgrace our heads by carrying black chimney pots upon them; the hat remains a hard reality, while ladies' bonnets have ceased to be at all useful as head coverings, and exist only, as misshapen, much bedizened milliners' nightmares of the ornamental."

The law for the abolition of slavery in the Dutch West Indies, which goes into operation in July next, grants the owners three hundred guilders for each slave. The supervision of the State is not to continue longer than ten years, and fixed labor is obligatory on all the emancipated. A million guilders (\$400,000) have been voted to encourage emigration for five years.

It is said that 30,000 vols. are added yearly to the British Museum Library.

Statistics show that some 6,000,000 Chinese die annually from the vile use of opium.

Gutta percha pipes are in very general use in London and Paris for conveying water.

In Persia ladies wear daggers in their girdles, in America they wear them in their eyes.

It is said that by a certain process ivory is now liquified in Paris and then cast into statuettes.

China proper is said to contain four hundred millions of human beings.

Pekin is to be connected with London by telegraph, in six months.

The Australians are suffering from "frightful inundations."

The Mohammedans have a cemetery and a mosque established in the city of Paris.

At the Surry Theatre, London, a novelty has been introduced in the form of a looking-glass curtain, measuring 1000 square feet.

It is said that the Queen of Naples has determined on renouncing the world and taking the veil. She is now in a convent at Augsburg.

Egypt is raising cotton in large quantities, and promises to do more in the same way. Asia Minor is adding to her cotton productions.

It is rumored that Queen Victoria will abdicate in favor of the Prince of Wales when the prince is married.

It is affirmed, says the *Austrian Gazette*, that the manufacture of gun cotton is abolished in Austria.

The King of Denmark has had a pair of Colt's revolvers, covered with gold inlaid in beautiful arabesque, presented to him by President Lincoln, on his own private account.

During the last year the women of England have borne above 2000 children a day; but death struck down about 1300 a day, and reduced the natural increase of population to little more than 700 a day.

In the second half of the fifteenth century Russia was but 18,000 square miles in extent. Now it covers 392,000 square miles. In 1722 the population of the empire was 14 millions; now it is 65 millions.

A foreign journal says the Austrian ladies have resolved to give crinoline a dead cut, and have intimated to the managers of the Vienna theatres that they will not patronize the house where the actresses wear crinolines.

A new and prolific silk worm has been introduced at Monte Video, pronounced superior to the China worm, resisting cold and producing cocoons of superior weight and consistency to the Chinese. It feeds on the recins which grow spontaneously in the republic.

The exports of petroleum oil have become of so much importance that at Liverpool an immense fire-proof building is being erected at one of the docks, for the exclusive purpose of storing the petroleum as it arrives. The building is to be furnished with iron tanks, capable of holding 320,000 gallons, and with room above the tanks for storing 140,000 in casks.

## Record of the Times.

Twenty million dollars' worth of beef is annually consumed in New York city.

The best cough mixture—thick boots, with lots of air and exercise. Never fails.

What letter is it that is never used more than twice in America? Letter A, of course.

The ice business of Boston employs some 2,000,000 of dollars and hundreds of men.

There are 171 places in the United States called Washington.

A little boy thought the rising of the sun depended on the crowing of the rooster.

The purest heart is that which dares to call itself impure.

Some of the New Hampshire farmers this season have raised 23-pound turnips.

The first book the Harpers ever published was one of Walter Scott's novels.

Six theatres and two circuses are in successful operation in the city of Washington.

There are more patent humbug medicines before the public now than ever before.

The 73d Illinois Regiment is officered throughout by Methodist preachers!

If a man marry a shrew, are we to suppose he is shrewd?

The whole population of Mexico is now stated to be about 7,000,000 souls.

Massachusetts has enjoyed a remarkably favorable season for her harvest.

There are over one hundred families of the name of Newhall in the city of Lynn, Mass.

Gum arabic is formed from the sap of the acacia tree which grows in Morocco.

Good nature is a glow worm that sheds light even in the darkest places. Try it.

One thousand years ago the Chinese built suspension bridges of more than four hundred feet span.

In 1849 a baby in San Francisco was a curiosity that people ran to see, but now we learn there are 27,000 children in that city.

The New York Tablet thinks there are not less than two hundred thousand men in the United armies to-day of Irish birth or lineage.

It is estimated that Illinois will produce 20,000 bales of cotton this year, and the crop is now gathering. The variety is the upland.

The Jews of Syracuse, New York, have subscribed two thousand two hundred and sixty dollars to aid the Fourth Onondaga Regiment.

The old iron mine in Tinmouth, Vt., has been re-opened, and is worked by the Plymouth Company. A new and rich vein of ore has been struck.

A sugar-refining firm in Philadelphia have manufactured a pyramid of fine loaf sugar a foot and a half through at the base, four feet three inches in height, and weighing nearly two hundred pounds, which is to be presented to Mrs. George B. McClellan.

New York city boasts two hundred astrologers, clairvoyants and fortune-tellers.

A man in Baltimore lately drank a pint of camphene, in default of alcohol. He died.

Life is a lottery; but he who draws many corks wont be likely to draw much else.

Rubber goods have lately been advanced 40 per cent.

Church, the artist, painted a picture of Niagara Falls the other day in five hours, for which he received \$1500.

Canada is a poor, one-horse place, any way, but they are going to have a thanksgiving day there.

A white robin was shot in Auburn lately by John M. Aldrich, of Worcester, who discovered this *rara avis* in a flock of the pretty redbreasts.

Manufacturing is so brisk in Connecticut that four large new factories are in course of erection to meet the requirements of business.

The government has advertised for two thousand head boards for graves, to be delivered within thirty days. They are to be of black walnut, clear of knots, four feet long and ten inches wide.

A Scotchman asked an Irishman, why were half farthings coined in England? The answer was, "So that Scotchmen may have an opportunity to subscribe to charitable associations."

The fact that the revenue of Nova Scotia has fallen off \$1,000,000, in 1861, owing to the interruption of Southern trade, may account for the hostility of the Nova Scotians to the United States.

The Albany Gas Company have refused to sell their coke, and determined to give it to the poor of the city. This handsome and beneficent conduct seems to disprove the old adage that "Corporations have no souls."

It is said that in shelling beans, if scalding water is poured upon the pods, the beans will slip very easily from the pod. So also, it is said that by pouring scalding water on apples the skins may be easily slipped off and much labor saved.

At an exhibition given in Troy, N. Y., recently, a committee of ladies was appointed to make a pilgrimage through the audience and select the handsomest man in the room. The lucky man was the major of the twenty-fourth regiment. The superb major received a prize as a reward for his good looks.

The Newport News tells of a young man there named Randall Pullen, who recently enlisted and received \$200 bounty. When he was quite young his mother was left a widow, and in struggling to bring up her children, it is not surprising that she was compelled to run into debt. There were outstanding against her, the sum of one hundred dollars in small amounts. They were all outlawed. Randall upon receiving his money, went to every creditor of his mother, and paid every claim, to the above amount.

## Merry-Making.

How does the most punctual paymaster incur a mighty debt? By sleeping on tick.

Can any one define the exact width of a narrow escape?

Can a man's pocket be empty when he's got something in it? Yes, when he has a big hole in it.

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."

If it were decreed that one man should live forever, all the rest of the world would impute their deaths to him.

A Yankee, according to the latest authority, sees aqueducts in bubbling springs, buildings in stones, and cash in everything.

Colonel Christy asks, Why is the stern of a vessel leaving port like an uncivil gentleman? and answers, Because it never returns a bow.

A tobacco manufacturer advertises a new brand as "Ladies' Delight." Our cynical friend wishes to know if that isn't the sort they make into widow's weeds.

Very different things are sometimes suggestive of each other. The learned word "Propaganda," read aloud, would almost make any one think of proper gander!

"Boy, did you let off that gun?" exclaimed an enraged school-master. "Yes, master." "Well, what do you think I will do to you?" "Why, let me off."

At the door of an office in Cincinnati we saw the following sign: "Money loaned to any amount from five to fifty cents on real estate or other good security."

Speaking of the enormous taxes levied by Brigham Young upon the inhabitants of Utah, may we not apply to him the line of Goldsmith:

"A man is he to all the country dear?"

A steamer with a boy of twelve at the helm. Old gentleman—"You're a smart young fellow to be trusted in that situation already. Boy (indignantly)—Don't you see the notice, "not to speak to the man at the wheel?"

"Ah, doctaw, does the cholera awfect the highaw awda?" asked an exquisite of a celebrated physician in New Orleans. "No," replied the doctor, "but it's death on fools, and you'd better leave the city immediately." The "fellow" sloped.

Dentist to his patient—Hem, very odd, I must have made some mistake; there's nothing the matter with this tooth. Never mind, I'll try again. Of course, I won't charge you for pulling more than one of them, no matter how many I take out.

A friend of ours was travelling lately, while afflicted with a very bad cough. He annoyed his fellow-travellers greatly, till finally one of them remarked, in a tone of displeasure, "Sir, that is a very bad cough of yours." "True, sir," replied our friend, "but you will excuse me—it's the best I've got!"

A machine has been invented which is to be driven by the force of circumstances.

When does a man die for his love? When he turns his red whiskers brown.

To terminate a lawsuit speedily is the next best thing to never have commenced it.

Are the minutes relating to an affair of honor always drawn up by the seconds?

What kind of a fever have those who wish to have their names in print? Type-us fever.

Why is your thumb, when putting on a glove, like eternity? Because it is *ever last in* (everlasting)!

Why is the electric telegraph like a prosy story-teller? Because they are long *wire-drawn* communications.

When is a beggar like one of our most faithful Indian tribes? When he's a Sikh in arms. (Seeking alms).

A man with a scolding wife, when inquired of respecting his occupation, said he kept a hot-house.

"Welcome, little stranger," as the man said when he found a three-cent piece among his postage stamps.

"Do you know who built this bridge?" said a person to Hook. "No," replied Hook, "but if you go over you'll be tolled."

We should round every day of stirring action with an evening of thought. We learn nothing from our experience unless we muse upon it.

A person pointed out a man who had a profusion of rings on his fingers, to a cooper. "Ah, master," said the artisan, "it's a sure sign of weakness, when so many hoops are used."

When Jack Jones discovered that he had polished his mate's boots instead of his own, he called it an aggravated instance of "laboring, and confoundedly hard, too, under a mistake."

At Quarter Sessions one of the magistrates slept and snored, a young barrister sent up this note to the senior counsel: "Q.—Why is Sir Tunbilly like the first ship on record? A.—Because *he snores, hark!*"

"What are you about?" inquired a lunatic of a cook, who was industriously stripping the feathers from a fowl. "Dressing a chicken," answered the cook. "I should call that undressing," said the crazy chap in reply.

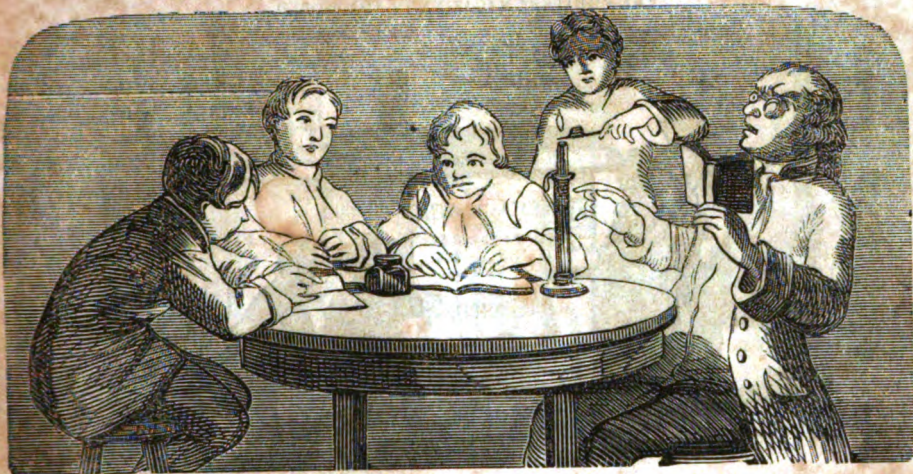
A countryman, who got a situation at the west end of London, on entering a room where there was a globe of gold fish, exclaimed, "Well, this is the first time I ever saw a red herring alive!"

An absent-minded gentleman, on retiring at night, put his dog to bed, and kicked himself down stairs. He did not discover his mistake until he went to yelp, and the dog tried to snore.

At a wedding, recently, when the officiating priest put to the lady the question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest curtsy, and with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, replied, "If you please."



GATHERINGS FROM OUR PORTFOLIO.



At study—candle snuffed out.



Settling old scores in the dark!



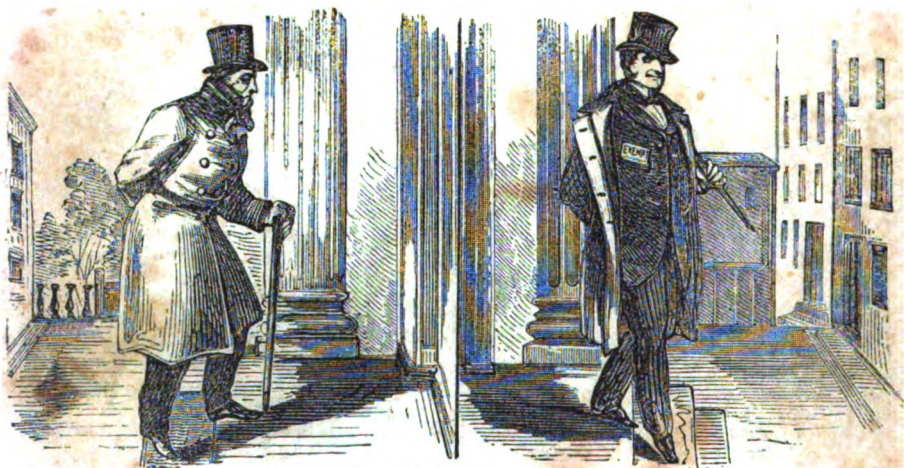
Result, when the light appears.



**BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**  
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Signs of the Times.



Applicant for exemption.—Speedy improvement after obtaining it.



But seventeen springs have passed over her head.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII.—No. 2.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1863.

WHOLE No. 98.

## LADIES' HEAD GEAR.



little reason seems to have actuated the invention or adoption of many of these conceits. But it does not become men to laugh too readily at the folly of ladies' head gear, when they have made universal in Europe the modern black hat—a thing without one recommendation, painful to wear, and so frightfully ugly that we are inclined to pity the artists of futurity if they are to paint historic pictures of the present time truthfully. In no age or country do the monuments of painting or sculpture represent anything equally hideous worn by man.

We need not prosecute our researches further than the fourteenth century, to find enough amusement and abundant variety for the time and space at our command. The extreme

freaks of fancy in head gear may be said to have fairly commenced then—in the horns, worn with much pride and pleasure by the fair ladies of France, and exported, as usual, from thence, for the



decoration of the rest of the fashionable world. Whether the fashion may have originated in the crusading experiences of the age, and have been adopted from the Druse women of Lebanon (who have been always remarkable for the use of a large horn upon the forehead as a support to their vells) does not appear; but the western world was astonished by finding its wives and daughters suddenly decorated with horned head dresses quite as absurd. They excited the ire of the clergy, who adopted the most stringent means to discountenance the fashion. The Bishop of Paris, not satisfied with preaching a highly-inflammatory sermon against them, excited his hearers to cry out, "Beware the ram!" when they saw ladies wearing them.

He even went so far as to promise ten days pardon to all who should thus cry out against them. The effect does not appear to have been conclusive, for we find them represented in the drawings attached to ancient manuscripts shooting forth larger than ever; and, like those of the Druse ladies, supporting a veil that depended from their summit, a yard above the head, to the heels of the fairwearers. The clergy became more generally irate, particularly when they saw their denunciations so little attended to; and one of the number took upon himself the task of a travelling crusade against them, which was so formidable as to have been considered worthy of record in the general chronicles of the time, compiled by Euguerrand de Monstrelet, who tells us that in the year 1428, a friar, called Thomas Conecte, a member of the Carmelites, made a tour in Flanders and Northern France, preaching against the vices and vanities of the day. His invectives, as usual, so far fascinated the people, that they erected scaffolds in the principal squares of the towns which he had signified his intention to visit. The inhabitants came in great crowds





to hear him. He was so vehement against them, that no woman thus dressed dared to appear in his presence; for he was accustomed, when he saw any of them with such dresses, to excite the little boys to torment and plague them, giving them certain days of pardon for so doing, and which he said he had the power of granting. He ordered the boys to shout after them, even when the ladies

had departed from him; and the boys pursuing them, endeavored to pull down their monstrous head dresses, so that the ladies were forced to seek shelter in places of safety. Their cries caused many tumults between them and the servants of the ladies. Friar Thomas, nevertheless, continued his abuse and invectives so loudly, that no women with high head dresses any longer attended his sermons, but dressed in caps somewhat like those worn by peasants and people of low degree. The ladies of rank, on their return from these sermons, were so much ashamed by the abusive expressions of the preacher, that the greater part laid aside their head dresses and wore such as those of nuns. But this reform lasted not long; for, like as snails when any one passes by them draw in their horns, and when all danger seems over dart them forth again, so these ladies, shortly after the preacher had quitted their country, forgetful of his doctrine and abuse, began to assume their colossal head dresses, and wear them even higher than before. This grotesque and inconvenient fashion was destined to longer vitality than usual, and even to become the local characteristic of the upper-class peasantry in Normandy and Brittany.

The next "great" variety of the fifteenth century was, the adoption of a vast wire-work support for the gauze wimple, or veil, which fell from thence at a wide distance from the back of the wearer. The hair was completely hidden by being drawn up from the forehead to the top of the head, into a sort of hat or case of colored silks, enriched with embroidery in gold or silver threads and jewels. A lady's hair was thus hidden from sight during the larger part of this and the following century, by the fashionable head dresses as they succeeded each other.

A perfectly geometrical form, which might have been invented by some clerical architect, succeeded to these in the reign of Henry VII. An angle like the penthouse of an old timber mansion was formed over a lady's forehead, and a straight ugly line was brought down the sides of the face; the whole thing was formalism run mad. It is seen in full effect on the effigy of Henry's mother, the Countess Dowager of Richmond, upon her tomb in West-



minster Abbey, and almost appears as if the lady had placed her head in one of its architectural enrichments rather than in a matron's cap. In head dresses of almost equal ugliness appeared the ladies of the court of that gallant wife killer Henry VIII., but relieved occasionally by piles of lappets, which even Holbein's careful drawing hardly enables us to comprehend fully.

His regal daughter, Mary, was too much of an ascetic, and had too unhealthy a constitution, for the gaieties of life, and fashion with her was left as she found it; her majesty encased her head in the sort of velvet porringers which spoke more of comfort than variety. Not so did her sister behave; there never was a lady sovereign more fond of "queening it" than her majesty Elizabeth. Her love of dress was not only extravagant, but reckless in its profusion. At her death she left clothes enough for a dozen queens, and all be-laced and be-spangled, covered with jewels, or cut and slashed with gores and insertions of silks and velvets—so be-loaded with decoration, that it was difficult to say of what the original stuff was composed which formed the sub-structure of the whole. The hair now burst forth again in full effulgence, for her majesty's was a bright red, and she wore it in full profusion. To let the locks "dangle loose as a bride's hair," is a simile in Shakspeare, derived from the custom of allowing the dishevelled hair of a girl to flow over her shoulders and down the back at all marriage ceremonies.

The downfall of monarchy, and the uprise of Puritanism gave a final blow to these fashions, and close-cut hair, bundled up in quiffs of linen tied close around the chin, or crammed into velvet caps of narrowest dimensions, was for a time in the ascendant. It was not till the Restoration that the hair and the spirits of the ladies were allowed to flow free. If Charles's court had been less licentious, but only honestly gay, the change would have been better for England. Unfortunately, the king set the example of going to the very opposite of Puritanism, and his court soon became a scandal to the age. The ladies followed the style adopted by their sisters of the court of Louis XIV., and wore their hair at the Restoration flowing at each side of the head, in thick masses of curl, upon the shoulders. In the course of the reign the fashion altered, and the mass was raised in a towering row of curls and ribbons to the summit of the head. This new style, also imported from France, was singularly stiff and unbecoming. It was termed a Fontange, from the name of its inventor; it originated in an accident, was established in a temporary whim by the





grand monarch, and disfigured ladies' heads until the accession of the House of Hanover. Its invention may be thus simply narrated: The court ladies of France were in the habit of combing the hair up from the forehead in a series of curls, entwined with rows of pearl; and such a head dress was worn by Mademoiselle de Fontange at a hunting party held by Louis XIV. in person, at Vincennes. The day was a windy one, and the lady was greatly



troubled to keep her high curls in place; at last, she hit upon the notable plan of securing them more firmly with her colored silken garters. The king, much pleased with the effect thus accidentally produced, implored her to adopt it generally (which of course she was too complacent to refuse), and the court ladies one and all followed suit by arranging theirs in colored ribbons the very next morning,—and the fashion was

established. Notwithstanding its free origin, it lacked freedom of design as ultimately arranged by court fashionables, and was always one of the stiffest and ugliest of coiffures. Yet, like the horrible modern hat, it became almost universal in Europe; and ladies disfigured themselves willingly when Louis XIV. gave his sanction to the fashion. As if to jest upon their own inconveniences, this mass of ribbon and curl, so difficult to adjust and keep in due position, was re-christened by the ladies, and called a *commode*; under that name it is frequently mentioned by writers of the time of William III. and Anne. Portraits of the latter queen generally exhibit her head surmounted by this coiffure, to which the English sometimes gave the name of *tower*—a designation more befitting than the French one. It gradually died out in the form of high-plaited



caps over the forehead, becoming less and less during the reigns of Georges I. and II.; making its last appearance on the heads of charity-school girls—those unfortunate recipients of the dregs of fashion.

France did not monopolize the ruling and setting of fashions until the *eclat* of Louis's court at Versailles made an imitation of its follies and extravagances the ruling passion at other seats of sovereignty. In the reign of Elizabeth, and during the early half of the seventeenth century, Germany, Italy, and other countries, gave the fashion of various articles of clothing adopted by the English, who were then notorious for selecting "bits" of dress from all countries.

The prettiest of the German fashions adopted at this period by ladies was the velvet hat, cut, and decorated with ribbons, gold thread,

and *atguillettes*. Sebastian Vranck, whose characteristic designs devoted to the fashions of different nations were beautifully engraved by Peter de Iode, has furnished us in his "*Germanicus Habitu*," with the graceful specimen here copied. The caul in which the lady's hair is concealed is quite like that now worn by young ladies; it is a convenient and very ancient fashion, and was generally adopted in England during the fourteenth century. The curious series of woodcuts illustrative of female costume, copied by Jost Amman, and published in 1586, gives many specimens of these head dresses; the collection is curious for its delineation of very many quaint costumes worn by the lower classes, some being quite startling in their simple unadorned ugliness. One is selected as a specimen, but by no means chosen as the strangest to be found in the volume. It is worn by a Bohemian peasant woman, and at least has the merit of enclosing the head well, and being furnished with a convenient handle for removing this extinguisher when required.



Having brought our remarks to that period when the last female sovereign sat on the English throne, we may confine ourselves to the fashions of the English ladies solely. Queen Anne was content to follow the costumes as set by the court of Versailles, and wore the Fontange, and its modifications, without originating aught that was striking in dress. Herself, and her ruler—the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough—appear to have been too much absorbed in politics to lead fashions, and were content to follow them. With the accession of the House of Hanover came a heavy German court, with no taste for "foreign frippery." During the reigns of the first and second Georges, the ladies of England seem to have affected a simplicity that was ultimately carried to an almost unbecoming extent, giving them the appearance of servant girls or milkmaids. Plain gowns, with close-fitting sleeves, long white aprons, and straw hats of plainest and smallest proportions, were the prevailing modes, and there was little outward distinction between countess and kitchen-maid. Caps were equally plain, and consisted of a mere caul, with a narrow frill and scanty ribbons. It was not till a younger sovereign brought a queen upon the English throne that any striking change took place; but when the change did come, the freaks of fashion were indeed extraordinary; and, from 1765 until the end of the last century, it may be reasonably doubted if anything more absurd was ever invented, and worn,



than some of the head dresses then adopted by the ladies.

A few years before this a very whimsical head dress appeared, thus noticed in the periodical called the *Connoisseur*, No. 112, where is given a letter describing a lady's head dress in 1756: "Instead of a cap, the present mode is for every female to load her head with some sort of carriage." The milliners termed them *cabrioles*, or *caprioles*, and one is described as "designed for the head of a lady of quality," which, says the author, "I surveyed with much admiration, and, placing it on the palm of my hand, could not help fancying myself Gulliver taking up the Empress of Lilliput in her state coach. The vehicle itself was constructed of gold threads, and was drawn by six dapple grays of blown glass, with a coachman, postilion, and gentleman within, of the same brittle manufacture." The effect of these inventions may be judged from our cut, copied from a contemporary print.

The enormous perukes worn by gentlemen during the first half of this century having fallen into disuse, and many wearing their own hair, the wig makers and hair dressers, naturally alarmed at the decay of their trade, seem to have devoted their attention to the ladies, and induced them to adopt a fashion which loaded their heads with a mountain of



hair, and gave a fresh impetus to both professions. In the year 1765 the "master peruke makers" went

the length of petitioning the king "on the almost universal decline of the trade, occasioned by the present mode of men in all stations wearing their own hair," which they grieve over most lugubriously, and beg his majesty to set his face against. But the wits of the day only ridiculed their complaints, and jestingly framed another petition from "the company of body carpenters," imploring the king to wear a wooden leg of their manufacture himself, and to enjoin all his servants to appear in the royal presence with one upon the right leg also.

The ladies head dress, when due attention had been directed to it, was of somewhat rapid growth. It commenced with a series of most elaborate forms of plaiting and curling the hair. Fair heads were puzzled over the most abstruse disquisitions as to which of these would be most appropriate to certain styles of face. Barbers now began to talk philosophically of their profession, and to blow their own trumpets bravely. One of them asserted that all his brethren "ought to be thoroughly versed in physiognomy, and must have a particular regard to the complexion and features of those he is employed to dress." The greatest and most celebrated member of the profession in France appears to have been le *Sieur Legros*, who published in 1768-9, two quarto volumes, comprising descriptions and engravings of one hundred different modes of dress-

ing the hair. He established an *Academie des Coiffures* in Paris; he honored all his *élèves* by giving them a sort of written degree, signed and sealed by himself; and with true French vanity he chose for the device of his seal a design indicative of his own position in an envious world. He is represented upon it as if secure on the summit of a pyramid, while at the base a herd of wretched curs try in vain to ascend, as they bark and yelp at the distinguished hair dresser raised so high above them! The *Sieur* and his book became the rage in Paris. "Every lady's toilet is furnished with one of them, very elegantly bound, and colored to a very high degree of perfection," says the English engraver, George Bickham, who published a selection from these plates in 1768, for the use of the English ladies.

It was by gradually building up their curls, and adding ribbons and feathers, that the heads assumed the alarming dimensions they reached about 1773. They towered half a yard above the forehead, and were flanked by huge curls, with feathers above all, and ropes of pearls and jewels hung over the entire mass. "Every lady who wishes to dress her hair with taste and elegance," says a writer of the time, "should purchase an elastic cushion exactly fitted to her head. Then, having combed out her hair thoroughly, and properly thickened it with powder and pomatum, let her turn it over her cushion in a reigning model. Let her next divide the sides into divisions for curls, and adjust their number and size from the same models. If the hair be not of sufficient length to reach the cheeks, it will be necessary to procure an addition to it, which is always to be had ready made, and matched to every color." The portrait of the Countess of Sefton, 1774, here copied, will exhibit the general form of this head dress, but not in its full monstrosity. The pointed lace cap over it gives it much of the character of the horned head dresses described at the commencement of this article. Abundant employment was ensured to fashionable hair dressers while this taste for high and elaborate hair dressing was in vogue. Ladies submitted to all kinds of inconveniences in adhering to the fashion. On public occasions, such as birthdays at court or county balls, the demand for dressers exceeded the supply; and girls of spir-





it, who were determined to appear in full costume, and be quite sure of no disappointment with barbers, took time by the forelock, had their heads dressed a day or two before the appointed period of meeting, and sat up for a night or two propped in chairs, with pillows under their precious curls to prevent disarrangement. In an ordinary way, a head, when full dressed, was too elaborate a thing to be often disturbed.

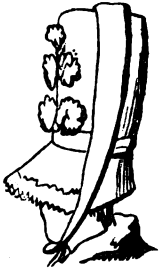
The advertisements of the day abound with notices of washes and poisons to use in the hair and prevent the generation of various living things which so much powder and pomatum would encourage. The current literature of the time abounds in details of the state of these fashionable heads, which cannot now be alluded to, but was satirized or seriously lamented in the plainest language, but of course without effect, until the polite world got tired of the inconvenient, unhealthy and ugly fashion. A cap of monstrous proportion was invented to cover the whole mass, and its top-heavy character will be best understood from the engraving on page 107, from a print dated 1776. When ladies ventured out, it could scarcely be on a windy day; but, for their convenience, a titled lady at Bath (then the very focus of fashion) invented a head covering, thus described in the *Universal Magazine* of 1765: "It is neither like the simple beehive, nor the magnificent umbrella, nor yet the tail of the bathing machine at Margate. It is called a caravan; and the wearer, more exactly than anything I can think of, resembles our old butter woman of Windsor jogging on and nodding in her one-horse cart, with the covering of a lumbering tilt over her head. This bonnet consists of whalebone formed in large rounds, which, at a touch, throws down over the face a blind of white saracenet. An appendage of a pilgrim hangs from behind, by way of covering the neck; than all which you will not conceive anything more heartily preposterous."

That prince of caricaturists, Gillray, devoted some of his best works to satirizing the absurd fashions he saw daily worn. But all was as ineffective as the arguments against crinoline in the present day, though backed by so many fatal instances of danger to life. Upward, and still upward, shot these mountains of hair, which reached the greatest point of their extravagance about 1780. An example is given

from a print published at that time, and it will be noticed that great groups of feathers were added to the mass of curls, ribbons, and jewelled chains, that composed the *coiffure*. The finish to the performance consists in depriving the old farmyard cock of his tail feathers, which are made to nod imposingly over the summit of the head dress. The *Lady's Magazine* of June, 1775, depicts "two ladies in the newest dress, from a drawing taken at Ranelagh" during the previous month. One gives the back view of a lady's head dress, which we have copied. It is valuable, as we seldom obtain an idea of that part of the person in engravings of costume. The hair is described as turned up flat from the forehead over a cushion, combed far back, and arranged very broadly behind in rows of heavy curls, "or, rather, the hair tied in large bows or knots," the lower part gathered into a bag, or club; above all, lace lappets; and sometimes three large feathers—pink, blue, or white—nodded over the whole.

The year 1783 was remarkable for the experiments made by Montgolfier and others with balloons. They attracted the utmost attention in Paris, and the ladies there hit on the bright idea of constructing their enormous head dress "*en ballon*." The balloon mania extended to England, and a globular, or pear-shaped mass of hair, crowned our grandmothers also. Having achieved the form of a truesphere, the French ladies discarded the balloon, and dressed their heads *a la zodiaque*, by placing broad bands of blue ribbon, covered with silver stars, across it. Fashionable head gear, like the frog in the fable, had now swelled to its utmost extension, and a collapse took place. The freaks played with the hair were now transferred to the hat or bonnet, and Paris poured forth a series of inventions, that, like the showman's lions, "must be seen to be believed," so ugly and so monstrous are many of them. We must be content with one example from the large number, and that the most commonly worn. The original bears date with 1789. This pyramidal bonnet of light silk is trimmed with lace, and has bunches of fly fringe, planted on wires, curled around it; it descends on the masses of curl like a flower pot, or an extinguisher, yet it found favor in the eyes of the damsels of that day, who, like their granddaughters, are willing to accept any ugliness in dress that comes "from Paris direct." In this, as in many other instances, we may trace the recurrence of old types. Here we are reminded again of the steeple head dress of Normandy, that never-dying fashion, which spread even into Asia. There was, about this time, also worn a light bonnet of gauze and silk ribbon, in which Sir Joshua Reynolds has painted many of his fair sitters, which is identical in style with that depicted upon the women of Brabant in the series of cuts, pub-





lished in 1586, by Jost Amman, to which we have already alluded, and from which the specimen is here copied, and contrasted with the more modern English bonnet. In 1796, a hat with a very wide brim became fashionable. The hair was worn lower, and fell upon the neck in heavy curls. The ladies displayed their locks in as great profusion as ever; but they hung down the back below the shoulders, and the height of their heads was diminished. It required a large-rimmed hat to cover the flowing mass; hence the invention of this hat, which was trimmed with swathes of ribbon, and crowned by bunches of feathers, as shown in our engraving. The jokers did not let the new fashion escape, and the caricaturists showed it no mercy. In one of these satirical engravings we see a husband and entire family protected from rain under the lady's hat. The children march two and two beneath the front brim, the lady keeps her good man close to her side, while the back part of the brim affords ample shelter for the nursemaid with the baby. Some of the best of Gillray's admirable works are devoted to satires on the fashions. The happy knack he had of seeing the weak point of a subject, and bringing it prominently forward, was never better displayed than in the series he devoted to dress. As the century closed, the monstrous head-dresses grew smaller, and in 1799 changed into a close but intricate knot of plaits and curls. Our cut, copied from a figure in Heidehoff's "Gallery of Fashion," shows the simple and unobtrusive character now taken by the ladies' head gear, with one exception—the addition of large, stiff, upright feathers towering above the forehead. Most frequently a single feather, half a yard in height, shot up in solitary dignity over the brow. This fashion lasted for several years. The close-fitting hair was packed in a shell-shaped bonnet when the feather was discarded. These bonnets were termed *shells*, or *melons*, according to their general design. The shell was a series of convolutions, somewhat after the manner of the limpet. The melon resembled a section of the fruit, fitted tightly on the head, and ribbed in different tints of green. Our cut exhibits both styles, as depicted in



the fashionable gazettes of the day. It will obviously be impossible to descant on the variety of head-dresses adopted during the first quarter of the present century. We must be content to note a few of the most prominent. The long war with France, and the implacable enmity of Napoleon, shut out French fashions from our native milliners; but before the

fall of that emperor the English ladies had adopted the most unbecoming costume. The dress was pinched round the figure, and sometimes damped to make it fit close, so that stepping across a gutter was almost a dangerous risk for the fair wearers to run, lest "a severance of continuity," to use a "refined" expression, should be the consequence. Everything was tight-fitting, ugly and mean. Many ladies, with Queen Charlotte to countenance them, preferred to wear, very constantly as a walking-dress, cloth pelisses cut like a man's great-coat, and adopted the hideous beaver hat as a head-dress. Crops became fashionable for the hair, which brought it tightly down under a velvet band, from which a few corkscrew curls straggled over the forehead. The change wrought upon all this, when Paris was again opened to English visitors, was sudden and remarkable. The French revenged Waterloo by caricaturing the English ladies who came among them in the most unsparing style, and yet with a humor that is perfectly irresistible. Curiously enough the Parisians were charmed with one of the ugliest fashions introduced by their unwelcome visitors. The Duchess of Oldenburg appeared in a bonnet of such commanding size, that it excited universal attention, and became "the rage." What they made of it may be best guessed by a reference to our cut, copied from the figure of a French lady, dated July, 1815. It had an enormous caul, was decorated with bows and flowers, and often with high bunches of ribbon; it had a very narrow brim, and was secured below the chin by a gauze sash. Enormous bows and piles of flowers, wreaths of creeping plants and gigantic pinks and roses, were gradually added upon, around and above it, in the course of the next three years; so that its effect was perfectly startling. Sarcastic caricaturists were by no means idle at this time, and the freaks of fashion gave abundant employ to pencil and graver. It furnished a fine opportunity for the wits of the day to level their shafts of ridicule at the absurd display, and they fully employed them. As the crown of these high bonnets lowered, the brim expanded, until the true "coal-scuttle" form was attained. An elegantly executed French engraving, dated 1819, gives its shape as we reproduce it. It reigned without a rival for some years, and only succumbed to an equally monstrous novelty. Indeed, the head-dress of ladies from 1815 to 1830 may be broadly characterized as a successive series of monstrosities. Chief among them was the head-dress *a-la-Giraffe*, when the hair was uplifted in huge bows, as represented in the accompanying engraving, to which great additions were made in false hair, bows of ribbon, and huge combs to support the mass. It suc-





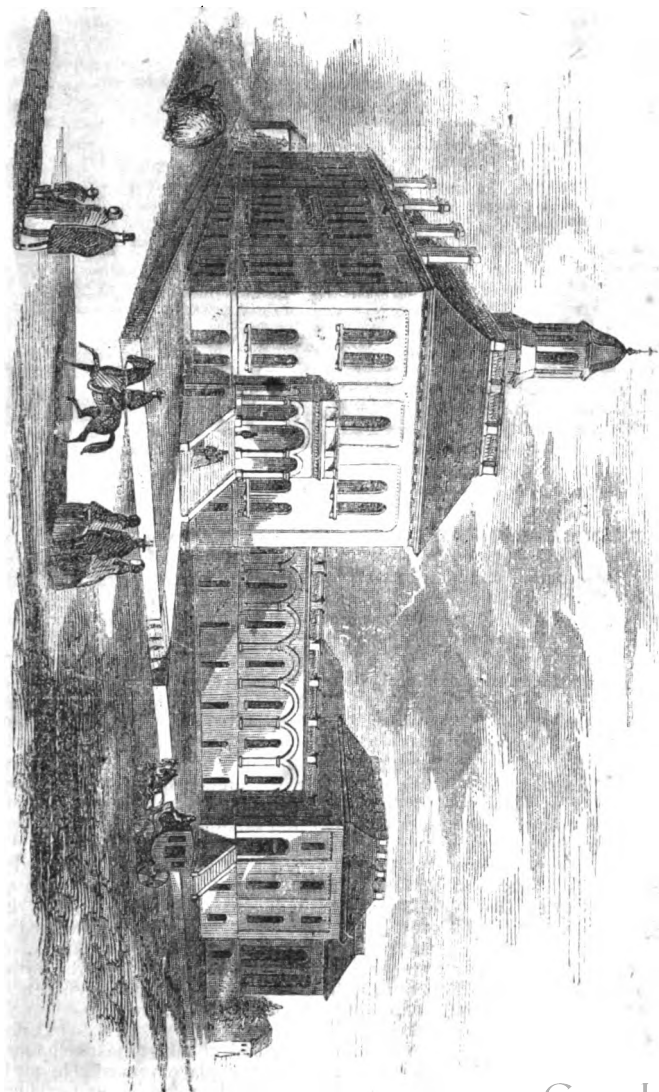
cessfully rivalled the head-dress of 1790. Enormously broad-brimmed, high-crowned hats were worn from 1825 to 1830. It was a serious public inconvenience at theatres and exhibitions. Their great size may be now best comprehended by the serious pattern prints of fashions then published as a guide to bonnet-makers and their patrons. The makers were now popularly called "bonnet-builders," and one of Heath's best engravings depicts the interior of a workshop furnished with scaffolding and ladders for the use of the young ladies who are constructing bonnets, which are moved on frame-works by ropes and pulleys. A "dreadful catastrophe" occurs in one part of the workshop, which is thus narrated:

"Madame M——'s patent bonnet-suspender has, on account of the lightness of the roof, suddenly given way; several of the young ladies remain crushed beneath the ponderous bonnets. Every effort was making to get out the bodies when our reporter left."

#### COUNTY BUILDINGS, AUBURN, ME.

The engraving below represents a view of the new County Buildings at Auburn, Maine. They were erected some five years since, and evince much taste and skill in their construction. The public buildings in Maine are generally fine specimens of architecture, and do honor to their designers, and the public spirit which animates our sister State.

NEW COUNTY BUILDINGS, AUBURN, MAINE.





ST. LOUIS GATE, QUEBEC.

## CANADIAN SKETCHES

The series of engravings which follow are faithful transcripts of prominent objects of interest, in the British provinces. The first view is of St. Louis Gate, in the city of Quebec. Its architecture is accurately depicted, as well as the characteristic figures and vehicles of the locality. The next picture delineates one of the Martello towers on the far-famed Plains of Abraham. There are four of these towers, and they served as outworks for the defence of the city. Next in order of our engravings comes the Merchants' Exchange, on St. Sacramento Street, in the city of Montreal. It is a well-planned and commodious structure, with a pleasing, but unobtrusive exterior. Our next view presents the post-office, at the corner of Great St. James Street and Rue St. Francois Xavier. It is a fine stone building, and like all the public buildings of Montreal, an ornament and credit to the city. A portion of the cathedral of Notre Dame is embraced within the compass of our view. Following this series we present some fine engravings from beautiful drawings made in the location of scenes in New Brunswick. They delineate fresh and unhackneyed scenes, for New Brunswick has rather been neglected by tourists and artists. The next picture presents salmon

fishing in the "Nepisiguit." A sportsman, properly accoutred with high water-proof boots and furnished with rod, line and reel, has made his cast and is engaged in playing the delicious and exhilarating game for this fish which abounds in the New Brunswick waters. How old "Christopher North" of Blackwood, would have enjoyed such a scene! And how, emerging from the waters, after having landed a royal specimen of the monarch of the river, he would have celebrated his triumph in undying words! The river "Nepisiguit," emptying itself in Bathurst Harbor, is widely known as one of the three most celebrated salmon runs of North America, and well deserves its Indian name of "Noisy Water." From a mountain rivulet it gradually widens into a rapid stream, rushing through the wilderness for many miles to the "Grand Falls," delineated in the succeeding engravings, where, in his season, the delicious "salmon, king of fishes," may be always found. The river at this point descends between high walls of solid rock, over one hundred feet in height, and sweeps with fearful velocity down a rocky bed of millstone for many a league, making the place remarkable for its marvellous beauty, its romance, and sublimity. Here the poet and artist may dwell for weeks,

undisturbed in study, from the "least little weedy wild blossom," to the mountain pines, delight in the continuous sound of the noisy water, and obtain unbounded joy from ever-changing skies.

Our closing illustration is an accurate delineation of the town of Bathurst, which is situated on the Bay de Chaleur in the British provinces, fifty miles from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It contains about four thousand inhabitants, and is noted for its exports of lumber, and for its fine millstones. Like most of the towns in the provinces, it is lacking in business excitement. The seven days of the week seem all alike. The houses are small and poorly built, without the slightest regard to architectural taste. The large building on the right of the picture is the steam saw-mill of Fugerson and Co., a branch of a noted Glasgow house. The Roman Catholic Church upon the hilltop, was built for the French residents. A little to the left of this may be seen the old windmill and dwelling house of the first settler, Mr. Charles Doucett. The time-worn edifice crowning the eminence on the left of the picture, is the Presbyterian Church, while under it is shown a portion of the bridge connecting the two sides of the town. The whole picture is an exact delineation of the town as it appears. In our sketches of various localities we aim, in the first place, at

accuracy of representation, and afterwards at such pictorial effect as the nature of the scenes will admit. A common fault with drawings of places is, that artists, in aiming at effect are apt to sacrifice truth; we have always carefully avoided this, as we wish to record only faithful transcripts of all localities in our pages, daguerreotypes, as it were, of actual scenes.

The cities of Quebec and Montreal are places of note in the provinces, and have often been the subject of the historian's and tourist's pen. Montreal, especially, being at the head of tide navigation, her local advantages for trade are numerous. From whatever side the city is approached, it is one of much interest. If from the St. Lawrence, the splendid towers of the cathedral, the tall spires of Christ Church, St. Patrick's Church, and several others, the elegant front of the Bonsecours Market, and the long ranges of cut stone buildings which front the river, form at once a *tout ensemble* which is perhaps unequalled in any other American city. And, although the prospects from the land side are not quite so imposing, they are all agreeable; and that from the Cote des Neiges road (which crosses the spur of the mountain that overlooks the city) is, taken altogether, one of the finest in this part of the world. The population of the city is about 65,000, and the number of inhabited houses about 8500.



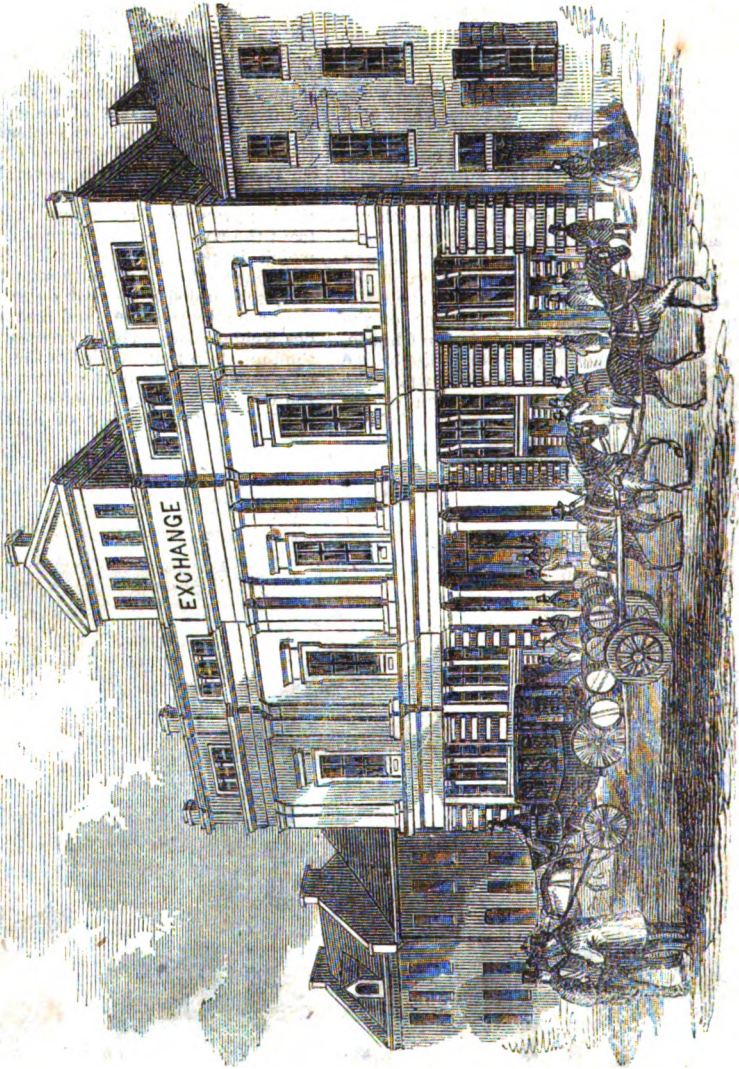
MARTELLO TOWER, PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, QUEBEC.



**WOMEN OF TREBIZOND.**

The group of women at the fountain, represented in the picture on page 119, was sketched from life, and shows us specimens of the women of Trebizond, as they appear at different ages. Their costume is very simple, being only a loose linen garment and trowsers, with a small linen cap upon the head. The seated

mountainous country which extends along the borders of the Black Sea, from the eastern limits of Anatolia to the last slopes of the Caucasus on the side of Russia in Asia. The surrounding country is cut up into valleys, and bristles with hills, the summits of which, covered with snow a portion of the year, give birth to numerous water-courses that descend



MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, MONTREAL.

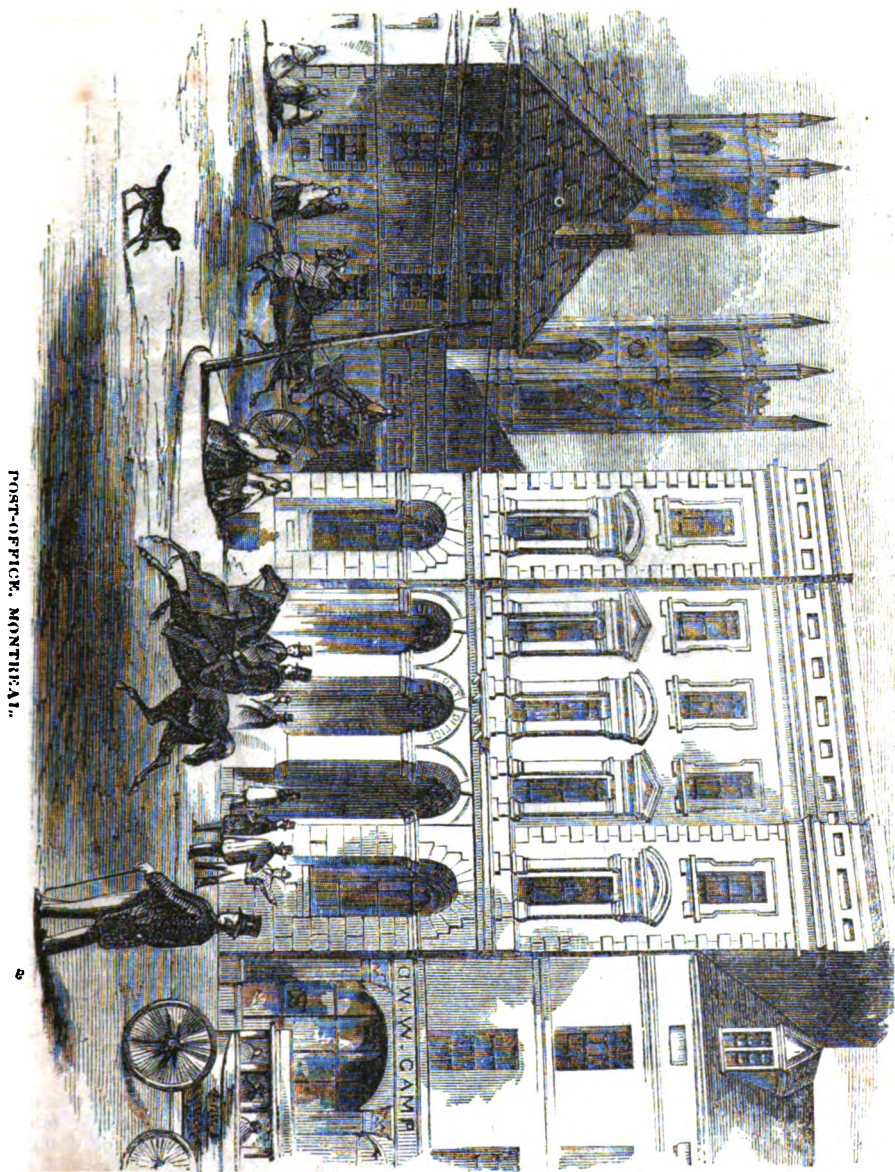
figure is a woman advanced in life, but still retaining traces of beauty, though time has destroyed the elegant contour of her person. The figure resting a water-pitcher on her knee, is in the prime of womanhood, and a model of statuesque grace. The two others are mere girls. The home of these women is quite famous. Trebizond, the ancient Trapezus of Xenophon, is one of the principal cities of that

into the bays with which the shores are indented. This configuration of soil explains the remarkable variety of weather experienced in that territory. Thus, while the temperature of the valleys is burning and almost insupportable in summer, the first approach of winter renders the colds on the high grounds almost insupportable. There the snow falls in abundance during many months, and it is only at



an advanced period of spring, that these regions become accessible for pasturage and culture. Many cereals are cultivated, such as wheat, barley and maize; the vine succeeds well, hemp and tobacco are raised with success, and fruit trees bear abundantly. The

meadows, feed a multitude of bees, where honey and wax form an additional element of trade for the interior of the country. The principal wealth of the inhabitants of the coasts consists in fisheries, which are better here than in any other portion of the Black Sea,



POST-OFFICE, MONTREAL.

pear-trees of Trebizond are particularly celebrated. The mountains are covered with superb forests, in the shade of which pasture numerous flock of goats and sheep. The melliferous flowers, which spring up in the woodlands—the plants which grow wild in the

and the products of which amply supply the markets of the neighborhood, and even find their way to Constantinople. Trebizond was an important place, even at the remotest period of its history. The agreeable aspect of the hill, on the reverse of which it rises—the





CASTING THE FLY FOR SALMON.

happy location of its port, and its situation as an opening of one of the most fertile countries of Asia, must have largely influenced the selection of its founders, who, according to the accounts of the Greek historians, were no other than colonists from Sinope. But its existence is effaced completely in the obscurity of ages, until the appearance of the kings of Pontus, whose dominion forever closed its independence. On the fall of Mithridates, the Romans seized it, and made it the capital of the province comprised under the name of Pontus Cappadocius. Its part, during all this period, and up to the 13th century of the Christian era, was confined to that of a commercial city. But in 1203, after the taking of Constantinople by the French, it emerged from its obscurity by the will of Alexis Comnenus. Alexis made it the capital of a new State, which, under the name of the Empire of Trebizond, extended from the mouths of Phasis, now Rioni, to those of the Halys, at

present, Kizel-Ermak. This glory lasted two centuries and a half; in 1461, Mahomet II. seized on the place, under the last emperor, David Comnenus, and all this part of Asia submitted to the yoke of the Mussulmen. The city contains many ruins commemorative of its history.

#### MATILDA HERON.

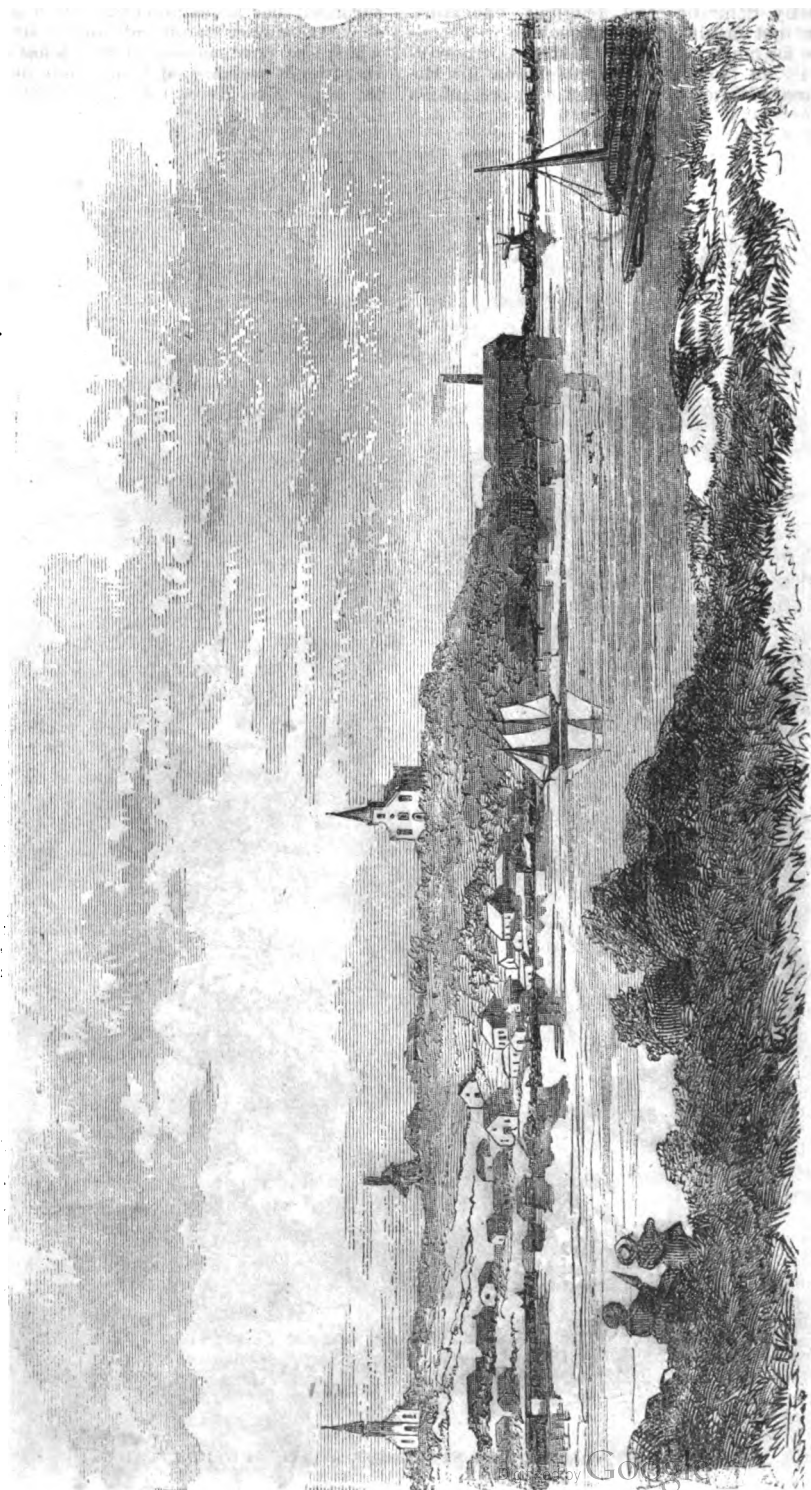
On page 120 we give a portrait of this celebrated tragedienne, whose histrionic talents have challenged the admiration of dramatic critics and witnesses in every important city of our country. She is too well known to need any eulogium from us now; nor would our limited room permit anything like an extended detail of her abilities. Sufficient to say she has raised herself to the highest professional rank in her vocation. Miss Heron passed her childhood in Philadelphia, where her parents reside, and where she received a

strictly domestic and religious education. Her first manifestation of genius was a fondness for music; but this was soon overpowered by an uncontrollable inclination for the drama. We are told that her early recitations

surprised her acquaintances, they exhibited so extraordinary an aptitude for the stage, for which she now manifested an intense desire. Her friends endeavored to dissuade her from the step. Miss Heron listened to their remon-



GRAND FALLS ON THE NEPISIGUIT RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK.



BATHURST, ON THE BAY DE CHALEUR, NEWFOUNDLAND.



stances with respect, but without wavering in her resolution. She felt such a vocation to the stage, that she disregarded all the obstacles that lay in the way of a realization of her hopes. Her enthusiasm finally overcame the reluctance of her friend, Mr. Richings, an actor of great merit, and he consented to be-

professionally the metropolitan cities of our land, she has won the highest meed of admiration and esteem. Subsequently she sailed for Europe to devote herself to a more thorough study of her art. Both in England and France she made many friends; returning to this country, she has in our principal cities elicited



TREBIZOND FEMALE.

come her instructor in elocution, and in the technicalities of the stage, by way of preparing her for her debut. This occurred in September, 1850. The applause of a large and brilliant house ratified her choice of a profession. Since then her career has been one of continued popularity and success. Visiting

the warmest demonstrations of applause, and placed her name high on the roll of dramatic fame. Miss Heron is a superb *artiste*, who holds the traditions of the stage in the palm of her hand, and strangles them when they strive to impede the free exercise of her genius.



**MATILDA HERON, THE TRAGEDIENNE.**  
(Now performing in the principal Eastern cities.)

## THE WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

O, call not this a vale of tears,  
 A world of gloom and sorrow;  
 One half the grief that o'er us comes,  
 From self we often borrow.  
 The earth is beautiful and good:  
 How long will man mistake it?  
 The folly is within ourselves;  
 The world is what we make it.

Did we but strive to make the best  
 Of troubles that befall us,  
 Instead of meeting cares half way,  
 They would not so appal us.  
 Earth has a spell for loving hearts,  
 Why should we seek to break it?  
 Let's scatter flowers instead of thorns—  
 The world is what we make it.

If truth, and love, and gentle words,  
 We took the pains to nourish,  
 The seeds of discontent would die,  
 And peace and concord flourish.  
 O, has not each some kindly thought?  
 Then let's at once awake it;  
 Believing that for good or ill,  
 The world is what we make it.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MISS MURRAY OF MURRAYVILLE.

BY CARRY B. FAY.

MISS MURRAY was to have a party. It was to be quite a *recherche* affair; small but distingue—the *creme de la creme* of the Murrayville world. All the professionals and their wives and daughters were invited. So were the teachers of the Murrayville Academy and also Auguste Plimpton, a young man with a very well furnished intellect and a remarkably small executive faculty, who, having graduated at college several years before, had come home to wait until an opening suitable to his talents should present itself—an occasion slow in offering, so unwilling is the world to recognize merit. Of course all Murrayville was alive. The invited were self-complacent and dignified, the uninvited envious and satirical.

Some few points were admitted on all sides. There was to be a supper and music—possibly cards; a few said dancing, but this the wise ones smilingly put aside as absurdly improbable.

"Quite a *recherche* affair," repeated my dear friend, Mrs. Nannie Lane. "It's so fortunate you're with us, Susie. You'll like to know Miss Murray."

"Who is Miss Murray?" I asked, indiffer-

ently. To be frank, the thought of the party was not very pleasant to me. The items composing an evening entertainment in the country I had found to be, a room full of overdressed or dowdily dressed strangers having a remarkable family likeness, and bearing two or three names in common; an indigestible supper; smell of lamp oil in all the rooms, and a walk home an hour after midnight through muddy streets.

"Who is Miss Murray?" repeated Nannie. "Why, Miss Murray is the daughter of the great Murray who called Murrayville into existence. Miss Murray is the belle of the country, or has been—charms all the gentlemen and is cordially hated by the ladies. Latterly, she has done a little in the benevolent line, takes an interest in missions, and looks after orphan children."

"For shame, Nannie," came from behind the newspaper which Lawyer Lane sat there reading.

"O, are you there, Diogenes?" retorted his wife. "Now what have you to say in behalf of Miss Murray?"

"Why, Miss Murray is—is a very—that is quite—"

"Is she now, really?" laughed Nannie. "Now, Richard, you shall relieve my mind of an anxiety which has been preying upon it ever since I came to Murrayville and saw Miss Murray. It has worn me almost to skin and bone," and Nannie's mischievous eyes twinkled, as her plump little figure dropped upon a cricket at her husband's knee.

"What are you at now, you monkey?" demanded that gentleman, highly amused.

"I only want to know whether you ever offered yourself to Miss Murray."

"I! Offered myself to Miss Murray!" stammered the gentleman.

"He echoes my words, Susie, I appeal to you whether that does not look suspicious."

"How absurd you are, Nannie," said Mr. Lane, trying to laugh, but looking very much flushed, and folding his papers into a hundred creases. "What put such a ridiculous idea into your head?"

"O, as Uncle Tiff says, I've been meditating 'bout dat ar dis long time."

"You nonsensical little goose! Miss Murray was superannuated when I first saw Murrayville."

"How shockingly ungallant, Richard. Why did I ever marry an old bachelor?" It was Nannie's turn to call names, and the *badinage* ended in Mr. Lane's retreating, jokingly de-

claring that it was impossible to contend with such a Xantippe.

"Seriously now, Susie," resumed my friend, when we were alone again, "Miss Murray is a character. She has a history, too."

"So have most people," I replied, still perversely indifferent.

"Ah, but hers is a veritable romance. Not at all like the bread and butter annals of common place people."

"A romance! Is it indeed. But, pray how long has she been Miss Murray?"

"A good while. But I'm not going to tell you anything about her until after the party. Then your remembrance of her will heighten the effect of my story, just as plates in a volume illustrate the letter press."

We opened the gate leading to the grounds about Miss Murray's residence at eight o'clock. No odor of lamp-oil, no dowdily-dressed, pretentious people disgraced Miss Murray's party. Even in a small village it is possible to select a company of intelligent, well-bred people. I admitted that it was a success.

Miss Murray was the life of everything. It was her taste that grouped those flowers into such exquisite collections; her nice tact that adjusted the guests to each other; her intelligence that found themes for conversation, and her affability that put her friends at their ease. There was only one drawback to the entertainment, and that was the fact that the whole female portion of the company seemed overshadowed and outshone by the elegant, facile hostess.

Her dress was prettier than any one's—a trifle too pretentious perhaps, but exquisite in the harmony of its details. No one could talk so fluently, no one was so perfectly self-conscious, had such repartees at command—ready, full of wit, and having a peculiar delicacy of their own.

It was curious how soon I made the discovery that all the ladies admired but none loved Miss Murray; that all the gentlemen—not excepting the married ones—were temporarily enthralled. I fancied the peculiar charm which operated so potently upon her masculine admirers, was the graceful deference with which she conversed with them, seeking their opinions and listening to their utterance. It was flattery of an irresistible character, very subtle, very elusive, if you sought to call it such, but not the less surely flattery.

In person, she was attractive rather than beautiful, petite and agile in all her movements. Hers was, not at all the slow, undu-

lating grace which was my ideal, yet, somehow, my eyes followed her constantly. Her complexion was brilliant but not fair, her hair brown and curling, her features irregular, and her eyes not in the least beautiful, being of that unlovely, grayish-green tint, which absolutely repels.

"A heroine with green eyes!" exclaims my sweet, blue-eyed reader. Verily! and yet she was a belle. Seen in the softer light and half-shadow of the drawing-room Miss Murray looked young, but standing in the full light she seemed old and careworn. Why was she still Miss Murray?

"Thereby hangs a long tale," said the lawyer, as we walked homeward.

I was called suddenly away from the village the next day, and years elapsed before I again heard anything of Miss Murray of Murrayville. When I again heard her name pronounced it was by a gentleman who had known her from childhood, who professed to be proof against her charms, and who related to me the romance interwoven with her life. Not that it was otherwise than commonplace. Love and wooing, unrequital, disappointment and death are common enough. Most lives know some of them, a few link them together as cause and effect.

Now, if my blue-eyed maiden will go back a little into the past, I will show her why Miss Murray—attractive, graceful, intelligent and accomplished—is still Miss Murray, and perhaps from my story she may learn a useful lesson.

Twelve years before I first saw Murrayville, Lucia Murray was a pupil in the village academy, like many another village maiden. She was very pretty in her dainty, girlish delicacy, and won without effort the heart of one Reginald Guy, a city youth who was also a scholar in the Murrayville Academy, of good family, both as respects birth and fortune, interesting personal appearance, and an infinite capacity for admiring and loving Miss Lucia. What remained then but for the course of true love to run smooth, and Lucia to be in due course of time installed in the city mansion which she was peculiarly fitted to grace. Then would my story have quickly ended. But, alas, this finale was not to follow.

My blue-eyed maidens will easily divine the many shy ways which Reginald adopted to make known his love. He made the wild flowers speak for him. To tell his story the little hepatica opened its azure petals; odorous, white violets bloomed by the brooksides; the wild



columbine, ~~growing its bells of flame~~ over every lone rock in all the garden, the fragile arbutus lived its dewy, ~~fragrant life~~, and the stately laurel lifted up its ~~green~~ scentless blooms. Lucia's fine taste appreciated this delicate manifestation. Nor was she blind to the impression she had made. She had too much tact and penetration not to be aware of the completeness of the conquest. What then? If she was indifferent to him did she withdraw from his attentions? Not at all. All were sweetly accepted—every graceful gift, every tender word and look, the thousand indescribable utterances in which such adoration seeks to reveal itself.

Among her friends, Lucia had one whose very dissimilarity must have been an attraction. Alice was a high-spirited, frank, tender-hearted woman, the very soul of honor, and the embodiment of truth. She drew hearts to herself, not by any display of arts and wily flatteries, but by the inherent force and genuine goodness of her nature. Yet, was it not natural, that while Lucia counted all the young men of the village among her admirers, Alice remained unsought?

To Alice, there was something so chivalric and tender in Reginald's deportment, that, in her simplicity and true-heartedness, she supposed her friend could not be indifferent to him. She expected soon to congratulate Lucia upon her betrothal.

But Alice judged her friend's heart by her own—a fallacious standard in this as in many another instance. Miss Murray was not confiding. She had none of that impulsive communicativeness natural to most young girls, and Alice, therefore, only learned the progress of the affair as events gradually unfolded it. A conversation that they had, however, two years after Reginald had completed his course at the academy, and disappeared from the village, revealed to Alice some of the principles which had governed Lucia. It grew incidentally out of some quite indifferent talk.

"I think that it is very ridiculous and unwomanly for a young lady to refuse before she is asked, as one of Miss Edgeworth's heroines was suspected of doing. A woman must be very foolish who takes anything for granted," said Miss Murray.

"Do you mean to say that you think affection must always be expressed in words before it is trusted?"

"Indeed I do. I don't like to see a woman act as if she thought little attentions had any significance."

"Of course not. That would be unwomanly, but why should she pretend to misunderstand when she *does* understand?"

"She must *not* understand," re-affirmed Lucia, with her suave yet emphatic manner. "It is quite indelicate for her to presume anything."

"O, Lucia, your theory is a false one. It is very specious in its pretences, but it seems to me really the reverse of that aerial delicacy which it assumes to be."

"You are enigmatical, Alice?"

"Am I? Well, I will explain. Does it not imply a want of quickness of perception and feeling, a vulgar obtuseness, to say that a certain sentiment must be vocally expressed, before it is understood? Your theory gets the credit of being very innocent, while it is, really, very designing. Of course, every coquette can lift her hands in great surprise, 'why I never suspected such a thing;' and all that insincere kind of behaviour can cloak itself with this specious plea of delicacy." Miss Murray blushed—a proceeding she was rarely guilty of, as her self-consciousness was usually on the alert. Have you ever noticed that the surest way to baffle *finesse* is to be particularly frank and open. Nothing so disconcerts an artful person as the truth spoken freely and honestly.

Into Alice's heart there crept a suspicion of dishonor and doubt; was it possible that Lucia had led Reginald on to a declaration only to repulse him? The thought clung to her, it helped her to understand Lucia, it explained some things hitherto mysteries.

The years swept by. They added grace to Lucia, they gave a sweeter charm to Alice's impulsive girlhood. They developed Reginald's manhood, they tested his constancy and found it unflinching. In his brilliant city home he was continually thrown into the society of beautiful and accomplished women, but none of them charmed him into disloyalty to Lucia. This devotion was something very noble and touching. It indicated a rare tenderness of nature. Through all these years and many another that followed them, Reginald waited, with a patience that would have lacked manliness, if it had not grown out of a sincere humility. Sometimes Lucia entirely discouraged him, oftener she held out some distant hope. "We will talk of it again in a year." Then another year and another was added, but Miss Murray had not made up her mind to accept the love which constantly sought her.

Why was it? queried Alice. How could

she be insensible to such an affection? After a time there came a change. One day Miss Murray came to Alice with an unusually bright face.

"What has happened?"

"Reginald has gone to Europe for three years," replied Lucia, gaily.

"You seem infinitely relieved," exclaimed Alice, with vexation.

"Relieved? I am very sorry, I assure you. Reginald is a very dear friend of mine, as you know."

"Nothing more?" asked Alice, gravely.

"No, we are to have another conversation when he returns," said Lucia, carelessly dismissing the subject with these words. But Alice was not to be silenced. Sympathy for Reginald forced her to speak.

"Lucia, I don't think you are treating Reginald right. You ought to come to some decision."

"So I have, repeatedly, but he is not satisfied with it. If he chooses to wait, hoping I shall arrive at a different one, it isn't my fault, certainly."

"Why don't you accept him, Lucia?"

Miss Murray smiled.

"A home question, Alice."

"Very good, you needn't answer it unless you choose."

"O, I don't know that I care to make any secret of it. You know he has never been a favorite with my parents."

"But, Lucia, if they knew that your happiness depended upon it, would they interpose any objection?"

"No, I don't suppose they would."

"Then I don't see the force of that excuse," said Alice.

"But suppose my happiness does not depend upon it?"

"Don't you love him, Lucia?"

"I like him. I'm afraid I'm not romantic enough to suit your ideas, Alice."

Alice was silent a moment—then she said, very gravely:

"I think I see how it is. You are fond of admiration, and you do not know the value of affection. Sometime you will realize that the love of one heart is worth more than all the world beside."

"I confess I don't understand you, Alice, but it seems to me that you don't intend to be complimentary."

"No, I intend to be true."

Alice was right. Miss Murray cared for nothing so much as admiration, and she could

not accept the affection of a single person in the stead of the applause of many.

Three dreamy years went by. The golden sheen of sunset filled the sky. The air was sweet with the fragrance of the newly-mown hay. Lucia and Alice were walking quietly along the village street, when a carriage, which was driven rapidly by them stopped, a face looked out, then a voice said, "Lucia."

"Reginald!" exclaimed Miss Murray, darting from her friend's side.

It was Reginald, returned from Europe, matured, cultured, accomplished, changed from the impulsive youth to a noble manhood, but unchanged in his love for Lucia. So Alice saw at once.

And now what would Lucia do? It was very soon seen what she intended. Simply to chain Reginald to her side as she had done for years, extort all the enjoyment possible from his society, accept his invitations and gifts, and give him in return—nothing—nothing save the poor privilege of attending her in her indifferent as well as her cordial moods, and hoping against hope. Whatever effect this cruel dalliance had upon Reginald was sedulously concealed.

Perhaps he thought to wear out her indifference by his unflinching loyalty. Nor could he have failed to do so, if, underlying her foibles, Miss Murray had possessed a true, womanly heart. After a little time, Reginald established himself in the city, coming frequently to Murrayville, and was always received upon the most intimate footing.

The autumn fires had begun to flame in the woods, when one day Alice met them returning from an afternoon walk. Lucia was leaning tenderly upon his arm, and looking up in his face with her most bewitching expression. As Alice approached she said loud enough to be heard:

"The next time you come I promise to tell."

Alice readily guessed that this was the promise which had already been repeated a hundred times, but she noticed that Reginald's face did not brighten as it had been wont to do at a little kindness from Lucia, and his tone and manner continued grave and quiet.

He went back to the city the next day. The days grew colder. By-and-by the dead leaves fell from the trees and lay in crimson drifts along the paths. Then dark storms swept up, and soon only a few shivering leaflets hung from the naked branches. The glory of autumn had passed, and its desolation and gloom weighed heavily upon the heart.

One morning in the midst of the pelting storm, Mr. Murray's carriage stopped at Alice's door, and a note was brought to her from Lucia. It ran thus:

"Can you come to me to-day, dear Alice? I am dreadfully blue, and sadly moped with my own society, which *entre nous* is very unsatisfactory when one has too much of it. Besides, I'm nervous and superstitious. Do come.  
LUCIA."

Alice went at once. She found Lucia looking singularly excited. Two spots of vivid crimson lighted up her otherwise pale face. Her eyes were large and glowing—her voice eager and tremulous. She sprang into Alice's arms and was presently sobbing. In five minutes, however, she roused herself, shook off the tears, laughed and said:

"You see how absurd I am. You must know I have been shut up here for a week, staring at the fog, and dreaming horrid dreams, and it has made me nervous—that, and a letter I had from Reginald."

"What did the letter from Reginald say?" asked Alice, seeing the true state of the case.

"O, he thinks I have used him ill."

"Does he say so?"

"No, but he intimates it. However, he is very forgiving, and at its close bids me to forget all he has said, and remember always the love of Reginald."

"The love of Reginald!" repeated Alice, softly, and thinking what a different thing it had proved itself from the love of most.

"I do believe, Alice," said Miss Murray, after a pause, "that I have treated him shamefully."

Alice was silent.

"But then I can make it up with him, when I see him again. I did expect him to-night, but this frightful storm will hinder him."

"I wonder what he is about now," said Alice.

Ah, if imagination could have pictured to them the reality of that moment, there would have been hushed hearts and blanched faces. All the afternoon Lucia kept recurring to the subject.

"If anything should happen, Alice, so that I could not see him again, I should never forgive myself."

"Why, Lucia, you are nervous. Why should anything happen now, any more than when he was three thousand miles away—and I never saw you in such a state then."

Why did not Reginald come? Was it the storm that hindered? Nay, a sterner fate had

laid its hand on him, baffling forever all his plans, forever stilling all hopes and fears. No more pulsations of joy, no more heart aches.

Going out that chill, rainy morning to his business, he had felt singularly depressed. Perhaps he was not quite well. So he went home an hour earlier than usual. Did he notice how the fog crept up and shut in the house, how the statues in the garden peered out from it like ghosts? What would we give for a knowledge of the last thoughts of one who stands just on the shores of the dark river? A servant remembered that he stopped to pluck a late blossoming flower from the stem, then Reginald entered the house, went to his mother's sitting-room.

"You are here early, my son."

"Yes, mother. I am not quite well, and I think I'll lie down."

She would send James to him, she said, and with a cheerful "I shall be down to dinner," he turned and left the room. Presently Mrs. Guy rang her bell.

"Go up to Reginald's room, James, and see if he wishes you to do anything for him."

The servant went. The next moment there rang through the house a cry of pain and alarm. Swift feet flew up the stairs, but when the first comer reached Reginald's room, he was dead.

Reginald was dead, and twenty-five miles away the woman whom he had loved all his life was having some late pangs of remorse, and *almost* making up her mind to be kind to him when next he came.

A telegram was at once sent to Murrayville, and Lucia Murray started for Reginald's home in the earliest train. Alice had returned home when the despatch arrived, and knew nothing of all this till Lucia was on her way to the city. Three days later she returned, calm, slightly tearful, able to converse upon indifferent matters, but looking haggard and worn.

"I saw his face, Alice. It was beautiful and peaceful. He died about the very hour that you wondered what he was doing."

Reginald's name was not mentioned again between the friends—not for five years. Then, one still October afternoon, Lucia said:

"These Indian-summer days always remind me of Reginald. I know now, Alice, what I lost. But what good is that when repentance comes too late?" She paused a moment, then turning away to hide the convulsion that crossed her face, she added:

"If I had only given him the consolation of knowing that I loved him!"



But this was her passing impulse. Doubtless there were such hours of regret, but often, when Miss Murray was gay and piquant, and evidently rejoiced in the attention she attracted, Alice wondered how she could forget the past. But why recall the past?

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these—it might have been."

It is a desolate heart that can utter these words truly—so, sunny-hearted maiden, bethink then, in time, and be as true to your highest instincts as Miss Murray was to those the most ignoble and unwomanly.

### HABITS OF THE SHAD.

The habits of our fish have been very little attended to in this country. Our scientific men, it is true, have been very precise in their accurate classification, and in the use of their ponderous nomenclature, they have described our fishes even to the shape of a scale, or the number of thorns in the dorsal fin; but they have not condescended to note their habits, their food, their length of life, with all such particulars as would interest common readers and be of use to mankind. No fish is more valued or more valuable than the shad; yet but few of its habits of life are known. The books are silent, and angling gives no information. It was for a long time a commonly received opinion, that the shad spent the winter in the Gulf of Mexico, and then as spring advanced, and the snow ceased running, came along the coast and entered the rivers in succession. If this were true, there would be no uniformity, year after year, in the run of shad in each river. The very distinct varieties would all become intermingled. But each river has its own variety. Those of Connecticut River have long been known as possessing superior size and flavor. The variety that seeks the Hudson as a spawning ground is easily distinguished from ours. The fact of the distinctness of the varieties in each river tends to the belief that shad go no further than the mouth of the stream in which they are hatched.

The habits of the shad are unlike those of other fish. As soon as the snow water has ceased running, they press up the river as far as they can reach, in order to deposit their spawn. In following this instinct, they never stop for refreshment or food. Who ever found anything in the maw or stomach of a shad that would indicate the nature of its food? Who ever knew them to bite a baited hook? They do not feed from the time they enter the stream until they sink down, thin and exhausted, into the deep places at the mouth. For this purpose of nature, the shad has been preparing itself during the quiet luxuries of a winter, and has become fattened for the use of man, or, if it escapes his net, for the reproduction of its species. The shad lives but a single year. It is hatched in the early summer; descends the streams as soon as large enough;

feeds and fattens in the winter at the mouth of the stream; ascends in the spring to deposit its spawn; and descends to die at the bottom of the ocean. This fact accounts for the uniformity in the size of the fish. A Connecticut River shad seldom goes beyond seven pounds, and the variation in size is comparatively slight. The bass, on the other hand, which is known to live many years, varies from half a pound in weight to fifty even in our own river. It has a longer time to grow, and shows a much greater diversity of size. These considerations have led to the conclusion, that one year was the duration of a shad's life. What was only a matter of conjecture and inference, has been lately proved by artificial fish-breeders. Somewhere in the State of New York, one of these raisers of fish from spawn, which he fed in early life with crumbled crackers strewn upon the pond where they are kept, has proved their short hold on existence. He raised them for the purpose of supplying the very large fish he had in his tanks and ponds with food. As the science of breeding fish is more known, the habits of the different species will be more easily described.—*Hartford Courant.*

### POMPEY'S PILLAR.

A report on the condition and means of restoration of the column known as Pompey's Pillar has been adopted by the *Institut Egyptien* at Paris. It was drawn up by a commission, who by personal examination and consideration of all the circumstances, have arrived at such conclusions as will when carried into effect, tend to preserve that famous monument for ages yet to come. They describe the necessity for repairs as "urgent," and recommend that the holes underneath the plinth be regularly built up with cemented masonry; the pedestal be then injected with liquid cement until every cavity shall be filled, and the needful solidity obtained. This recommendation is accompanied by a suggestion as to the way in which the injection shall be accomplished. The base being somewhat shapeless, is then to be faced with Treaste stone; all the names written by foolish visitors with paint or charcoal are to be scraped off, and an iron railing six feet high will be set up to protect the column for the future. The old inscription on the plinth in honor of Diocletian is not to be restored; but it is proposed to renew the epigraph of 1798, which runs thus: *Aux Français morts au Siège d'Alexandrie*. We hear that an Englishman has offered to defray the entire cost of the restoration.—*English paper.*

### TRUTH.

Truth is a subject which men will not suffer to grow old. Each age has to fight its own falsehood—each man with his love of saying to himself, and those around him, pleasant things and things serviceable for to-day, rather than things which are. Yet a child appreciates the divine necessity of truth; never asks, "What harm is there in saying the thing that is not?" and an old man finds in his growing experience wider and wider applications of the great doctrine and discipline of truth.—*Emerson.*



[ORIGINAL.]

## THE TRACINGS OF MEMORY.

BY J. HOWARD WERT.

There is a time when memory glides  
 To visions of the past,  
 And bears from heaven golden dreams,  
 Too beautiful to last.

But while their witching art dispels  
 The ruder blasts of sorrow,  
 Thought speeds his wings to those we love,  
 And sends the shafted arrow.

Then, when this fairy spell has come,  
 My cousin Kate, to me,  
 A prayer is wafted on the wings  
 Of angel thought to thee.

That love and beauty evermore  
 May gild a golden path,  
 And shelter thee beneath their wings  
 From gloom's tempestuous wrath.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE BRIGAND CHIEF.

BY D. L. FOSTER.

IN 176—, the family of a Neapolitan prince, who was, in fact, governor of one of the cities, was thrown into the most intense sorrow and distress, by the sudden disappearance of the only son. There was no clue by which he could be traced, as he had only a slight errand a short distance from the city, and was to return almost immediately. He had left the establishment of a jeweller, as his father quickly ascertained, early in the afternoon, after a half hour's inspection of his goods; had purchased a diamond cross and ring, and was seen to take the path toward his home.

Thus far and no farther. What had become of him? This was the unceasing question, asked in vain, by the sorrowing father and sisters, and by another, who was soon to come into the most tender relation with the missing man. And, alas! the answer came to all those hearts, although unuttered by the lips, "murdered by the brigands of Naples?"

To speak of the terrible deeds committed by this band would require a pen dipped in fire. For years they had struck terror to every heart, with the atrocities that came but half told on every breeze.

Not a man in Naples ventured on a journey without a guard, and sometimes a whole party

would travel together to protect each other. The authorities of Naples had sought them in vain. They eluded every attempt at detection, and the mystery of their haunts was utterly impenetrable. The hapless beings who fell into their hands were never heard of more. In vain that they were noble, rich and powerful. The clue was as impossible to find, as if they were obscure and of low birth.

And even so, the family of which Carlo Vincenti had been a much beloved member, were obliged to sit down and nurse their sorrows in his probable death, without the consolation of knowing how or where he had met with it. The governor had, it is true, offered a rich reward to any who might bring him tidings, and a free pardon to any of the brigands who might wish to leave their wicked and wretched life. But there was no response to either, and the family were left to the ministry of Time, "the healer of wounds—the drier of tears." Woe, indeed, for her whose brilliant dream was so early changed into darkness!

In the neighborhood of Naples, there is a cavern, which, in the eighteenth century, had defied the power of law to discover. Men knew that it existed, the haunt of the brigands, but its location had hitherto been sought in vain. The untold treasures rifled from the victims who had been cruelly murdered, must all have found a hiding-place in its depths; and parties of authorized seekers had been despatched every year to penetrate its mystery. But no ray of light had ever yet gleamed from the tiny opening large enough to admit the form of a man—no tell-tale footstep had ever marked the path that led to it; and it was believed by many that supernatural agencies were at work to protect the lawless beings who made it their home.

Sometimes mysterious whispers would float upon the public ear, of young and high-born men, leagued with these terrible outcasts; but people scorned the invidious tale. They could not believe that the sons of good and upright men who were doing their utmost to sustain the laws, and were earnestly striving to bring the offenders to justice—young men who were admitted to the highest circles—should, half their time, be mingling with these human fiends.

A few weeks after the disappearance of the governor's son, there was a gathering in the hidden cavern. One man, of large, powerful frame, though evidently not the captain of the band, had been deputed to read a document

that had seemed to stir up every mighty emotion of fierce anger or unspeakable contempt in their breasts. The crimsoned brows, the huge sweat drops that rained over their faces—the clenched hands—all told the effect of that apparently harmless paper.

He read it again; impressing every sentence with a strong, scornful accent, that told how he despised any effort to induce treachery among that trusty crew. And, as he threw down the paper, crushing it to atoms with his heel, he burst forth into such a fierce anathema upon the writer, as made some more timid spirits cower beneath his words.

The inner door of an apartment at the end of the long cavern stood partially open. This apartment was piled to the ceiling with the spoils of the gang, save that a narrow pathway led through it to another room. There was the hushed murmur of voices beyond, and the occasional tinkle of a guitar, accompanying the softest melodies that love or genius ever sets to this instrument. Within the further room sat a pair, whose beauty and grace have been seldom, perhaps, equalled. The man was tall, finely formed, and eminently graceful. He wore a singular dress, yet it so became his face and figure, that it seemed as if it were a part of himself. A short blouse or tunic of rich black velvet was belted around the waist by a crimson sash with gold fringes. His feet were thrust into slippers of crimson leather of the softest texture, and embroidered in gold stars of tiny size. On his head was a crimson velvet cap with gold band and tassel. In the sash he wore a small steel poignard with a gold hilt.

The young girl who was his companion wore a rich India muslin, embroidered with a superb pattern in oak leaves and acorns. One might suppose such a pattern too heavy for the material, but the tracery was as delicate as if woven by a fairy's fingers. No ornament disturbed the smooth outline of her graceful figure; but on the wrist a priceless diamond bracelet clasped itself lovingly, as if it felt the beauty of the arm it encircled.

The girl was herself a lovely creature, just in the bud of womanhood, with a sweet, girlish face, over which hung the softest dark brown curls, the liquid black eyes beaming out lovingly from their depths, resembling those of her companion. It was remarkable that there was a likeness so strong that they were often mistaken for brother and sister.

The furniture of the room in which they sat was rich in material, but simple in its fashion-

ing. The carpet was a superb Persian, and the curtains were of heavy brocade, corresponding in color. A soft, faint odor perfumed the room, apparently emanating from the beautiful silver lamp that lighted it to every corner as perfectly as if it had been broad day.

They sat on the same couch, and the girl was tenderly binding up the wrist of her lover, while he held back the loose sleeves of the tunic. A man stood by, who, from time to time, handed vials and bandages for the wounded arm. A dark scowl rested on his brow, which cleared away only when he met the clear, open eyes of the girl, and clouded again when he turned to the bandit chief; although the latter did not seem to heed him.

The dark face disappeared when the arm was dressed, and then, with a gentle caress, the girl asked her lover why Salviati was so moody to-night, and heard his answer with a quiver of fear.

"We have been disagreeing to-night," he answered, quietly. "Salviati is sometimes jealous of my power over my brave fellows, and sometimes, darling, he envies me your love. But he will not offend again. Nay, you need not tremble so, my timid dove. You must be brave, as becomes a chieftain's promised bride. Ah, love! you little know what I have given up for you!"

There was a thoughtful, nay, a solemn look upon his face—a sad cadence in his tones, that made the girl start and shudder.

"What mean you, dearest?" she asked.

"I ought not to tell you, Carlotta, yet something whispers that one day it may be sweet to you to know that your lover was no nameless, low-born adventurer, but a prince in his own right. I am so; and, should aught evil befall me, remember this, sweetest, that there is another who sits alone this night, wondering what has become of me, and mourning my supposed death."

"You loved another and left her. Left her, Paulo! And you tell me of your love for me; yet how do I know that I shall not be left for another?"

"Never, love! It was but a tame feeling I had for her; not the over-mastering passion that fills my whole heart for you. Julia was good and lovely; and our wedding day was fixed, when I saw you. That hour was my destiny changed. I would not give one curl of your precious hair for a hundred Julias."

"He loved and left her!" How often the girl repeated these words, and each time in tones of agony that thrilled the hearer's heart.

Not all his caresses could stay that one burning thought, until a loud cry from the cavern started both lovers to their feet. It was the mingled voices of the bandits, rising up in tones of wrath and indignation, against the man who could offer a reward for the head of their chief—the closing sentence of the paper that had so stirred them to anger.

One man's voice rose loud and violent as the others; yet when the rest had drank "confusion to our enemies," in bumpers of red wine, and had fallen asleep under the unusual influence, he stepped alone to the chieftain's couch, and bent over him with looks of rage and hate. Beyond this room was a small closet, smaller than a lady's tiniest *boudoir*, in which Carlotta slept. A polished oaken panel was made to slip aside to receive her little figure, and a heavy bolt secured her from intrusion on the inside. Her lover always lay in the room which separated this little room from the long one that held the beds of the band.

The man who thus approached the chief was Salvati. He lingered long over the couch and watched the slumbers of the occupant, who lay there dressed, as he had been all day, except that his sash was loosened, and the little dagger had fallen to the floor.

"He does not even fear us enough to keep that little thing by him!" murmured the watcher. The chief at that moment turned uneasily, for the light lay full upon his face. In his sleep he uttered the name of Carlotta. Salvati started as if an adder had stung him. A moment more and he had taken up the fallen dagger and plunged it into the heart of the sleeping chief. One more deed was to be done, and it was speedily executed. When he left the room, a headless form lay upon the couch.

Morning broke over the cavern, but the band had not as yet slept off the fumes of their unwonted indulgence. Carlotta alone waked. She rose and dressed herself, bathing her face in the marble vase of perfumed water which the chief's thoughtful care provided each night. She listened in vain for his footsteps, which had ever been the signal for her to come forth from her fairy bower. The silver lamp in her room had nearly burned out; and she knew by that token that the morning was far advanced. She noiselessly slipped aside the bolt. O, what a sight met those eager eyes, that were longing to behold her beloved! What was it that lay there? A moment more and she had fallen, mercifully struck down in unconsciousness of her deep misery.

There was a wedding at the governor's villa. Both the fair sisters were the brides, and the fond father spared nothing which could adorn the occasion. The large halls were blazing with light, and the marble vases sent forth the perfumes of richly scented flowers. The rooms which had not been opened since the terrible woe which had hung the household in mourning, were now full of light and odor; and the beautiful brides were the theme of every tongue, for the ease and grace with which, after so long seclusion from the world, they received their numerous guests.

In the midst of the bridal feast, a message was delivered to the governor. His cheek paled for an instant, and then glowed again, as if some stronger feeling had triumphed over the weakness. He gave a whispered order to the servant, who disappeared, and then the feast went on, and wine flowed freely.

"Fill high the glasses," he cried, as a large tray, covered with a white cloth, was brought in:

"Drink. Death to the robber chief."

It was done, though men marvelled that he should bring up so dark a remembrance in this festal hour.

"Thanks, friends!" said the host. "Your toast is already answered. Behold the head of the robber chief, brought hither by one of his treacherous followers!"

As he uncovered the tray, a murmur arose from every part of the spacious dining-hall. A head, noble and perfectly beautiful, was visible to all eyes. The broad, open, white brow, the arched eyebrows, the straight nose, and the full, faultless lips, formed a picture which never left the memory of the beholders. The brides gazed as if fascinated—bound by some mysterious spell.

"Father, dear father!" they both exclaimed, gliding, like two pale ghosts, to his side. As he turned the head around, they covered their eyes from the sight, but it met the father's gaze. A mortal paleness seemed to spread over his countenance; but it passed away after a few moments, and he recovered his usual composure.

"I said this was the head of the robber chief. Friends, do you not see that it is also that of my son whom I believed murdered? God! how it feels to say this; but, nevertheless, it is true. I have heard ere now, that there was honor among thieves. He who brought this terrible token to my door must have lost his sense of that honor when he betrayed his chief. But let that pass. He for whom I so truly



mourned was unworthy, but he is my dead son. Friends, you will spare me now."

He was leaving the table with his daughters upon his arm, when a sight met his eyes that moved him still more than the other. His son's affianced bride entered the door at the lower end of the room, and walked straight up to the governor's chair, close to the awful spectacle. Her hair hung in tangled curls over her neck, and a white bed-gown concealed her figure.

"I knew I should find him here," she said, laying her hand upon the beautiful head. "The angel of death was with me to-night, and bade me prepare to meet him. Love, I am here." And she touched the white brow with her lips. The sight was too affecting to be borne longer. The guests passed out and left the wretched family to care for the maniac girl.

Poor Carlotta was still more to be pitied than the other. She mourned her lover most sincerely, and had believed him the best and most noble of human kind. She knew nothing of his crimes, or of those with whom he was associated; but supposed them a brotherhood of knights, banded together to protect travellers—not to destroy them.

When the worst was revealed to her, she sought refuge in a convent, where she passed the remainder of her unhappy life.

Salvati was never admitted into the band again. His treachery had cut the last tie to their regard.

### VICE.

He who yields himself to vice must inevitably suffer. If the human law does not convict and punish him, the moral law, which will have obedience, will follow him to his doom. Every crime is committed for a purpose, with some idea of future personal pleasure; and just so sure as God governs the universe, so surely does a crime, although concealed, destroy the happiness for the future. No matter how deeply laid have been the plans of the criminal, or how desperately executed, detection pursues him like a bloodhound, and tracks him to his fate.

### THE RAINBOW.

A fragment of a rainbow bright  
Through the moist air I see,  
All dark and damp on yonder height,  
All bright and clear to me.  
An hour ago the storm was here,  
The gleam was far behind;  
So will our joys and grief appear  
When earth has ceased to blind.  
Grief will be joy, if on its edge  
Fall soft that holiest ray;  
Joy will be grief, if no faint pledge  
Be there of heavenly day.—KEBLE.

### WOMAN.

Woman, woman! truly thou art a miracle. Place her among flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness, and sometimes folly—annoyed by a dewdrop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wings, and ready to faint at the rustle of a beetle; the zephyrs are too rough, the showers too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rosebud. But let real calamity come—rouse her affections—enkindle the fires of her heart—and mark her then; how her heart strengthens itself—how strong is her purpose. Place her in the heat of battle—give her a child, a bird, anything she loves or pities, to protect—and see her, as in a relative instance, raising her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimsones her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless. Transplant her in the dark places of the earth—awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing—her presence a blessing. She disputes inch by inch the stride of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, shrinks away pale and affrighted. Misfortune daunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity, she is a bud full of imprisoned odors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable, but united in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle—a mystery, the centre from which radiates the great charm of existence.—Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

### ANT PLAGUE IN GRENADA.

Their numbers were so immense as to cover the road for several miles, and so crowded in many places, that the prints of horses feet were distinctly marked amongst them till filled up by the surrounding multitudes. They made bridges across large and rapid rivers with the dead bodies of their comrades. Every kind of cold victuals, all species of vermin, particularly rats, and even the sores of the negroes were exposed to their attacks. A premium of £20,000 was offered to the discoverer of any effectual method of destroying them, and the principal means employed were poison and fire. By mixing arsenic and corrosive sublimate with animal substances, myriads were destroyed, and the slightest tasting of the poison rendered them so outrageous as to destroy one another. Lines of red-hot charcoal were laid in their way, to which they crowded in such numbers as to extinguish it with their bodies; and holes full of fire were dug in the cane grounds, which soon were extinguished by heaps of dead. But while the nests remained undisturbed, new progenies appeared as numerous as ever, and the only effectual check which they received, was from the destructive hurricane, which by tearing up altogether, or so loosening the roots of the plants where they nestled, as to admit the rain, and almost extirpated the whole race.—*History of the British Colonies.*

Habitual intoxication is the epitome of every crime.



[ORIGINAL.]

## A DROP OF WATER.

BY E. T. E.

It's a little thing, 'tis true,  
But o'er the aching, burning brow,  
It falls with healing power;  
One cooling drop may life impart,  
And bring pulsation to the heart,  
Where all was still before.

One drop may soothe and ease a pain,  
And bring back joy and life again,  
And tranquillize the mind;  
That little drop we deemed so small,  
Of little worth, if prized at all,  
Will live in memory's shrine.

'Tis thus one kind and soothing word,  
Soon as its lute-like sound is heard,  
'Twill soothe the careworn breast;  
One well-timed word, when whispered low,  
In friendly voice, may banish woe,  
And lull each care to rest.

One teardrop shed on sorrow's shrine,  
Will dwell within the thinking mind,  
For days, for months, for years;  
No gem could e'er be shrimed so dear,  
As that bright drop, that pearly tear,  
It flowed to soften fears.

And O, if all could know the power  
Of little things in sorrow's hour,  
There might be less of grief;  
One word may wound or break a heart,  
Or add a pang to sorrow's smart,  
One word may bring relief.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE STRICKEN DEER.

## A TALE OF ANCIENT FRANCE.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

At the close of the ninth century, France exhibited a most disgraceful spectacle. The Norman invasion had been followed by an influx of lawless freebooters, who ransacked and pillaged without restraint. There was no king—for who could acknowledge Charles the Simple as a monarch? There were no subjects—for who could name them subjects who held the kingdom in their own hands, and only delegated power as a nominal thing to one who was utterly incapable in mind and body for holding the sacred office of king? And thus the world looked on with scorn and

contempt, and held up a kingdom, which should have been her shield among the greatest of the earth, to be the laughing-stock of the nations. Indolence and self-indulgence prevailed; and the king went on with that dull, leaden flow, which no angel ever comes down to trouble.

No angel, but a demon came at last to stir up the stagnant river. It came in the shape of the old Norman fighter, Rollo, who, having determined upon securing a slice of Charles's possessions, with the half unwelcome incumbrance of the king's daughter as a wife.

Had Charles possessed a spark of kingly honor or dignity, or even of the decent self-respect which every man, be he noble or simple, owes to himself he would have spurned the insolent proposal of Rollo, which was, in reality, a demand for the possession of Normandy as a principality, himself to become prince, and the hand of the Princess Gisele with it. But the weak king listened complacently; and only stipulated that Rollo should embrace the Christian faith and acknowledge him as his suzerain.

This was the first formal recognition of Normandy as a duchy, and Rollo was installed as its prince. No soft, mincing courtier was the Norman chief; but a rough, turbulent, ill-mannered boor, who delighted to set all court ceremony at naught, and could turn the most sacred things into ridicule.

The ceremonial of his investiture as sovereign of Normandy required of him to kiss the foot of the king; but when he was reminded that the time had come for him to perform that part of his duty, he coolly said he would never do that. He permitted one of his followers to take his place, however, who drew up the king's foot with a jerk, and then threw it rudely upward, which excited great laughter. His wedding was quite as ridiculous. Poor Gisele was terribly mortified at the rough speeches and actions of her spouse, and was thankful enough, no doubt, when the ludicrous farce was well over. His conduct at these ceremonies was, however, perfectly eclipsed by that at Rome, when he was baptized. Not even that sacred rite had power to subdue his shocking mockery.

Thus were the conditions fulfilled that changed Rollo into Robert, first Duke of Normandy; and it is but justice to the old warrior to say that his rule was just and generous, and that as a husband he was kind and indulgent.

The next quarter of a century went on as before, with Charles at the head of the king-

dom, until at the eventful battle of Saint Medard, he was defeated. Disgrace followed, and for over seventy years France was banded from one possessor to another, until at the close of the tenth century Hugh Capet's son ascended the throne, assuming the title of Robert I.

There was a fair young queen of the house of Burgundy—the sweet Princess Bertha. A few months she wore the crown of France with a serene dignity, to which few of the French queens have arrived. But the ambition of the Emperor Otho III., who desired the Duchy of Burgundy to be added to his own empire, wrought sad work with Robert and his bride. The emperor appealed for help to the pope, Gregory V., and the slight relationship between the king and queen was magnified into a sufficient degree of consanguinity to demand an instant separation. It was like the bitterness of death to them both. Robert rebelled against the papal authority, and was excommunicated, and his kingdom put under an interdict.

Bertha smiled at the thought that any hardship or privation could separate them from each other. True, they were left alone in the palace, with no food save what came through a turning box; but, to her true and loving heart, a wilderness with Robert would have been heaven to her.

"For O, what heart the choice can doubt,  
Of tents with love, or thrones without?"

A few months Robert bore this; but he was ever weak-minded and changeful—and one morning, when the sun rose bright and radiant over the hills of France, her heart was broken by the edict of divorce transmitted to her by the pope. There was nothing in her husband's eyes that told of surprise or despair; and Bertha found that he had weakly yielded, when she stood firm and unchanging.

In a loving and generous woman such a course could breed nothing but supreme contempt. There was a look from out those eyes that had never met his save in love before, that awed the king, and made him feel that the queen was greater and more noble than himself. It was mortifying to own this; and as soon as might be, he withdrew himself from the eyes that spoke of a stern reproach hitherto unknown to him from her.

"Forgotten so soon!" was the patient queen's only reply, when they told her of the new queen. After his separation from Bertha, he

had married Constance, daughter of William, Count of Arles, whose imperious and exacting temper, and wild, ungoverned passions, were in the deepest contrast to the virtues of her whom he had basely deserted. Bertha sought refuge from her sorrows in a convent; but not long did she bear the burden of a life, out of which all hope, and faith, and trust, had vanished. She never complained; and, still wearing her serene and beautiful smile, she was found dead in her cell—a martyr to the ambition and falsehood of men.

Among the young, beautiful and noble ladies who gathered about the new queen, was Agnes de Saint Mars, whom Constance regarded with especial favor until she became the beloved of another favorite of the queen. Hugh de Beauvals was charmed by the sweetness, the simplicity and innocence of the child—for child she was—and dreaded the influence upon her of one who, he had reason to know, was lax in morals and deficient in womanly delicacy. The queen, although choosing Hugh de Beauvals as her favorite, had begun to fear that she did not possess his respect; and it was with jealous eyes that she watched the lovely girl who had charmed him by the very qualities which she had not. There was a secret betrothal; but Agnes knew that the lynx eyes of the queen were eagerly seeking every demonstration of affection on the part of Hugh, and that she would not hesitate to crush any object that came between him and herself.

Soon she came to heap indignities upon Agnes, but of a nature that forbade complaint or murmuring. The gentle girl bore patiently the long, tedious hours which daily she bent over the embroidery frame; although she suspected that her health was giving way beneath the unwonted toil. What added to her discomfort was the constant presence of a woman who, she had reason to believe, was a spy upon her actions, and authorized by the queen.

Under the pretence that the queen's physician had noticed her paleness, and wished to prescribe for its cure, this woman daily administered to Agnes small doses of medicine, until the poor girl found she was losing strength, and that a strange fire was burning constantly in her veins, brought on, as she believed, by the medicine itself.

As she had no opportunity of seeing her lover, except in the queen's presence, she could not tell him what she feared; but her appearance terrified him with vague fears of illness. A few whispered words, exchanged

at a court-ball, confirmed suspicions which he scarcely dared to utter to himself, but which now came upon him like a thunder-bolt.

"My God, Agnes! must I see you dying thus, and say nothing? I will go this moment to the king!"

"Hush, Hugh! You would but seal my destruction at once. And, love, do not be seen speaking to me at all. I shall suffer a thousand indignities for these brief moments."

"She will not dare!"

"Yes, Hugh, she will dare everything. She seeks my life—was that a shadow that passed us then?"

"Agnes, you are nervous. It was nothing but a window curtain. Nay, I do see a woman's form behind that pillar."

Agnes nearly fainted with terror and alarm. Something more terrible than the tasks at the embroidery frame awaited her, she was certain; yet she lingered a moment longer to hear Hugh whisper that to-morrow he was to attend the king when he hunted, and that he would not leave him until he had consented to their immediate union.

That night Agnes was allowed to sleep in peace. Not even the dreaded dose was administered; and as she remembered Hugh's hopeful words, she could not help drawing some bright augury from them. She lay down upon her pillow with a lighter heart than she had known for a long time.

In the morning she sprang from her late slumbers to watch the party assembled to join the hunt. She saw her lover, bright with the new hope that had come to them both, and saw him ride off on his spirited steed, close to the king's side. She even saw Robert bend down to his favorite, as if listening graciously to some proffered request, which she had little difficulty in divining.

All day her glad heart was anticipating the blessed news which she felt sure Hugh would bring. And it was only when the long September day drew to a close, that the languor which had been so long habitual to her again oppressed and wearied her.

She lay beneath an open window, where the evening breeze and the chill autumn dews came in, and revelled at will upon a frame already enfeebled by poison. She slept and waked, slept and waked again. She was sensible of a nameless horror in her dreams, in which Hugh and the king and queen were blended.

"O God, spare me until my Hugh returns!"

was her heart's cry, as she woke at last in the darkness and felt that he had not returned.

But hark! they are coming—they are coming! The poor girl started from her couch, now damp alike with tears and dews. On thy knees, poor Agnes! Ay, it is the fitting posture for thee; for, of all God's creatures, thou needest to be brought into closer communion with him. Earthly friends have forsaken, enemies are triumphing over thy fall, and God alone can help thee. Groping on the altar stairs, look upward, stricken deer, and behold the Father!

How silently they come—and what is that which men are bearing into the courtyard with slow steps? It must be the hunter's prize, the noble stag, whose life-blood is staining the heavy cloth.

There were lights all over the yard, illuminating the dark hurdle. Where was Hugh all this time? She saw him not; but Robert the king rode solemn and slow beside the long, low, black hearse-like thing, and his tears sparkled in the torchlight. Hugh's dancing plume waved by his side no longer; but there is no deer lying there. "Hugh! O God, my Hugh!" was heard from the window above, and then there was silence.

"Go to the chamber of Mademoiselle de Saint Mars," said the queen's voice, "and bid her come down to the courtyard. Tell her that Hugh de Beauvais will meet her there." And she gave such a fearful laugh, that even the horrid old hag that had pursued Agnes to the death, shuddered as she went up the broad staircase.

She entered the room and looked around. Agnes lay back upon the couch, with the moonbeams resting upon her white face. The message was given to ears that heard not. She was where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

They who judged that King Robert had listened to his wife's dreadful plot, did him foul wrong. When the queen's archer shot Hugh de Beauvais, he inflicted greater pain upon the king than upon his victim. Robert knew not that it was intentional, until he heard Constance ask the man if he had done his duty faithfully. If the memory of Bertha at that moment stung him like a serpent's tooth, can it be wondered at? Was she not fully avenged?

Death is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release, the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure, and the comforter of him whom time cannot console.

[ORIGINAL.]

"THERE'S NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL."

The proudest motto for the young—  
Write it in lines of gold  
Upon thy heart, and in thy mind  
The stirring words enfold;  
And in misfortune's dreary hour,  
Or fortune's prosperous gale,  
'Twill have a holy, cheering power—  
There's no such word as fail.

The sailor on the stormy sea  
May sigh for distant land,  
And free and fearless though he be,  
Would they were near the strand;  
But when the storm on angry wings  
Bears lightning, sleet and hail,  
He climbs the slippery mast, and sings,  
"There's no such word as fail!"

The weary student, bending o'er  
The tomes of other days,  
And dwelling on their magic lore,  
For inspiration prays;  
And though with toil his brain is weak,  
His brow is deadly pale,  
The language of his heart will speak,  
"There's no such word as fail."

The wily statesman bends his knee  
Before fame's glittering shrine,  
And would an humble suppliant be  
To genius so divine;  
Yet though his progress is full slow,  
And enemies may rail,  
He thinks at last the world to show,  
There's no such word as fail.

The soldier on the battle-field,  
When thirsting to be free,  
And throw aside a tyrant's chain,  
Says, "On for liberty,  
Our households and our native land!  
We must, we will prevail;  
Then foot to foot, and hand to hand—  
There's no such word as fail!"

The child of God, though oft beset  
By foes without—within,  
These precious words will ne'er forget  
Amid their dreadful din:  
But upward looks with eye of faith,  
Armed with the Christian mail,  
And in the hottest conflict saith,  
"There's no such word as fail!"

When the sunlight of God's mercy rises  
upon our necessities, it casts the shadow of  
prayer far down upon the plain; or, to use  
another illustration, when God piles up a hill  
of mercies, he himself shines behind them, and  
he casts on our spirits the shadow of prayer,  
so that we may rest certain, if we are in prayer,  
our prayers are the shadows of mercy.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MONKEYS' LAST GASP!

BY NEMOPHILA.

It was at the island—what island, do you ask? Well, when Nature sealed the Western hemisphere with the great North American continent, she dropped a little "kiss"—a tiny morsel of rarest verdure—close beside its eastern shore; and that is "the island"—title sufficient for its *habitués*, and to the unfortunate remainder of the world, why give a barren name conveying no ideas?

So it simply was at "the island" that the loveliest day of August, 1862, had reached almost its meridian, and the boaters, the strollers, the arbor-gossipers, and even the lovers, becoming conscious of the fact, had slowly converged houseward to rest a little, and then dress for dinner.

A chance boat had arrived in the course of the morning (thank heaven, there is no regular and definite conveyance between the island and the main!) and had brought a rude reminder from the outer world in the shape of a newspaper, filled to the brim with editorial jeremiads, and mournful stories of hunger, fatigue, death sweeping in his harvest from hospital and battle-field, and all the other melancholy details that we have learned to call "war-news."

So as the various groups came straggling into the low-browed parlor where our handsome invalid officer was reading out the news, they paused to listen; and it was good to watch the various lighter feelings fade out from those gay young faces, giving place to the troubled sympathy and deeper thought that had slept awhile.

"We ought to be doing something down here—a dozen pairs of idle hands, and the soldiers needing everything!" exclaimed the most energetic young lady of the party, while the quietest sat down gently in the corner, and went on with the hospital slipper that had been dangling from her finger.

"Has nobody any linen to spare? Why didn't you bring some of those table-cloths for us to ravel?" asked a zealous lint-picker, turning to his married cousin.

"I was afraid your industry would be such a reproach to us lazy people."

"Let us take up a contribution, and present the proceeds to the sanitary committee up here in town. Money represents every-



thing else you know, besides being more of a rarity than most other things just now," suggested a paterfamilias, his fingers already in his waistcoat pocket.

"One of the young ladies must carry round the hat," stipulated the dashing metropolitan, fixing his eyes upon our beauty, who laughed and blushed a little as she nestled deeper into the great arm-chair.

"There's nothing very amusing about contribution papers, and we may possibly get a chance to sign one or two at home before the war is over. There's fun in that. What can we sell?" suggested Beauty from the depths of the arm-chair.

"An auction! Let us have an auction—there's fun enough in that. What can we sell?" suggested Beauty from the depths of the arm-chair.

"Couldn't we sell flowers?" asked little Lu, with a vision of bouquets and wreaths, and pretty children in white frocks and blue sashes, such as she had seen on the Fourth of July in Boston.

"Flowers! I'm afraid tiger-lilies and poppies wouldn't be very saleable, and there's nothing else to be had on the island," retorted her tall brother.

"No, flowers won't do, but we might sell tickets for the dance to-night," said the "sweet singer."

"And have a supper, with extra tickets beside," added another voice.

"But I'm afraid we couldn't steal cake in sufficient quantities to supply all who would wish to purchase tickets," said our fair sailor.

"And as for the dance, some of us had rather pay double to be allowed to stay away," confided *il Professore* to the pages of his horrid German metaphysics.

"No, I will tell you of something better than all that," interrupted a new voice, as the smallest and most charming of old ladies tripped into the room. "You shall have an auction, and I will give you something to bid upon; something a great deal better than your flowers and cake—something of real and permanent value, either for ornament or use. A very remarkable article, too; venerable for its age, desirable for its newness, curious for its rarity, and yet something that every one present should possess, not yet a week old, and purchased by me almost fifty years ago—something, moreover, which not one of you can describe even after you have seen and handled

it. Doesn't all that excite your curiosity?"

"Charming!" "Delightful!" "How deliciously tantalizing!" "Pray, explain, dear madam," chorussed the merry voices.

"Mrs. Montply, you are a blessing to your race in general, and the island in particular," suggested the paterfamilias, his eyes brimming with fun.

"O, yes, you are all ready enough to laugh at the old lady, but wait a minute—wait till you know what she's going to do for you. Wait, now!"

And diving into an adjacent bedroom, Mrs. Montply re-appeared after a moment's absence with a mass of woollen drapery of a curious reddish smoke color, bundled in her arms in such a manner as to conceal its form.

"Now, friends," began she, as the laughing group surrounded and eclipsed her little figure, "I am going to tell you what this is, and then I am going to show it to you; and after that, if there isn't an active competition and a high price bid for this property, I shall consider it a personal slight to me. When I was coming down to the island, my friends said, some of them that is:

"You won't think of bathing?"

"Bathing! Well, I hadn't thought of it, but why not?—why shouldn't I bathe, if I like?"

"O, I don't know—because—well, you have no bathing-dress."

"You see they didn't want to say 'because you're too old,' so they called it bathing-dress. I saw through it—we old folks see a good deal more than you young ones think we do—so I just said, quietly:

"If it's only for that, I can get a bathing-dress. Very likely Mrs. Rivers will lend me hers; she doesn't bathe this summer."

"What, that sky-blue bound with red? Why, Aunt Montply?" screamed my niece Dora. Pretty girl, Dora; you know her, Mr. What'syourname. I heard you was very much taken with her last winter in Boston. 'Twasn't she that told me of it, either."

Pausing a moment to enjoy the laugh that arose as all eyes centred upon the crimson face of unfortunate Mr. What'syourname, our little old lady went on:—

"Well, I told Dora that sky-blue had always been accounted very becoming to my complexion; but perhaps it would be better I should have a bathing-dress of my own, for probably I should pretty nearly wear it out, and it wouldn't be just the thing to use a borrowed garment as freely as I meant to use my bathing-dress."

"They didn't say any more, but they looked at each other. If there's anything I hate, it's to have people look at each other about me. I'd rather they'd shake me, and that's a good deal for a little body like me, to say. One of these girls could shake me all to pieces."

"I shake in my shoes at the thought of such audacity, but please go on about the bathing-dress," said Beauty, on whom the old lady had fixed her eyes.

"Well, they went away, and I made up my mind that just for fun I would have a bathing-dress, and frighten them to death making believe I was going to bathe all the time I was down here. So I went and rummaged in one of my big trunks, and pretty soon came across an old merino dress that I bought years ago; in fact, I don't know but it was before I was married. They used to make cloth then very different from anything you see now-a-days, and ask a different price for it, too. Why, I paid three dollars a yard for that very merino; and though I wore it and wore it, it never wore out—there it was in my old trunk, pretty near as good as new. So I sat down and took my scissors and ripped up the old dress, and had the pieces nicely ironed out in the kitchen, all ready for next day, and in the morning after breakfast I sat down to sewing. Now, you know the fact is, I never sew—can't sew on account of this hand," and the lively old lady held out a right hand, small and delicate, but contracted by disease of some sort in a manner to be almost useless.

"So when my friends came in to see how the old lady had got through the night, there she was, working away as brisk as a bee.

"What, sewing?" says one, and "What are you making, Mrs. Montply?" asks another, and Dora—my niece, you know, young man—(with a nod at Mr. What'syourname) she tried to pull away my work, and declared I shouldn't work another minute.

"But it's my bathing-dress. I am going to the island day after to-morrow, and I must have my bathing-dress at any rate," said I, going on with my work as soon as I could get hold of it, and in spite of all they could say; and though they went off, and got my old friend Mrs. Penryth to come and ask me to spend the afternoon with her, I kept at it, and worked that whole long day from morning till night, and got my dress done before I even drank my tea. Yes, young people, I did it all myself; did it with this poor lame hand—this hand that once was as straight and pretty as even yours, my dear (with a smile at Beauty), and I did it for a principle. I—"

"May I interrupt one moment? I confess the principle weighs me, and we owe it to these young people, my dear madam, to set that very plainly before them," interrupted paterfamilias with the laughing eyes.

"Yes, sir, you may ask, and I'm not ashamed to tell you; it's the principle of always having my own way. It's one I've held to through life, and I find it a very useful one, if it's only thoroughly pointed out."

"Pray proceed. I am entirely satisfied, and I trust these young ladies will treasure the maxim as a formidable weapon in their future warfare with their natural enemies of the other sex."

"And this is the famous bathing-dress?" asked Beauty, laying a hand upon its folds.

"This, my dear, is the dress." And the blithe old lady, with a movement full of dignity and grace, suddenly unrolled and extended the garment, much after the manner in which banners are so constantly (according to the daily press) thrown to the breeze.

"Now stop! Don't say a word till I've done. Nothing is so unmannerly as to interrupt any one who's talking. You can't one of you tell me what's the color of this beautiful bathing-dress, even now that you've seen it."

"Brown." "Slate." "Ashes of roses." "Gray."

"No, no, no, no! I knew none of you could tell; but many's the time I've heard little delicate, mincing ladies come into a shop and ask for gloves, or ribbon, or silk, or cloth, of—'The Monkey's last Gasp;' and this very dress—this beautiful merino bathing-dress—this is the exact shade, the identical thing. This is 'the Monkey's last Gasp.'"

"How ridiculous! Why do they call it so?" inquires an impulsive youth.

"Well, the reason isn't very pleasant perhaps; but it's always well to know the whole of anything," replied the old lady, a little embarrassed. "It's because when a monkey is just going to die, he always with his last breath throws out a substance from his mouth of this color; and some man who happened to see it, and was above silly prejudices, imitated it with dye-stuff, and made his fortune, for as I tell you, it was all the fashion when I was a girl, though I know none of you ever heard of it. And that was what I meant when I said not one of you could describe it, even after you had seen it."

"And now about this auction. Where's that New York lawyer? He's just the man for auctioneer. It wants some one who can

talk pretty fast, and say something funny, you know. Where's he gone now?"

"Here he is; I've caught him. You needn't try to escape now. Mrs. Montply says you can talk fast, and say funny things, and we want to hear you. Come in directly, sir—you're auctioneer."

And the fair sailor half led, half pushed forward her laughing captive, who, spite of protestations and entreaties, was immediately invested with the bathing-dress, that its perfections might be the more conspicuously exhibited, and ordered to commence his harangue.

But spite of all the amateur eloquence of the "New York lawyer," spite of the superlative qualities of the article under discussion and the busy suggestions of its quondam owner, the bidding was very backward; perhaps because everybody was laughing too much to speak—perhaps because everybody was afraid of becoming the ridiculed possessor of "the Monkey's last Gasp."

At last the blonde and energetic sailoress put a stop to the bids with a suggestion that everybody ought to have a fair chance to win the longed-for prize, and that if the competition continued so active, she at least should have no chance to speak; and she would suggest changing the auction to a raffle, the price of tickets to be fixed at a small sum, and everybody present to take one or more as they chose.

No sooner said than done. The New York lawyer was released from his onerous duties, and busy fingers immediately began tearing a sheet of note-paper into fragments numbered from one to thirty. The same numbers were then written in column upon another sheet of paper, and every one was invited to write his or her name opposite whichever number, or as many as was agreeable. Thirty more scraps of paper, twenty-nine blank, and one with the word "prize" written upon it were next prepared and placed in the hat of *il Professore* (who having severely retired was saved the knowledge of the desecration), the thirty numbers were placed in another hat, and confided to the auctioneer. The blonde sailor assumed charge of the professional chapeau, and a third person held the page of names, which had been filled up very rapidly by the invalid officer taking all the tickets that no one else wanted.

The raffle then commenced in the usual way. The auctioneer reading aloud each number, while his coadjutor took at the same moment a folded scrap from the hat in her

hand, and announced blank after blank, until somewhere in the twenties, the excitement was brought to a climax by the announcement of "prize."

"Quick, quick, Bessie, who's 23?—who's got it?—who's got 'the Monkey's last Gasp?'" clamored all the laughing voices; and the laughter rose to a shout, when the name of the gay and gallant young officer was announced, and he came merrily forward to receive the prize.

"But stop," suggested paterfamilias, when he could speak for laughter; "there should be a presentation, and a presentation speech. Mrs. Montply, you must present 'the Gasp' in due form to the captain. Accept my arm, if you please. Ladies and gentlemen, make way, I beg of you! Lu, my dear, no unbecoming levity, I implore, on this solemn occasion."

So the merry-makers fell back, and the trim little form of the old lady, grandly escorted by one of the most courtly of modern gentlemen, sailed up the room, and pausing opposite the happy recipient of her attentions (you may be sure he looks with less embarrassment into the faces of rebel cannon and cannoneers), made a very neat little speech, in which, after tendering to him and his fellow-soldiers the proceeds of her own toilsome labors, she kindly added, that should he not wish the garment for his own use, he was at liberty to present it to anybody worthy in his eyes of so rare a gift.

To this the captain responded gracefully, that since the exigencies of his profession forbid him to retain a memento at once so valuable and so bulky, he should avail himself of the donor's kind permission, and transfer the valued prize to a young lady then present, whom he hoped the possession would constantly remind her to emulate with anxious zeal, not only the industry which had brought the bathing-dress to a happy completion, but the magnificent *principle* in which it had been begun.

The orations thus concluded, the attention of the company was recalled to business, and the blonde, who had been collecting the subscriptions (still by means of the professional chapeau), suggested that some gentleman should purchase the small change at the liberal rate of twenty cents on the dollar, and that some one else should assume the postage-stamps, of which there were a large proportion, and replace them with *clean* bank-notes.

Two victims immediately offering themselves to new extortion, and the transfers be-



ing made, the proceeds of the morning's amusement were counted up, and found to consist of several dollars in money, and an amount of fun and good feeling worth at least twice as much.

I suppose it was selfish, but human nature is selfish; and although the dollars were despatched that very afternoon to the sanitary rooms, "up in town," the Islanders kept the memory of the fun and good feeling for themselves. And the next time you meet one of them, and wish to put him or her in good humor, just ask what was the price of "the Monkey's last Gasp."

### TORTURE IN THE SEA.

One morning toward the end of June, while swimming off the Margate coast, I saw at a distance something that looked like a patch of sand occasionally visible, and occasionally covered as it were, by the waves, which were then running high in consequence of a lengthened gale which had not long gone down. Knowing the coast pretty well, and thinking no sand ought to be in such a locality, I swam toward the strange object, and had got within some eight or ten yards of it before finding that it was composed of animal substances. I naturally thought that it must be the refuse of some animal that had been thrown overboard and swam away from it, not being anxious to come in contact with so unpleasant a substance. While still approaching it, I had noticed a slight tingling in the toes of the left foot, but as I invariably suffer from cramp in those regions while swimming, I took the "pins and needles" sensation for a symptom of the accustomed cramp, and thought nothing of it. As I swam on, however, the tingling extended further and further, and began to feel very much like the sting of an old nettle. Suddenly the truth flashed across me, and I made for shore as fast as I could. On turning round for that purpose, I raised my right arm out of the water, and found that dozens of slender and transparent threads were hanging from it, and evidently still attached to the Medusa, now some forty or fifty feet away. The filaments were slight and delicate as those of a spider's web, but there the similitude ceased, for each was armed with a myriad of poisoned darts that worked their way into the tissues, and affected the nervous system like the stings of wasps.—*Once a Week.*

### SORROW.

It would be a poor result of all our anguish and wrestling, if we were nothing but our old selves at the end of it—if we could return to the same blind loves, the same self-confident blame, the same light thoughts of human suffering, the same frivolous gossip over blighted human lives, the same feeble sense of that Unknown, toward which we have sent forth irrepressible cries in our loneliness.—*Adam Bede.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## BAYSIDE.

### A PICTURE OF TO-DAY.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

#### I.

"MOONLIGHT, MUSIC, LOVE AND FLOWERS."

"ALLOW me to introduce Mr. Castlewood, Miss Beach!"

And after the introduction came the pleasant dance, and the fine supper, and in another hour Marguerite Beach was riding home from the party at her friend Carrie Somerton's, and her mind was full of Carrie's guests, and the charming music, and more than all, of the *distingue* Charles Castlewood.

How beautifully he had danced! How everybody admired him—and surely it was not weak nor foolish in Marguerite to be pleased with the man whom everybody praised! What a graceful way he had of complimenting! No, it was not flattery, it was too delicate, and he was too well bred for flattery. Then how stupid and tame Harry Winterville seemed as he stood watching her through the waltzes! To be sure, Harry was sensible, and kind-hearted, and brave; but then— Ah, then he was not half so pleasant as this Mr. Charles Castlewood, who could quote Byron so beautifully, and then—and then—

The little beauty Marguerite had arrived at Bayside, her home, and was all alone in her little chamber, and she could hardly say her prayers connectedly for thoughts of this new beau whose voice she heard whispering in her ears, and whose eyes spoke a bewildering language to her wildly-beating heart.

O, Marguerite—little, dreaming maiden—beware! Thou shalt dream of an Elysian this night; but still beware! Serpents have coiled amid the flowers of many an Eden, and made the bright bowers at last as dark as Hades!

It somehow seemed, next day, that the flowers gave out a sweeter fragrance at Bayside; the laburnums seemed to glow like discs of fire amongst the dark-leaved, clustering vines; and the jessamines filled the whole air with their perfume. The sunlight was brighter than the day before, the birds warbled merrily, and chased each other open-mouthed with song into flowery coverts in the shade. The stream was not only sparkling water which flowed through the undulous meadows, and bathed the horny hoofs of the kine, but it was rippling silver which sang, as it kissed the



banks, most sweet love songs to the merry Marguerite of Bayside. What a change all nature had undergone because one little maiden had discovered she had a heart. O, wonderful alchemy of youth and love!

And they met and met again. First upon a fishing party, then on a riding party, and then Charley Castlewood called on the Bayside heiress.

"Who was this Mr. Castlewood?" asked the cautious Papa Beach.

"O," answered Carrie Somerton readily, in whose presence the question was asked, "he belongs to the old family of Castlewoods in Maryland, you know. The first people in the country, Mr. Beach. His father is the Rev. Job Castlewood, of Upper Falls, and he is an only son. What a splendid match it would be wouldn't it?" And Marguerite's friend rattled on in answer to the old gentleman's question.

It seemed to the cool-headed father at that moment that Carrie Somerton was too anxious for the match, either to be entirely unselfish, or a very good friend to his daughter, so without taking much notice of the latter's remarks, he patted his daughter's head fondly, and said:

"Ah, pet, how about our good Harry Winterville, eh? I don't see the honest gentleman here as often as formerly."

"O, father," answered our maiden, blushing, "Mr. Winterville and I are as good friends as ever. Besides," she added, "he cares more for a visit to Carrie's than to Bayside."

The old gentleman looked puzzled, and walked away, not failing, however, to notice that it was Carrie Somerton's turn to blush now, and he muttered, as he reached his library:

"These girls are hard to comprehend. It was Harry here and Harry there, and now it is Mr. Winterville. I should not want my little girl to marry such a fine gentleman as this Mr. Castlewood. It seems to me that Carrie is pursuing a game here. I must look after these love affairs with my old gray head." And he settled himself down to his newspaper.

It was a pleasant evening in June, some six weeks after the events described above; Charles Castlewood and Marguerite were walking down the paths from the Bayside mansion towards the pretty fountains in the garden's centre. The gentleman was whispering vows into the ear of the maiden which not

unwillingly drank in the honey of his words till her cheeks burned, and her heart beat wildly. The moon came shimmering through the green leaves, and made the water jets which sprang up from the fountain sparkle like diamond showers. O, the fairy land! The hush of evening, the fall of cool waters, the pallid, gleaming moon, and the words of love! Sweet is the intoxication of the hour, and Marguerite Beach thought life was a garden, and all its paths were odorously with the incense of sweet flowers. Ere the moon waned Marguerite was Castlewood's promised bride.

The same evening, at Carrie Somerton's, outspoken, manly Harry Winterville sat near the piano, where Carrie sang with meaning emphasis such songs as "Remember me," and "Forget me not," ending with the touching ballad of "No one to love." The truth was, Harry Winterville was not impressed by the tones, or the music, and sat without complimenting the singer as the more pleasing Mr. Castlewood might have done. His companion soon rallied him thus:

"Why, Harry, you don't like my music?"

"Yes, O, excuse me, Carrie (for they were old friends and dispensed with the formal Mr. and Miss), I was thinking how sad a song the latter was."

"Indeed; perhaps you feel the truth of the words?" she asked, as if to lead him to speak of a subject which at most times will lead at least to the *badinage* of gallantry.

"No," was his reply, "I do love some one."

Carrie affected a pretty confusion, and looked down at the floor.

"Is she beautiful?" she asked, archly.

"As she is good," he said.

"Do I know her?"

"She is your best friend."

"O, tell me, Harry, who is so worthy of your love?"

"Marguerite Beach; and if I can win her I intend to make her my wife."

Carrie Somerton left the piano and the room without so much as an "Excuse me," dashed up stairs to her chamber, locked the door, her eyes flashing and all the signs of excitement in her agitated face.

"She shall never be his wife," she exclaimed fiercely, and then burst into a flood of passionate tears.

Winterville stood by the piano in mute surprise, waited a half hour for his friend's reappearance, and then strolled homewards, thinking what strange creatures women were;

but all the time excepting one, Marguerite, from all caprice, weakness, or vanity, in the fond credulity of his loving heart.

The next morning Winterville's sleek horse was tied to the stone post in front of Bayside, and Winterville was seated by Marguerite in the little arbor by the singing fountain in the garden. There was so much manliness in Harry's face, so much hearty music in his deep voice, and when he spoke there was a flow of such honest words that it would insult truth itself to doubt a syllable which he spoke. But, alas! a man who woos a maiden the morning after yesternight's lover has breathed vows underneath the moon, knows not the sweet memories he has to conquer ere she can listen in the starry sunlight; so Harry spoke, and his words woke but faint responses in his listener's heart.

"I love you, dear Marguerite—I will cling to you through life with all my heart—I will never grieve you. You shall teach me to be a good man and a better Christian. Say you will be my wife, dear one, and my home will be a paradise of joy to me. I am a plain man, as you know, Marguerite, and I must speak to you out of the fulness of my heart. These years I have waited for this day, when I could offer you all that a true man may offer a noble woman—his name, his fortune, and his honor."

Marguerite was pale and trembling. Had she mistaken the true path, as she had walked in the moonlight under the spray of the fountain, listening to soft words amongst the flowers? In this voice there was truth, and a manly declaration, in that other—O, here in the sunlight she sadly doubted; but she had promised, and she was honest, and brave, and though it cost her many a pang, and tears trembled in her dark eyes, she spoke such words as these to the good man at her side:

"Harry, perhaps I am wrong—I would not pain you—but—but I cannot marry you! I know now how much I esteem you. I feel now, more than ever, how dear a friend I shall lose when I tell you that—that I have promised to marry another!"

And she burst into tears and covered her face with her hands. Winterville stood like a man carved out of the rock. His honest face paled, and flushed, and whitened again.

"Marry another! You won't be my wife? O, Margery, Margery, what is this you tell me? Did I think you could change like this—you of all the world? Who can love you as I do? Who could cherish you like me? O,

no, Margery, dear Margery, do not let me go back to my lonesome home with no hope in my heart, even."

And his sonorous voice quivered, and the last words came thick as though they were choking him.

"Indeed, indeed, Harry, I did not think of all this. He loves me so well—"

"Who? Who, Margery?" he interrupted quickly.

"Charles Castlewood. And—"

"What, that man to be your husband? The gambler, the drunkard—"

"Hold, hold, Harry! You don't know what you say! It cannot be!" And Marguerite started up, and clasped his arm appealingly.

"I will prove it so," he said, sternly. "And it's for this man you have given me up? O, Margery!"

"I thought, O, I thought, Harry, that you were to marry Carrie. I never thought of this."

A light seemed to break in upon the mind of Winterville, as he asked:

"Why did you think I was to marry Carrie?"

"She told me so," replied the weeping girl.

And now he saw all the duplicity at a glance. How she had been thrown by Carrie into the company of Castlewood, and how Marguerite had been misled, and before he left the garden she had promised that if Castlewood was so base she would not see him again—that is, if it were proved to be so—but there were too many tender memories true to him for the belief that he was all that Winterville had accused him of. So with a heavy heart she bade Harry farewell, and he took his departure from Bayside.

## II.

### DISENCHANTED.

MARGUERITE's father was talking with an old English jockey at the stable door at Bayside about a sprained horse which he wished the old horseman, Sam Maynes, to try and cure, and when Sam was about taking his departure, a cloud of dust was observed far up the main road, which caused the jockey to remark, as he rubbed his horny hands in glee:

"Ah, I'll be bound, 'ere cooms that lightning' blood with 'is York 'oss, Mr. Beach."

"Whom do you mean, Sam," asked the latter, "and what horse so excites your admiration?"

"What 'oss? Vy, aren't ye 'erd o' that rat-

“In’ two minute an’ no second pacer that the young Mr. Castlewood drives? ’Ere he comes! Yip, yip! Hay, boy! Vot a gate fur a skeleton vaggon! Vot blood! Yip, yip! Now ’e’s hup! Now ’e’s screwin’ ’im to hit hagin—”

And the young Mr. Castlewood came dashing by Bayside with his “two minute and no second” pacing horse, and his face could scarcely be distinguished before he was away, away, far down the road, the eager eyes of the old jockey following him.

“Ow the youngster ’olds the ribbons, doant ’e, Mr. Beach? ’E’s a tearer is that boy, sir. They tell me ’e’s a parson’s honly son, and ye may take Sam Maynes’s word for hit, sir, that honly sons break the traces hurly, and parsons’ geldins break hout of the paddock an’ fly bover the fields, fit to break the necks o’ worse nor steeple-chasers, an’ this ’ere blade haint han hexception, you may take Sam Maynes’s word for ’t.”

Mr. Beach had of late been more unfavorably impressed in regard to Charles Castlewood and his growing intimacy with his daughter, and as he supposed the jockey might know something about the young man’s habits in the village, from his former remarks, he said:

“Sam, you seem to know the young man, tell me what you have seen of him?”

“You may take Sam Maynes’s word for hit, squire, ’e’s a ’igh-goin’ blood—hup hall night a-fightin’ the tiger in Mike Pharoah’s cage bover the ’otel in the town, an’ a-larkin’ hit ’igh with ’osses an’ sich like hall day. They do say, Squire Beach, ’e ’ought ’t little York ’oss with heagles won from the devil’s hown bank. But ’e can sing, sir, like ha nightingale, an’ spar like Ben Caunt—never knowd ha parson’s son yet but could fight w/’ the gloves better nor his master—an’ ye can take Sam Maynes’s word for ’t.”

But Mr. Beach was sickened with this account of a man for whom he suspected his daughter had formed a preference, and determined that he no longer would tolerate Charles Castlewood’s visits. He sent for Marguerite to join him in his library, and when she left his presence, these were her last words:

“Dear father, trust me in this, once, only once. In his care, and you know how brave and good he is, let me be satisfied for my own welfare and peace of mind.”

And he replied, “This once I will, sweet child. God bless and protect you!”

What these words meant we shall know hereafter.

A party of young men sat in one of the upper rooms of the — Hotel, in the village in the evening; they were all smoking, and most of them had glasses of liquor before them—the laughter and jest seemed but the fit expression of such high animal life. In the midst of the company sat Castlewood, his fine face slightly flushed with the beverage he had imbibed, and the flow of his witty speech the most applauded. The door was suddenly opened, and two more gentlemen made their appearance.

“Why, how d’ye do, Harry?” shouted several of the voices of the *bon vivants*.

“Come here, Winterville!”

“Why, old boy, join me in a glass of wine?”

And while Harry Winterville, for it was the young farmer, shook hands with the gentlemen who called to him, he introduced his friend, a handsome, pale-faced young gentleman, whom he called his “friend, Mr. Wilmer,” and Mr. Wilmer was pressed to the hilarious circle, and urged to partake of wine, the friends of Winterville making him most welcome, and the conversation flowed on again in the old channels.

“I saw you dash through town with that locomotive in horseflesh to-day, Charley,” said one of Castlewood’s companions.

“Yes, I took a ride down to C— to exercise the fiery little pacer.”

“Has he good bottom, Castlewood?” asked another.

“I drove him twelve miles in thirty-four minutes,” was the reply.

“Bah!” said a doubter.

“It’s a fact.”

“Your watch was wrong, Charley.”

“No; and I can do it again.”

“Bah!”

“A hundred to fifty I can to-morrow!”

“Done!”

And as the bet was concluded, Harry and his friend Wilmer exchanged perplexing glances.

The tobacco smoke obscured the company, almost, and the jest, and laughter, and merry song were continued until Castlewood arose and said:

“Well, gentlemen, let us go over to Pharoah’s room and pass an hour; I will have a wrestle with the sickle jade chance to-night.”

“Agreed! agreed!” was echoed on all sides.

And in a few moments the company stood in a sumptuously fitted-up room, where bril-

lilant lights flashed down upon bright carpets, and easy lounges, and costly wine stands laden with taper glasses, and silver bottles, while conspicuously set at one end was the beautiful supper table, and at the other that altar upon which honor and manhood are often laid, and soon are buried, as within a grave—the fano table.

Play soon began. And it was easy to be seen that Charles Castlewood was no novice in the game; he bet his money, counted out his checks, and called his “queens” and “deuces,” and “trays,” with the nonchalance of an old *habitué* of the hells. At first luck was with him, and he won, then lost, then won again, at each heavy bet drinking till his eyes glared and his hand became unsteady. Wilmer and Winterville stood opposite to him, and once when his eyes were raised to the former’s face he started as though he had been struck; but he commenced to lose then in the game, and he lost, lost, lost!

They paused awhile for supper, and then commenced again. The impassive-faced dealers of the game discovered that they had secured their victim, for his flushed face and thick tongue and reckless play told the tale.

Great Heavens! could this be the same man who strolled near the soft-playing fountain in the moonlight, and spoke such tender words of love, and seemed so full of the fire of manly youth, so pure and good, and ingenuous? Was this same maudlin-tongued gamester the graceful, admired gentleman?

O, fathers and mothers, what danger lurks near the Eden of your homes, when sisters or daughters believe the tender word and vow, and cling so fondly to strong arms, whose hardest labor, perhaps, has been to lift the foaming bowl, or rattle ivories in the dice box!

The play went on. Castlewood lost, lost, till every dollar was in the banker’s hands. Then he borrowed from his friends, and as a *dernier resorte* staked his watch. The fatal box clicked, and the watch was gone. Then his diamond pin—lost. His friends wanted him to leave.

“No, no,” he said, “I’ll play my black horse against five hundred dollars.”

“Write out a receipt for him, Mr. Castlewood,” said one of the smooth-tongued dealers, “and I will give you five hundred.”

The receipt was written and the money paid.

“Fool,” murmured his friends, “his horse will be gone!”

Wilmer stood before the infatuated gamester, his large, mournful eyes riveted on him.

“Do not play, sir,” he falteringly said.

But the first hundred was lost already, and in a few moments more the whole was swept away. He reeled from the table as one of his companions, with a laugh, said:

“Cleaned out, Charley! What’ll you do now, old fellow?”

He stood close by Wilmer, as he answered, in his thick, altered tones:

“Marry the little hellress—hic—marry the little witch of Bayside—”

Harry Winterville made a motion as if to dash the scoundrel to the floor; but a woman’s shriek arrested the blow, and turned his attention to his friend Wilmer. He had fallen almost swooning, and the dark cap which he wore had dropped from his head—the long hair of a woman flowing down her shoulders disclosed the sex of the person whom Harry had introduced as Wilmer, and as Winterville supported her to the door for air, he whispered:

“Courage, courage, dear Margery! You have my loyal heart.”

And the murmur ran round the room from the companions of Castlewood:

“It’s Marguerite Beach! Castlewood’s ruined!”

But Harry led the almost fainting woman to the carriage without. She had penetrated the secret—she was satisfied—but, O, at what a cost!

But a few months have passed—but a few moons have been born and died—yet Castlewood filled a drunkard’s grave, and Carrie Somerton had left her home to travel with some relatives abroad. Since the discovery of her perfidy to Marguerite, she had never visited Bayside, and it was whispered, near her home, that she had expressed an intention of entering a convent in Naples, or Genoa, perhaps San Ambrogio, in the latter city.

Marguerite Beach learned to value the sterling qualities of the honest heart of Winterville; they are married now, and though the jewel of his character was not so brilliant in the glare of gaslight, it better disclosed its purity in the strong rays of the sun in open day. Tender, devoted, and true, his is the supporting arm, and the warm, faithful heart; and if this story of real life will teach nothing else than the folly of maidens selecting their partners for life from the butterflies of fashion, or the leaders in the ballroom, rather than from the more solid class of the world’s workers, it will not have utterly failed in its object.



[ORIGINAL]  
TO MARY.

BY J. R. G.

I had a dream last night, Mary—  
A sweet, bright dream of thee:  
Methought I saw thee kneeling  
Close by the trysting tree,  
Where in life's morning, Mary,  
Our vows of love were made—  
Vows never, never broken,  
Beneath its sylvan shade.

'Tis many a long year, Mary,  
Since on that day we met;  
And the flush of youth has faded,  
But 'tis green in memory yet.  
And how often, led by fancy,  
Together do we stray,  
When the twilight hour is stealing,  
To the trysting far away.

And our hearts seem very young again,  
As we think of days gone by:  
But I see thy bosom throbs, Mary,  
And tears! they fill thine eye.  
Ah, well I know the reason—  
Our little one that died;  
God "doeth all things well," Mary,  
Whatever may betide.

He took our precious darling  
Up to his home above;  
O, 'twas a sad, sad parting  
From him, our only love!  
'Tis well—our little lamb now  
Is free from sin and care,  
And mid the soft green pastures,  
He'll rove forever there.

It is the hour of prayer, love;  
Come, let us kneel and pray,  
And thank the blessed One who gave  
And took our child away!  
And ask him still to lead us  
As he hath these many years;  
He's been our hope alone, our trust  
In this the vale of tears.

I may be first to go, love,  
To the dear lamb in the sky;  
But joy—you know the way that leads  
To the blessed fold on high.  
And should you go before, dearest—  
The first to bid adieu,  
O, kiss the little one for me,  
And say, "I'm coming, too."

'Twill be but very soon, Mary,  
When I am left alone,  
That the old church-bell's tolling  
Will tell that I am gone;

When a mound beside thine own, love,  
With flowers springing o'er,  
And the little one between us,  
Will tell that life's no more.

[ORIGINAL]  
A NIGHT OF TERROR.  
A SCOTTISH TALE.

BY MRS. S. A. NOWELL.

THERE was a calm, quiet wooing in a little cottage at Dry-hope, on a January evening in 1794. The wooer was Isaac Watt, a young man who lived a peaceful life, as a shepherd, on the hillside overhanging the Solway Frith. Helen Keith had been a bit of a coquette, and many of the young shepherd lads had been smarting under the effect of her caprices. She was not very beautiful; but she was a bright, neat little Scottish maiden, with a pair of roguish eyes, and hair that glowed perhaps with too bright a hue for some people's taste, but which seemed just to suit her style of face.

At any rate, they were attractive enough to make Alick Halbert lose his heart; and to send him off to a foreign shore when he found that she did not care for him. Nor was this the worst. John Ross took her disdain so much to heart, that he fell into a dreadful fever, in which he raved continually of "bonnie Helen Keith." He survived the fever, but the poor fellow's brain was never quite right. Helen was sincerely grieved at this misfortune. It broke her of her coquetry for awhile, and made her resolve never to flirt again. But she broke her resolution twenty times after this; and even tried to try it upon Isaac Watt. At the first trial, he met her with such a serene, straight-forward look, that the little coquette was fairly abashed. She recalled all the arts which had succeeded so well with others, but not one of them would answer here. He calmly told her at once that he was proof against all such things, and that he should despise any one who persisted in it. To be despised by Isaac Watt would be a misfortune indeed, and she gave up at once. On this January night, then, the lover was determined that everything should be definitely settled. He had a little pleasant home, at Dry-hope, and had furnished it simply, yet with taste; and there was a pretty garden spot that might be made profitable as well as ornamental the next summer, when bouquets

of flowers and boxes of strawberries should be in demand.

It was thus that he dreamed of happiness; and when he entered Widow Keith's door, it was with a heart that overflowed with thanksgiving. Helen was so pleasant and kind, and seemed so interested in his little plans for her comfort and convenience, that he, in imagination saw all his wishes accomplished. It was agreed that two months hence there should be a wedding at the widow's, and a little party afterwards at their own home.

As he came out, Helen attended him to the door. For the first time, he drew her to his heart and gave her the betrothal kiss, and she, blushing and trembling, forgetting her thousand little coquettish ways that once would have made her shrink away from him, now returned it, as frankly and almost as ardently as it was given.

She bade him good-night, and then, perceiving that it began to snow, she called after him to speed on his way as fast as possible. He heard the loving wailing and gave back a cheery shout. Helen went back to her own little room. What was it that had overshadowed the brightness that so flooded it but ten minutes ago? She could not tell; but there were dim, misty shapes in every corner, and the cheerful fire that had so illumined their faces during their fond and loving talk, had smouldered away to a mass of fast blackening coals. Haggard faces seemed staring at the girl through the window-panes, and an involuntary horror seemed to seize upon her, soul and body. She sat down by the hearth without renewing the fire, and watched its decay. The wind howled and the snow soon covered the windows, making it impossible to see out of them. And still her heart kept going out upon the lonely moors—the lonely hillsides, where the shepherds—her shepherd, too—were watching their helpless herds.

She grew cold, less with the absence of fire, than with her own terrible thoughts. Was all this new born happiness to melt away like the snow-flakes? Was there nothing to compensate her for these hours of agony? The night before, she had looked through the long vista of the future, and seen prophetic visions of delight that seemed strangely clouded now; and yet she could not tell by what mysterious process she had arrived at this stage of feeling.

"I am always foolish when the wind blows," she said, at last to herself. "To-morrow morning I shall awake full of life and hope,

and the glorious certainty of being loved! O, why did I throw away my precious time in heartless coquetry, when I might have been this man's wife months ago? If anything happens to him to-night! but no, God will not dash this cup from my lips, just as I am beginning to be grateful to him for the blessing he has bestowed."

With the words on her lips she fell asleep. Hours and hours afterwards, her mother, on rising, found her, with her hand supporting a pale cheek that looked faded and withered in the broad beams of the sun that was shining into the little parlor window.

"Why, Helen! lazy girl! not yet undressed? What in the world are you thinking of?"

"Of Hawkshaw Clench, mother, where I know poor Isaac is lying. I have seen him in my dreams, beneath the tall trees that are groaning in the wind and singing his dirge. Mother, mother! is God just when he lets his creatures perish in the snow?"

"Helen! why do you talk so wildly? You are nervous from sitting up so long. Isaac is safe enough for all we know; and if not, it is wicked to talk as you are talking."

But even as the reproof passed her lips, her daughter lifted up such a woe-begone face, full of such unutterable anguish, that the mother's heart quaked within her, lest her words might indeed be prophetic of a woe to come. She undrew the bolt that fastened the door, and attempted to open it. The snow was piled to the top of the door, and fell inwards with a dull, soft sound, that struck on the widow's heart.

"Poor girl!" she said, "she may be right, after all. It must have been a dreadful night indeed."

She went back to the poor girl sitting there in her weakness, with a feeling of pity at her heart that she could not restrain; and spoke so kindly and gently to her, that the tears sprang from Helen's eyes. The mother did not know that she had saved her child's reason by the utterance of those few simple words; but so it was.

When Isaac Watt first left Helen, he saw that there was a wild night approaching. But the sense of happiness was so great in his heart, that he was barely conscious that such a night might deprive him of some of his flock. He heard her call with a sensation of unwonted delight. He had neither mother nor sister to be interested for him. It was the first time that a woman's sympathy had been awakened

enough to express any anxiety for him; and the consciousness that this woman was all his own, and that such watchful tenderness would be his always, was the sweetest he had ever experienced.

He had seen thirty years go by, and as yet no sound of love from a woman's voice had broken the dull monotony of a bachelor's life. How dear it had all at once become, cannot be told, save by those who have experienced such loneliness of heart. And then he thought of Helen's mother. She had ever favored his suit—ever shown, by her manner, how fully she trusted him; how gladly she could put her daughter's happiness in his keeping; how more than willing she would be to own him as a son. All this had been very gratifying to the lonely man; and while he had resolutely put down every attempt of Helen to trifle with him, he had trembled to think he might lose her by that very exercise of power.

Even when the blinding snow had driven against his face, he had not ceased to think of all these things and to take comfort from them. And now that the storm raged so fearfully, he battled all the more manfully against it, because his life had acquired a two-fold value in his eyes. He had something now to battle for—something to protect from the storms of the world. He drew his short shepherd's plaid around him, with as much pride as if it had been the tartan of the Stuarts, and walked on and on, until the snow reached his knees, making it almost impossible for him to travel through it. Trampling it down fiercely as a strong animal makes his way through thick underbrush, by strong will and strong limb he kept on. He was now one mass of snow—literally a snow man, as children fashion them in gardens. His shepherd's cap, or bonnet, as they call the head covering for men in Scotland, was piled up with the fleecy snow, until it formed a perfect pyramid; while the broad shoulders assumed a new breadth, that was never seen between John O'Groat's house and Land's End. Now it reaches his elbows; and, for a while, he fights manfully to keep them above the snow banks, but in vain. Then his shoulders bend beneath the heavy load, and he falls forward and sinks altogether into the yielding mass; still off a half mile, as the crow flies, from Helen Keith's door. For he had been wandering in a circle all the time, and had unconsciously come back within this little half mile!

The forenoon wore on, and still the cottage lay buried in snow which darkened the windows and effectually precluded the inmates from any egress. With difficulty, Mrs. Keith had made a fire, for the smoke was driven down the chimney which was covered with snow. After many trials, the snow apparently melted away by the action of the smoke, for the fire burned clear and cheerful, on the ample hearth.

She had almost forced Helen to take some tea and toast, but the poor girl soon relapsed into her dreamy state, and appeared to be still troubled with the vision of her lover lying dead in Hawkshaw Clench—a deep glen between Blackhouse and Dry-hope, and full of trees. In vain did Mrs. Keith combat the wild assertion. She persisted that she saw him still.

If Helen would but open her eyes, her mother thought these fancies would disappear; but there she sat, with the white lids closed tightly and her limbs rigid as iron. Wearied with her efforts to arouse her, Mrs. Keith drew her work-table to the fire, and took out her sewing. The old clock ticking in the corner told her that it was high noon; and she thought that, as yet, none knew their lonely and desolate state, nor, perhaps, would learn it until their food, which happened at that time to be scanty, should be entirely exhausted, was far from being pleasant or encouraging.

It was about two in the afternoon, when she heard her own name and Helen's repeatedly called. She had no means of answering by any sign, save by heaping on fresh wood, hoping that the smoke might lead the speaker to discover the spot where the house lay concealed. Nearer and nearer grew the sounds, until she believed that she could distinguish familiar voices. Helen sat still, giving no sign that she heard anything. At length the snow that had fallen against the open door, successfully barring every breath of air, began mysteriously to move, and a great wooden shovel was thrust into the room. It was plied so vigorously that it had soon cleared off the snow, and a man's form appeared at the opening.

"We are bringing a man to your door, Mrs. Keith, who has nearly or quite perished in the snow. This was the nearest house, and we shall require your kind aid in trying if there still be life in him."

Her only answer was to place a bed before the glowing fire, and to bring out her blankets and the few stimulants which the house af-

At the widow's, all was dread suspense.

forded. By this time four persons were bringing in the body of a man which they placed upon the bed, after withdrawing it farther from the fire, so as not to apply the heat too suddenly. Mrs. Keith saw at once that it was Isaac Watt who was thus brought in, and she endeavored to intercept the view from Helen. There was no need. Without opening her eyes for a moment, the girl approached the bed. She opened the vest, and laid her hand upon the heart. No one else had perceived that it beat; but Helen calmly proclaimed it, and directed the measures to be used for restoration. The scene that followed cannot be described. Hope and fear alternately possessed the hearts of Mrs. Keith and the friendly shepherds; but in Helen was the absence of all emotion.

It was not until the sufferer came to full and perfect consciousness, though sadly swollen, and pained by the slightest movement, that Helen unclosed her eyes. With a joyful cry, she sank on her knees beside him, and offered up the most affecting thanksgiving that was ever poured out from mortal lips. Weak as an infant, her lover could only lie passively with his hand in hers, and look the love he could not speak. The stout shepherds turned away to hide their tears.

They had found him by the path that led down to Hawkshaw Glen. The glen was entirely filled up, so that even the tops of the trees could not be seen. Hundreds of dead sheep lay around, and two men and a woman had perished in the snow. Perhaps the deep love in the heart of Isaac Watt had warned it back to life. Long years afterward, he would tell the tearful story of his rescue, to a little grandchild that bore the dear name of Helen.

#### LARGE ARMIES.

The city of Thebes had a hundred gates and could send out at each gate 10,000 fighting men and 200 chariots—in all, 1,000,000 men and 20,000 chariots.

The army of Terah, king of Ethiopia, consisted of 1,000,000 men and 300 chariots of war. Sesostris, king of Egypt, led against his enemies 500,000 men, 24,000 cavalry, and 27 scythes armed chariots. 1491 B. C.

Hamilcar went from Carthage and landed near Palermo. He had a fleet of 2000 ships, and 3000 small vessels, and a land force of 200,000 men. At the battle in which he was defeated, 150,000 were slain.

A Roman fleet, led by Regulus against Carthage, consisted of 330 vessels, with 140,000 men. The Carthaginian fleet numbered 350 vessels with 150,000 men.

At the battle of Cannæ there were of the Romans, including allies, 80,000 foot, and 8000 horse; of the Carthaginians, 40,000 foot and 10,000 horse. Of these, 70,000 were slain in all, and of 10,000 taken prisoners more than half were slain.

Hannibal, during his campaign in Italy and Spain, plundered 400 towns and destroyed 300,000 men.

Ninus, the Assyrian king, about 2200 years B. C., led against the Bactrians his army, consisting of 1,700,000 foot, 200,000 horse, and 16 chariots armed with scythes.

Italy, a little before Hannibal's time, was able to send into the field nearly 1,000,000 men.

Semiramis employed 2,000,000 men in building the mighty Babylon. She took 100,000 Indian prisoners at the battle of the Indus, and sunk 1000 boats.

Sennacherib lost in a single night 185,000 men by the destroying angel.—2 Kings 19: 35, 37.

A short time after the taking of Babylon, the forces of Cyrus consisted of 600,000 foot, 120,000 horse, and 2000 chariots armed with scythes.

An army of Cambyses, 50,000 strong, was buried up in the desert of Africa by a south wind.

When Xerxes arrived at Thermopylæ, his land and sea forces amounted to 2,641,610, exclusive of eunuchs, women, sutlers, etc., in all numbering 5,283,320. So say Herodotus, Plutarch and Isocrates.

The army of Artaxerxes, before the battle of Cunaxa, amounted to about 1,200,000.

Ten thousand horses and about 100,000 foot fell on the fatal field of Issus.

The force of Darius at Arbela numbered more than 1,000,000. The Persians lost 90,000 men in this battle; Alexander about 500 men. So says Diodorus. Arian says the Persians in this battle lost 300,000; the Greeks 1200.

#### THE LATE COMMODORE PERCIVAL.

A friend writes us:—"I heard a very characteristic anecdote of the late commodore, from one of his officers, the other day. While he was in the Cyane, in one of the Mediterranean ports, he happened into a hotel where were congregated several English officers of the navy, and in the course of conversation the commodore said something obnoxious to the dignity or nationality of one of the number, at which he told him he should give him 'satisfaction' for it. He accordingly stepped out, and returning with two loaded pistols, gave one to Commodore Jack. Eyeing the weapon for a moment, he asked the Englishman what he wanted him to do with that. 'Give me satisfaction for what you have just said.' Whereupon mad Jack took his chapeau from his head, and, tossing it into the air, fired a shot through it as it went up, saying to the Englishman, 'I can give you such satisfaction as that.' The blustering officer was satisfied merely by seeing the shot.—*Boston Gazette.*

The talents by which most politicians acquire offices, are the reverse of those which best qualify them for filling them.



[ORIGINAL.]

## LIFE.

BY B. C. LEECH.

Life has its sorrows,  
Its trials and fears;  
Its sad disappointments,  
Its season of tears.  
Cold winds sweep o'er us,  
Rude bursts the storm,  
The kind and the loving .  
Before it are borne.

Life has its pleasures,  
Its skies that are bright,  
Days that are beaming  
With gayest delight;  
Seasons of gladness  
Without the alloy,  
With nought to o'ershadow  
Our heaven of joy.

Life is a mixture  
Of pleasure and pain;  
Of smiling and weeping,  
Of sunshine and rain.  
As such we must take it—  
Do all that we can  
To please the Great Ruler,  
And benefit man.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE DEFRAUDED HEIR.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

I WAS brought up to the medical profession, although I never graduated as a physician. It was an incident that occurred during my pupillage which made me adopt the profession of a detective officer, and I cannot do better than illustrate my experiences by relating it to the reader.

My father was a respectable merchant, living in the city of New York. He bestowed as good an education on me as he could afford, and then placed me in the office of Doctor Lignon, who resided in a large country village, for the purpose of studying medicine. I was then eighteen years of age, and was to remain with him until I was twenty-one, and then enter a medical college.

I was very fond of reading, and soon exhausted the doctor's library. From my very boyhood I possessed an analytical mind. I never allowed anything to escape my observation. The most trivial circumstances, which

to others would appear unworthy of notice, were recorded by me, treasured up in my memory, and ultimately supplied a missing link in some chain.

Doctor Lignon did a large practice, and afforded a very good school for a student. I had not been with him two years before I was of considerable use to my tutor, being able to visit the poorer classes of patients, and attend to office practice.

Among the doctor's patients was a Mr. Stephen Barton, a wealthy gentleman who lived about three miles from the village. He was a widower with an only son, a boy about four years of age. His brother, Mr. Amos Barton, also resided with him. The latter was reported to be a very pious man, at all events he visited church regularly.

One day Doctor Lignon was sent for in a great hurry to attend Mr. Stephen Barton, who had been taken with a fit. The poor gentleman, however, died before he reached the house. A few days afterwards I learned from the doctor that young Henry Barton had been left heir to all his immense wealth, and his uncle was sole executor to the will; there was a provision in the will that if the young lad died before he reached the age of twenty-one years, the whole of the property was to revert to the uncle, Amos Barton.

It was about this time that I noticed my tutor paid very frequent visits to Barton Manor House, although there was no one ill there. I noticed this more particularly, as I knew that Doctor Lignon was no great friend to Amos Barton. I had frequently heard him observe that he looked upon Mr. Stephen Barton's brother as a hypocrite. I also noticed that a great change came over the doctor in a few days; his manners were generally open and frank, and he possessed a naturally great flow of spirits; but suddenly all this changed, he became moody and reserved. His health also seemed to give way, he grew pale and sallow. This set me to thinking, and I wondered in my own mind what could be the cause of it.

One morning about a week after Mr. Barton's funeral, I entered the surgery before the doctor was up. The first thing which struck my attention was a glass mortar on the table. I concluded that my tutor had left it there, and must have prepared some medicine during the night. I examined the mortar, and found some small crystals at the bottom of it, which emitted a strong odor of prussic acid. I also noticed that the bottle containing antimonial

wine, and the one containing chloroform were displaced.

"So, so," thought I to myself, "the doctor must have been preparing medicine late last night. But what kind of case in the world can it be that requires cyanuret of potash, chloroform and antimonial wine, for those are the medicines he used? Why there's enough of the first drug left to poison half the village. Well, here's a problem for me to solve, that's all."

I made a note of the circumstance in a copious note book which I carried about with me. I then commenced my daily reading, and continued to be thus unremittingly engaged until evening, when the doctor entered the office.

"Well, James," said he, divesting himself of his overcoat, "busily engaged, I see. What is the subject of your studies to-day?"

"I am very much interested in a curious French book which I found in the library," I returned.

"Indeed, I was not aware you could read French."

"O, yes, I can read it as well as English. I taught myself."

"There are a good many French books in the library. What subject does the one you are reading treat on?"

"It appears to be a philosophical treatise on different subjects. I am now reading an essay on the 'Art of producing the exact appearance of death.'"

The doctor started and turned pale, he snatched the book from my hand, and hurriedly exclaimed:

"James, you had better be studying the bones. This book is not for you to read just yet. I may let you have it by-and-by."

So saying he hurried from the apartment. I was confounded for a moment or two, and then a subdued light entered my mind, and I took my note book from my pocket and made another entry.

A few days after this occurrence a mysterious kind of disease made its appearance in the neighborhood called the black tongue; a great many persons were taken sick with it, and several died. Within ten days of Stephen Barton's death, his little son, Henry Barton, was committed to the grave. Every one who attended the funeral thought that it was shocking that father and son should both die within such a short time of each other, and no one appeared more concerned than Amos Barton. His grief was so natural that even

his enemies were constrained to acknowledge that in the present instance he had shown himself most disinterested. He could not have mourned more if his own son had died.

After young Henry Barton's funeral, Doctor Lignon returned home for the first time within two days. I had, however, visited the most urgent calls, and had managed very well.

"What a terrible sudden death that of young Barton was," said I, "what was his disease?"

"Black tongue," replied the doctor, curtly, as if he wished to put an end to the conversation.

"I have heard something about this disease, but know nothing about it," was my reply.

"It is a mysterious disease that has lately made its appearance in this country, supposed to be taken from animals; it affects human beings from the use of the milk taken from cows that have the disease; but look into Cope-land's Medical Encyclopedia, and you will find a very able article on it."

I was no sooner alone than I examined the work referred to. I read the article over two or three times, and was entranced by it. I learned how rare the disease was, the strange pathological developments in persons dying from it, and the fine opportunities which were offered for scientific examination.

A sudden idea entered my mind—it haunted me all day—and in the middle of the night I put it into execution. Forgive me, reader, I was an ardent student in my profession, and perhaps might never have an opportunity of investigating this strange malady again. I determined to exhume young Harry's body.

The cemetery where he was buried was removed about a mile from the village. The road to it was a dreary one at the best; but especially was this the case when darkness was over the face of the earth.

It was a cold November night when I started on my fearful errand. The wind whistled through the leafless trees, and by its moaning and sobbing I almost fancied it seemed conscious that a grave was about to be desecrated. Until the limits of the village were passed, I got on very well; but when I reached the dark road leading to the cemetery, I must confess my heart began to fail me. I whistled to distract my attention, I sang, I even called out in a loud voice. It was no use, I felt my courage fast oozing away; but shame for my own fears, and an ardent desire to investigate this mysterious disease, made me proceed.

At last I reached the cemetery gate, and with a trembling hand opened the massive

portal. The grave where the body was laid was at the further end of the cemetery, and I had, as it were, to walk through a whole city of graves before I reached it. How I reached it I know not, for by this time my fears had almost unmanned me. My legs trembled under me, and various horrible incidents I had read in the course of my life all rushed into my mind in the most vivid manner. I could just trace the form of the white tombstones which lay in my path. Twenty times I had transformed them into spectres, and fancied they were advancing towards me. More than once I turned my back to fly from the spot, but a more powerful feeling than fear prevented me, namely, the love of science.

At last I reached the spot where the boy lay buried. I could distinctly trace the form of the newly-made grave. I put my lantern on the ground, and untied the sack I had brought with me for the removal of the body, and which now contained the spade and other instruments necessary for exhuming the body. As I proceeded in my work, my ardor increased, and all my superstitious fears left me. The earth was easily loosened, and in a short time two large heaps were raised on both sides of me. I soon reached the coffin, and a little more exertion served to bring it entirely in sight. I was very strong, and had no difficulty whatever in raising it up, and placing it on the edge of the grave. This done I unscrewed the lid, but before taking out the body I thought I would take a peep at it. I brought the lantern to bear on the face. I started back in consternation; the lantern fell to the ground, but fortunately was not extinguished. I knew young Henry Barton's features perfectly well, and those of the corpse were none of his!

I picked up the lantern, and again examined the features of the deceased. They were entirely unknown to me. I seated myself on one of the mounds of earth, and remained for at least a quarter of an hour absorbed by my reflections. I then rose up, re-adjusted the coffin lid, and again consigned the body to the grave. The hole was soon filled in. The work finished, I hastened home, and in a quarter of an hour I was seated in the doctor's office without any one having been aware of my absence. That night I made another entry in my note book. This time it was a longer one than usual.

I felt deeply interested in this mystery, and determined to investigate it to the end. For that purpose I asked leave of Doctor Lignon

to visit New York on business. I set off the next morning, and made some important discoveries which I shall relate by-and-by to the reader; but on one point I was entirely unsuccessful, but I learned sufficient to compromise Doctor Lignon in my eyes, and I determined not to return to him. I wrote to him, stating that I had made up my mind I would adopt another profession. I need not now enter into the reasons which made me turn detective officer, as they have nothing to do with the matter in question; suffice it to say that in a few years I became quite famous, and had as much business as I could attend to. I married and settled myself in the upper part of New York city.

One January evening, eighteen years after I had left Doctor Lignon's, I returned home as usual after the labors of the day. I found my wife seated by a cheering fire, and the tea-urn hissing on the table, on which too was placed the tea service, and the toast racks fastened to the fender, betokened that the evening meal was waiting for me.

"Home at last, dear James," said my wife. "I have been waiting tea for you some time."

"Yes, I was engaged longer at the office of the chief of police than I expected to-day. By-the-by, who do you think I met on Broadway to-day?"

"I don't know. Who?"

"No other than Amos Barton."

I should have said that my wife came from the village where Doctor Lignon lived, and was well acquainted with all the parties mentioned in this history.

"Indeed," she replied, "did he speak to you?"

"O, yes; it appears he intends running for Congress. He solicited my influence; but of course I did not promise it to him."

"It is very strange, but father never liked that man. There was something in his countenance or his manner which was very repulsive to him."

"A great many people share his prejudices, my dear," I returned. "Amos Barton is by no means a general favorite. I remember when I was a pupil at Doctor Lignon's I used to hate him."

"And yet no one can tell why they dislike him. They can bring no immoral act against him. Did you ever hear anything tangible proved against him?"

"Never."

"Do you remember how strangely he came

in for his property? I was but a little girl then, still I recollect distinctly the sensation it made. His brother and nephew died within ten days of each other. It was very curious."

"Very."

I suppose I uttered this word in a very peculiar manner, for my wife put down her cup which she was in the act of raising to her mouth, and glanced curiously at me.

"What do you mean by that 'very'?" said my wife. "Now, James, I know by your manner that you have a secret to tell me."

"My dear, what secret should I know?"

"I don't know; but you are so different from other men—you have such an extraordinary faculty for tracing matters out—I am certain you know more about that affair than you pretend."

At that moment there was a ring at the bell, and the servant girl entered almost directly afterwards and handed me a sealed envelope. I glanced at the outside, and saw that it had "House's Printing Telegraph Company" printed on the outside of it. I hurriedly broke the seal, and drew from the red envelope a long slip of paper, on which was printed the following message:

"Come to me immediately. I am dying, and have something of importance to communicate to you."

DOCTOR LIGNON,

"A—, New York."

I handed the despatch to my wife.

"Must you go?" said she, with a shade of disappointment in her voice.

"I must indeed," I rejoined. "I have some idea as to the nature of the communication he has to make, and leaving out of consideration my duty as his former pupil, I must go for other reasons."

"Well, dear, of course I can make no opposition; you won't stay longer than is necessary, I am sure."

"Let me see, it is now seven o'clock. The train leaves at eight. I can be at my destination by to-morrow morning."

Kissing my wife good-by, I hurried off. It was bitter cold in the streets, and the snow was falling in large flakes. In spite of the obstruction caused by the snow, I reached the depot in good time, and taking a seat in a car near the stove, in a few minutes I was proceeding on my way to my destination.

The stove heated the cars thoroughly, and I lay back in my seat, and yielding to the relaxation caused by the warmth, I closed my eyes, and in a very short time I was fast

asleep. While in this condition I had a curious dream. I thought I was in a court of justice, and that a prisoner was placed at the bar charged with conspiracy and abduction. The prisoner's face appeared to be perfectly familiar to me, although I could not recollect who it was. I also recognized the tones of his voice. I asked myself over and over again who it could be. While endeavoring to recollect, I thought some one whispered in my ear that it was Mr. Amos Barton.

The name was pronounced so distinctly that I awoke. I discovered that a man and woman seated before me were conversing in a low tone together, and that one of them had pronounced Mr. Barton's name. I still pretended to be asleep, but examined my fellow-travellers with a scrutinizing glance. I found they were common-looking people, evidently past the meridian of life. They were meanly clad. The man evidently was a habitual drunkard, and the woman, with her hard face, and dark marks under her eyes, led me to suspect that she was an opium eater. Mr. Barton's name aroused my curiosity. In spite of the old adage I determined to listen.

"I tell you," said the woman, in a tone of remonstrance, "you can't deceive him much longer. He'll find out that the boy ran away from us, and then good-by to our allowance."

"How can he find it out," returned the man, in a gruff voice, "if you only keep a quiet tongue in your head? But you always have such a confounded lot to say—"

"It's all very well, Ralph, your talking in that manner; but what would you do when he cross-examines you so closely if I didn't put in my say. I tell you he would floor you directly, and then we might hook for the money, that's all."

"I should like to see him dare to refuse it," returned the man, in a determined voice; "if he did I'd blow—blame me if I wouldn't—although he has that bit of paper that I signed his name to. I tell you, we haven't lived on him eighteen years for nothing."

"Suppose you tell him his nephew is dead?"

"Bah, that would be of no use. He's such a stingy beggar, he'd stop the supplies at once. No, no, you must leave me to manage him. I'll tell him that I know where he is, and that will keep him in dread, and he'll fork over without a word."

"Now, Ralph, suppose he should be determined not to give you any more, what would you do?"



"What would I do? I would say to him, 'Look here, Mr. Barton, if you don't send me the money you owe me to 222 East Broadway before three days have expired, then if you don't see the State prison looming in the distance, I'm a Dutchman.'"

"Well, I hope we shall be successful, that's all. I have my doubts, however."

After this they relapsed into silence, and did not speak any more until they reached their destination. I made a few notes of this conversation in my pocket book.

About two o'clock the next day I reached the end of my journey, and was at Doctor Lignon's house. I rung the bell and was at once shown up stairs. The moment I entered the doctor's bedroom I started back in horror. Familiar as I had been with scenes of suffering, I had never met with one equal to this. Eighteen years had elapsed since I had seen Doctor Lignon, and he was now scarcely recognizable. Time had not dealt very kindly with him, for he was now an old, old man. What little hair he had left was snowy white, even his eyebrows were bereft of every particle of color. His body was attenuated to a most frightful degree. It was plainly to be perceived he was suffering from some painful organic disease. His face was unearthly pale, not a common pallor, but a sallow, waxy paleness, which it is difficult to describe, but which when once seen can never be forgotten. A dark circle enclosed each eye, and by the very contrast with the rest of his face, gave a fearful expression to it. His eyes shone brightly, but were sunk deep in their orbits. His cheeks had fallen in, his chin had become prominent, and his thin, wasted hands shook as if he were affected with palsy.

About a year prior to his present condition, he noticed for the first time a small pimple on his tongue. He thought at first it was occasioned by being grazed against his teeth. He applied caustic to it; but instead of healing it up, it broke out into a small ulcer. This showed no disposition to heal, and by-and-by he experienced strong lancinating pains through it. This alarmed him, and he went to New York to consult Doctor M——, and Doctor P——, the famous professors of surgery. The moment they saw it, they decided that it was cancer, and all that remained for the invalid to do was to go home and prepare for death, an operation being entirely unjustifiable.

He returned home, and in spite of the surgeon's opinion, and his own experience in

such cases, continued to hope against hope. The ulceration, however, continued to spread rapidly. Hectic fever set in, and his digestive powers gave way. He was obliged to keep his bed, and then it was that the conviction was forced on his mind that he must die. His sufferings now became frightful to contemplate. But physical pain was nothing compared to the pangs of his conscience. He felt that he must soon stand in the presence of his Maker. He knew he had committed a fearful wrong, and the sole idea of his mind now was to repair it. At last the thought struck him to apply to me, and for this purpose he sent me the telegraphic despatch, in reply to which summons I now stood before him.

"I know my days are numbered," said the old doctor, after he had given me the foregoing particulars of his case. "My disease is utterly incurable. But, James, I have a fearful confession to make to you, one which I fear will drag me down to perdition, unless I atone for it by endeavoring to make restitution. O, James, how can I summon up resolution enough to tell you what a guilty wretch I am?"

"Perhaps I already know something of the matter of which you would speak," I returned.

"Impossible! No living soul save one knows it. O God, must I reveal my own shame? Must I tell how guilty I have been? I cannot, I cannot!" And the old man buried his head in the pillow.

I sincerely pitied him, and determined that I would begin the subject myself.

"Doctor," said I, "you had a companion in the transaction to which you refer."

"I had, I had! But how can you know anything about it? Can it be possible that you could have suspected anything at the time?"

"I know all; and to spare you the shame of confessing, I will repeat to you the particulars of the transaction which brings remorse to your dying bed. Eighteen years ago Mr. Stephen Barton died, leaving an only son heir to his immense wealth. Mr. Amos Barton was appointed his guardian. By some means, I know not what, he persuaded you to assist him in his nefarious designs. You administered a preparation to the rightful heir which produced the effect of simulated death. Amos Barton procured a body from the University Medical College in New York. While Henry Barton lay in an insensible condition, his body was removed from the coffin, and substi-

tuted by the one obtained from the city."

"Great heavens, how did you find all this out? I had no idea that any mortal man, save the other gully party, knew anything of the matter."

I here related the manner in which I had ferreted out the truth, with which the reader is already acquainted.

"But what became of the boy, the rightful heir?" asked the doctor, eagerly.

"I don't know. If you remember at the time all this occurred I left your house and visited New York. I made every possible search, but without any success, except obtaining information from where Amos Barton obtained the substitute. I debated a long time whether I ought not to make known what I had discovered to the authorities. But I knew Amos Barton's influence, and feared I should only bring disgrace on myself. Besides which I could not bear the idea of blackening your fair fame."

"O, thank you for your consideration, I did not deserve it. But do you think he—"

The old man hesitated, as if he dared not give utterance to his thought.

"Murdered him, you would say," I rejoined.

"No; this very day I have discovered that he did not make way with him."

And I here related the conversation I had heard in the railway car.

"God grant that he may still be alive," said the old man, "and now, James, listen to my dying words. Promise me you will use every possible exertion to discover young Barton and re-instate him into his property. I want you also to draw up a plain statement of the facts of the case. I will sign it, and you shall witness it. In the event of the case coming before a jury, it may aid in establishing the rightful heir's claim. Should you discover Henry Barton to be dead, of course it will be no use to make any movement in the matter, for the present occupant of Barton Manor House would then be heir-at-law."

"I will do everything you require," I returned, and I immediately drew up the paper referred to, which Doctor Lignon signed. This done he appeared to be more easy in his mind, and actually slept some hours, which he had not done for some days before.

Having settled all these matters, I took an affectionate farewell of my old tutor. I would willingly have remained with him until the last moment of his life, but my duties in New York required my immediate presence. Had I known the poor old doctor's end was so

near I would undoubtedly have stayed, for he died the next day, and was committed to the grave without one soul being in any way interested in the event. I make a mistake, there was one person interested, and that was Amos Barton, for he saved two thousand dollars a year by the physician's death, that being the sum paid to him for his share in the nefarious transaction.

After I returned to New York, I debated in my own mind as to the means to be used to discover if Henry Barton was still alive; at the same time I set a watch on the premises, 222 East Broadway, giving orders for the messenger to inform me the moment he caught sight of the man who had been called Ralph, and with whom there could be no doubt Harry Barton had been placed after his removal from Barton Manor House.

I had been home two days when my messenger informed me that he had seen Ralph just enter a restaurant in East Broadway. I immediately started for the place, and found the man of whom I was in search, seated in a box, and occupied in gazing very earnestly on a young man about twenty-two years of age, who was seated in another box exactly opposite to him. I placed myself in close contiguity for the purpose of observing all that passed. I was soon rewarded for my trouble.

Ralph at last seemed satisfied with his scrutiny, for he left his own box and advanced to where the young man was sitting. I could overhear all their conversation.

"Young man," said he, carelessly seating himself by the young man's side, "may I ask your name?"

The person addressed started, for he had not seen the man approach.

"What do you mean?" he replied. "Who are you?"

"Never mind who I am," replied Ralph, in a gruff voice. "I ask you again what is your name? Are you ashamed of it?"

"My name is Henry Graham. What do you want with me?"

"No, sir, your name is Henry Murdock, and I am your father. It wont do, you know, trying to disown me; although you did run away from home twelve years ago, I have not forgotten you."

"Silence!" returned the young man, in a subdued voice. "It is true I ran away from your hateful roof. When I lived with you, child though I was, I knew you to be a miserable, drunken loafer, and find after twelve years' absence that you have not reformed."

"Well, come, young man, that's a pretty way for a son to talk to his father."

"You my father! You know you lie. Do you suppose that when I had the sense to discover such was not the case when I was a child, you can impose upon me now?"

"O, it's all very well for you to deny it, but I can prove that you are my son."

"You lie again!" returned the young man with vehemence. "If I thought I had one drop of your ignoble blood in my body, I would open a vein until every particle had run out. Leave me—your presence annoys me—I wish neither to see nor hear from you again."

"Ah, I see you are riding the high horse. I suppose you have been getting on a little in the world, and now want to disown your poor old father."

"Have done, and leave me, or rather I will leave you," returned the young man, rising from his seat, "and listen to me, fellow—if you presume to address me again, I will evoke the protection of the law, and should that not be sufficient to shield me from your persecution, I will take the law into my own hands."

So saying he left the place. Ralph Murdock followed him, and I was not far behind. The young man entered the St. Nicholas Hotel. In ten minutes I sent up my card, and was at once admitted into his presence. In a few words I explained my business, and was perfectly satisfied that I stood in the presence of Henry Barton. The young man related his story to me, which amounted to substantially as follows:

His first recollections were of living with two persons in Avenue A, in the city of New York. His reputed parents were the very scum of society—the man was a confirmed drunkard, the woman a shrew. The abode in which he lived was wretched in the extreme. He never experienced any kind treatment from his pretended father and mother. Curses and blows were all they deigned to bestow upon him. His indifference to them soon turned into loathing.

Some years passed away under this wretched treatment, and by the time he had reached ten years of age, he was a poor, depressed, crouching thing, always on the defensive as if he expected a blow to be inflicted on him every moment, in which expectation he was too often correct. He was entirely unlike other boys of his own age. No children's laugh had ever been echoed in his ears; no children's games had ever released him from the terri-

ble monotony of a miserable existence. His life was at that tender age shrouded over with the dark shadow of despair, and he seemed to have all the miseries of a lifetime developed in the age of a child.

One day the man returned home even in a worse state of intoxication than usual. It was rather late in the evening. When the man entered he gazed around him as if to find some object on which to vent his ill temper. His eyes fell upon the boy who sat shivering with cold in one corner of the room. The man rushed at him, and inflicted blow after blow on the boy's defenceless head. That night he ran away, and managed to reach Boston. He embarked as cabin boy on board a vessel going to the West Indies. He got employment in a mercantile house in Jamaica, and gradually rose to a responsible position. When he had saved a considerable sum of money, he determined to again visit the United States to try and discover his parentage, and was now here for that purpose.

When Harry Barton had finished his history, we entered into a long conversation as to the best means to prove his identity. The task was not an easy one, and I saw but one way, and that was to get Murdock into our power, and make him confess the truth. It was to this end that I devoted all my energies.

The messenger that I had set to watch Murdock informed me that the day after his meeting with Henry Barton, he had left by the Hudson River cars. I felt certain he had gone to inform Amos Barton of the discovery of the heir. In two days he had returned again.

My mind was made up what to do. I disguised myself as a denizen of the Five Points and threw myself in the man's way, frequenting the same haunts that he did, and ended by making him believe that I belonged to the same class as himself. At last he accosted me, and we became quite intimate. He then proposed to me a bit of business, which was no less than the murder of Henry Barton. I managed to draw out from him the fact that he had been promised five thousand dollars by Amos Barton to effect this piece of villainy. I seemingly entered eagerly into all his plans, and it was decided that he should give me one thousand dollars to assist him. I allowed the affair to progress to a certain point until I had him completely in my power. I then revealed myself in my true character, and threatened him with immediate arrest unless he would make an instant confession. This he did after

some little hesitation, and it was properly witnessed.

Armed with this document, the confession of Doctor Lignon, and my own knowledge, I presented myself to Mr. Amos Barton. When I had told my story he at first set me at defiance; but when I read to him the two confessions, he gave in at once. Henry Barton treated him leniently. The uncle resigned all the estates to Henry, and then left the country for France, where he lived on an annuity bestowed upon him by his much injured nephew.

Henry Barton is now one of the most respected and wealthy gentlemen in the neighborhood where he resides. Ralph Murdock a few years ago died of delirium tremens in the Bellevue Hospital, and Amos Barton only lived two years after the restitution of the heir to his rights.

#### A DUTCH SERMON.

The following admirable production delivered before a company of volunteer soldiers during the Revolutionary struggle, upon the eve of their going to "glorious war," was calculated to inspire them with more than herculean courage:

"**MINE FRIENTS:**—Ven virst you comed here, you vas poor and humble, and now, mine frients, you is prout and sassy; and you has gotten on your unicorns, and dem vit you like donges upon a hog's pack. Now, mine frients, let me tell you dis—a man ish a man if he is no pigger as my dumb. Ven Tavid vent out to vite mit Goliath, he took notting mit him but von sling. Now, don't mistaken me, mine frients, it was not a rum sling; no, nor a gin sling; no, nor a mint-vater sling; no, it vas a sling made vit von hickory schtick. Now, ven dis Goliath seed Tavid coming, he says, 'You von little scrunder! does you come to vite me? I vill gife you to de birds of de fialt and de peasts of de air.' Tavid says, 'Goliath, Goliath, de race ish not always mit de shwift, nor ish de battle mit de shtrong; and a man ish a man, if he is no pigger as my dumb.' So Tavid he fixed a shtone in his sling, and drows it at Goliath, and knocks him rite in de voreheat, and Tavid takes Goliath's sword and cuts off his heat; and den all de purty cals of de shiddy comes out and shtrawed flowers in his way, and sung, 'Saul ish a great man, for he has kilt his thousands; but Tavid ish greater as he, for he has kilt Goliath.'"

#### DESOTISM.

But bitterest of the ills beneath,  
Whose load man totters down to death,  
Is that which plucks the regal crown  
Of freedom from his forehead down,  
And snatches from his powerless hand  
The sceptered sign of self-command,  
Effacing, with the chain and rod,  
The image and the seal of God.—WHITTIER.

#### THUNDER IN WINTER.

If it is asked why we have no thunder in winter, though the tops of the storm clouds rise even in this season to a region where the air is at least considerably charged with electricity, perhaps the answer may be found in this—that the storm clouds in the winter are of great extent, and of course the tension of the electricity, being extended over a very large surface, is very feeble; and the substance of the cloud being itself framed out of vapor much less dense than that of summer clouds, this tension may not be able to strike from one particle of the cloud to the next adjacent one; no general discharge can take place. Besides, even in the winter, during a very warm spell of weather, with a high dew point for the season, we sometimes have a violent thunder storm from a cloud of very limited extent, as the thunder clouds always are in the summer. Such a cloud is in reality an insulated pillar of hot air mingled with condensed vapor, having just given out into the air itself its latent caloric, causing the air at the top of this cloud in many cases, to be sixty degrees warmer at its top than the air on the outside at the same level.—*Professor Espy.*

#### YOUNG GIRLS.

To our thinking there is no more exquisite creature on the earth than a girl from twelve to fifteen years of age. There is a period in the summer's morning, known only to early risers, which combines all the tenderness of the dawn with nearly all the splendor of the day. There is, at least, full promise of the dazzling noon; but yet the dewdrop glistens on the half-opened flower, and yet the birds sing with rapture their awakening song. So, too, in the morning of a girl's life there is a time like this, when the rising glory of womanhood sparkles from the thoughts of an infant, and the elegance of a queenly grace adorns the gambols of babyhood. Unimpeded yet by the sweeping raiment to which she foolishly aspires, she glides amongst her grosser playfellows like a royal yacht amongst a fleet of coal barges. Unconsciousness (alas, how soon to depart!) has all the effect of the highest breeding; freedom gives her elegance, and health adorns her with beauty. Indeed, it seems to be the peculiar province of her sex to redeem this part of life from opprobrium.—*Godey.*

#### THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.

I believe in the law of compensation. Human lot is, on the whole, well averaged. A man does not possess great gifts of person or of mind (and it might be added of fortune) without drawbacks somewhere. Either great duties are imposed upon him, or great burdens are put upon his shoulders, or great temptations assail and harass him. Something in his life, at some time in his life, takes it upon itself to reduce his advantages to the average standard.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

Between the acting of a dreadful thing and the first motion, all the interim is like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.



## COMING HOME.

BY PHEBE CAREY.

O brothers and sisters, growing old,  
Do you all remember yet  
That home, in the shade of the rustling trees,  
Where once our household met?

Do you know how we used to come from school,  
Through the summer's pleasant heat;  
With the yellow fennel's golden dust  
On our tired little feet?

And how sometimes in an idle mood  
We loitered by the way,  
And stopped in the woods to gather flowers,  
And in the fields to play:

Till warned by the deepening shadow's fall,  
That told of the coming night,  
We climbed to the top of the last, long hill,  
And saw our home in sight?

And, brothers and sisters, older now  
Than she whose life is o'er,  
Do you think of the mother's loving face  
That looked from the open door?

Alas! for the changing things of time—  
That home in the dust is low;  
And that loving smile was hid from us  
In the darkness, long ago?

And we have come to life's last hill,  
From which our weary eyes  
Can almost look on that home that shines  
Eternal in the skies.

So, brothers and sisters, as we go,  
Still let us move as one;  
Always together keeping step,  
Till the march of life is done;

For that mother, who waited for us here,  
Wearing a smile so sweet,  
Now waits on the hills of paradise  
For her children's coming feet!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE THUNDER STORM :

— OR, —

## THE CHURCH OF ST. KEVERNE.

BY WILLIAM J. HANSON.

KEVERNE, in Cornwall, had a new rector, a young and talented man, remarkable at his early age for learning and piety. He had been presented with this living by an English earl

who had been a chum at Oxford, and its revenues were amply sufficient to make the clergyman perfectly easy as to outward circumstances. The rectory was ample and handsome; with large, old trees overshadowing the house, and a long green lawn sloping down to a pretty lakelet, where the willows grew in profusion, and the water lilies dipped their beautiful heads in unexampled numbers. Behind the house, on the north, was a hill which almost deserved to be called a mountain, and in front there were views, or rather snatches of scenery, as picturesque as any in England.

To this desirable residence the young rector brought his only sister, orphaned almost from her birth. Ada Thornton had no relative living, save this darling brother, who, in her opinion, was the best, the wisest of men. Nor was she wrong. Gerald Thornton was all that his sister saw in him. For her sake, he had abjured all thoughts of matrimony, fearing lest a wife might be a restraint upon his little housekeeper; and surely no wife ever would have taken such pains to please a husband. No task was too hard for her if she could do him a pleasure. She was constantly planning some glad surprise for him—some peaceful, innocent amusement, which should make his severe toil rest less heavily upon his shoulders. And on his part, it was the same. If Ada's sweet face beamed upon him from a corner of the library, he was satisfied; and never did his sermons seem more acceptable to his own fine sense of criticism, than when he caught the look of intelligence that sympathized with him, from the corner of the rector's pew, where sat the dainty little figure robed in simple white or modest gray.

Yet there came a time when Ada's supremacy in her brother's affections seemed to be threatened. In vain had rich and titled ladies stooped to solicit the handsome rector's attentions. In vain had mothers virtually offered their daughters at his shrine. Gerald Thornton was proof against them all. But in one of his parochial visits among the poorer class of his hearers, he met with a lady whom he thought superior to any he had known. She was not too young for even him to wed, and Gerald was past thirty—nay, verging fast upon forty. Neither was she beautiful, in the world's sense of beauty. She had neither raven nor golden brown ringlets. Her plain, straight, somewhat dull-tinted hair was folded over a brow, very calm and passionless, but not half so white as the Parian marble brows of the poets. A very sweet, red-lipped mouth,

and white, even teeth, were her only beauties; but there were sense and intelligence in every lineament of her countenance, and a modest purity that was infinitely more "taking" with one of Gerald Thornton's stamp, than one of mere beauty.

She instructed a few pupils in the quiet arts of embroidery and drawing—pupils who could not afford large salaries to teachers, but who could pay enough to give a moderate living to one who did not wish to live luxuriously. Marion Livermore rented two or three modest rooms for herself and a little half-sister—a child born when Marion was already a woman grown, and who, like herself, never knew a mother's love. Like Gerald, she had devoted herself to the orphan sister. It was a bond of sympathy between them, bringing them into unexpected relations; for Marion's sister was as dear to her as Ada Thornton was to her brother.

And from this beginning sprang a mine of unfailing interest in each other, that grew and grew until it ripened into love. Often Gerald paused, in thinking of the future, and wondered if he was right in bringing new elements into his social and domestic spheres—if he had sufficient influence to make them harmonious, and if he might not some day regret that he had troubled the serene current of so many lives, by experimenting on their capacity of living together. But one look at the clear and beautiful eyes of Ada, or the mild, passionless brow of Marion Livermore, would answer all that he asked. Such beings could come in contact only through the best and gentlest of human affections; and, feeling this, he ventured to introduce his sister to the lady. They were mutually pleased with each other, although Ada knew nothing of her brother's feelings toward her. He wished her to remain in ignorance, until she had given her opinion of her.

It was on a Saturday evening that he had ventured, after hearing an animated eulogium upon her by Ada, to disclose to the latter his preference, and her reply convinced him that he had chosen wisely, so far at least, as concerned his sister. On that day he had solved all his doubts of Marion's love, and had talked of the marriage day, begging her to fix upon an early period; and, frankly and candidly, without any attempt at blushing or hesitation, she set an early day in the following month.

The Sabbath morning rose bright and serene—the very sweetest repose of Nature in her June magnificence. The spire of St. Keverne

loomed up fair and straight into the blue ether and the merry bells rang out in the clear summer air, sending a thrill of pleasure to every one who heard the joyful sound.

Soon the rectory door opened, and Gerald and his sister walked arm-in-arm to the church. As they entered the little chancel, Gerald remarked how gloriously the sun shone upon the beautifully stained windows.

"But for all that, your reverence will find that there will be a storm before night," said an old man near him.

"Nay, Lawton," he answered, pleasantly, "you shall not spoil this delightful day by croaking of what it may end in."

The parishioners swarmed in, and the church was soon filled to overflowing. Gerald was no mean orator, and when the sermon began, attention was enchained to his words. It chanced, of all days, that he took for his text that portion of the beautiful twenty-third psalm, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

What untold depths of tenderness, of filial love, of sweet dependence upon the Father, were in Gerald's words! How earnest and holy were the aspirations he expressed; how beautiful the trust and faith in the dear God!

Never had he seemed so eloquent, so intensely earnest. People sat with clasped hands, and lips apart, and eyes that bore witness to their sympathy, in the tears that rained from them. In their deep emotion, they saw not that the church had grown dark since they had walked in from the bright sunlight. Shadows deep and heavy gathered around them, and the faces of minister and people grew dim to each other, but they knew not that it was aught but tears that obscured their vision.

Soon peal after peal of distant thunder broke upon the ear, and as it grew nearer, the church was momentarily lighted up with the sharp flash of lightning, and darkened again.

There was a quick, hurried motion, all over the house, of little children, who were frightened; and even some of larger growth had risen from their seats. At this moment, the deep, powerful voice of Gerald Thornton was heard—"The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence."

The murmuring sound ceased. Every one sat down, and the children were hushed into silence. It was as if an angel had spoken.

One white face in the rector's pew showed the ghastliest in the congregation. It was

that of Ada Thornton. Gerald saw that deadly whiteness, and longed to go to her. A moment more and he saw with thankfulness that the face was pillowed on the shoulder of Marion Livermore, who looked brave and firm. Her little sister was, fortunately, absent. He saw them no longer, save when the fiery gleam of the lightning disclosed them to sight. Sometimes the flashes assumed a bluish hue, giving to the sea of upturned faces the appearance of demons.

Another moment, and then a long, long rattle of heaven's loudest artillery, crash upon crash, electrified the whole crowd. There was silence no longer. Shrieks, and prayers, and groans were intermingled, and many fell down in fits at the floor of their pews, while others were struggling to get out.

Ada Thornton lay upon the seat, apparently lifeless. A strong, sulphurous smell was perceptible to the sense, and also that of burning linen. And now, from the roof of St. Keverne, rattled down the enormous stones composing it. Down they came, into every pew in the church, some of them, as was afterwards ascertained, weighing over a hundred pounds; the noise of their falling drowning that of the hall that had been crashing the window panes. It was a moment of terrible excitement for all who were conscious. Gerald came down from the desk to where lay the two unconscious beings whom most he loved, amid the wreck of the wood-work and the heaps of fallen stones. Every moment it seemed certain that death was near to all. The heat, the suffocating smell, the great stones falling not only inside, but threatening the heads of all who were blindly trying to escape from the church, all made it evident enough that the danger was terrible and imminent.

A great struggle was tearing the heart of the rector. Which of those helpless women should he try to bear away in safety? It seemed hardly possible, when he looked at the torn roof above, that he could be able to return for the one he must leave. Both were insensible—perhaps dead.

The struggle lasted but a moment. The next, he was bearing his sister through the ranks of flying people, who were endeavoring to escape. In his inmost soul he believed he had seen Marion for the last time—but even for her, he was glad that he had taken Ada instead. Never, he thought, could he have forgiven himself—never could he have lived happily with Marion, had he not saved his own darling sister.

Thick and fast fell the stones, as he bore her through the vestry; and, although he and his precious charge were untouched, he could but feel that every stone fell upon his heart, when he thought of another, lying dead, perhaps, in the rectory seat.

What pangs assailed him as he bore Ada to a safe distance from the church, and perceived that she did not breathe! Had that cruel lightning indeed blighted that young and precious life so dear to him? And how could he leave her until he was sure? Yet Marion's image was before him as he left her, pale and cold, in that terrible place. He sickened at the thought. Nature gave way before the shock. Gerald was not strong, and the elements had done their work upon him too. He fainted beside his sister.

Weeks after this, a pale image that was once Gerald Thornton, lay upon a low couch at the rectory, the mere shadow of what he was. All that time he had been unconscious. It was a beautiful morning—the first of September. The room in which he lay was a sweet, quiet chamber, where, in this season, the climbing roses overshadowed the windows, and even now the green leaves were there intermixed with woodbine.

He had never slept there until now, and everything wore a strange, yet pleasant aspect. By degrees his brain seemed to take in some portion of the past. He remembered—dimly at first—some great shock—some convulsion of nature which had happened. Slowly, he became sensible of what he had gone through. Ada—Marion—where were they? what were they now? Was he alone in the world? O, must he live, when they were in their graves? He shuddered at the thought, yet in a moment, his religious feelings forbade him to murmur, and he only hid his face in the pillow and wept like a child.

When he raised his head, a dear friend sat beside him, a young man who had once yielded to temptation, but whom Gerald's ministry had rescued from ruin. He grasped the pale, thin hand of his minister, with a fervor and gladness that found its way to Gerald's heart.

"Are they all gone, Edwin?" he whispered, almost calmly, for he had been communing with the consoler of spirits, during his moments of tearfulness.

"Not all," answered his friend. "Are you able to bear cheerful news?"

What a conflict was in his heart! No one save Ada had known of his attachment to Marion Livermore. Perhaps Ada, then, was

living, and another loved one had been taken. But before he could answer, Ada glided into his outstretched arms, and close behind her came Marion.

Over that meeting we must draw a veil. Such a parting must surely make the meeting too sacred for witnesses. The church of St. Keverne was duly repaired, and in a few weeks the desk was supplied by the rector himself, while in the seat below, sat the rector's sister and his wife.

### LOCOMOTIVES.

In 1830 there was only one scientific man in all England who believed that a locomotive "would work"—had a sufficient hold on the rails to move a train. That man was Mr. Stephenson, the father of English railroads. Some people recommended working the cars, along the line, by water power. Some proposed hydrogen, others carbonic acid, others atmospheric pressure. One urged a plan for a greased road with cog rails; various kinds of steam power were suggested; and the directors were wholly unable to choose between the conflicting schemes. At length the subject was referred to a select committee of engineers, who reported in favor of fixed engines in preference to locomotive power. Here was the result of all George Stephenson's labors! The two best practical engineers of the day concurred in reporting against the employment of the locomotive. Not a single professional man of eminence could be found to coincide with him in his preference for locomotive power. Stephenson, however, was a man of back bone, and would not be "poo-pooed" out of court. He fought for the locomotive against the world. He went in for a free fight, and came out victor. He built the "Rocket," an engine that not only "went," but which did fifteen miles an hour with a train of "eight wagons" to it. Think of this, and don't allow yourself to be "coughed down" when you know you are right. Perseverance and resolution will overcome the most powerful opposition.—*Scientific American.*

### ABOUT FEET.

The French foot is meagre, narrow and bony. The Spanish foot is small and elegantly curved, thanks to its Moorish blood, corresponding with the Castilian pride—"high in the instep." The Arab foot is proverbial for its high arch; "a stream can run under the hollow of his foot," is a description of his form. The foot of the Scotch is large and thick. The foot of the Irish is flat and square. The English foot is short and fleshy. The American foot is apt to be disproportionately small.,

### MORNING PRAYER.

Morn is the time to see thy prayer begun,

For morning hymned the young creation's birth;

And the grave opened with the morning sun,

When man's redemption was complete on earth;

And morn shall see our God in judgment coming forth.

### THE SUNKEN ROAD AT WATERLOO.

An odd numerical coincidence, twenty-six battalions were to receive these twenty-six squadrons. Behind the crest of the plateau, under cover of the masked battery, the English infantry, formed in thirteen squares, two battalions to the square, and upon two lines—seven on the first and six on the second—with musket to the shoulder and eye upon their sights, waiting calm, silent and immovable. They could not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers could not see them. They listened to the rising of this tide of men. They heard the increasing sound of three thousand horses, the alternate and measured striking of their hoofs at full trot, the rattling of the cuirasses, the clicking of the sabres, and a sort of fierce roar of the coming host. There was a moment of fearful silence, then suddenly a long line of raised arms brandishing sabres appeared above the crests, with casques, trumpets and standards, and three thousand faces with gray moustaches, crying "*Vive l'Empereur!*" All this cavalry debouched on the plateau, and it was like the beginning of an earthquake. All at once, tragic to relate, at the left of the English, and on our right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a frightful clamor. Arrived at the culminating point of the crest, unmanageable, full of fury, and bent upon the extermination of the squares and cannon, the cuirassiers saw between themselves and the English a ditch—a grave. It was the sunken road of Ohain. It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, unlooked-for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slope. The second rank pushed in the first, the third pushed in the second; the horses reared, threw themselves over, fell upon their backs, and struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders, no power to retreat; the whole column was nothing but a projectile. The force acquired to crush the English crushed the French. The inexorable ravine could not yield until it was filled; riders and horses rode in together pell-mell, grinding each other, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf, and when this grave was full of living men, the rest marched over them and passed on. Almost a third of the Dubois brigade sank into this abyss.—*Les Miserables.*

### A GREAT ATTAINMENT.

How difficult it is to be of a meek and forgiving spirit when despitely used! To love an enemy and forgive an evil speaker, is a higher attainment than is commonly believed. It is easy to talk of Christian forbearance among neighbors, but to practise it ourselves, proves us to be Christians indeed. The surmises of a few credulous persons need not trouble that man who knows his cause is soon to be tried in court, and he to be openly acquitted. So the evil language of the times need not disturb me, since "my judgment shall be brought forth as the noonday."—*McCheyne.*



[ORIGINAL.]

## STANZAS.

BY WILLIAM CLARENCE WARE.

You came to my pillow  
In dreams of the night,  
Like a seraph of love  
From the land of all light.

You stooped low to press  
On my brow a sweet kiss,  
And I thought myself in  
The land of all bliss.

I felt the soft touch  
Of your hand mid my hair,  
And I ceased to remember  
This world and its care.

But 'tis only in dreams  
I know of such bliss;  
'Tis only in dreamland  
I feel thy soft kiss;

And I waken to find  
I'm alone—still alone;  
And you are above  
In your pure, heavenly home.

[ORIGINAL.]

## A NEURALGIC ATTACK.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

ONE of the strangest things has happened to me that ever was. I've been sick as a choked pullet; but thank fortin! I'm now restored to health agin, and am jest as peart and lively as though nothing had happened. All the folks round here thought I was a gwine for to die; and they paid purty good attention to me—in hopes, I expect, that I should will my clothes to 'em; but after I found out how sartin they was about it, I wouldn't have died if I'd a wanted to!

Ye see, the fact of it was, them pertickerler friends of mine didn't so much want to git rid of me, as they did to go to a funeril. It's been awful healthy round here lately; nobody's died, and the Beanvillites are actilly aching to go to a funeril!

I s'pose you'll think that is a funny speech for me to make, but what I say is the truth; and what on airth makes some folks so crazy to attend berrials is a mystery to me. I never could git at the understanding of it, no how! And, then, what makes them act so after they git there, is another mystery.

I know of a woman that is ready to break her neck when she hears that anybody's dead—she's so tickled to think she's a going to see 'em put into the ground. You tell her that one of her nabors is dead, and afore she'll ask what alled 'em, she'll inquire when they are to be berried; and if they're to be kerried out of town for a funeril, she'll be madder 'n a yaller-tailed hornet! I know purty well what she goes to funerils for—because she allers stops to supper, and eats as though she'd bet her money-bags on how much vittles she'd hold. I declare, it makes me so mad to see her, that I fairly suffer to give her a good blowing up!

It's a little singlar to me how anybody can go to a funeril, and weep and take on, and then fifteen minnits after the grave has closed over the lost one, set down to the table and eat enuff to kill themselves! As for me, I don't no ways approve of this practice of gitting up suppers and feasts to funerils. Jest as soon as anybody dies in this region, the house is turned upside down; all the wimmin folks in the naborhood come, and go to cooking. And then, after the funeril, everybody fur and nigh is invitationed to stuff themselves.

But to git back to my original topick. I was took awful suddin one Sunday morning with a pain in my shoulder, and the news got all over Ferndale that I had had a shock of the palsy! Everybody come rushing in—the house was full of folks long afore noon; nobody thought of such a thing as gwine to meeting, and my nice rooms has been public property ever sense. But now that I've got round agen, I'll see if there haint new regulations about some things!

Liddy Maria—that's my onmarried darter, and if I do say it, there haint a nicer gal no wheres; she haint onmarried because she's obleeged to be—no, not by two chalks! She's had offers—good offers, too—but she never's made up her mind to leave her ma. Liddy, poor child! cried herself sick a thinking I was a gwine for to die; and all the folks advised her to have her mourning made rite up!

Dr. Bolus was my medercal attendant, and sich a long face as he allers had on when he come to make me a visit! It was enuff to have throwed anybody into a galloping tick dollerue. The doctor sed I'd got the concentrated confluent neurology, but he was very much mistook—it was nothing on airth but the rheumatiz. I got cold coloring a piece of flannel to help make a rug of. I'm one of the greatest cases for making rugs that ever was.

I think rugs is fust rate to lay down by the side of a bed, or by the door, or in frunt of the lookins-glass, where there's a good deal of travellin'. Did ever you notice that where there's an ile cloth on the floor, it allers gits wore out the quickest rite afore the looking-glass? It's a sartin fact that it duz, which goes to show that Yankées are a mighty good-looking set—or think they be, which amounts to jest the same thing.

Liddy Maria took all the care of me, and they got an Irisher to do the work in the kitchen. A purty mess she made of things gnerally! She smashed all the crockery, washed the dishes in the swill-pail, and wiped the tumblers on the skirt of her gownd! She, and the rest of the comers and goers, made a perfick Bedlam of the whole primises. I'll be hanged if I should have mistrusted that I was in my own house if I hadn't a knowed.

I was confined to my bed jest a week, and in that time I was doctored and dosed enuff to have killed a dozen ordinary men folks. Every one of my nabors had some new medercin to reckermend—they were jest as anxious as ever any folks could be to git me redly to depart!

Old Miss Mitchel was with me night and day—that eternal blue hood of hern got to be a fixture on my bureau, and them green specks that she has continually on her nose, stared rite into my face for twenty hours out of the twenty-four. The four hours that she warn't with me, was, I expect, spent in eating, for Mrs. Mitchel would have bred a famine anywhere but in Ameriky. Everything that my symperthizing friends brought in to tempt my appetite, she'd snap up jest as a hungry crower will a grain of corn; and if I sed anything about it, she'd roll up her specks (she hadn't any eyes to speak of), and say it warn't fit for me to eat, with my weak, disgustive orgins!—hearty vittles would be the death of me. She poulticed me, blistered me, took all the skin off'n my forrud with salleratus water, and made me break out with the small pox by rubbing half a pint of Croton ile into me. She fed me on weak gruel and hot water, till it seemed to me my stummuk had been taken out and kerried off for a post mortar examination; and there warn't any more strength in my jints than there is in a pig-weed that's growed up in the pertater pen.

Dr. Bolus come every day, and it's no fault of his that I didn't die rite off. He did his best, but I got the better of him, and instid of taking his nasty medercin, I throwed it out of

the winder. Blimeby I noticed that every time he come, he went into the kitchen, and sometimes he was gone considerable of a spell. What he could be about was more'n I could guess, and one day, when there warn't nobody in my room to say a word aginst it, I jest slid out of bed, and shyed along to the kitchen door and peeped in. There was Dr. Bolus down on his knees afore the cupboard eating cold pudding, and cramming down mince pie the master! And old Miss Mitchel at the table was counting my silver spoons, and wondering whether anybody could rub out the initials on 'em, if they wanted to.

I longed to show myself and confound 'em, but I didn't. I thought it was best to keep still a little longer, but I found it tremenjuous hard work. Howsomer, I managed to bear it a spell longer, and one night, as I was laying awake, I heard my watchers a indulging in some very intertainin' conversashun. I kept my eyes shot and my ears open, and got the whole benefit of their talk. The doctor was there, and he was the peartest of the lot.

"Wall," sez old Miss Mitchel, "I guess the old lady wont last much longer; that are last dose of medercin has weakened her awfully! And she's gitting along in years—Mrs. Grant is, notwithstanding she owns to only forty-five, and rolls her hair up in papers!"

"That's a fact!" sez Mrs. Jenkins, another of the watchers. "Her constitution is broke. I don't think lacing so tight as she does agrees with her."

"She can't live more'n a week longer," sez the doctor. "But we've got one thing to console us; we've tried to do our duty by her."

"Yes," sez Miss Mitchel, "that we have! And I wonder where she'll be berried? and if they'll have more than one kind of pie for the funeral supper? I wonder if they'll purtend to git dinner for the mourners?"

"There's considerable many relations," sez Mrs. Jenkins. I shouldn't be surprised if they'd have hearty vittles for dinner. I do hope they will; it's allers so distressing to set all through the sarmon with an empty stummuk. And it's so hard to cry, too, without something to keep your strength up. I wonder if that soger she's engaged to will come on to the funeral?"

"No, indeed," says the doctor, "the news couldn't be got to him in season."

"Why, they might telegraph to him, couldn't they? And what will become of poor Liddy Maria? Dear sakes! it's a dreadful dispensa-

tory of divine Providence—but there, it is best to be consigned. Doctor, don't you feel as if you could take a little something to eat?"

"Yes, I do," sez the doctor. "Setting up is wearisome work, Miss Mitchel; work that it needs suitable food to prepare me for."

Miss Mitchel she got up, and I heard her skilbition clattering down the sullen stairs. I was awful mad, but I laid still, detarmining to stick it out if I could, but I had my doubts about it. Any way, I made a kind of little promise to myself, that if they didn't touch my presarved squinches and pound cake, I wouldn't say the first word. But if they did, then I calkerlated to give it to 'em.

Ye see, jest between you and me, I've promised to become the pardner of Jeems Hunter when the war is over; and Jeems was one of the first to 'list, and has been made a sargeint for his good behaviour. I expect him home on a furlong before a great while, and that pound cake and them squinches I'd saved against he come.

Miss Mitchel warn't gone but a few minnits, and when she come back, she had the jar of squinches in one hand, and my beautiful pound cake in t'other! My darnder riz! My concentrated confluent neurology biled over! I slipped on my long calico night gownd, and sot up in eend of the bed, detarmined to be perpaired for all immergencies.

The doctor took up that elegant cake, and bit a grate piece out of it; and then he turned out a cupful of that sass, and swallowed it at a gallup! He'd jest histed up the jar to turn out another dose, when I jumped to the floor, and grabbing the poker from the fireplace, I rushed in amongst 'em. They bounced up, skairt nigh about to death at what they took to be my apparatus; but I soon convinced 'em that I was still in the body.

"You good-for-nothing sneaking gluttons!" sez I, flourishing the poker. "I've hearn all your fine talk, and knowed of all your thievish filtering of other folkse's property. I'll show you how to eat my presarved squinches, and my pound cake that I baked on purpose for Sargeint Hunter! You thought I was a gwine to die, didn't ye? And you thought you was a gwine to eat hearty vittles at the funeril? If you don't find you're a little mistook, then I miss my guess! Take that, and that!" and I let drive rite at their heads with the poker.

Doctor Bolus jumped over the table, and knocked down Miss Mitchel both together; the crockery flew in every direction; the presarves was upsoot, and the doctor streaked it

for the door with me and my poker at his heels. We went down the front revenue like two commicks. Every time I could git a chance I'd hit him a lick, and he'd yell out, "O mercy!" at the top of his voice. The last I seed of him he was climbing over a brush fence, and had left his coat tails on a sharp stake, hung up jest like clothes on a line.

When I got back to the house, Miss Mitchel and Mrs. Jenkins was both gone. And it was lucky for them that they was! I can't say what the consequences would have been if I'd found 'em still there and at the squinches.

I'm jest as well now as ever I was; that race after Bolus did me good. I've dismissed the Irisher, and Liddy Maria and I have been a fortnit setting things to rights.

#### ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.

I know a man. He is not a Christian. His daily life is not in accordance with even principles of morality. He has three, beautiful, well-behaved children. The other day he told me this incident of one of them, his little girl three or four years old. Said he—"Perhaps some people would think it sacrilege, but I don't; but for some time back I have been in the habit of reading in the Bible, and of having prayers every night before the children go to bed. I have done it because it has a good influence on the children, and because I hope it may have a good influence on myself. Last night I went to the 'Lodge' (he is a Mason), and did not go home till after eleven o'clock. The children, of course, were all abed, and I supposed asleep. Before going to bed, I knelt down by my bed to pray, and had been there but a moment, when I heard Nobie get up from her bed in the next room, and her little feet came pattering across the floor towards me. I kept perfectly still, and she came and knelt down beside me without saying a word. I did not notice her; and in a moment, speaking just above her breath, she said: 'Pa, pray loud.' I prayed, kissed her, and she went back to bed. And I tell you, G—, I have had nothing affect me so for the last ten years. I have thought of nothing else all day long, but just that little 'Pa, pray loud.'"

#### COFFEE IN DISEASE.

Doctor Mosely observes, in his treatise on coffee, that the great use of the article in France is supposed to have abated the prevalence of the gravel. In the French colonies where coffee is more used than in the English, as well as in Turkey, where it is the principal beverage, not only the gout, but the gravel is scarcely known. Doctor Faur relates, as an extraordinary instance of the effects of coffee on gout, the case of Doctor Daveran, who was attacked with the gout at the age of twenty-five, and had it severely till he was upward of fifty, with chalk stones in the joints of his hands and feet; but for four years had used coffee, and had no return of the gout afterward.

[ORIGINAL]  
MEMORIES.

BY WAITE W. HOWARD.

There is a time when memory glides  
To visions of the past,  
And bears from heaven golden dreams  
Too beautiful to last;

But whilst their witching charm dispels  
The ruder blasts of sorrow,  
Thought wafts his wings to those we love,  
And speeds the shafted arrow.

Then, when this fairy spell,  
My cousin Kate, to me  
A prayer is wafted on the wings  
Of angel thought to thee,

That love and beauty evermore  
May gild a golden path,  
And shelter thee beneath their wings  
From gloom's tempestuous wrath.

[ORIGINAL]  
THAT CATARRH.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

"I'LL tell you what it is, wife," said Ezekiel Smith, one day to his better half, as he sat down upon the kitchen doorsteps, and watched the nimble fingers paring the bright, red-cheeked apples for a bird's-nest pudding, "I'll tell you what it is, wife, I believe I aint well."

Mrs. Smith dropped the knife and apple, and a look of blank amazement overspread her features as her eyes rested upon her husband's hale, stout figure.

"What now, Ezekiel?" she questioned, when her astonishment permitted her to speak.

"Well," said Ezekiel, twirling his straw hat around on his thumb, a most disagreeable expression pervading his countenance the while, "I don't know what ails me. I smell something all the time!"

"Smell something!" Mrs. Smith eyed her husband severely, and the poor man nearly collapsed beneath her wilting gaze. "What do you suppose there is about here to smell?"

"Nothing about here, wife; you don't understand me. Of course it's nothing about the house—everything is clean and nice as a band-box—but I do smell something notwithstanding."

"Pleasant?"

"Ugh! of course not. 'Tis like—I can't tell what—it's horrible."

"When do you smell it?"

"All the time; from the time I get up till I go to bed. Bah! I can't keep a straight face."

"When did you first notice it?"

"Two or three days ago. Why, the day after Bill Jones's raising. I have thought, wife, perhaps—"

"Well?"

"Why, I'll tell you. I went without my coat at the raising—I got in under some timbers—and I got really chilly, the wind blew up so in the evening. I wonder if—"

"What?"

"Well, if I didn't get cold, and—"

"Well?"

"Have got the catarrh in my nose?"

"The catarrh! What's that?" Mrs. Smith eyed her liege lord severely.

"I don't know, exactly, wife—I've heard tell of it—I know—but the fact is I can't stand it much longer."

"Why don't you go to Doctor Gregg's?"

"Me go to a doctor—me—I, who never had a doctor in my life?"

"Very well, then, don't be grumbling about with catarrh; either go to Doctor Gregg and get some medicine or dry up."

"I'll go to Doctor Gregg's, then," said Ezekiel Smith, meekly. "Stay, there he is now."

A tall, cadaverous man, mounted upon a tall, lank, ancient-looking animal, was just coming over the hill along the turnpike past the pretty country house known as the property of Mrs. Smith. The doctor, for such he was, was dressed in butternut brown homespun, and carried immense portmanteaus behind him; he wore a white wool stove-pipe hat, and green balze leggins. As he rode up, Smith hallooed, and the doctor dismounted, fastened his attenuated animal to the gatepost, and taking his immense saddlebags in hand, made a strictly professional call for the first time upon the hearty, robust-looking Mr. Smith.

Doctor Gregg listened attentively and shook his head as his patient related his symptoms.

"Stomach decidedly out of order. Let me see your tongue."

Smith obeyed; the doctor examined it closely.

"Breath very bad; denotes a suspension of the operations of the gastric economy. Mr. Smith, let me feel your pulse."



Smith held out his great paw as a pet bear does in a show.

"Hem!"

"Terrible symptoms, decidedly. I pursue but one treatment in these disorders of the stomach, or rather these disorders occasioned by a disordered stomach. Mr. Smith, the most vigorous measures alone will save you from a protracted illness."

"Indeed?" faltered Smith.

"Most assuredly. Mrs. Smith, have you any boiling water?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here is some lobelia," producing the fragrant (?) herbs from the saddle-bags, "pour on a pint of water and let it steep. Here is some composition, make a tea of this in another utensil. In a third, have a supply of warm water."

"Yes, sir," acquiesced Mrs. Smith, now looking really alarmed in regard to her beloved husband.

"Now, sir, you can take this emetic sitting up, or in bed."

Mr. Smith preferred sitting up, and the dosing commenced.

Eleven saucers of composition tea, as many of lobelia, and a finishing off with a copious supply of warm water. Poor Smith! in vain he protested, in vain he expostulated—the doctor was inexorable. To tell the truth, however, as the last feather breaks the camel's back, so the last saucer of warm water finished Mr. Smith's patience, and he pointed to the door with one hand, held his cramping stomach with the other, and summarily ejected the doctor from his premises with the toe of one boot, while with the other he upset the light-stand, bringing down "arb tea" and dishes with commendable smash.

We will just remark here that Doctor Gregg brought an action against Mr. Smith for assault and battery, and recovered five dollars damage; and poor Smith! his catarrh was worse than ever.

"I never had any faith in your confounded herb doctors," said Mr. Smith to his wife, that evening. "Why, I wrenched my stomach nearly up, to say nothing of other portions of my corporal frame. My father was a steam doctor—he always steamed diseases out of us—and I believe this catarrh will have to be steamed out of me."

Mrs. Smith had been in the pouts ever since the summary ejection of her favorite doctor; but she made no objection when her husband spoke of sending for Doctor Fogg.

Doctor Fogg came. Of course Doctor Fogg prescribed a sweat. Hot bricks, bottles of hot water, steaming ears of boiled corn, were placed about our hero in bed, and then Doctor Fogg's steam engine was set in operation, and poor Smith was enveloped in hot vapor. Did he sweat? Ask the clouds if they do not pour down rain when riven by the thunderbolt, and water if it will not run through a coarse sieve. In this instance poor Smith's pores became porous, and the perspiration escaped in streams.

"Don't you feel better?" asked Doctor Fogg, after the trying ordeal was over, and Smith lay exhausted, and red as a boiled lobster, sweltering in bed. "Do you smell anything now?"

Smith snuffed, and assured himself that he did not.

"Very well; put on some dry linen and get into a dry bed, and to-morrow morning you'll be well enough. Merely a disease of the pores, Mr. Smith—this sweat has opened them finely—your catarrh is used up, I'll warrant."

"I hope so," gasped Smith.

Doctor Fogg, a bustling, active little man, received his pay at the hands of Mrs. Smith, picked up his steaming apparatus and was off. Mr. Smith was helped into a clean bed, leaving his devoted wife to clear up the muse, and arrange things in general. But Mr. Smith came down to breakfast next morning with a very wry face. Mr. Smith still "smelt a smell."

"Nothing like homeopathy," said a neighbor, who called in, and to whom Mr. Smith was relating his troubles. "A mere nervous disease, my dear man, and homeopathy works on the nerves like a charm. I've no idea you have any catarrh; merely the nerves. I've a box of the medicines, and a book; I'll bring them over this morning."

Mr. Smith tried homeopathy a whole day; but, as he expressed it, felt as if he "want do in' nothin' for himself," and seeing the advertisement of a hydropathist physician in the village, he threw up homeopathy and tried hydropathy.

He took foot-baths, and sits-baths, and all-over baths; he was showered, wrapped in wet sheets, and rubbed with a cloth, brush, and hand. Mr. Smith felt surely better, his catarrh had disappeared.

Mr. Smith sat comfortably in the doctor's office—no bad smell, no catarrh. The physician, a bland, smiling little man, asked him if he didn't feel quite well. Smith assured him that he did, only rather weak.

"You'll get over that," assured the M. D., and when he asked Smith just to sign a certificate of cure, of course Smith couldn't well refuse.

But Smith lamented his haste, as many a better man has done. No sooner did he find himself free from the doctor's office, on his way homeward, than—ugh! that smell again.

Determining to see the doctor in the morning, and give him a blowing up, and get back his autograph, Smith went home in disgust; but what was his chagrin to see in the morning's paper, next day, this flaming advertisement?

"CURED. *A horrible Case of Catarrh.*—This is to certify that I, the undersigned, have been for a long time afflicted with this distressing and unpleasant disease. In vain I tried the botanic practice, steaming and homoeopathy; but only found relief by applying to Doctor Waterman, of this city, the great hydropathist—his cure was perfect and instantaneous. I would hereby recommend any and all persons laboring under any of the distressing diseases to which human flesh is heir to, to try the benefits of Waterman's Water Cure.  
EZEKIEL SMITH."

We will here state that Mr. Smith took up Doctor Waterman for imposition, but lost his case, and was obliged to pay the costs.

One more resort—something, surely, must be done. Doctor Killem, the allopathy physician of the village, got on the right side of poor Smith at the trial, by asking Doctor Waterman some rather stunning questions; so to Doctor Killem he went, and entered upon a thorough course of mercury,—calomel, and blue pills, blue pills and calomel. Peaches were just ripe, and poor Smith nicely salivated himself. Thus his course of treatment nearly prostrated him, and so it chanced, came very near laying him up for good; yet not a whit better did he grow. To be sure, sometimes he fancied the unpleasant smell grew less; but he felt confident the disease was still there.

One evening Mrs. Smith came to her husband's bedside, with a queer smile about her mouth.

"Ezekiel!"

"Well?"

"Do you have that smell now?"

"N—o—I never notice it so much while lying down."

"Ezekiel, see there!"

Mrs. Smith held up to Smith's horrified gaze his coat, ripped asunder, the thick, wadded collar containing the defunct remains of a mouse—a dead mouse!

"There's your catarrh!" said his wife, triumphantly, as the sickening smell filled the room. "Now, Smith, on only one condition will I keep this from Mrs. Grundy."

"And that?" faltered poor Smith.

"That you buy me that black silk at Grafe's."

Smith did buy the black silk; but the joke was too good to keep, and he told it to me himself. It seems that a mouse crawled into his coat collar to make a nest, probably at the day of the raising, and the timber falling on it, crushed the poor little innocent. And now, if you want to torment Smith, let me tell you how—just say "catarrh" to him, and I'll warrant your object is gained.

### EGYPTIAN ENGINEERS.

The correspondent of the London Engineer, at the great exhibition, England, thus relates an account of barbarian engineering: "I remember, when coming down the Nile in 1847, hearing a capital story of Egyptian engineering in those days. Mehemet Ali was the first to introduce steam navigation on the Nile, and, determined to have the natives instructed in the mystery of working the engines, a small steamer of about ten-horse power was, after many lessons from an English engineer, handed over to a native crew. On the first voyage thereafter a leakage took place, in consequence of the lower joint of the safety valve giving way. The natives applied the universal panacea for all wounds and bruises, a handful of Nile mud; this proving insufficient, a second and third dose of the same styptic was applied; finally bricks and mud were built over it, but all to no purpose; at last, when quite a pyramid of bricks and mud failed, and the steam continued to rush out worse than ever, they gave it up in despair. 'Allah! Bismillah!' they exclaimed, 'who can contend with fate?' So saying, they leaped overboard and swam to the bank, where they quietly smoked their pipes until the fires burnt out, and the steam went down."

### SYMPATHY.

Although alone in the midst of the smiling multitude, I do not feel myself isolated from it; for its gaiety is reflected upon me; it is my own kind, my own family, who are enjoying life, and I take a brother's share in their happiness. We are all fellow-soldiers in this earthly battle, and what does it matter on whom the honors of the victory fall? If fortune passes by without seeing us, and pours her favors on others, let us condole ourselves, like the friend of Parmenio, by saying, "Those too, are Alexander's."—*Souvestre*.

### PATIENCE.

He is one to whom  
Long patience hath such mild composure given,  
That patience now doth seem a thing of which  
He hath no need. WORDSWORTH.

[ORIGINAL.]  
KINDNESS.

BY EVA ALICE.

O'er the flowery meadow,  
Through the wicket gate,  
Comes our darling lassie,  
Charming little Kate;  
Eyes as bright as jewels,  
Shining is her hair,  
Rosy cheeks and dimples—  
Fairest of the fair.

To see her is to love her;  
The little lambskins wait  
To greet their smiling Katy,  
To meet her at the gate.  
The little playful kitten—  
She runs to meet her there,  
And all domestic creatures  
Her kindly blessings share.

O, the power of kindness!  
So gentle, loving, meek,  
It is indeed a language  
Even the dumb can speak;  
The deaf can understand it,  
It sheds a shining ray;  
Then let us strive to make it  
Our guide from day to day.

[ORIGINAL.]  
JASPER LEROY.

BY E. C. L.

"WHAT can have become of Jasper, this evening?" asked Uncle Lucas, as he threw down his newspaper with a discontented air. "It is now eight o'clock, and he is usually here at half-past seven."

The speaker was a plump little man, with a cheerful countenance, a full gray eye, which sparkled with good humor, and a very large organ of benevolence, shaded by a thin lock of silvery hair.

Uncle Lucas cast a significant glance at a beautiful girl, who was plying her needle on the opposite side of the table.

"Come, Julia," he added, "tell me what the trouble is?"

"I am sure I don't know," replied Julia, blushing. "His business—"

"Fudge!" cried Uncle Lucas. "You know he never works in the evening. No!—he is always here, regularly as the night comes round. I believe you have had a quarrel—you

little mischief! Well, it is best, perhaps, for him to leave us alone occasionally; we know, now, how lonesome we should be without him."

At that moment the individual who formed the subject of conversation, entered without ringing; for the night-latch was usually left up for him, in order that he might come like one of the family, among whom he was always welcome.

Jasper Leroy was a young man of prepossessing manners, a handsome figure, and an intelligent countenance, plainly, but tastefully dressed, and wearing a neatly trimmed brown beard, which corresponded well with the glossy locks which curled gracefully about his prominent forehead.

Jasper was warmly greeted by all, and he had a happy smile for every one—from Julia's parents and Uncle Lucas, to her little sister Mary, and sleepy Harry, who was grumbling at being obliged to go to bed as soon as Jasper arrived.

"We were just talking about you, young man," cried Uncle Lucas. "You are late, sir,—what does it mean?"

"Ah, my good friend, I will tell you," replied Jasper, taking from his pocket a newspaper. "Look at that, sir."

He pointed to a paragraph, which Uncle Lucas, having adjusted his glasses, read with deep interest, three times before he spoke.

"Well, Jasper?"

"What do you think of it?"

"Is there anything in it?" asked Uncle Lucas, with a thoughtful brow.

"I don't know," replied Jasper Leroy. "I have been this evening, to find Messrs. Wilson & Jones, but could not, and that's what makes me so late."

"What is it, Lucas?" asked Julia's mother.

Julia herself looked up anxiously, and her father had already taken the newspaper from her uncle's hand.

"It is a notice to the surviving relatives of the late Thomas Leroy," replied Uncle Lucas.

"It appears that he died intestate."

"Ah!" breathed Julia, fixing an earnest look upon Jasper. "He was your uncle, I have heard you say."

"Yes: he was my father's only brother, And if he has died without leaving a will, I think I shall stand a chance of inheriting a little property; for since the death of his only son, I am as near a relation as any living."

This announcement produced a great sensation among Jasper's friends; but Uncle Lu-

cas shook his head, and Julia looked very thoughtful.

"If you should become suddenly rich," she whispered in Jasper's ear.

"Wealth can make no difference in my love for you," he replied, in a fervent tone.

"Ah, Jasper!" she sighed, "but I am afraid we would not be so happy."

"I know wealth cannot make us any happier," he said, "for it is impossible for us to be so—until our wedding day, Julia. I am happy and contented. All I have ever been ambitious of I now enjoy—the love of a heart like yours, the society of such friends as these, health, and a livelihood. Why, Julia, I used to think that after I had got to be an engraver, so that I could get plenty of work, and command good prices, I would ask nothing more; for I delight in my occupation, as you know. But this advertisement has set me thinking; and I believe that after all, it would be a satisfaction to be rich."

Jasper's eye sparkled with unwonted animation, and for some moments he sat gazing at the light with an abstracted look, as if his thoughts were far away.

"Jasper!" said Uncle Lucas.

The young man started.

"You must not let this matter keep you awake to-night."

"O, there's no danger!"

Jasper laughed; but a moment after he was thinking again intently. He had no taste for back-gammon that evening; and Uncle Lucas went to bed, disappointed in not having enjoyed his favorite game. The young man conversed in his usually cheerful manner with the family—but it was plain to see that half the time his thoughts were absent. He attempted to read a favorite book to Julia, as she sat by his side, sewing; but he could not keep his mind upon the subject—it wandered far away, while he pronounced the words mechanically, without feeling or interest. So he put down the book with a sigh, to the great relief of Julia, who was perhaps as little interested in its contents as himself.

Jasper returned to his boarding-house, and went to bed; but notwithstanding what he had said, to Uncle Lucas, sleep did not visit his pillow for hours. He could not drive the thought of riches from his brain; and when at length he sunk into a feverish sleep, his dreams were of sudden wealth, in the midst of which he fancied himself tossing about like a bark on billows of fire.

On the following morning Jasper neglected

his business to call on Messrs. Wilson & Jones. Mr. Wilson was out; but a thin, sallow man, who sat writing at a desk, was pointed out to him as the junior partner of the firm.

Jasper trembled with anxious expectancy, as if his fate depended upon the will of the sallow Mr. Jones. Holding his hat in his hand, he addressed him.

"Well, sir!" said Mr. Jones, scarcely looking up.

"My name is Leroy, sir; and as I saw a notice—"

"Ah, sit down, sir!" cried Mr. Jones. "I will attend to your business in a moment."

He dashed away with his pen across the paper before him, appearing forgetful of Jasper's presence, until the latter, grown more anxious than ever, wondering if he never would stop writing.

At length Mr. Jones stuck his pen over his ear, turned on the point of his chair, crossed his legs, folded his arms, and looked indulgently at Jasper.

"Are you a relative of the late Thomas Leroy?"

Jasper replied in the affirmative, with a beating heart.

"He and my father were brothers."

"Ah, it was with your father, then, that the late Mr. Thomas Leroy was not on very good terms?"

"Yes, sir. There was some family misunderstanding between them."

"Your father died poor, I believe?"

"He left me scarcely sufficient to give me a common education, and clothe me, until I could learn a trade."

"And your late uncle never did anything for you?"

"Indeed, I suppose he hardly knew that he had such a relation in existence."

"But there will be no difficulty in proving your parentage?"

"O, no indeed!"

Here Mr. Jones made a memorandum. Afterwards he asked Jasper a great many questions, of which the young man could see no possible necessity, but which the lawyer appeared to consider of vast importance.

"Well," said Mr. Jones, indulgently, "I hope we shall be able to do something for you; but I am not prepared to say what, this morning. Call in to-morrow, and you will see Mr. Wilson. I wish you a good day, sir—good day!"

The result of this interview was, that Jasper who had hoped to have his mind set at rest went away quite dissatisfied and vexed by a



feverish anxiety. He could not work that day, for he was thinking all the time of what Messrs. Wilson and Jones were going to do for him, and building castles in the air out of his anticipated riches.

When evening arrived, he went as usual to visit the Housemans; but he had never before found so little enjoyment in the society of Julia, her parents, and the good-humored Uncle Lucas. His gaiety was fitful—sometimes forced; and his mind would occasionally become abstracted in an extraordinary manner. He made everybody uncomfortable, and went home quite wretched, to pass another sleepless night.

On the following day he saw Mr. Wilson; but he obtained no more satisfaction from this gentleman, than he had already obtained from his partner. Messrs. Wilson & Jones were cautious—very cautious; and it was very plain that they were not to be led into any rashness, merely to put Jasper's mind at rest.

At the end of a month the young man was beginning to look quite care-worn; for he could think of nothing but the hoped-for fortune which was now, apparently, as far beyond his reach, as on the evening when his heart first beat on reading the notice addressed to the late Thomas Leroy's surviving relations. Already had Jasper wished a hundred times that his rich uncle had lived forever, or made a will that would have saved him the perplexity which he now endured.

"I was happy as a man could be, before the idea of inheriting a fortune entered my head," he would say to himself, in his moments of reflection; "but I am sure I am not happy now. Julia wonders at my strange conduct—neglecting my work, and thinking of nothing but money—money; and that makes her unhappy. I wish I could be patient, indifferent—and dismiss the idea of wealth from my mind, until the matter is decided."

But Jasper could not. On the contrary, as day after day rolled by, he thought more and more of becoming suddenly rich, and grew more and more anxious about the future. The idea then of returning contentedly to his eye-glass and graver, to work for a living, he could not for a moment entertain.

Meanwhile, the benevolent Mr. Wilson, who had a smooth, winning way, well calculated to govern a mind like Jasper's, was laboring in the young man's interest, with all the zeal of a kind-hearted father. He was not only Jasper's lawyer, but his adviser in matters aside from his profession, and—the young

man firmly believed—his firm, disinterested friend.

"My dear sir," said he, one day, in high spirits, as if the final news he had for Jasper, occasioned him great joy, "I am rejoiced for your sake that this business begins to show beautifully transparent. We see our way through it. Mr. Jones and myself have spared no labor in your cause."

Jasper murmured his thanks.

There are five, beside yourself, who lay claim to your uncle's property."

"Five!"

"Don't be alarmed. One of them is a second cousin of your uncle's whose chance is very slim. Another is the relation of Mrs. Thomas Leroy; but her claim we can set aside. The other three are your cousins—your Aunt Elliot's children, you know."

"And my claim is as good as any?"

"Better, if anything."

"Then I am sure of getting—"

"My dear friend, we are *sure* of nothing in this world; but there is a *promise* of some thousands falling to your share. But are you prepared for that change of fortune?"

"Sir?"

"A person inheriting property, you are aware, ought to know what to do with it—how to enjoy it, and how to wear his dignities with grace."

"O, certainly—"

"Wealth, you are aware, my young friend," pursued the benevolent Mr. Wilson, while Jasper listened with feverish interest, "wealth gives a man certain advantages in society. Now, I take it, you have not been accustomed—here, mind you, I only speak as a friend—you have not been accustomed to moving in very fashionable society?"

"No—no," murmured Jasper.

"But of course you see the advantage of cultivating the acquaintance of people in the sphere in which you will probably find yourself, some fine morning," said the lawyer, facetiously.

Jasper blushed as he thought of the Housemans; he was shocked by the idea which would enter his brain, that he was to be elevated above Julia's family. But Mr. Wilson's smooth tongue reconciled his conscience for the moment, to the ways of the world, and he listened to his counsel with a feverish brain and a beating heart.

It was in this way that the lawyer obtained that perfect influence over Jasper, which was necessary to carry out his own plans. He

wished to have the entire management of the young man's claim, and to conduct the business as suited his own profit and convenience.

The shrewd lawyer, knowing how much easier it is, in such cases, to deal with a youth entirely devoted to pleasure, than with one of sober judgment, took pains to introduce Jasper into the society of certain young bloods, well qualified to initiate him into the mystery of spending money.

To make a commencement in the bright career he saw before him, Jasper removed to a fashionable hotel, and patronized tailors, hatters, and boot-makers, in a liberal manner; nor was it long before he had contracted a passion for riding and driving, and a taste for champagne. With a fortune in perspective, Jasper did not scruple to spend what little money he had been able to lay by, when at work with his graver; and when that was gone, he made bold to ask a favor of his friend, Mr. Wilson. The lawyer had reasons for granting his request, and advanced considerable sums out of his own pocket—which, as a matter of course, Jasper was to repay with interest, as soon as the law had settled his claim to his uncle's property.

Jasper's gratitude for these favors was astonishing; he might, however, have been led to change his opinion of Mr. Wilson's disinterestedness, had he heard the remark he one day made to his partner, Mr. Jones.

"Of course he will make all this up, as soon as the business passes through court, for the fellow is sure of fifty thousand, at least. There is no getting around that; so we may consider ourselves safe—but then, what a deuce of a fix we should be in, if the fellow should die before he gets his share."

Jasper was now a fine gentleman. He spent his money freely, and was egregiously flattered by his new acquaintances in consequence, although he had a sneaking notion all the time, that they felt a sort of contempt for him in their hearts. He could not complain, however, as long as they treated him with respect.

Since Jasper's brain had been filled with the aspirations of wealth, he had been a less frequent visitor at the Housemans than formerly. He no longer experienced that happiness in the quiet, excellent family, which he had been accustomed to find there, after the labors of the day were over. He discovered that playing backgammon with Uncle Lucas was, after all, very dull, and even in the presence of the fair Julia, was apt to be thinking

of something in which she had no sympathy. But, notwithstanding this, Jasper loved Julia still. He only wished that all his fortune might come at once, that he might make a lady of her, and marry her without delay; but as it was, he was obliged to content himself with waiting.

Ah! how Julia sighed to see her lover come to her now, with his jewelry, his dandy cane, and his gay attire appearing so changed! She could not feel the same ease in his society as formerly; she became reserved and sad; for she felt that while Jasper was waiting, his heart was becoming estranged.

Jasper conceived a fondness for places of amusement. He tried to saunter into the theatre, with a gay companion, and look at the fine ladies there, through his magnificent opera-glass; and it afforded him exquisite pleasure to exchange looks of recognition with those beauties, with whom he had formed a slight acquaintance. But Jasper felt that he was not quite happy, after all—something told him that it was selfish for him to seek such enjoyment without Julia; but how could he think of being seen with her, before she could appear in as rich and beautiful attire as the fine ladies in whose smiles his vanity took so much delight?

So Jasper went into society without Julia; and his young head was so filled with the gaieties of the world, that before the winter was over, he had nearly discontinued his visits at her father's house, and she was almost forgotten. But many and many a time, when the hollow pleasures he pursued had crumbled in his grasp, when the vanities of his gay career were deprived of their dazzle and their gloss, and with an aching head, and an unsatisfied heart, he sought his pillow late at night, his mind would revert to her, and with sighs and tears he would long for the peaceful happiness which he had enjoyed beneath her humble roof.

An incident which had occurred late in the winter, caused Jasper more uneasiness of mind than anything else. He was walking down the street, arm-in-arm with a fashionable young gentleman, whose acquaintance and good will he was particularly desirous of cultivating, bowing politely to many a fine-looking fellow, and touching his hat to many a handsome lady, when he was stopped by a hand laid upon his arm, and a well-known voice by his side.

"Ha, Jasper! is it you? Glad to see you. How do you do?"

Jasper turned, and saw Uncle Lucas in his working dress, and with a bundle under his arm. At almost any other time he would have been delighted to see the kind old gentleman, for a gentleman he was in feeling, if not in manners and dress; but on that occasion, with Mr. Augustus Belbow's arm locked in his, Jasper beheld the good-humored face of his old friend with dismay.

"Ah, how do you do?" he stammered, evidently ashamed to own the acquaintance of Uncle Lucas, in the presence of Mr. Belbow and other fashionable young gentlemen who were passing.

"What a stranger you are!" cried the simple-minded old man. "Why don't you come and see us? Have we offended you in any way? Why, you used to come every evening; and I do believe it is now a month since you have been inside the door!"

Jasper's embarrassment was painfully visible. He glanced from Mr. Belbow to Uncle Lucas, and from Uncle Lucas to his boots, and appeared amazingly anxious to make his escape. At length Uncle Lucas seemed to understand what the matter was. He uttered a half apology, and with a sorrowful face went his way, leaving Jasper in the greatest perplexity of mind. The young man was conscious that he had hurt the feelings of his kind old friend, as well as shocked the pride of his new one, and he felt that both must despise him.

"O, accursed be that fortune which makes a man ashamed of his best friends!" he muttered to himself.

At that moment he ardently wished that the late Thomas Leroy had given his property to some charitable purpose, and left him as happy and contented as before.

Several other incidents occurred to perplex the young man, and make him wretched. Owing to the scanty supplies to which Mr. Wilson's bounty had dwindled, he was unable to make as great a display as he desired; and the consequence was, several, whose friendship he valued most highly, coolly cut his acquaintance.

"What are all these friends worth?" exclaimed Jasper, in despair. "Their hearts are as hollow as bubbles! and for them I have sacrificed my happiness, for this chase after pleasure is not happiness! It is not such happiness as I enjoyed when Julia was all the world to me, and her friends my friends—before this fortune was thought of, and I was contented to labor."

Then Jasper's mind reverted to the enjoy-

ment he experienced in his occupation of engraving, which he compared with the idle gaieties that now engaged his attention. But he had not the strength to return voluntarily to that simpler and happier course of life from which the death of his uncle had divorced him, although he had felt convinced that the possession of unbounded wealth could not afford him more contentment than he had formerly enjoyed. So he assumed a show of gaiety, and went one day to borrow a sum of money of Mr. Wilson. To his astonishment, he found that gentleman cold and stiff, as if he had been made of marble.

"Mr. Leroy," said the lawyer, "we have done everything to advance your interest, which, with time, money, and perseverance, any man could do. Don't vex us any more."

Jasper saw that his friend was excited by some unpleasant occurrence.

"Really, I do not intend to vex you," replied the young man, in a conciliatory tone. "And if you are not well rewarded for your trouble, when the law has once—"

"I cannot talk with you now!" interrupted Mr. Wilson. "Come another time!"

"I do not know why you put on such airs, sir," said Jasper, quickly. "If you are not satisfied with the business you have undertaken, I have no doubt I can find plenty of lawyers ready to relieve you of any further care in the matter."

"Do so, if you can. Nothing would afford us greater pleasure," said Mr. Wilson, with a sneer. "It is a thankless undertaking. But you will, of course, see to the payment of the small sums with which we have accommodated you."

"Never fear!" exclaimed Jasper, considerably irritated.

He left the office. Mr. Wilson did not call him back, as he had expected. Therefore Jasper was alarmed, and went back of his own accord, and demanded an explanation. Accordingly, seeing that he could do no better, Mr. Wilson explained.

"We have lately learned," said he, "that your claim is worthless."

"Ah!" breathed Jasper, turning pale. "How happens that?"

"You remember that your uncle had a son travelling in Europe—"

"Who died?"

"There was the mistake. It was a false report. Your cousin will be in town tomorrow."

Jasper bowed his head upon his hands. Af-

ter a long silence he looked up and to the great surprise of Mr. Wilson smiled.

"I wish he were here now," said he.

"Why so?"

"So that I could tell him how willingly I give up all claims upon the estate, which has caused me more wretchedness than I have suffered in all my life."

Jasper returned to his hotel, and spent the rest of the day in solitary reflection. The next morning his cousin arrived in town. He was a generous, manly youth, and the interview between him and Jasper proved perfectly satisfactory. The willingness of the latter to resign the fortune which had flattered his hopes, charmed the youthful traveller, and taking Jasper warmly by the hand, he earnestly exclaimed:

"You shall not suffer for this, my dear cousin. I admire your fortitude, under the disappointment; and rest assured that I shall remember you when my father's estate is settled. Perhaps I can do something for you now. Would five hundred be acceptable?"

"I am obliged to you," replied Jasper, shaking his head. "I want no money, myself, but if you will be so good as to help me out of debt, and settle the business with Wilson and Jones, I shall take it as a favor. I consider you in some manner to blame for these debts, for had you been in the land of the living they would not have been contracted."

"True; but you should rather blame the fellow who swore to my death, when, all the time, it was some other unfortunate Leroy, who was cut down in the prime of his manhood. But make yourself easy about your debts, I will satisfy Wilson & Jones."

That evening Jasper overhauled his trunks until he had found an old suit, which he had worn before the death of his uncle, and which, by some good fortune had been preserved. He laughed as he drew on the easy-fitting pantaloons, but a tear came into his eye as he glanced at the well-worn elbows of his coat which Julia had often mended. That he put on also, and an hour after he was at the door of Mr. Houseman's residence. The night-latch was up, and Jasper entering without ringing, walked into the sitting-room familiarly, as of yore. The family were all there, before the cheerful grate, as Jasper had found them so many times before, in happier days. But Uncle Lucas looked less cheerful than formerly; the children were less merry, and Julia's face was pale and sorrowful.

"Good evening, all!" cried Jasper, in the

same gay tone so well remembered there. Julia started, looked up, and seeing Jasper standing on the threshold—the same Jasper he had always been, when she was happiest and loved him most—thought it an apparition or a dream. But when she saw Uncle Lucas bound from his chair and grasp his hand, and saw her parents advance towards him with looks of joyous surprise, and heard the delighted children pronounce his name, she knew that all was real.

"And how are you, this evening?" cried Jasper, pressing her hand, for all the world as he had been accustomed to do of yore. "Why do you look surprised?"

"You have been away so long!"

"O, dear Julia, say nothing about that if you love me. Do not look so reproachful, either. Come, let us all be as we were once—let us forget what there is unpleasant in the past, and remember only our old happiness."

Jasper embraced them all, and obtained their forgiveness, and related his story for the amusement and edification of all.

"I am happy now once more," he said. "I shall not think of fortune again; nor will the gaieties of the world tempt my ambition after this. I am cured forever of my folly. From this time I am yours, my kind friends—yours with all my heart, dearest Julia."

Julia's face was no longer pale. She blushed with pleasure. Her heart overflowed with joy, and she shed tears that were not tears of sorrow. Ah, there was rejoicing in that house that night, and Jasper himself was not the least happy of the number.

On the following day, Jasper made preparation to commence work again with his graver, and from that time he was never weary of his interesting occupation. He thought no more of fortune, and the only favor he would ever consent to receive from his generous cousin, was a small, comfortable, and neatly-furnished house, which the latter presented to Julia as a wedding gift.

#### THE CHEAPEST FOOD.

The cheapest and most nutritious vegetable used for food is beans. Professor Liebig says that pork and beans form a compound of substances peculiarly adapted to furnish all that is necessary to support life. A quart of beans costs, at Cambridge, eight cents; half a pound of pork, six cents. This, as every housekeeper knows, will feed a small family for a day with good strengthening food. Four quarts of beans and two pounds of corned beef, boiled to rags, in fifty quarts of water, will furnish a good meal to forty men at a cost of fifty cents—one cent and a quarter a meal!—*Hall*.



## The Florist.

Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,  
Wild bramble of the brake:  
So put thou forth thy small white rose,  
I love it for his sake.  
Though woodbines flower and roses glow  
O'er all the fragrant bowers,  
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show  
Thy satin-threaded flowers.—E. Elliott.

### Work for the Month.

Look over the established stocks, and see which are most favorable for grafting; and if you have any wood of roses you intend to graft, leave it on the trees; but if you have to obtain wood, seek for it in time; and if you get it, plant the thickest end downward in the ground, in some shady place, because they ought not to be grafted till next month, and the cuttings will keep some time. The China roses in the house, and roses in the forcing-house, must be kept well syringed, and watched carefully, that, in the event of the green fly attacking them, they may be fumigated as well as syringed. Roses in pots should be kept a little moist, and if not pruned in autumn, should be pruned directly. Look to a supply of wild stocks, if you have not yet completed your arrangements. Bruise the berries which have been saved for seed, and rub out the seed ready for sowing.

### Raspberries.

The production of the hardest varieties of raspberries is very easy. Any good soil will produce a moderate crop, even without trenching; but in large plantations, or where grown extensively for market, a thorough preparation, by trench-ploughing or spading, will ensure better crops and more permanent productiveness. The stools should be in rows at least four feet apart, and two feet in the rows. At the time of transplanting, all the old stocks should be cut off—one strong shoot from the first year, to bear fruit the next, which at the approach of cold weather is laid down and covered with earth, especially the more improved and tender varieties. Soon after the crop of fruit is gathered, the stalks which bore it should be cut off close to the ground, and two or more, according to vigor and variety, of the strongest and best situated encouraged to produce bearing wood for the following season. Proper stakes or trellises to support the fruit-bearing stalks will suggest themselves to every grower. By covering the space between the rows with decomposed manure in autumn, and incorporating it with the earth, will ensure continued fertility for six or seven years.

### Currants and Gooseberries.

These are easily grown at the sides of garden walks, on the edge of garden terraces, or in special plantations. The fruit is grown on spurs, on wood not less than two years old, and consequently some discriminating knowledge in pruning and training is required. The bushes should be kept open, a portion of new wood grown each year should be

shortened in the following spring. Plants are easily grown from cuttings. Wood of the previous year's growth, taken from the plants in February, and inserted two-thirds of its length in the ground as soon as the frost is out, will soon make good plants, which, while young and vigorous, always produce the best fruit. Renewal of plants every four or five years is judicious; though with care and proper management, they will produce good crops of fruit much longer.

### Annuals.

Annuals are those flowers which are raised from seeds alone, in the spring, and which die in the autumn. They are again divided into three classes—the tender and more curious kinds; the less tender or harder kinds; and the hardest and common kinds. The first week in April is the safest period for sowing annuals, as the cutting winds have ceased by that time, and frost is not so much to be apprehended. The soft rains, also, fall in warm showers, to give life and germ to seeds and plants, and they appear in a shorter space of time.

### Biennials.

Biennials are those flowers which are produced by seed, bloom the second year, and remain two years in perfection, after which they gradually dwindle and die away. Some sorts, however, of the biennials afford a continuation of plants by offsets, slips, and cuttings of the tops, and by layers and pipings, so that, though the parent flower dies, the species are perpetuated, particularly to continue curious double-flowered kinds, as for instance, double rockets by offsets and cuttings of the young flower-stalks; double wallflowers by slips of the small top shoots; double sweet-williams by layers and pipings; and carnations by layers.

### Perennials.

Perennials are flowers of many years' duration, and they multiply themselves most abundantly by suckers, offsets, parting the roots, etc. They require little trouble beyond taking care to renew the soil every year or two by a somewhat plentiful supply from the compost heap, and by separating the offsets, and parting the roots in autumn, to strengthen the mother plant. When the flowers are past and the stems have decayed, then the operation may take place. Choose a showery day for transplanting the roots, or give them a moderate watering to fix them in their fresh places. When you transplant a flower-root, dig a hole with your trowel sufficiently large to give the fibres room to lie freely and evenly in the ground. If you raise your perennials from seed, sow it in the last week in March in a bed of light earth, in the open ground. Let the bed be in a genial, warm situation, and divide it into small compartments—a compartment for each sort of seed. Sow the seed thin, and rake or break the earth over them finely. Let the larger seed be sown half an inch deep, and the smaller seed a quarter of an inch. Water the beds in dry weather often with a watering-pot, not a jug.

## The Housewife.

### Rice Sponge Cake.

Nine eggs, and the weight of them in sugar; the weight of six in rice flour; have the sugar finely sifted; mix the sugar and rice together; have the whites and the yolks beat separately; pour the eggs at the same time into the rice and sugar; beat the whole together about a quarter of an hour, and then add of the essence of lemon twenty drops, or rose-water.

### Molasses Pie.

Four eggs (beat the whites separate), one teacupful of brown sugar, half a nutmeg, two tablespoonsful of butter; beat them well together; stir in one teacupful and a half of molasses, and then add the white of eggs. Bake on pastry.

### Rice Cake.

Mix six ounces of ground rice, the same quantity of flour, three-quarters of a pound of fine sugar sifted, nine eggs (the yolks and whites beaten separately), grate in the rind of a lemon, and beat it well half an hour.

### Clove Cake.

One pound of sugar, one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, four eggs, a teaspoonful of saleratus, a cup of milk, a teaspoonful of powdered mace, same of cinnamon, same of cloves; fruit, if you choose.

### Rice Pound Cakes.

Four ounces of flour, eight ounces of butter, six eggs, twelve ounces of sugar, eight ounces of ground rice, the peel of a lemon, if you like, which improves it, or thirty drops of essence of lemon.

### Portugal Cake.

One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, eight eggs, two spoonful of lemon-juice, one pound of stoned raisins, citron or almonds, as you choose, one nutmeg. It is good plain.

### Soda Biscuit.

To one quart of flour add one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, sweet and sour milk enough to wet it, add a little salt.

### Silver Cake.

One and a half cups of sugar, three-quarters of a cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half of soda, the whites of eight eggs, one teaspoonful of essence of lemon.

### Gold Cake.

One cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, the yolks of eight eggs, half a cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, two cups of flour, and half a nutmeg.

### A good Paste for Tarts.

One pound and a half of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of lard, one teaspoonful of soda, sufficient water to form a stiff dough.

### Brown Bread.

A very nice loaf of brown bread may be made in the following manner, and it will seldom trouble the most delicate stomach:—One and a half pints of Indian meal, one and a half pints of Graham or coarse wheat meal, one and a half pints of sour milk, two small teaspoons of soda, three spoons of molasses and one teaspoon of salt. Dissolve the soda in about half a pint of hot water and mix all together. Bake two or three hours in a slow oven. This loaf is very nice to be steamed in a deep pot with a tight cover three or four hours. Put your bread in a tin pail with a close cover, and don't let the water get into the pail.

### Corn Breakfast Cake.

A housekeeper contributes the following to the American Agriculturist, with a sample of the result for the editor, which he pronounces "not bad to take." The writer says:—"My cook, Kate, is to be credited with the mixture, if you like it." Mix well, by sifting, one pint of Indian meal, two table-spoonful of wheat flour, one table-spoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Mix rapidly and thoroughly with one pint of sweet milk, one beaten egg, and butter the size of an egg. Bake in a shallow pan twenty minutes, in a hot oven.

### Soda Muffins.

The following receipt affords a dish of light, spongy, most quickly made muffins:—to two pounds of flour add one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of sugar; mix thoroughly, with salt to taste, and make into a stiff batter with some milk; beat well for a few minutes. Have ready a hot earthen pan, well buttered, also rings for the purpose. Pour in the batter, nearly half an inch thick; bake a nice brown on each side.

### Sponge Cake.

Weigh seven eggs and take an equal weight of sugar, then weigh five eggs and take an equal weight of flour; break the eggs, keeping the whites separate, put your sugar into the yolk, grate in a lemon-peel, then beat it an hour. Put the juice of the lemon into the whites, beat twenty minutes, put half of the whites into the yolks, sift in the flour, stir in the remainder of the whites, and bake.

### Veal, or Poultry Cake.

Take cold boiled veal, or fresh meat of any kind; chop it fine, with one-third the quantity of cold ham; soak a cup of bread-crumbs in milk, mix with the meat, season with grated lemon-peel or powdered thyme, or, if these cannot be had, pepper and nutmeg will do. Beat up an egg with half a cup of cream, and put it in. Bake in a dish and eat cold; cut in slices like cheese.

### Baked Rice Pudding.

Two cups of rice, two quarts of milk, half a cup of sugar, a large teaspoonful of salt; bake it two hours; serve it up with butter.

## Curious Matters.

### Odd Experiment.

A farmer of Hauborum, France, has just tried the experiment of fattening cattle by the use of cod liver oil. The trial was first made upon two calves, eight sheep and two pigs. The result surpassed all expectation. In ninety days they were all in prime condition, the flesh being perfectly white, and easy of digestion. The quantity given was, to the pigs sixty-three grammes (two ounces) per day, to the sheep thirty-one grammes, and to the calves fifty grammes. For the calves the oil was mixed with bran and chopped straw, for the sheep with bruised beans, and for the pigs with their regular food.

### Franklin's Whistle.

A well-dressed lady from the country recently called at the Historical Rooms in Hartford, and after inspecting the other curiosities, requested to be shown the *whistle* which Franklin paid too dear for, as she had been informed it was kept there. The attendant, though slightly taken aback at first, rallied in time to exhibit an ancient pitch-pipe that happened to lie near. The visitor, having examined the curiosity attentively, departed with evident satisfaction at having seen with her own eyes the instrument that sounded the key-note to Poor Richard's proverbs.

### Singular Discovery.

A farmer near Barre the other day killed a sheep, in the stomach of which were found about twenty balls, varying from two and one-half to seven inches in circumference, and as hard as wood; the largest was about the size of a cricket-ball. On examination it was found that the balls were composed of wool, closely compressed. The sheep must have eaten the wool, which, proving quite indigestible, had accumulated in its stomach. The animal was quite healthy, and when killed weighed 96 pounds.

### A Mummy from South America.

The secretary of the Smithsonian Institute has received a mummy and several skulls, forwarded from Valparaiso by A. Reed, M. D. This gentleman states that the mummy (a female) was found on the west coast of Patagonia, in latitude 44 degrees south, about two months before. Its appearance is essentially different from and superior to that of any race known to inhabit that country at present. The skulls were those of Auracanian Indians killed in battle with the Chilians.

### Strange.

A boy twelve years of age, named Hurl, escaped from the Indian attack on a settlement near Lake Shetek, Minnesota, and carried and led his baby brother, two years old, sixty miles to New Ulm, the nearest settlement. The "babes in the woods" were fourteen days making the journey, subsisting on wild fruits and roots. The mother of the children has since been rescued.

### An African Congregation.

Dr. Livingstone says the peccadilloes of the African women during sermon are very troublesome. When preaching on the most solemn subjects, a woman might be observed to look round, and seeing a neighbor seated on her dress, gives her a hunch with her elbow to make her move off; the other would return it with interest, and perhaps the remark, "Take the nasty thing away with you." Then three or four would begin to hustle the first offenders, and the men to swear at them all by way of enforcing silence. The main objection of the chiefs to Christianity is the abandonment of polygamy. One would not learn to read the Bible, being afraid that it might change his heart, and make him content with only one wife like Sechele. No, no; he wanted always to have five wives at least.

### Fishing by Steam.

A novel experiment is to be tried by a steam fishing-vessel lately fitted up at Leith. Her trawling gear, which is very heavy, is to be wound up by a capstan driven by steam-power, and all living fish thus taken will be put into a well, or salt water aquarium, having a constant circulation of water through it, and thus the fish will be kept in existence until brought to market. This is said to be the first direct application of the steam engine to the purpose of catching fish.

### A singular Presentiment.

Mr. Tailor, whose sudden death lately occurred in Hartford, had indulged through the week a belief that he should live but a few days, and that his departure would be sudden. In pursuance of this idea he visited the cemetery with a member of his family, selected the place and gave directions relative to his burial. In addition to this he made sundry gifts and disposed of some of his personal property.

### Curious Delusion.

A man belonging to Medford, but at work near Moosehead Lake, recently cut off his hand. He had been intently reading the passage of Scripture which says, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." Placing his hand upon a log, he cut it off just below the thumb; but not being satisfied, he struck with his axe again, and cut it off at the wrist. This did not satisfy him, and he cut it off a little higher up.

### An old 'Un.

The editor of the Hartford Courant has seen what he calls a "common box turtle," caught on the farm of Mr. Loomis, in Bloomfield, which is known to be over fifty years old. In 1811, the father of Mr. Loomis caught the turtle and marked him. Again in 1833 he was caught and marked by Rev. Reuben Loomis, and now the old fellow has turned up again, alive and kicking.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### GRANARY OF THE WORLD.

In his book of travels in the United States, recently published, Mr. Trollope says:—I was at Chicago and at Buffalo in October, 1861. I went down to the granaries, and climbed up into the elevators. I saw the wheat running in rivers from one vessel to another, and from railroad vans up into huge bins on the top stories of the warehouses; for there rivers of food run up hill as easily as they do down. I saw corn measured by the forty bushel measure with as much ease as we measure an ounce of cheese, and with greater rapidity. I ascertained that the work went on, through the week and Sunday, day and night incessantly; rivers of wheat and rivers of maize ever running. I saw men bathed in corn as they distributed it in its flow. I saw bins by the score laden with wheat, in each of which bins there was space for a comfortable residence. I breathed the flour, and drank the flour, and felt myself to be enveloped in a world of breadstuffs. And then I believed, understood, and brought it home to myself as a fact, that here in the corn lands of Michigan, and amid the bluffs of Wisconsin, and on the high table plains of Minnesota, and the prairies of Illinois, God had prepared the food for the increasing millions of the eastern world, as also for the coming millions of the western. I began to know what it was for a country to overflow with milk and honey, to burst with its fruits, and be smothered by its own riches. From St. Paul down the Mississippi, by the shores of Wisconsin and Iowa, by the ports on Lake Pepin, by La Crosse, from which one railway runs eastward, by Prairie du Chien, the terminus of a second, by Dunleith, Fulton and Rock Island, from which three other lines run eastward, all through that wonderful State of Illinois—the farmer's glory—along the ports of the great lakes, through Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, and further Pennsylvania, up to Buffalo, the great gate of the Western Ceres, the loud cry was this—"How shall we rid ourselves of our corn and wheat?" The result has been the passage of 60,000,000 bushels of breadstuffs through that gate in one year! Let those

who are susceptible of statistics ponder that. For those who are not, I can only give this advice—let them go to Buffalo in October and look for themselves.

**PROFITS OF MENDICANCY.**—An English paper mentions the arrest of an old and inveterate beggar, pretending to be deaf and dumb, upon whose person was found a great number of articles. Among other things, were found a prayer-book, some written prayers, and several memorandum books, from which it was clearly proved that the rascal kept a daily entry of his collections and expenditures, besides a work known as the "Beggar's Directory," containing the names and residences of all the most charitable persons throughout the kingdom, with the best resting-places for the night. He was arrested at the Isle of Wight, and some idea of the amount of money collected by such vagabonds may be formed, when it was found, on examining his cash-book, that the islands of Jersey and Guernsey alone furnished him with the sum of £10 3s. 6d. for the trouble of tramping twelve days only in collecting it.

**PRINTING BUSINESS IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.**—The late census returns of manufacturing establishments of New York reveal the astonishing fact that more capital is employed in carrying on the printing trade than in any other business, the amount being over eight and a half millions! Over six thousand persons are employed in printing, and the various establishments use up about \$5,000,000 worth of raw material, ink, paper, etc., per annum, producing over \$11,000,000 worth of books, papers, etc.

**THE TAX-MAN AFTER THE CRINOLINE.**—The commissioner of internal revenue has decided that the manufacture of cord, tape and covered wire, employed in making hoop-skirts, is liable to a tax of three per cent. ad valorem.

**DUELLIST**—a moral coward, seeking to hide the pusillanimity of his mind by affecting a corporeal courage.



**THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.**

God forbid that we should underrate, or in any way cheapen the glorious era of freedom in which we live, but still we do sometimes find our spirit turning back to the chivalrous days of "Richard the Lion-Hearted," and his Saracen antagonist, Saladin. Though, in comparison with this enlightened period, the days of knight-errantry were times of barbarism, still on the dark ages that preceded them they were a shining improvement, and bore many ennobling traits of character, transmitting even to us brilliant examples of dauntless heroism, and models of reproachless chivalry. The age of chivalry came fully to light in times when Christianity was only a dim taper, and might made right, moral power was weak indeed, and rapine, lust and murder were the common vices of the times; but this institution developed the character of woman, and led to the appreciation of her virtues. The love of God and the ladies was enjoined as the first great duty of a knight, and he bore a motto on his shield to this effect. Courtesy, hospitality and courage became the virtues of the age, and the fraternity of knights lived in obedience to their dictates. In this view do we look upon the period to which we refer, as defective in its application to present society; but, after all, an admirably adapted and noble system for those peculiar times. Who has not learned from his very infancy to honor in his heart the spirit, even though it may have been fanatical, that led five millions of men at arms to lay their bones on the plains of Asia? and who has not thrilled with chivalrous fire when he read of the loud anthems chanted on sacred Calvary itself, which had cost a thousand bloody victories to attain? Never before was there such a sacrifice of blood and gold, and all by men of bravery and daring, who firmly believed they were serving God! Look for a moment upon the motives of the more modern European wars—their object has been to gain wealth and power, territory and command; but the gallant knights and their followers in the Crusades were actuated only by a noble and spiritual idea. Collected together from all parts of Europe, they were bound by one simple, undivided purpose, the rescue of the holy sepulchre from Saracenic pollution; even stronger motives than avarice, ambition, or glory, moved them—a craving for spiritual right.

The flower of European chivalry, led on by such men as Hugh the Great, Tancred, Cœur de Leon, Philip of France, and Frederic of

Germany, were not sacrificed in vain, for out of the Crusaders sprang the first germs of extended civilization, and by the example of the knight errants, bravery, honor, devout piety, and the veneration of the gentler sex, have become fixed and cherished principles. For our own part, we cannot look back upon those times without peculiar emotions; and we believe the study of the period of the Crusades affords not only a delightful occupation, but also inculcates ennobling principles. Not that we would wish to see Don Quixotes springing up, with spurs and helmets as of old, but because we would have the reader look upon the period of which we have spoken understandingly, and to his own improvement.

**DON'T BORROW TROUBLE.**

There is a class of people who are constantly borrowing trouble by anticipating evil ahead, and it is ills that never happen which chiefly makes them wretched. A cheerful expectation of the best is a fountain of joy in itself, for though chill disappointment may meet us now and then, still the warm and genial sunshine of hope renews and vivifies our spirit. There is no greater sign of a coward heart than the constant anticipation of evil. Such a person prepares the ground for the seed, as it were, and in his constant search for trouble, ten to one, he will find it, for it is not unreasonable to suppose that evil may be wooed and won by these distrustful people. Let none of our readers foster such a suspicious spirit, but rather look at the bright side of things; a man's mind is the citadel of his possessions, and no enemy can conquer that, unless some treacherous infirmity within turns traitor. Therefore show a bold front to the visits of misfortune, not meet it half way with unbarred gates. And when ills have absolutely come, do not go about and tell your troubles to every one you meet. Some people are forever telling their troubles, but believe us, it is a trite and truthful old maxim, that people do not like to have unfortunate men for acquaintances.

**CRINOLINE AND PARADISE.**—A clergyman has administered the following warning to crinoline wearers: "Let women beware, while putting on their profuse and expansive attire, how narrow are the gates of paradise."

**A HINT.**—As perfume is to the rose, so is good nature to the lovely. Ill nature renders the prettiest face disagreeable.

**ENNUI.**

This is a French word, but it has been deservedly naturalized, because it expresses a source of trouble from which those who speak the English language are unfortunately not exempt. The complaint has been described by Pascal in the following words:—"One feels an insupportable annoyance in living with himself, and thinking of himself—hence, all his care is to forget himself, and let this short and precious life flow on without reflection." Ennui is a domestic fiend, as troublesome as the demon of Frankenstein. It is the curse of the gentleman loafer, and is born of idleness and want of occupation. Like other kinds of misery, it drives men into bad company, causes them to seek for extraordinary excitement to induce forgetfulness, and makes them associate with gamesters, wine-bibbers and blackguards. A French gentleman, laboring under this affliction, when a beggar told him he was suffering from hunger, answered, "Happy rascal, how I envy you!"

"Ennui," it is said by an English writer, "drove Alexander the Great to India, and poverty has often sent a vast number of persons to the same place, which, in both instances, has produced a great deal of bloodshed and robbery—and so far, things are pretty much on the square. But who ever heard of poverty's making a man get tipsy with his mistress, and set fire to Persepolis? Who ever knew poverty to offer a reward for the discovery of new pleasures? Was poverty ever reduced to kill flies?—or (coming nearer home), did poverty ever make a man walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours, or ride one hundred and fifty miles, walk twenty, and kill forty brace of birds, all within the narrow space of one natural day?"

Ennui is, in fact, the particular plague of the rich and great, and is one of those make-weights in the scale of compensation by which Providence equalizes conditions in this subliminary world. The wood-sawyer, who earns the wherewithal to live by severing gigantic logs into portable fragments, may be weary when night comes, but one thing is certain, he is not troubled with ennui; he eats his frugal supper, and lies down on his humble bed to enjoy a dreamless and refreshing sleep, while the monarch or the courtier tosses on his bed of down, racking his brain to discover what he shall do to-morrow.

Crowned heads are famous for suffering ennui, and though they do not probably appreciate the remedy, a popular revolution is a

real god-send to them. What a luxury for a stupid and sleep-consumed king, whose hours hang listlessly on his hands, to be roused in the middle of the night or gray of morning by the sharp rattle of musketry before his palace gates, and to be forced to escape by the back stairs, and climb over a garden wall, and risk breaking his neck to save his head! A popular revolution is a *sovereign* remedy for royal ennui!

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**THE TOMB OF VIRGIL.**

The locality of the grave of many a genius is now lost to the world. Even the tomb of Virgil, near Naples, which has been for so many centuries visited by travellers, and regarded by them with veneration, as having once retained the ashes of the great poet, cannot be pronounced with confidence genuine. It is a small square building with a rounded roof, and stands on the very brink of a precipice immediately above the entrance to the subterranean tunnel of Posillippo, a beautiful, and we learn, faithful view of which was given in Waugh's Italy. The old entrance to the tomb has been enlarged, and a modern window cut through the wall. The interior is a vaulted cell about twelve feet square, having many small recesses for urns. The urns, if ever any filled these recesses, are now wanting; and with them, of course, the one containing the ashes of the great poet.

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**NEW HAMPSHIRE GIRLS.**—The girls in New Hampshire are as good as they are pretty, which is high praise. Fourteen of them went the other night to the house of an aged farmer in Brentwood, who has sent three sons to the war, and husked one hundred bushels of corn for him.

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**WORTH THINKING OF.**—Save all your paper scraps, printed or otherwise, and old cotton and linen rags. Keep a bag handy, and when full, the paper-dealers will give you from six to ten cents per pound for them, paper-stock being so scarce.

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**CUNNING.**—Cunning leads to knavery; it is but a step from one to the other, and that very slippery; lying only makes the difference; add that to cunning and it is knavery.

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**TURKEY.**—The sultan of Turkey is getting up an iron-clad navy. Four "screws" are building for him in England.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"What's in a name?" We believe that this pertinent question is asked by

"Miss Juliet  
Capulet,  
Who took a dose of hellebore,"

and the young lady answers her own question, by saying that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Begging the young lady's pardon, however, we would assert that there is a great magic in a name, a fact which all experience goes to prove. Call a place of amusement, for instance, a *theatre*, and grave people shun it as they would the pestilence; call it a *museum*, and they will flock to it in crowds. Does not this answer the query, what's in a name?

If a man is an avowed *gambler*, he is a wretch; but if he is a *speculator*, he is a very honest fellow, particularly if he makes money; for success is the universal criterion by which we shape our judgment.

"Steal!" exclaims ancient Pistol; "a fco for the phrase!  
*Comecy*, the wise it call."

"If I rob a man for my benefit," says the sententious Augustus Tomlinson, "I commit a dishonest action; but if I say that I am relieving the necessities of the poor (meaning my own), I am performing a praiseworthy deed of benevolence." And who, with modern events before his eyes, will gainsay Mr. Tomlinson's logic?

The taking of human life is characterized as murder; but the same operation, if styled war, is a legitimate transaction, and makes the difference between a felon and a hero. An unmelodious name is death to an author. Amos Cottle might have written like Milton and Byron in vain; and nobody would have read Barry Cornwall's productions, if they had been announced as the works of Mr. Proctor. Charles Lamb's condemned farce turns upon this point. His hero gets along very well while he is simply known as Mr. H.; but as soon as his name is found out to be Hogsflesh, the ladies first, and then all his friends abandon him.

"Phœbus! what a name,  
To fill the sounding trump of future fame!"

An euphonious name is often a sure passport to success with the fair sex. Who ever heard of a Belleville, or a Montmorency, or a Mortimer, or a Howard, wooing in vain, particularly if they addressed pretty women with ugly names, and consequently in a fever to

change them? The responsibility that rests upon fathers and mothers in the matter of naming their children is a great one; but it is sometimes exercised in a provoking manner. We remember a man in Plymouth county, Massachusetts, a descendant of the pilgrims, who was named "After-much-tribulation-wenter-into-the-kingdom-of-heaven Clapp!"—This is a fact, and who will now ask, in sober earnestness, "what's in a name?"

"Though the rose would be sweet were it not called a rose;  
Though evil called good, would our peace still oppose;  
Though gall would be bitter were honey its name,  
And a mouse, christened bear, were a mouse all the same;  
Yet who has not felt the strong power of a word—  
The magic that thrills us when some names are heard?"

**LARGE CANNON.**—Cannon of large calibre are supposed by many to be an entirely new invention, and many persons evidently believe that the Rodman fifteen inch guns are the largest ever made. This is far from being true, however, and modern workmen have yet to attain the success of the ancients in large ordnance. The Sultan of Turkey has twenty-two inch and twenty-eight inch guns mounted, at Constantinople and the Dardanelles. But the *great gun* of all is at the Kremlin of Moscow. This is thirty-six inch calibre, eighteen feet long, and weighs 97,500 pounds—almost fifty tons! It was made, so says its inscription, by Andrew Tchhoff, at Moscow, in 1586, two hundred and seventy-six years ago.

**WHERE ENGLAND GETS HER TIMBER.**—Great Britain and Ireland import annually some 27,000,000 cubic feet, or 540,000 loads of Canadian pine timber, the greater part of which is manufactured on the Ottawa River and its tributaries. The operations of this manufacture extend over upward of 11,000 square miles, and give employment to more than 40,000 men.

**A GOOD REASON.**—Joseph Miller mentions an Irishman who enlisted in the seventy-fifth regiment, so as to be near his brother, who was in the seventy-fourth.

**PROBABLY NOT.**—Philosophers tell us that nature never errs. They certainly cannot mean human nature.

**JUST SO.**—If a man could have half his wishes, he would double his troubles.

**DELUDED AND THE DELUDER.**

It used to be thought that certain persons had peculiar facilities for curing diseases, while in many instances charms were put in requisition for the same purpose. Dr. Armstrong relates a curious anecdote in connection with the latter superstition. It seems Chief Justice Holt, an English jurist, when a young man, went to a tavern in a country town with some friends, to have a frolic, and that they did not recollect the fact of their having no money until they had run up a long score. In this dilemma Holt was called upon to get them out of the scrape, and observing that the landlord's daughter was suffering from an ague fit, he at once collected several plants, mixing them up with a great deal of mock ceremony, rolled them into a ball, and tied them round the girl's neck; scrawling first, however, grotesque letters upon the piece of parchment in which the plants were wrapped. Much to the surprise of the conjuror and his friends, the ague departed, and the girl seemed quite well. The landlord was so grateful for the cure, that he gladly made Holt a present of the bill himself and friends had run up, and even offered to pay something handsome. Now, the strangest part of the story is yet to be told. Some years after, when Holt was promoted to the bench, a woman was brought before him for witchcraft—the last ever tried for that offence in England—and, strange as it may seem, she made no defence, but simply stated that she had effected certain cures by means of a ball, which she produced. This very ball proved to be the identical one which the judge had made in his youthful days.

**TIME AND ETERNITY.**—A Christian traveller tells us, that he saw the following admonition printed on a folio sheet in an inn in Savoy:—"Understand well the force of the words—a God, a moment, an eternity; a God who sees you, a moment which flies from you, an eternity which awaits you; a God whom you serve so ill, a moment of which you so little profit, an eternity which you hazard so rashly."

**A QUESTION.**—No doubt there is room enough in the world for men and women, but it may be a serious question whether the latter are not now taking up more than their share of it.

**SLIPPERY WAYS.**—It is upon the smooth ice we slip; the rough path is safest for the feet.

**ENGLISH PHLEGM.**

A French author visiting London lately, sends to a journal in Paris a vivid description of it, as it appears to his French eyes. One feature is this: "Nobody talks, nobody bawls, nobody laughs. Even the dogs do not bark; and when I say this, I beg you believe that I am not joking. In the first place one meets few dogs; then those one does meet have a way of jogging along the street which sufficiently indicates that they have the right to be there; they look like dogs who own city property. They do not look about which way to go; they do not stop to talk with their canine acquaintances; they go straight ahead in a quiet trot; one is half inclined to think they are dogs going to do their business, or on their way home after doing all they had to do on 'change or at the Docks. The horses have a very different gait. Something of the English axiom, 'Time is money,' has made its way into their minds or legs. They do not lose a minute; on they speed in a good round trot, conscious of the value of the capital they represent. Ah, how little they are like French horses—always fond of idling about, alas! like their masters. Nobody has ever calculated the amount of economy represented by the silence of an Englishman."

**HOT-AIR FURNACES.**—It has been found on careful investigation that buildings often take fire from the hot air of furnaces, in consequence of the wood-work being too near the register. Both hot-air and steam-pipes, if they come in contact with wood, will in time set fire to it, and persons cannot be too careful in putting furnaces into their houses.

**ETIQUETTE OF THE QUARTER DECK.**—A sub-lieutenant on board of her majesty's ship *Resistance*, has been court-martialed and reprimanded for disrespect to his captain in speaking to him with his left hand in his pocket.

**IMITATING NATURE.**—We are often told to imitate nature. Still we shouldn't imitate her too literally. We needn't dress in green velvet through the summer because she does.

**A SERIOUS QUESTION.**—What is it probable that sausages are made of, when a cat, at the smell of them, spits and gets her back up?

**PRIDE'S LAST DISH.**—Pies and puddings generally come the last. The last things that pride eats is humble pie.



### ORIENTAL LIFE.

A letter in the London Spectator photographs oriental life at the 'Sweet Waters of Asia'—being those of a muddy little rivulet which flows into the sparkling Bosphorus some four miles above Constantinople. Along the side of this stream, at its junction with the Bosphorus, is a small level plain, which has been long the resort of the Turkish women. Here they come once a week on their Sundays, to look at the hills and the Bosphorus without the interference of blinds and jealousies, and at some other human beings besides the slaves and other inmates of their own harems. "You arrive there," says the writer, "in a calque, and find yourself at a jump plump in the middle of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. The sultan has built a superb kiosk (summer-house) here, with a façade and balustrade of beautiful white marble, one hundred yards long, fronting the Bosphorus. Outside the enclosure of this kiosk, at the Bosphorus end of the little plain, and some fifty yards from the shore, is a fine square marble fountain, with texts from the Koran in green and gold upon it, and steps all round. A few plane trees give a little shade round it. On all the steps of the fountain, along the kiosk garden wall, under the plane trees, and out on the turf of the valley, are seated Turkish women of every rank, from the grand vizier's wife and family, on superbly embroidered cushions and carpets, and cloaked in the most fascinating purple and pink silks, down to the poor men's wives, in faded stuffs, on old scraps of drugget which a rag collector would scarcely pick out of the gutter. Others of the veiled women are driving slowly round the little plain in the strangest carriages, just like Cinderilla's coach in the children's books, or in arabas drawn by two oxen, and ornamented with silk or cotton hangings. Here the poor women sit, or drive, or walk for an hour or two, and smoke cigarettes, and eat fruit and sweetmeats, and drink coffee, which viands are brought with them or supplied by itinerant dealers on the ground. So far the scene is just what it might have been in the days of Haroun Alraschid, and the black eunuchs standing about or walking by the carriages seem to warn off all contact with the outer world. But what is the fact? There were English and French ladies sitting on the carpets of the grand vizier's wife and talking with her. There were men and women of all nations walking about or sitting close by the veiled groups, and plenty of Turkish men looking on, or themselves talking to unbeliev-

ers, and seeming to think that it was all quite natural. It is impossible in a few words to convey the impression of utter incongruity which this and other scenes of the same kind gives one. Islamism and Frankism (western civilization, or whatever you like to call it—I dare not call it Christianity) are no longer at arm's length. They are fairly being stirred up together. What will come of it?"

### SWISS LAKES.

The ancient lake habitations of Switzerland have lately been made the subject of much study, and many interesting discoveries and deductions have been made concerning the early inhabitants of Europe, and especially of Switzerland. It seems plain that there was once a time when these people were not in any degree further advanced in civilization than our Indians or the Esquimaux. They lived in villages of huts, built of sticks and lined with mud. These cabins were erected upon piles driven into the mud of the lakes, it is supposed for the purpose of protection from wild beasts. The inhabitants of the first ages, at least, seem to have possessed no metallic instruments, and only those of the rudest character formed from stone, or from bone and wood. In consequence of the extraordinary dryness and coldness of the weather during the winters of 1853 and 1854, the Swiss lakes fell to a level the very lowest on record. These unusual conditions, unfavorable to navigation, enabled the Swiss archæologists to make the investigations which have led to these very interesting discoveries. A full account of them may be found in a paper by John Lubbock, Esq., in Silliman's Journal for September.

**A MODERN PAIR.**—It is undeniable, says Prentice, that in America it takes three to make a pair—he, she, and a hired girl. Had Adam been a modern, there would have been a hired girl in Paradise to look after little Abel and "raise Cain."

**A TRUTH.**—He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hilt—one more likely to cut himself than anybody else.

**SINGULAR.**—Richard Thompson, of London, expired almost instantly, recently, on seeing his daughter in her wedding-dress.

## Foreign Miscellany.

Constantinople has been visited lately by a fearfully destructive conflagration.

The city of Jeddo, Japan, contains 5,000,000 souls; some streets are twenty miles long.

A railway has just been built in New Zealand about fourteen miles in length.

The drinkers and smokers in England pay the annual interest of the national debt, so it is said.

The emperor of Austria proposes to restore the confiscated estates of political refugees on the occasion of the marriage of his brother—granting an amnesty at the same time.

The fishermen in the Spey are turning their attention to catching pearl oysters, and very many are taken from pin-head size to that of a pea—the larger ones of great value.

Every geographical square mile of Europe is burdened with an average of over fifty dollars of public debt, and every inhabitant with an average of more than thirty-five dollars.

The Turin papers announce the arrival in that city of Klapka, Kossuth and Teleki, who, it is added, are preparing to start for Greece with a large number of Hungarians.

The Grand Duchy of Baden is taking a lesson from Sir Rowland Hill, and has recently adopted the penny postage (three kreutzers) throughout the entire country.

It is stated that nine thousand Italian priests have just presented a petition to the pope, in which they entreat of him, in the name of religion, to abandon the temporal power.

The Duke de Grammont, who killed the French editor in a duel near Paris, has fled into Belgium, to avoid the police; but they will not harm him, as such events are said to be peculiar to polite French life.

In the course of the excavations now carried on outside St. Sebastian's Gate, at Rome, an extensive ancient Jewish cemetery has been discovered, which abounds in sarcophagi, paintings, inscriptions, &c.

A little comedy by Schiller, the very existence of which had been carefully concealed by its owner—hitherto unpublished—has come to light, and is in the hands of his surviving daughter, with a view to its being given to the public.

An unlooked-for supply of cotton has suggested itself to the spinners of Rouen in promoting a general battue among the owners of mattresses and bedding stuffed with that article, in almost every household. Immense stores of the welcome material have come to the market from those hidden recesses.

At a banquet recently given at Tronsoe in Norway, a dish of fresh beef was served which was found last summer in some tin cases buried at Spitzbergen. According to indisputable indication these cases were placed there by the Parry expedition in 1826. The meat was perfectly fresh, and had not contracted any bad odor.

The opera house at Constantinople is under the special patronage of the sultan.

Statistics show that Russia has now a population of over 65,000,000 souls.

Bombay has been enriched £4,000,000 by the increase in the price of cotton.

American broadcloth is now acknowledged to be as good as the imported article.

A bank manager in Manchester, England, named Andrews, is under arrest for swindling the customers of the institution.

A clergyman, Rev. John Williams, incumbent of Buxton, England, has just been convicted of poaching, and sentenced to pay a fine.

The Prussian contributors of mineral specimens to the International Exhibition have made a present of their collection to the British Museum.

The bride elect of the Prince of Wales is named Alexandra Carolino Maria Charlotte Louisa Julia, and she is in London.

Mme. Marietta Grisi, mother of Mmes. Carlotti and Ernesta Grisi, has just died, at a very advanced age, at the Villa Grisi, near Geneva.

The Greek government is about to open a lottery of 200,000 numbers, towards the excavation and restoration of ancient Greek monuments of architecture.

The glass found at Pompeii, made seventy years before the Christian era, has been analyzed by a French chemist, and found to be very much in composition like our own glass. It had been cast and rolled, not blown.

The new building at Paris, for the universal and permanent exhibition and sale of the industry of all nations, is to be built of stone, iron and glass, at a cost of nearly two millions of dollars.

The very latest Paris fashions state that bonnets will be still worn high in the front, but much less exaggerated. The principal ornaments being feathers for dress bonnets, or a simple trimming of ribbon or lace.

Statistics show that the four leading powers of the earth—Great Britain, France, Prussia, and the United States—expend \$100,000,000 annually for alcohol, tobacco, and opium. That is the direct expense; the indirect is much more.

In England, a boy, pursued by a bull in Erith Marshes, dashed over a fence on to a railroad, just as the train was passing. The boy, hard pressed, crossed the line and just escaped the engine, which killed the bull on the spot, the train passing on as if nothing had happened.

The street dust has been laid for some time, in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, Paris, without the application of water. The road is sprinkled with chloride of calcium, a salt which absorbs water from the air very rapidly, and soon becoming damp, prevents any dust from rising, even in the hottest day—Chloride of calcium gives off no smell, like chloride of lime, which is quite a different substance.

## Record of the Times.

A fine quality of cotton has been grown this season on Kelly's Island, Lake Erie.

There is said to be forty thousand miles of telegraph now working in the United States.

Boston and vicinity has seventy-three miles of horse railroads at present.

Judge Edmonds, of New York, believes the spirit likenesses are from actual, honest ghosts. Yes, bless his simple soul, he does.

About 27,000,000 boxes of Brandreth's pills have been packed by one packer, a female, in thirty years—and she takes her oath of it.

The tobacco sales for the past year at Louisville, foot up 28,908 hogsheads. The coming year is said to promise even greater activity.

Water is now introduced into San Francisco through an aqueduct extending to Lake Honda, a distance of some thirty-two miles.

Those who read the different uses to which petroleum is put cannot doubt that it is destined to be a source of great wealth.

The total valuation of real and personal property in New York State is \$1,477,897,709. The State tax is four mills and three-fourths, producing \$7,020,014 12.

There are said to be two hundred first-class water privileges in Litchfield, county, Ct., within twenty miles of Winsted. Plenty of 100-horse water powers can be had within four miles of Winsted for \$1000 each.

The Japanese ambassadors contracted a bill of £20,000 at their hotel in London. They sent it to Lord John Russell, hoping England would pay it as other countries had done, but Lord John refused.

A deposit of gypsum, one hundred and fifty acres in extent, and equal to the best Nova Scotia article, has been discovered within sixty rods of Tawns Bay, Saginaw county, Michigan. It is pure white plaster, and the bed has been bored into fifteen or twenty feet without going through.

A soldier in one of the hospitals, who had lost one of his arms, was rejoicing over the fact. Said he, "My grandfather lost a leg in the Revolutionary war, and our family have been bragging over it ever since. That story is an old one, and now I am going to be the hero of the family."

It is currently reported in the German journals that Prince Hohenlohe, son-in-law of the Elector of Hesse, has fled to America, leaving behind him a wife and child, as well as a large number of heavy debts. The prince has been ruined by speculation and extravagance.

Pins were worth a dollar a paper in 1812, and poor at that. Then it took fourteen processes to make a pin; now only one, by a machine which finishes and sticks them into the paper. Saving pins, a half a century ago, was as important as saving cents, and hence the habit thus formed sticks to many elderly gentlemen whose coat sleeves are ornamented with rows of them, rescued from loss.

A Poughkeepsie farmer has a \$5 gold piece, which he means to keep for his children and their children again, to look at, as the currency which the country once had.

Massachusetts has 37,000 more females than males, while California has 67,000 more males than females, and Illinois 92,000 more males than females.

Karl Maasch, a demon in human form, has lately been tried and condemned in one of the criminal courts of Prussia, and found to have been concerned in thirteen murders, and several hundred robberies.

The dynasty of Otho, as far as the Greek people are concerned, is gone forever. Even his officers and the men employed about his person did all that they could to further the revolution. He has not left behind, it is said, a solitary partisan.

A Myr-rhine vase, bearing the name of Peronius, has been discovered in the garret of a house in the Place Royal, Paris, belonging to an apartment formerly occupied by a collector of curiosities. The Romans of the time of Nero went to incredible expense to procure these vases, paying for them sometimes as much as 300 talents—more than 640,000*l*.

An old lady lately died in London, from sheer destitution, who was the claimant under a will to an estate of no less than seventeen millions of dollars. Although she was probably the legal heir, she became so greatly reduced that when found dead in the streets, she had on neither shoes nor stockings, and had evidently been without food for several days.

A German woman, a passenger on the freight train up, was lately killed at Birmingham, Conn. She was standing on the platform of a passenger car, with a child in her arms, and when the cars came together to couple, she with her child was knocked between them by the shock. The wheel of one of the cars crushed her neck, killing her instantly. The child escaped with only a bruise.

There have been various rumors about attempted assassinations of the Emperor Louis Napoleon. It is a common belief that if the emperor persists in preventing the unity of Italy there are members of the Carbonari Society, to which he formerly belonged, who are sworn to kill him.

The ex-Queen of Naples has returned to her husband at Rome. She took to a convent because her mother-in-law, formerly at Naples, and lately at the Quirinal, insisted upon that stiff and wearisome etiquette which prevails at the Austrian court. The young queen got so thoroughly tired of her mother-in-law's "knagging" that she ran away with the full intention not to return.

An unknown species of duck has been discovered in the Manawatu River in New Zealand. In size it is equal to a full grown turkey, and its wings are long and powerful. The ground color is a variable ash grey, beautifully marked and spotted with white. The bill is small, broad, almost vermilion, and has a fleshy membrane. When disturbed it has a loud note, between a quack and a scream.

## Merry-Making.

Ladies can draw a beau into a knot at the hymeneal altar.

The only two great watering places now in the Union are Maine and Massachusetts.

What do the sailors do with the knots the ship makes in a day?

A pretty female artist can draw the men equally with a brush and a blush.

What is the greatest curiosity in the world? A woman's.

"Look out for paint," as the girl said when a fellow went to kiss her.

Don't take too much interest in the affairs of your neighbors. Six per cent. will do.

"Caught in her own net," as the man said when he saw one of the fair sex hitched in her crinoline.

When your wife is silent, hold the baby for her. Perhaps it is as much as she can do to hold her tongue.

The loveliest faces are to be seen by moonlight, when one sees half with the eye and half with the fancy.

"My inkstand is stationary," as the schoolmaster said when he found it nailed to his desk.

When a man looks a little pale, thoughts of kicking the bucket naturally suggest themselves.

Women can't bear control. If Eve had been commanded to eat the apple, probably she wouldn't have touched it.

A farmer likes cold weather at the proper season; but an early frost in autumn goes against his grain.

Why is the flag of the United States like the Northern Ocean? Because it waves from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Why is a dog shaking his tail over the grave of his master, like a horse? Because it's a wagging (wagon) for the dead.

How is it that the trees can put on a new dress, without opening their trunks? It is because they *leave out* their summer clothing.

The fact that green and blue are the most attractive colors is no reason why men should always be green, or always be getting blue.

Solomon Slocum who was thrown from the horse-radish a couple of weeks since, Dr. Bumfudgeon reports to be in an effervescent state.

The wives along the Mississippi never blow up their husbands. They leave it all to the steamboats, which are sure to do it sooner or later.

It is said that every man is made for the world. We may say of some men that we wouldn't have any more made like them—for the world.

There is no danger of a missionary ever being lost, from this one fact—they always, no matter where they go, leave their tracts behind them.

The young lady who took the gentleman's fancy has returned it with thanks.

Cobblers are all whole-souled fellows, but some of them come to a bad end at last.

Blacksmiths, it is said, *forge* and *steel* nearly every day; but we think people speak ironically of them.

The New York Picayune says carpenters are generally *plain* men, but do things on a *square*, and no *gouging*.

The discovery has been made that without a mouth a man could neither eat, drink, talk, kiss the girls, nor chew tobacco.

"Mrs. Dobson, where's your husband?" "He's dying, marm, and I don't wish anybody to disturb him. A very considerate woman, that.

We always like to see gentlemen and ladies with beautiful rich gold rings on their fingers, and long dirty finger nails—it looks so neat and genteel.

"Shall I have your hand?" said an exquisite to a belle, as the dance was about to commence. "With all my heart," was the soft response.

"You are writing my bill on very rough paper," said a client to his solicitor. "Never mind," said the lawyer, "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

"How often do you knead bread?" asked one housekeeper of another. "How often? Why, I might say we need it continually," was the reply.

"You a dentist, Bob? I did not know you were in that trade." "Yes," said Bob, "I follow no other business but setting teeth—in beef, potatoes, bread and such like."

"Well, Mary, are you going to the new place?" "Sure, no, ma'am, the lady couldn't give a satisfactory reference from her last cook."

We know a good-natured bachelor so generous that, poor fellow, he would give even his heart away, if he could only find an interesting object to take it.

If anything will make a man feel "juicy about the heart," it is to talk velvet to a pair of sky-colored eyes in a clover field. Time—a moonshiny evening in June.

"I do not say," remarked Mr. Brown, "that Jones is a thief; but I do say that if his farm joined mine, I would not try to keep sheep."

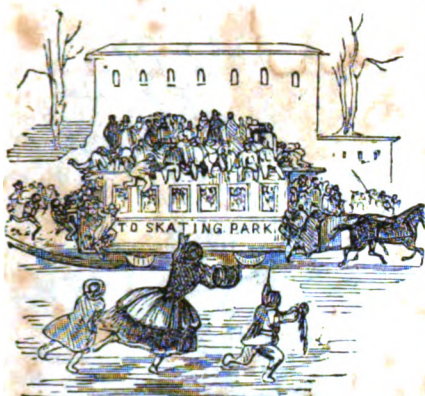
A friend says the following is good grammar:—"That that 'that' that that man uttered was not that 'that' that that other gentleman referred to."

"I say, Jim!"—"What?"—"Take Black Pete's harness and put it on Jenny Lind—give Napoleon some oats, take Little Nell to water, and then rub down Fanny Ellsler."—"Ay, ay, sir!"

A Western man says that on hearing Yankee Doodle performed on an organ, in the Crystal Palace, he felt the Declaration of Independence and a couple of Bunker Hills rising in his bosom.



# SKATING.



An agreeable conveyance to skating-grounds.



Not the least agreeable incident to Bob Handy.



Miss Sourina would like to see the saucy fellow that would offer to put on her skates.



Rev. Mr. Spriggins (who envies Mr. Handy) resolves to preach this thing down—or become a proficient himself.



Mrs. Burstern indulges in the exercise to improve her shape.



The "Old Boy."

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Stubbs would most respectfully ask, "Which way is he going?"



Stubbs finds out, and is treated to an optical illusion!



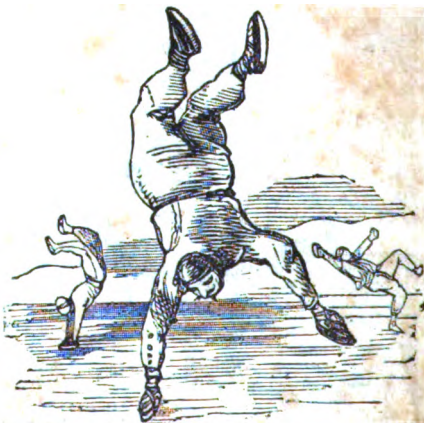
Fitz-Crayon the artist never forgets the "line of beauty."



Jones (who isn't a big thing on ice) finds it next to impossible to keep up with his Julia—and that bore of a Brown seems to have it all his own way.



Zouave movement.



Zouave movement extraordinary.



# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII.—No. 3.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1863.

WHOLE No. 99.

## FORREST THE TRAGEDIAN.

THE five ensuing engravings are representations of characters performed by this eminent tragedian, at the Boston Theatre. In the first, he appears as Spartacus, in the late Dr. Bird's tragedy of "The Gladiator." In the second, he appears in Stone's piece, as "Metamora;" he is seen in the third engraving, as "Virgilius," in the late Sheridan Knowles's fine tragedy of that name. In the following picture he figures as "Jack Cade," in Judge Conrad's play of Aylmere; while in the final representation he appears as "Macbeth," in Shakspeare's tragedy of that name. His recent engagement at the Boston Theatre was marked by the same popular demonstrations of appreciation and applause which have ever attended him, and added to his high histrionic laurels. Mr. Forrest is now confessedly the greatest living tragedian who speaks the English tongue, and we question whether any continental actor approaches him in excellence. His rise in the profession, from the start, was rapid; but, undazzled by his early fame, he has never for a moment remitted his studies, and now stands before us the consummate artist. It was the fashion, at one time, with a certain set to decry him and deny his genius. Because he was gifted with a fine voice and magnificent *physique*, this clique chose to pronounce him purely a physical actor, able enough to personate Damon or Rollo, but incapable of embodying the subtle creations of Shakspeare and his contemporary dramatists. There was a time, too, when we thought these charges had affected the artist himself, and when, in deference to their unjust censures, he was somewhat inclined to subdue his style to tameness. But he has outlived this cant of criticism, and established for himself certain sound principles of art to which he now rigidly adheres. His popularity and his powers have suffered no diminution. If he has ever played to a poor house we are not aware of the

fact. On the contrary, he is, in the language of managers, a "sure card." Whether his stay in a city be long or short, he is sure to draw full houses to the very latest night of his engagement. In the whole history of the





## METAMORA.

stage there is no such example of continuous success. Mr. Forrest has amassed a princely fortune by the profession in which he has labored for more than a quarter of a century. Some few details of his early life and subsequent career will not be amiss in this connection. Mr. Forrest was born in Philadelphia, March 9th, 1806. His parents designed him for the pulpit, a vocation for which he seemed fitted by the earnest attention he paid, when a mere boy, to the sermons he listened to, and the happy manner in which he recited the long passages which dwelt upon his memory. But the death of his father in embarrassed circumstances, leaving a large family to be provided for, and the consequent necessity for immediate exertion, cut short the project, if it was ever seriously entertained, interrupted the education of young Forrest, and compelled him to enter a store. The performance of a company of theatrical amateurs, developed a passion for the stage, and gave aim to his vague longings, and he first trod the boards a member of the Thespian troupe which had given him the first insight into the mysteries of the drama. His first public debut was as young Norval, at the Walnut Street Theatre, and he there performed several youthful characters with a success which fixed his destiny in life.

In 1822, when, it will be remembered, he was but sixteen years of age, he entered into an engagement with Messrs. Jones & Collins to perform at Cincinnati, Pittsburg and Lexington. He played in tragedy, comedy, farce and ballet. During Edmund Kean's visit to this country he played at Charleston and at Albany, under the management of Gilfert, the second parts to that great actor, who, on more than one occasion predicted his future greatness. In July, 1826, he made his first appearance in New York at the Park Theatre, as Othello, on a benefit, and produced no marked impression; but on the first of November following he played the same character at the Bowery Theatre with great success. He was the leading attraction of the house during that season. The ensuing year he performed eighty nights for the management of the Bowery at \$200 a night—the preceding season he had received but twenty-eight dollars a week. The proceeds of his first years of remunerated toil were devoted to purchasing a house for his mother and sisters, and securely investing a large sum for their support. Fame and fortune were now lavish of their smiles. An engagement of two weeks at the Park Theatre in 1830, on the terms of half the nightly receipts after the deduction of the expenses, yielded him \$5500, a larger sum than either Cooke or Kean had ever received in the same time. In the year 1834 Mr. Forrest sailed for Europe, where he travelled for two years, as a private gentleman, seeing everything worthy to be seen, and storing his mind with memories of the marvels of art and nature, and with the manifestations of human character gathered in the yet inexhausted fields of the old world. In 1837 he a second time crossed the ocean, and performed with the greatest success at the principal theatres of the United Kingdom. On his return he was honored by a splendid banquet, offered by his fellow-citizens of Philadelphia—he has received several similar ovations in the course of his career. Even in this brief notice we should not forget the encouragement Mr. Forrest has given to American dramatic authors; for meritorious plays by Mr. Stone, by Dr. Bird, Judge Conrad and others he has paid liberal prices—in one case giving a thousand dollars for a tragedy unfitted for the stage, though rich in literary talent. His residence on the banks of the Hudson, is fitted up with every requisite of taste and ornament, and he does not intermit his attention to literary and classical labors in the retirement of home.

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**FEMALE COURAGE.**

Many instances of female heroism, which occurred during the early settlement of this country, are on record, and should be carefully preserved. Among the most conspicuous was that of Mrs. Hannah Duston, of Haverhill, a pleasant village situated on the left bank of the Merrimac. On the fifteenth of March, 1798, Mrs. Duston was made prisoner by a party of Indians. She was on this day confined to her bed by sickness, attended by her nurse, Mary Niff. Seven children, besides a female infant six days old, were with her. As soon as the alarm was given her husband sent away the seven children toward the garrison-house, by which time the Indians were so near, that, despairing of saving the others of his family, he hastened after his children on horseback. This course was advised by his wife. She thought it was advisable for her to attempt to escape. A party of Indians followed him, but the father kept in the rear of his children, and, often firing on his pursuers, he kept them back, and was enabled to reach the garrison with his children in safety. The Indians took Mrs. Duston from her bed and carried her off, with the nurse and infant; but finding the little one becoming troublesome, they took her from her mother's arms by force, and, dashing her against a tree, ended her moans, and miseries, and life together.

The mother had followed the Indians until this moment with faltering steps and bitter tears, thinking on the fate of herself, her babe, and her other children. After this horrid outrage she wept no more; the agony of nature drank the tear-drop ere it fell. She looked to heaven with a silent prayer for succor and vengeance, and followed the infernal group without a word of complaint. At this instant the high resolve was formed in her mind, and swelled every pulse of her heart. They travelled on some distance—as she thought, one hundred and fifty miles; but, perhaps, from the course they took, about seventy-five. The river had probably been broken up but a short time, and the canoes of the Indians were above the upper falls, on the Merrimac, when they commenced their journey to attack Haverhill. Above these falls, on an island in the river, the Indians had a wigwam, and in getting their canoes in order, and by rowing ten miles up the stream, became much fatigued. When they reached the place of rest they slept soundly. Mrs. Duston did not sleep. The nurse and an English boy, a prisoner, were apprised of her design, but were not of much use to her in the execution of it. In the still-

ness of the night she arose and went out of the wigwam to test the soundness and security of savage sleep. They did not move; they were to sleep until the last day. She returned, took one of their hatchets and despatched ten of them in a moment, each with a single blow. An Indian woman who was rising when she struck her, fled with her probable death-wound; and an Indian boy was designedly spared, for the avenger of blood was a woman and a mother, and could not deal a death blow upon a helpless child. She surveyed the carnage ground by the light of the fire which she stirred up after the deed was done, and, catching a few handfuls of roasted corn, she commenced her journey; but on reflecting a moment, she thought the people of Haverhill would consider her tale as the ravings of madness when she should get home, if ever that time might come; she, therefore, returned and scalped the slain; then put her nurse and English boy into the canoe, and with herself they floated down to the falls, when she landed and took to the woods, keeping the river in sight, which she knew must direct her on the way home. After suffering incredible hardships by hunger, cold and fatigue, she reached home, to the surprise and joy of her husband, children, and friends. The general court of Massachusetts examined her story, and being sat-



**VIRGINIUS.**



ified of the truth of it, took her trophies, the scalps, and gave her fifty pounds. The people of Boston made her many presents. All classes were anxious to see the heroine; and as one of the writers of that day says, who saw her, "she was a right modest woman." Has Anacharsis or Mitford, in their histories of Greece, anything to surpass this well authenticated story? Her descendants in a right line, and by the same name, are now living where she was captured by the savages. —*Springfield Republican.*

#### CHINESE VIEW OF EUROPEANS.

The Chinese of the interior, whom business takes to Canton or Macao, always go the first thing, to look at the Europeans on the promenade. It is one of the most amusing of sights to them. They squat in rows along the sides of the quays, smoking their pipes and staring themselves, contemplating the white, with a satirical and contemptuous eye, the English and Americans, who promenade up and down, from one end to the other, keeping time with admirable precision. Europeans who go to

China, are apt to consider the inhabitants of the celestial city very odd and supremely ridiculous, and the provincial Chinese at Canton and Macao pay back the sentiment with interest. It is very amusing to hear their sarcastic remarks on the appearance of the devils of the west, their utter astonishment at the sight of their tight fitting garments, their wonderful trousers, and prodigious round hats like chimney pots—their shirt collars, adapted to cut off the ears, and making a frame around such grotesque faces, with long noses and blue eyes, no beard or moustache, but a handful of curly hair on each cheek. The shape of the dress coat puzzles them above everything. They try in vain to account for it, calling it a half garment, because it is impossible to make it meet over the breast, and because there is nothing in front to correspond to the tails behind. They admire the judgment and exquisite taste of putting buttons as big as sapecks behind the back, where they never have anything to button. How much handsomer they think themselves, with their narrow, oblique, black eyes, high cheek bones and little round noses, their shaven crowns and magnificent pig-tails hanging almost to their heels. Add to all these natural graces a conical hat, covered with red fringe, an ample tunic with large sleeves, and black satin boots, with a white sole of immense thickness, and it must be evident to all that a European cannot compare in appearance with a Chinese. —*Huc's Chinese Empire.*

#### A MIKE FINK EXPLOIT.

A gentleman from the scene of its occurrence, relates to us an anecdote of very singular character. It appears that on a recent evening a couple of individuals met at a public house in the town of Martinez, opposite Benicia, to renew old acquaintance by an interchange of the glass, of whose contents they indulged liberally, and became intoxicated. During the evening one of the boon companions, named Taylor, placed a bottle on his own head, and bantered his companion, a man named Smith, to shoot it off. Smith was unwilling to run the risk of so dangerous an experiment, and declined to hazard it. Taylor insisted on the trial, at the same time stigmatizing Smith as a coward, and threatening to shoot him if he declined. Smith drew a pistol, fired, and shattered the bottle into a hundred pieces. The concussion was so severe as to tear a portion of the scalp from Taylor's head, and leave him a bleeding victim of his own folly. Either from terror, or to avoid the officers of justice, or because he had no business to detain him longer in Martinez, Smith immediately crossed to Benicia, where he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and remained a sufferer during the night. These men were from Texas, where they had served as rangers, and the anecdote which we

have related is a striking illustration of the dare-devil exploits which many of them have been known to perform.—*Sacramento Union*.

### A CUTE LADY.

Lady Browne and I were as usual going to the Duchesse of Monroe at seven o'clock. The evening was dark. In the close lane, under the park pale, and within twenty yards of the gate, a black figure pushed by between the chaise and the hedge on my side. I suspected it was a highwayman, and so I found did Browne, for she was speaking and stopped. To divert her fears, I was going to say: "Is not that the apothecary going to the duchess?" when I heard a voice cry, "stop!" and then the figure came back to the chaise. I had the presence of mind, before I let down the glass to take out my watch and stuff it within my waistcoat under the arm. He said:

"Your purse and watches?"

"I have no watch," I replied.

"Then your purse."

I gave it to him, it had nine guineas in it. It was so dark that I could not see his hand, but I felt him take it. He then asked for Lady Browne's purse, and said:

"Don't be frightened; I will not hurt you."

"No, you won't frighten the lady," I said.

"No, I give you my word I will not hurt you," he replied.

Lady Browne gave him her purse, and was going to add her watch, but he said:

"I am much obliged to you; I wish you good night," pulled off his hat and rode away.

"Well," said I, "Lady Browne, you will not be afraid of being robbed another time, for you see there is nothing in it."

"O, but I am," she said, "and now I am in terror lest he return, for I have given him a purse with bad money, that I carry on purpose."—*Lady Walpole*

### DANGERS OF PROSPERITY.

There is no more perilous ordeal through which a man can pass—no greater curse which can be imposed upon him as he is at present constituted—than that of being condemned to walk his life-long in the sunlight of unshadowed prosperity. His eyes arch with that too untempered brilliance—he is apt to be smitten with a moral *coup de soleil*. But it is little follows that no sunshine is good for us. He who made us and tutors us, alone knows what is the exact measure of light and shade, sun and cloud, storm and calm, frost and heat, which will best tend to mature those flowers which are the object of his celestial husbandry, and which, when transplanted into the paradise of God, will bloom there forever in amaranthine loveliness. Nor can it be without presumption that we essay to interfere with these processes; our highest wisdom is to fall in with them.—*New York Examiner*.

### THE ARABIAN HORSE.

The vast plains of Mesopotamia furnishes the best breed, and these breeds are divided into five races, of which the original stock was the Kobeyleh. The most famous belong either to the Shammar, or to the Aneyza tribes. Their pedigrees are kept scrupulously, and their value is so great, that a thorough bred mare is generally owned by ten, or even more persons. It is not often that a real Arabian can be furnished. The reason is, that on account of its fleetness and power of endurance, it is invaluable to the Bedouin, who, once on the back, can defy any pursuer except a Shammar or Aneyza with a swifter or stronger mare than his own. An American racer, or even an English hunter, would break down in those pathless deserts, almost before an Arabian became warmed up to its work. Where thorough bred mares have been sold, they have brought as high as six thousand dollars; but these, it is understood, are not the best of the race. The Arab who sells his mare, can do nothing with his gold, and cannot even keep it, for the next Bedouin of a hostile tribe who comes across his path, and who has retained his mare, will take it from him and defy pursuit. Writers think that no Arabian of the best blood has ever been seen in England. If this is so, we can scarcely suppose that any have come to America, but must believe the so called Arabians, given to our government, at various times, to be of inferior breeds. Rarely, indeed, are the thorough breeds found beyond the desert. It will be a subject of regret to those who admire fine horses, to learn that the Arabian is considered to be degenerating, the consequences of the subjugation of Arabia, and the decline of the Bedouin tribes.—*Layard*.

### LANGUAGE.

Language is the amber in which a thousand precious thoughts have been safely embedded and preserved. It has arrested ten thousand lightning flashes of genius, which, unless thus fixed and arrested, might have been as bright, but would have also been as quickly passing and perishing as the lightning. Words convey the mental treasures of one period to the generations that follow; and laden with this, their precious freight, they sail safely across gulfs of time in which empires have suffered shipwreck, and the languages of common life have sunk into oblivion.—*Trench*.

### GELATINE.

How to get a pennyworth of beauty out of old bones and bits of skin, is a problem which the French gelatine makers have solved very prettily. Does the reader remember some gorgeous sheets of colored gelatine in the French department of the Great Exhibition? We owed them to the slaughter houses of Paris. Those establishments are so well organized and conducted, that all the refuse is carefully preserved, to be applied to any purpose for which it may be deemed fitting. Very pure gelatine is made from the waste fragments of skin, bone, tendon, ligature, and

To follow foolish precedents, and wink  
With both our eyes, is easier than to think.  
*Cowper.*

gelatinous tissue of the animals slaughtered in the Parisian abattoirs; and thin sheets of this gelatine are made to receive very rich and beautiful colors. As a gelatinous liquid, when

for copying drawings, or applied in the making of artificial flowers, or used as a substitute for paper on which gold printing may be executed. In good sooth, when an ox has



melted, it is used in the dressing of woven stuffs, and in the clarification of wine; and as a solid, it is cut into threads for the ornamental uses of the confectioner, or made into thin, white and transparent sheets of *papier glace*

given us our beef, and our leather, and our tallow, his career of usefulness is by no means ended; we can get a penny out of him as long as there is a scrap of his substance above ground.—*Household Words.*



## A SUBLIME THEORY.

Professor Hitchcock, in his "Religion of Geology," broaches a theory as sublime as it is startling, viz., that "our words, our actions, even our thoughts, make an indelible impression on the universe," that the world is a vast whispering gallery, the air "one vast library, on whose pages are forever written all that man has ever said or woman whispered." What a field for speculation and for solemn thought is here opened, and how impressive is the theory, even if it rests on mere faith, and is not susceptible of demonstration! If "the most secret workings of our minds and hearts are so woven into the texture of the universe that they will constitute a part of its web and woof forever," then will man hereafter meet his own record, the indisputable evidence of a life ill or well spent. Professor Hitchcock says that "analogy makes it scientific probability that every action of man, however deep the darkness in which it was performed, has imprinted its image upon nature, and that there may be tests which shall draw it into daylight, and make it permanent as long as materialism endures." Other arguments are cited in support of this remarkable theory, and particularly the phenomena of mesmerism, somnambulism, etc., which are classed under the head of mental reaction, and concerning which Professor Hitchcock says:—"Now, if we admit that mind does operate upon other minds while we are in the body, can we tell how far the influence extends? If electricity, or some other subtle agent, be essential to this action, it would indeed transfer this action to chemical reaction, but it would still be real. Yet, in the absence of all certain proof of the electric power in this case, and with certain proof of the existence of such an influence, we may place it among those marvellous means by which man makes an impression, wide beyond our present knowledge, upon the universe, material and mental; and it ought to make us feel that our lightest thoughts and feeblest volitions may reach the outer limit of intellectual life, and its consequences meet us in distant worlds, and far down the track of eternity."

We have styled this a sublime theory, and it is certainly one which appeals impressively to the spiritual nature of man. The contemplation of such subjects lifts us above the sordid cares and petty interests of this transitory life; it leads us to discard what is of the "earth, earthy," and to soar in thought to those regions where nothing gross or debasing can exist. The idea that each man makes his mark upon the universe; that what are termed unwritten words are in fact written; that deeds, however dark, live forever, self-recorded, while it may appal those whose actions shrink from the light, may nerve the hearts of those who never speak or act what their conscience disavows.

## GENEROUS THOUGHTS.

God blesses still the generous thought,  
And still the fitting word he speeds;  
And truth, at his requiring taught,  
He quickens into deeds.—WHITTIER.

## DEATH IN CHILDHOOD.

How true and exquisitely beautiful is the following impressive passage, which is taken from an article in the Dublin University Magazine: "To me, few things appear so beautiful as a very young child in its shroud. The little, innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding amongst the cold terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless, that little mortal has passed alone under the shadow, and explored the mystery of dissolution. There is death in its sublimest and purest image; no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion, no care for the morrow ever darkened that little face; death has come lovingly upon it; there is nothing cruel or harsh in its victory. The yearnings of love, indeed, cannot be stifled; for the prattle, and smile, all the little world of thoughts that were so delightful, are gone forever. Awe, too, will overcast us in its presence, for we are looking on death; but we do not fear for the lonely voyager; for the child has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of its all-wise Father; and of such, we know, is the kingdom of heaven."

## BURIED ALIVE.

Pliny mentions the case of a young man of high rank, who having been dead some time, as it was thought, was placed upon the funeral pile. The heat of the flames revived him, but he perished before his friends could rescue him. The great anatomist Vesalius had the unspeakable misfortune to commence the dissection of a living body, apparently dead. Less unhappy was the fate of Abbe Prevost, who fell apopleptic, but recovered his consciousness—too late—under the scalpel. Preparations were made to embalm the body of Cardinal Somaglia. The operator had scarcely penetrated into the chest when the heart was seen to beat. Returning partially to his senses, he had sufficient strength to put away the knife; but the lung was mortally wounded. In one of our journals is recorded the strangely interesting case of Rev. Mr. Tennant, of New Jersey, who lay three days in his shroud, and was saved from interment almost by a miracle.

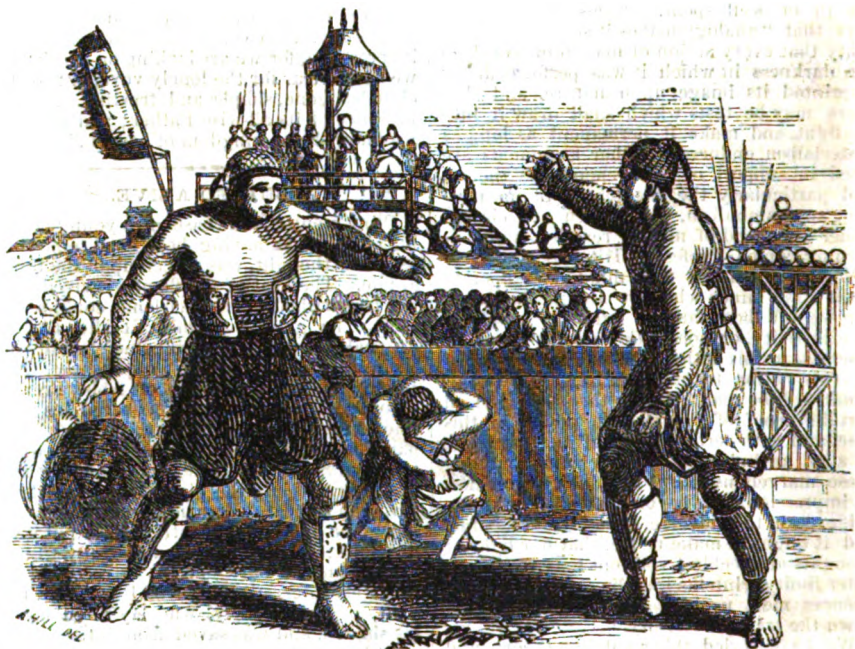
## A LEAK.

During a dry spell, a very raw backwoodsman, just down from his native wilds to see the city sights, was standing on the corner, all agape, just as a watering machine broke loose and began to squirt its fluid contents to allay the dust. The backwoodsman thought that the cask had sprung a sudden and unpremeditated leak, without the knowledge and connivance of the driver, who was riding along and taking no notice of what the water was doing behind his back, so he sung out—"Say, stranger, your water's all wasting out o' that bar'l." Stranger took no notice of this information, and the machine kept on delivering, which caused the rustic to remark—"That 'ere man wont get nary drop o' that water to hum, 'gin it keeps a squirting out that way! Feller must be a fool."—*Chicago Herald.*

## JAPANESE SCENES.

On this and succeeding pages we present our readers with a series of very striking illustrations of the manners, customs and peculiarities of the Japanese. Our first picture represents a couple of burly Japanese wrestlers, engaged in their rather formidable sport, in the presence of an assembly as much excited by the performance as were the refined Greeks, during the Olympic games. Wrestling holds no mean position among the bodily exercises in the opinion of the Japanese. In the encouragement of athletic sports, they doubtless have something more than mere pastime in view; and like the ancient Greeks and Romans, consider these exercises a fitting preparation for the exigencies of war. The place where the wrestling occurs is surrounded by

plate, sometimes bearing the imperial arms. The second engraving depicts a couple of itinerant bonzes or priests. These priests generally go about in pairs, as depicted in our illustration, wearing ragged apparel. They never shave their beards, nor cut their hair—the elfish and disordered state of it giving them a singular appearance. On their heads they wear six-cornered caps, wrought like a net, with two points before and two behind. They are always provided with tablets to write on, a cloth, a calabash, and a chain of small horns, by which they tell over their prayers. Their temples stand on the very summit of the mountains, and are reached by precipitate pathways. These saints generally spend their time among the sick, muttering prayers in a language peculiar to their order. Kampfer



JAPANESE WRESTLERS.

a railing of about half the height of the spectators. The judge of the field is seated on a hill, under a square roof, supported by four pillars, not very unlike the Judge's stand upon our American race-courses. The wrestlers put their hair under a net, made in the form of a cap, which they draw close and fasten to the crown of their heads, from a small string which descends to their backs. They are stripped from their waist upward, but on their sides and backs wear a copper plate engraved with the imperial arms, open on the breast, and made fast about the waist with two cords; their breeches are tied up by strings to the plates. Thus equipped, they enter with ardor into the contest; and the victor, after throwing his antagonist, presents himself to the judge, who awards a prize of silver or gold

tells us of an old monk eighty years old, and a native of Nagasaki, who had spent the "greatest part of his life in holy pilgrimages, running up and down the country, and visiting almost all the temples of the Japanese empire. The superstitious vulgar had got such a high notion of his holiness, that even in his lifetime they canonized and revered him as a great saint, to the extent of worshipping his statue, which he caused to be carved of stone, exceeding in this even Alexander the Great, who had no divine honors paid him during his life. Those of his countrymen who were of our religion did not fail to run thither, and see and pay their respects to the holy man." Kampfer, in speaking of the beggars and begging priests of Japan, adds some particulars respecting a certain remarkable re-



ligious order of young girls, called *bikuni*, which is as much as to say nuns. They live under the protection of the nunneries at Kamakura and Miako, to which they pay a certain sum a year of what they get by begging, as an acknowledgement of their authority. They are, in my opinion, by much the handsomest girls in Japan. The daughters of poor parents, if they be handsome and agreeable, apply for, and easily obtain this privilege of begging in the habit of nuns, knowing that beauty is one of the most persuasive inducements to charity. The *jamabo*, or begging mountain priests (of whom more hereafter), frequently incorporate their own daughters into this religious order, and take their wives among these *bikuni*. "The *jamabo*, or mountain priests, or rather *jamabuo*, or mountain soldiers, at all times go

louder, they rattle their long staffs, loaded at the end with iron rings, to take up the charity money which is given them; and last of all, they blow a trumpet made of a large shell. They carry their children along with them on the same begging errand, clad like their fathers, but with their heads shaved. These are exceedingly troublesome and importunate with travellers, and commonly take care to light on them as they are going up some hill or mountain, where, because of the difficult ascent, they cannot well escape, nor indeed otherwise get rid of them without giving them something. In some places, they and their fathers accost travellers in company with a troop of *bikuni*, and, with their rattling, singing, trumpeting chattering and crying, make such a frightful noise, as would make one

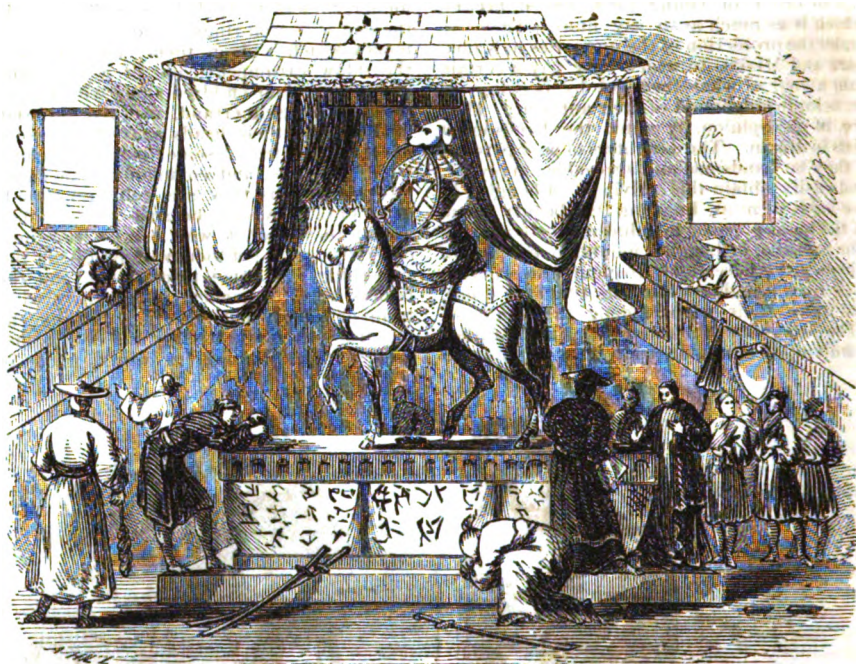


WILD BONZES.

armed. "They do not shave their heads, but follow the rules of the first founder of this order, who mortified his body by climbing up steep, high mountains; at least they conform themselves thereunto, in their dress, apparent behaviour, and some outward ceremonies—for they are fallen short of his rigorous way of life. They have a head or general of their order, residing at Miako, to whom they are obliged to bring a certain sum every year, and who has the distribution of dignities and titles, whereby they are known among themselves. They commonly live in the neighborhood of some famous Kami temple, and accost travellers in the name of that Kami which is worshipped there, making a short discourse of his holiness and miracles with a loud, coarse voice. Meanwhile, to make the noise still

almost mad or deaf. These mountain priests are frequently applied to by superstitious people for conjuring, fortune-telling, foretelling future events, recovering lost goods, and the like purposes; they profess themselves to be of the Kami religion, as established of old, and yet they are never suffered to attend, or to take care of, any of the Kami temples."

The next engraving in our series represents the idol in the temple of the Golden Amida, in the city of Jeddo. The idol and his surroundings are quaint and original. One of the Dutch writers, to whose observation and experience we are so deeply indebted for much that we know of Japan, thus minutely describes this singular scene. "The temple of the Golden Amida is no small ornament to this city (Jeddo). The idol, which is terrible to behold,



JAPANESE IDOL, AMIDA.

is situated on an altar, in the middle of the aisle; the altar is plated all over with silver, on which stand two golden cups, one before and the other behind the idol, who sits himself mounted on a horse with seven heads, every head signifying a hundred thousand of years, his own like that of a dog with long ears; in his hands a golden harp, holding the middle in his mouth betwixt his teeth. But nothing can be more costly than the skirts of his coat, from the middle and downward studded and embossed with pearls, diamonds and other precious stones. At the bottom of the altar are many Japan characters engraven, which are the hieroglyphics of mysterious signification of the several attributes of their idol, who appears to be esteemed one of the chiefest of all their deities; therefore, they always account it a blessing when they have occasion but to name him. Father Lodowick Frojus relates, in his letter from Canga, an island of Japan, dated Anno Domini 1565, that Cuba, the emperor's royal consort, had built a chapel in her own palace, dedicating it to Amida, in which she daily attended with a great train of ladies, there paying her devotions to his statue representing a comely youth, crowned with gold, that reflected rays like sunbeams. For when the Emperor Cubus was slain by the rebels, Diandono and Miox-Indono, and the empress, making her escape, took sanctuary in a monastery near Miaco, being discovered, the privilege of the place not protecting her, they sent an executioner to take away her life. She, preparing to obey the hard sentence, called for pen, ink and pa-

per, and wrote to her two daughters, who were imprisoned in the next house, informing them that she was to be unjustly murdered; but she rejoiced, and would be glad to embrace death, because she doubted not but that Amida had found this means to bring her to a better habitation, and the sooner to enjoy that paradise where her dear husband so lately murdered remained, expecting by her company the full accomplishment of both their happiness. When sealing up the letter, she thanked the bonze for his kind entertaining of her in their college, and drawing near to Amida's altar, kneeling, she lifted up her hands, and called twice on the god to forgive her sins. Then the bonze laid his hand on her head, as a token that she had absolution from all her offences. Then going from thence into a private room, she lifted up her hands again to heaven, and cried, "Amida! Amida!" which said, she was beheaded. Furthermore, it is to be observed, that there are several images representing this god; for whereas he is sometimes made (as we said before) with a dog's head, riding on a seven-headed horse, another resembling a naked youth, with holes in his ears, sitting on a large rose carved of wood, and in a strange shape, with a fantastic cap on his head, slit before, with two large buttons on the top, with a comely and youthful countenance. In his ears hung two rings, one within another; about his neck a scarf; his breast covered with an oval plate curiously engraven; over his shoulders and back hangs a coat of feathers neatly wrought and joined together; in his hands a string of beads,



his breast and body exceeding large, sitting on a great cushion. Before him stand several letters engraven on a square stone. They also oftentimes place near their god Amida, another idol with three heads, which are covered with one flat cap or bonnet joined close together, their chins hairy, about the neck a pasteboard band, on each four arms and hands, the breasts and arms girded with five strings of pearl; the body appears like the sun darting rays, with several characters in the middle; the walls are all hung with rich and costly Japan garments, and before them many burning lamps."

The fourth engraving is an accurate representation of the Japanese fishermen, a very numerous class in the islands. The men commonly have their heads shaven, leaving a ring of hair, like the tonsure of the Roman Catholic priests. Their drapery is folded over their dress, and confined by a broad girdle, sustaining a sharp knife. Over their shoulders passes a yoke, which sustains a square vessel containing water on each side, wherein their fish are kept alive. The fishermen's wives wear a scarf around their heads, with a tuft falling down on their brows—the bosom covered by a square cloth interwoven with silken flowers, about their necks a long cotton cloth that falls down their backs, their dress, full and long, descends to the ankles, their sandals are fastened by a strap. The fifth engraving represents a Japanese pleasure boat, or *Fay-fena*, and as will be seen, it is a sumptuous craft, with its banks of oars, and not very dissimilar to pictorial representations of the

Egyptian galley in which Cleopatra sailed down the Cydnus to meet Mark Anthony. These barges commonly have forty oars, and are elegantly fitted up, the cabins being supplied with mirrors and tapestries. They move with incredible swiftness, and traverse long distances. Kampfer writes: "All the ships we met with on our voyage by sea were built of fir or cedar, both of which grow in great plenty in the country. They are of a different structure, according to the purposes and waters for which they are built. The pleasure boats, made use of only for going up and down rivers, or to cross small bays, are widely different in their structure, according to the possessor's fancy. Commonly they are built for rowing. The first and lowermost deck is flat and low; another, more lofty, with open windows, stands upon it, and this may be divided like their houses, by folding screens, as they please, into several apartments. Several parts are curiously adorned with a variety of flags and other ornaments. The merchant ships that venture out at sea, though not very far from the coast, and serve for the transport of men and provisions from one island or province to another, deserve a more accurate description. They are commonly eighty-four feet long and twenty-four feet broad, built for sailing as well as rowing. They run tapering from the middle towards the stem, and both ends of the keel stand out of the water considerably. The body of the ship is not built bulging, as our European ones; but that part which stands below the surface of the water runs almost in a straight



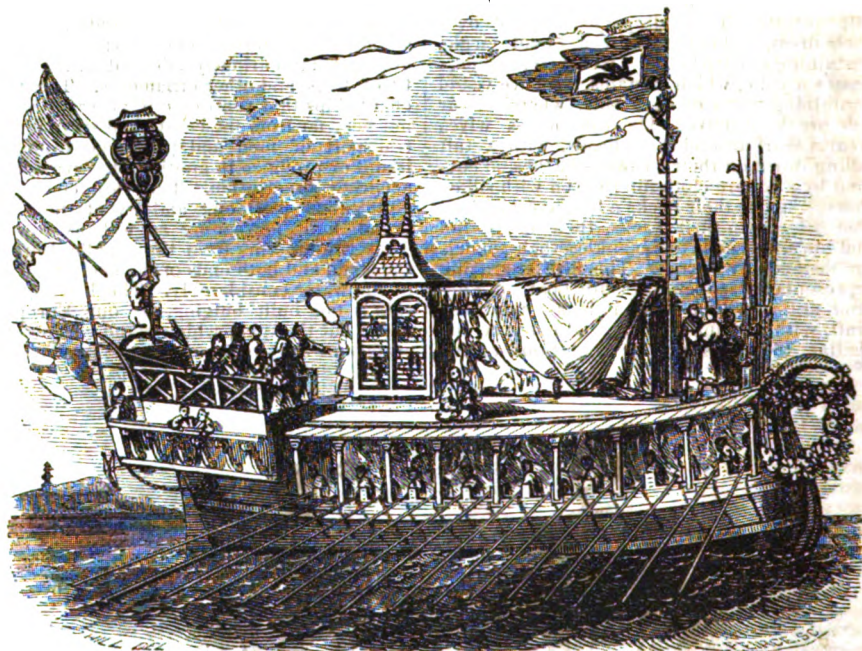
JAPANESE FISHERMEN.



line towards the keel. The stern is broad and flat, with a wide opening in the middle for the easier management of the rudder, which reaches almost to the bottom of the ship, and lays open all the inside to the eye. The deck, somewhat raised toward the stem, consists only of deal boards laid loose, without anything to fasten them together. It rises but little above the surface of the water when it hath its full lading. The cabin juts beyond the ship about two feet on each side; and there are sliding windows around it which may be opened or shut, as occasion requires. In the furthest parts are the cabins, or rooms for passengers, separate from each other by folding screens or doors, with floors covered with fine, neat mats."

of valves which are placed over the whole surface of the human body are shut down, two things take place. First, the internal heat is prevented from passing off, it accumulates every moment, the person expresses himself as burning up, and then large draughts of water are swallowed to quench the internal fire—and this is fever. When the warm steam is constantly escaping from the body in health, it keeps the skin moist, and there is a soft, pleasant feeling and warmth about it; but when the pores are closed, the skin feels harsh, hot and dry.—*Boston Post*.

There is no condition so low but may have hopes; nor any so high, that it is out of the reach of fears.



JAPANESE PLEASURE BOAT.

### PERSPIRATION.

Checked perspiration is the fruitful cause of sickness, disease and death to multitudes every year. Heat is constantly generated within the human body by the chemical disorganization—the combustion of the food we eat. There are seven millions of tubes or pores on the surface of the body, which in health are constantly open, conveying from the system, by what is called insensible perspiration, this internal heat, which, having answered its purpose, passes off like the jets of steam which are thrown from the escape pipes, in puffs, of any ordinary steam engine; but this insensible perspiration carries with it, in a dissolved form, very much of the waste matter of the system, to the extent of a pound or two, or more, every twenty-four hours. If, then, the pores of the skin are closed—if the multitude

### ANCIENT SOURCES OF GOLD.

Dr. Wilson, in his travels through the lands of the Bible, recently, discovered on the route from the Red Sea to Mount Sinai, the immense mountains alluded to in the book of Job, as the source of the gold and silver of the early ages. From huge seams in the sides of the mountains was the ore dug out, and all the evidences of this mode of mining presented themselves to the eye. How the grooves or channels were cut out from such lofty heights to the base of the mountains, does not appear. Immense must have been the waste of life in prosecuting the work.

Times of joy, and times of woe,  
Each an angel-presence know.

*E. Oakes Smith.*



## A LIVING DEATH.

It sometimes happens on certain coasts of Brittany or Scotland, that a man, traveller or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick to it; it is sand no longer; it is glue. The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print which it leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil; all the sand has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface which is no longer so; the joyous little cloud of sand-fleas continues to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines toward the land, endeavors to get nearer the upland. He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels somehow as if the weight of his feet increased with every step which he takes. Suddenly he sinks in; he sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he stops to take his bearings. All at once he looks at his feet; his feet have disappeared; the sand covers them; He draws his feet out of the sand—he will retrace his steps; he turns back—he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles; he pulls himself out and throws himself to the left—the sand is half leg deep; he throws himself to the right—the sand comes up to his shins. Then he recognizes, with unspeakable terror, that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the fearful medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim. He throws off his load, if he has one; he lightens himself like a ship in distress; it is already too late—the sand is above his knees. He calls, he waves his hat or handkerchief, the sand gains on him more and more; if the beach is deserted, if the land is too far off, if the sand bank is of too ill repute, if there is no hero in sight, it is all over—he is condemned to entozement. He is condemned to that appalling interment, long, infallible, implacable, impossible to slacken or to hasten, which endures for hours, which will not end, which seizes you erect, free, and in full health, which draws you by the feet, which, at every effort that you attempt, at every shout that you utter, drags you a little deeper, which appears to punish you for your resistance by a redoubling of its grasp, which sinks the man slowly into the earth while it leaves him all the time to look at the horizon, the trees, the green fields, the smoke of the village in the plain, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine, the sky. Each minute is an inexorable enshroudress. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes inters him; he straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed up; he howls, implores, cries to the clouds, wrings his hands, despairs. Behold him waist deep in the sand; the sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself

out of this soft sheath; the sand rises. The sand reaches his shoulders, the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it; silence. The eyes still gaze, the sand shuts them; night. Then the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand protrudes, comes through the surface of the beach, moves, and shakes, and disappears. Sinister effacement of a man.—*Victor Hugo.*

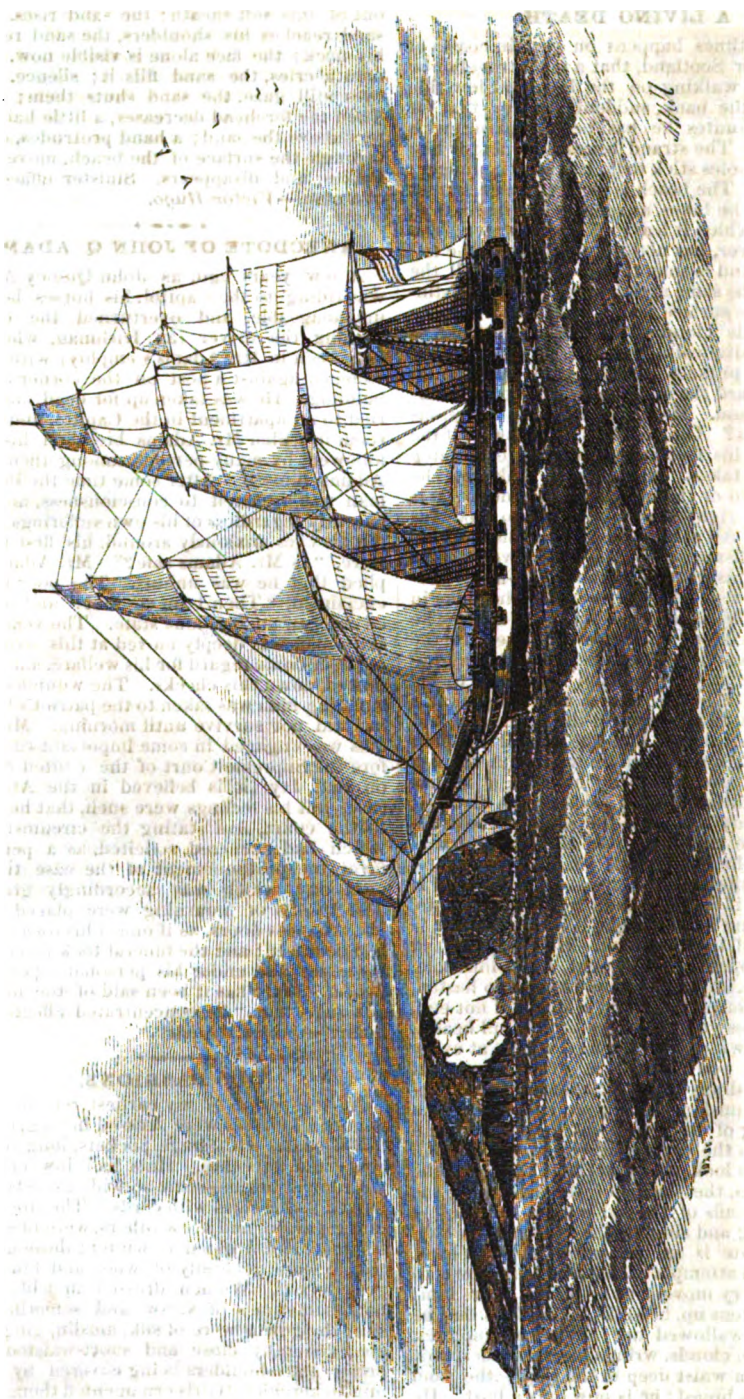
## ANECDOTE OF JOHN Q. ADAMS.

A few years ago, as John Quincy Adams was riding to the Capitol, his horses became unmanageable, and overturned the coach, dashing the driver (an Irishman, who had long been in Mr. Adams's employ) with great violence against a post on the corner of the building. He was taken up for dead, and carried to an apartment in the Capitol, under the room in which Mr. Adams breathed his last, followed by many persons, among them Mr. Adams himself. After some time the injured man was restored to consciousness, and, apparently regardless of his own sufferings, turning his eyes anxiously around, his first words were, "Is Mr. Adams safe?" Mr. Adams replied that he was unhurt. The poor fellow exclaimed, "Then I am content!" and relapsed into an unconscious state. The venerable statesman was deeply moved at this evidence of affectionate regard for his welfare, and tears flowed down his cheeks. The wounded and suffering man was taken to the patriot's house, but did not survive until morning. Mr. Adams was engaged in some important case before the Supreme Court of the United States on that day (it is believed in the *Amistad* case), but his feelings were such, that he went to the court, and stating the circumstances which had occurred, solicited, as a personal favor, the postponement of the case till the next day, which was accordingly granted. The tokens of mourning were placed upon Mr. Adams's doors, as if one of his own family had deceased; and the funeral took place from his house, and under his personal superintendence. Truly has it been said of the illustrious sage, that "he concentrated affection at home."—*Salem Register.*

## OLD FASHIONS.

At the period of my earliest recollections, men of all classes were dressed in long, broad-tailed coats, with huge pockets, long waistcoats and breeches. Hats had low crowns, with broad brims—some so wide as to be supported at the sides with cords. The stockings of the parson, and a few others, were of silk in summer, and worsted in winter; those of the people were generally of wool, and blue and gray mixed. Women dressed in wide bonnets, sometimes of straw, and sometimes of silk; the gowns were of silk, muslin, gingham, etc., generally close and short-waisted, the breast and shoulders being covered by a full muslin kerchief. Girls ornamented themselves with a large white vandyke. On the whole, the dress of both men and women has greatly changed.—*S. G. Goodrich.*





U. S. MAN-OF-WAR MAKING THE ISLAND OF ST. PAULS.

**ISLAND OF ST. PAULS.**

The views on these two pages show, first, a United States man-of-war, under full sail, making the island, and the second an elegant map and drawings, which give the reader a good idea of this curious place. Saint Pauls



is the southernmost of two islets in the Indian Ocean, distant from each other, north and south, about fifty-five miles, but situated on the same meridian. They were named by Vlaming, the Dutch navigator, in 1697, who called the northern island Amsterdam. Saint Pauls may be seen in clear weather twenty leagues. It extends eight or ten miles north-west and southeast, and is about five miles in breadth, having a level aspect and sloping down at each extremity when bearing to the northeast. On the east side there is an inlet to a circular basin through which the sea ebbs and flows over a causeway at its entrance. A headland stands at each side of this entrance, and a rock ninety feet high, called "Nine-pin Rock" from its shape, stands at a small distance from the shore on the north side. There is not a shrub on the island, coarse grass and reeds being the only verdure seen, and a sort of turf composed of the decayed fibres of the grass and reeds and burnt very much. The basin is undoubtedly the crater of an extinct volcano. Its circumference at the water's

edge is nearly one mile and three quarters. Taking the perpendicular height of the surrounding sides at 700 feet, and the angle of their inclination at 65 degrees, the circumference of the crater will be two miles and 160 yards. The depth of water, 20 fathoms or 180 feet, added to the average height, 700 feet, will make the whole depth of the crater 880 feet. The entrance to this basin is only twenty-four yards wide, and is formed between two narrow causeways or ridges of rock that run out from two peaks, which terminate the sides of the crater, one on each side. That on the right is 743 feet high, and at its foot on the causeway there is a hot spring, where the thermometer in the winter rises to 212 Fahrenheit—a heat sufficient to boil the fish caught within the basin. Sealers who have resided on the island state the weather to be fine in summer but stormy in winter. Whirlwinds sometimes tear the water from the surface of the crater, and the torrents of rain which burst over the hills, pour down them, forming deep ravines.



ISLAND OF ST. PAULS.  
INDIAN OCEAN.

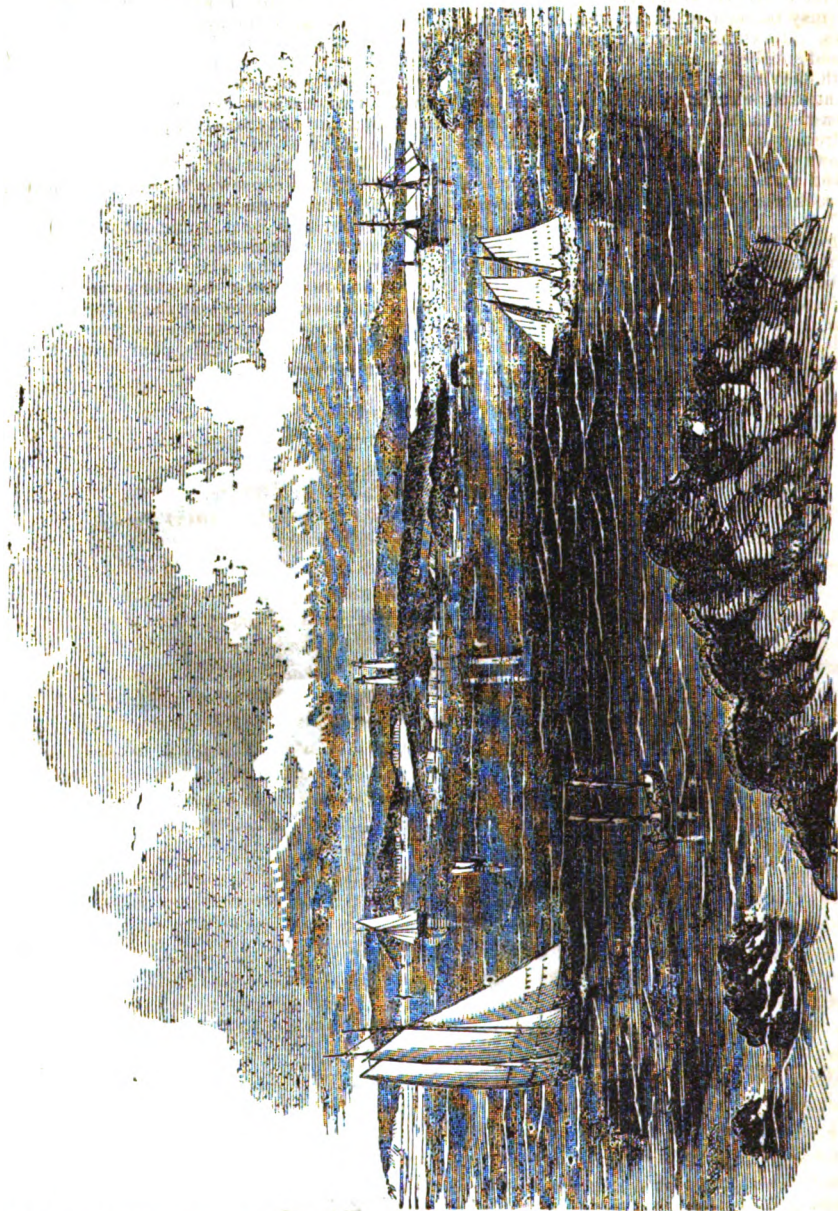




**BAKER'S ISLAND, SALEM HARBOR.**

Baker's Island, a pretty view of which we here give, is situated off the Massachusetts coast, five miles east-north-east from Salem. The lighthouses are located at the northerly

retreats during the "heated term," making most excellent landing-places for fishing parties to engage in the manufacture of the all important "chowder;" but however interesting and romantic to the amateur fisherman,



BAKER'S ISLAND, SALEM HARBOR, MASS.

end. Our view was taken from Lowell Island, the rocks in the foreground of our picture belonging to the latter island. Lowell Island is another romantic little spot,—a charming little speck rising from the water. The coast of Massachusetts abounds in islands, charming

they have a great value as locations for lighthouses to warn the mariner of dangerous shoals and rocks, and guide him to the haven of safety. The land seen in the back-ground of our picture is Beverly Farms. The whole scene is a remarkably picturesque one.

[Sonnet.]

## THE SABBATH BELL.

BY ARTHUR L. HARRIS.

The cool autumn morning  
Has dawned on our valley,  
And silver-winged zephyrs  
With the scarlet leaves dally.  
The bright sun is kissing  
The dewdrops from the fall,  
And over the hill-tops  
Comes the sound of the bell.

From the bell in the tower  
The greeting comes forth:  
"Peace and good will  
To the dwellers of earth!"  
Go ye in from the valley,  
The hill, and the glen,  
And "peace and good will  
To the children of the sun."

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE FATAL GRIN.

BY GEORGE A. RAMPANA.

"O, mother, mother!" cried little Fanny, as she ran into the dining, "here comes Johnny, with such a big bag of chestnuts!"

Sure enough, there was Johnny, actually staggering under the weight of his day's gathering. He entered the house and threw down his load, with a long sigh of relief.

"It does seem to me," said Johnny, "as if the road from here to Sandy Hollow had grown longer than it used to be. It must be more than a mile."

"Come, Johnny, don't be a goose. Untie the bag, and let's see them. Are they big fellows, like them you had yesterday?"

"No, no, Fanny," interposed Mrs. Ray, "supper is ready. Let the chestnuts alone till you have eat your supper."

"Supper!" ejaculated the little girl, in a tone of the most unquestionable and unqualified contempt, "supper!—supper's a humbug. Don't you see that bag, chock-full of chestnuts, all waiting for somebody to come and eat 'em? Don't say supper again, mother, please don't. We are going to roast 'em so many, and boil 'em so many—and—and—supper indeed!"

In spite of her indignant remonstrance, however, the little lady was obliged to sit down at the table, and at least "go through the mo-

tions" of supper. As for Johnny, his imagination had no such influence with him as hers had with the lively, staid little Fanny. He could not feed upon chestnuts as fast as he wished, he had been nibbling raw ones all day, and had nibbled nothing else; so the idea of a little bread and butter at night was by no means disagreeable.

After the supper was over, and the dishes put away, the roasting and boiling came off, according to the programme, and no roasting or boiling at Verry's, the Breder's, Provencaux's, or any other renowned temple of the gastronomic art, ever gave more real satisfaction to the eaters.

But pleasures here below are always transitory. Even the eating of chestnuts, roasted or boiled, is no exception. The children's appetites were satiated at that, the fire was raked up for the night, and the mother, the two children, and the one maid-servant, went to bed; and all slept soundly in spite of the chestnuts roasted or boiled.

In speaking of the mother and the children, let it not be understood that Fanny Ray and John Hullett were brother and sister. They were not even related; though there was some sort of friendship between Johnny and Mrs. Ray's deceased husband. The latter had received him into his family, a destitute orphan, when a mere child, and Mrs. Ray continued to treat him as kindly and provide for him as cheerfully as ever. Johnny was now almost eleven years old. Fanny was between eight and nine, a very pretty and an uncommonly sprightly child.

Mrs. Ray had been dead not quite a year. He had left his family in tolerably easy circumstances, and Johnny remained, as before, the companion and playmate of little Fanny. They lived in a small, neat, and well-furnished cottage, to which they had lately removed. It was situated in rather a lonely spot, on the margin of an extensive forest.

At little after midnight, Fanny, and John, and the maid-servant, were all simultaneously roused out of a sound sleep, by a shriek, so loud and shrill, and fearful, that every one was instantly wide awake. Several more followed in quick succession. They appeared to come from the kitchen, and thither the children and the girl precipitated themselves, in one bewildered, trembling, pale-faced group. A sight awaited them which might well freeze their young blood with horror.

By the light of a lantern, which had been placed upon the kitchen mantel-piece, they

saw Mrs. Ray struggling in the grasp of a tall, ferocious-looking man, who in a loud, imperious tone, was asking where she had concealed her money. She, however, only screamed louder and louder, and the man, with a terrible oath, and a still more terrible look, which none of those who saw it ever forgot, till their dying day, cried, "Take it, then!"

And with the words, he plunged a long, sharp knife into her throat. The mother's blood spouted forth so far that it fell in thick drops upon the orphaned daughter's head. The poor little creature fell cowering to the floor.

John, half beside himself with rage and terror, seized a sharp sausage-chopper, which chanced to lie on the table, and hurried it with all his strength at the fellow's head, immediately after he struck the fatal blow. The keen edge chanced to hit him directly across the eyes, and must have cut the lids severely, if not the eyes themselves.

He roared out with the pain, and ran fiercely at Johnny, as if he were about to exterminate him. His face was covered with blood, and he was altogether a most frightful looking object; but his movements, violent as they were, showed that his sight was very much injured, and it is not probable that he could have done much harm to anybody in the condition in which he then was.

But Johnny was so terrified at what he had done, that all his thoughts were turned upon flight. He did not, however, forget his little playmate; but, seizing her by the hand, darted through the half opened door, and both fled, as fast as the two little pairs of legs could carry them.

The nearest house was that of Mr. George Ray, Fanny's uncle. Thither the fugitives directed their steps, followed by the servant, a girl not much older than themselves. They raised the household, and told their horrible story; and in a few minutes Mr. Ray and two of his men were dressed, armed and on their way to the cottage.

When they arrived, they found the poor woman quite dead; but the murderer was no longer there. They immediately began to scour the woods and fields; but it was not long before they became satisfied of the hopelessness of their search, and in a short time they abandoned it. The fellow had escaped, and left no trace behind him. Johnny, however, felt sure that he would have no difficulty in recognizing him again, so effectually had he marked him.

The motive for this awful deed was sufficiently obvious. The murderer had in some way ascertained that Mrs. Ray had that day received a large instalment of the purchase-money of the farm which had been sold after her husband's death. How he obtained this information was never known. His knowledge must have been pretty accurate, however, for the money was to remain in the house but that one night.

It is probable that Mrs. Ray heard the man enter, by the kitchen door, and then got up to see who it was. Finding it impossible to induce her to give up the money, and fearing that her shrieks would bring some one to the spot, and it may be anticipating trouble from the children, he made up his mind to strike the fatal blow. It is quite likely that he would have proceeded to silence all of them by death or otherwise, before he began to search for the money, if Johnny's fortunate hit, and subsequent escape, had not completely turned the tables upon him, and forced him to use all his powers in getting out of the way, instead of going on and consummating the robbery.

It was for some time a matter of doubt whether the scoundrel had found the money or not. The children knew nothing about it. Mr. Ray only knew that his sister-in-law had received the money, and that it was that probably which had cost her her life. After a diligent search in all the desks, drawers, etc., they were unable to find any trace of it.

They had pretty nearly come to the conclusion that the robber had carried it off, when Johnny told them that he had seen Mrs. Ray take up a stone from the hearth, and make a little hollow under it. She replaced it, however, without putting anything there. As soon as he heard this, Mr. Ray took Johnny to the hearth, where he pointed out the stone; and underneath it, wrapped up in a bit of oiled silk, was the money.

Fanny and John were both taken to Mr. Ray's, and there they remained, as members of his family. Fanny, having inherited all that her father left, was a bit of an heiress. Johnny had nothing; but he was stout and active for his age, and soon began to make himself useful on the farm and among the cattle. He was not a genius. In fact, as he grew up, it was pretty generally said that his body—an unusually vigorous one—was developing itself at the expense of his brain. He was much laughed at for his blunders and his awkwardness; but he was very good-natured, and generally liked by his associates.



Time rolled on. Fanny became a very pretty girl, and a little coquettish, withal. Johnny grew bigger and bigger, stronger and stronger, and some said stupider and stupider, every day. He also became, every day, more and more fond of Fanny, whom he had loved, in fact, from her very babyhood. She laughed at him, and ridiculed him, most unmercifully; but most people thought she liked him, for all that. One thing at least is certain—she would not permit any one to make a butt of him but herself, if she could help it.

"Cousin John," asked Fanny, one morning at breakfast, "have you seen Mr. Haymond yet?"

"Yes," replied Johnny, "I saw him, yesterday, going in at his gate."

"Well, what sort of a looking person is he?"

"He rides a splendid bay mare—a real beauty, now, I tell you."

"Did I ask you about his horse, John?"

"No, but—"

"No, but you always have your head so stuffed full of horses and dogs, and the like, that you not only put the cart before the horse, but the horse before the rider."

"He rides very well—uncommonly well."

"There it is again. Do you know where he got his mare, and how much she cost him?"

"No, but I'll find out. I'll go right over and—"

"Sit still, goosey, do! How can you be so silly? What do I care about his horse, or how he rides it? I want to know how he looks."

"Well, he looks just like other people."

"Is it possible? Has two eyes, and two ears, and only one nose, I dare say."

"Just so."

"Humph! What a gump you are, Johnny! Uncle George, have you seen Mr. Haymond? It's no use talking to that booby."

"Yes, Fanny, I have seen him, twice, and spoken to him."

"And what sort of a man is he, uncle?"

"Well, as far as I remember, he is rather tall, with dark eyes, and dark hair and whiskers, and plenty of 'em."

"He must be handsome then—Isn't he?"

"Why, yes, I think he may be called quite a good-looking man."

"He's not a young man, is he?"

"Well, any one over forty would call him a young man; but maybe you wouldn't. I suppose he must be somewhere about thirty-three or thirty-five. I expect he looks as well as ever he did. He talks well, and seems to have

seen a good deal of the world. I should think he was an easy man to get along with, and will no doubt make a good neighbor."

"Does he like his new purchase?"

"Very much. He says he means to make a garden of the old 'Oak Pasture.'"

"Do you think he is as rich as they say he is, uncle?"

"Well, child, I don't know anything more about it than other people. I know that he has paid for the place, and if he does what he says he will, he will have to lay out several thousands on it at once, and three or four times as much before he is done with it. Old Isaac Thompson's son—the merchant, I forget his Christian name—knew him in New York, and he says that he is well-known to be a moneyed man. He made the most of it in the West, I believe, in land speculation."

"Why, uncle, he'll be the big bug of the country, won't he?"

"I s'pose he will, Fanny. I would set my cap for him, if I were you."

Whether she took her uncle's advice or not, one thing is certain, he himself soon became exceedingly anxious for a match between the wealthy proprietor of Oak Pasture and his pretty niece. As for Mrs. Ray, she never was known to have an opinion different from her husband's; it is therefore a safe thing to say that she was also in favor of such a match.

That Mr. Haymond himself was willing enough, soon became apparent. Fanny's wishes on the subject were much less obvious. She was manifestly tickled with the idea of becoming a "fine lady," but, as her uncle expressed it, she had, and always had had, "a sort of a sneaking kindness" for Johnny Mullen.

That unfortunate youngster had been in disgrace lately, particularly with Mr. Ray himself. He was a little inclined to be "wild," and having fallen in with some rather disreputable companions, they had contrived to make him the scapegoat of their misdeeds. While they cunningly slipped out of the scrapes into which they had led him, he was sure to make some blunder by which his complicity therewith was discovered, and the heavy end of the blame was pretty sure to fall upon him, in the end.

Mr. Haymond seemed to know how to use his resources to the best advantage, and it soon became evident to every one that the tide was beginning to set in his favor. He was generous to profusion, and little Fanny's rustic simplicity was greatly dazzled thereby.

In the meantime the Oak Pasture place was becoming quite a rural paradise, and the new villa, just completed, had no rival in that or any of the adjoining counties. And of this palace in miniature Fanny Ray might be the mistress whenever she chose to say the word. Would it be a wonderful thing if she should choose to say the word, and thereby make her fortune "as easy as—winking?"

She wavered a long time, however, and did not finally decide between poor Johnny and the rich capitalist till after the occurrence of certain events detailed below. In the meantime, the former individual, foreseeing what was about to happen, lost his good humor, and became sour, and morose, and as surly as a bear. After a time, too, he began to neglect his duties and to absent himself from the farm for several days at a time; got prodigiously drunk on several occasions, and behaved himself in a generally unpleasant and particularly disreputable manner.

Some thought his conduct excusable, under the circumstances of the case—certainly a somewhat hard one, though not at all uncommon—while others declared they had never thought that Johnny Mullen would come to anything good; and others again looked wise, said nothing, and shook their heads, as if there were really something in them.

One moonless but starlight night, at this juncture, Fanny and the rest of the household were suddenly awaked by Mr. Ray, calling in a loud voice for John, and apparently in a great rage, about something or other. John was not to be found, and Mr. Ray, without tarrying to make any explanation, rushed furiously out of the house.

The facts, as afterwards learned, were as follows. He had been lying awake for some time, when his attention was arrested by a noise below stairs. At first, he attributed it to the rats; but, listening attentively, he at length satisfied himself that some more intelligent cause had produced it.

He hastily slipped on his clothes and stole softly down stairs. He was just in time to catch the sound of retreating footsteps, and to hear the closing of the front door. The truth then instantly flashed upon his mind.

He was not only a farmer, but an extensive grazier also, and he was going the next day to purchase cattle to fatten. For this purpose he had collected a considerable sum of money, and deposited it in his desk. He did not stop to look, but from the noise he had heard, and the appearance of things, he was fully satisfied

that some one had entered the house and stolen it. And it must have been some one perfectly familiar with the house and its inmates. Stopping and listening a moment at the door, he heard very distinctly, some one making his way through a field of corn, by which a short cut might be made for the high road, which was usually reached from the house by means of a long lane.

The moment the noise of the breaking corn-blades struck his ear, the excited farmer dashed away in pursuit, with all the enthusiasm, if not quite all the vigor of twenty-one.—Panting with the unusual exertion, he reached the fence bordering the road, and there stopped again to listen. He heard some one, but it was a man on horseback riding towards him, instead of some one on foot, running from him.

In a minute or two he saw his neighbor, Mr. Haymond, ride up out of the darkness, and purpose to turn down the lane leading from the great road to his own house, the end of which was but a few yards from the spot where he stood.

"Hillo, hillo, there!" cried Mr. Ray.

Mr. Haymond stopped, turned, and rode forward to the spot where he had heard the cry.

"Bless my soul, Mr. Ray!—is that you? Why, what are you doing out here, and on foot, too, at this time of night?"

"I've been robbed, and I'm in chase of the scoundrel. He ran across this field but a minute or two ago. Did you see nothing of him?"

"No, I did not."

"Then he has gone down the road, of course. I wish you would lend me your—"

"No, no, there's no time to dismount. I'll catch him myself."

And away he started down the road at the full speed of his noble bay. Ray ran after him as fast as he could. He was out of sight immediately, but the clatter of his horse's hoofs still told of his position. It was but a few minutes, however, before this noise suddenly ceased. Then came the sound of distant voices, in angry altercation, and then a halloo and a hurried call for Ray to hasten up to the spot. This caused the farmer to hope that the thief had been caught, and he hurried on with the utmost alacrity.

After a while, he came up with Haymond's mare, standing in the road. The next moment he saw the man himself, in a neighbouring field. He came lumping towards the road.

"Didn't you catch the rascal?" asked the farmer.

"Yes, and he caught me too. He's a powerful big scamp, and has a knife and a club. He gave me a striking proof of the existence of the latter, and it was no fault of his that I had not similar evidence with regard to the former. But there is one consolation; I have marked him, and that so effectually that there will be no difficulty whatever in identifying him, if he should ever show himself. He was on the road, saw me coming, and squatted down behind a tree, supposing that I would not see him, nor would I have done so if I had not been on the lookout for him. I jumped suddenly off my horse, and collared him, as he was getting over the fence. We had a short and sharp struggle, with the result which I have stated. I called out to you, with the hope that I might hold him till you came up; but I found that unarmed as I was that was absolutely impossible. Just as he was breaking away, I opened my penknife, and drew it across the back of his right hand. It will not do him much harm, but there will be a pretty deep scratch there for some weeks to come. Here is a breast-pin, too, which I pulled out of his shirt. You had better keep it."

Mr. Ray took the breast-pin, held it up in the starlight, and then staggered back, as if he had received a blow. The trinket was John Mullen's.

The next morning John came home, and went into breakfast, with an anxious, hesitating air. His right hand was covered with a bandage, which he awkwardly strove to hide.

"What is the matter with your hand?" asked Mr. Ray, in a very stern tone of voice.

"Nothing," stammered the young man, very much confused and disconcerted.

Mr. Ray rose from his seat, and with no gentle hand tore off the bandage. There was beneath it a fresh cut, extending quite across the back of the hand.

"What made that scar?" demanded the farmer.

"I don't know," muttered John, with a genuine "hang-dog" look.

Mr. Ray said no more, but that same forenoon John was taken before a magistrate, and after examination, committed to the county jail, there to await his trial for the heinous crime of burglary. Uncle George, though a strictly just man, was also a very severe one, especially when smarting under the loss of hardly-earned money, and he was determined that Mullen should be prosecuted with the ut-

most rigor of the law. Fanny and Mrs. Ray expressed much astonishment at this terrible revelation; but neither of them had any doubt of the fellow's guilt.

The hitherto wavering beauty seemed now willing to come to a decision. Johnny was now out of the question, and though she thought more about him than she would have liked to acknowledge, she felt of course that it was impossible to hesitate any longer between him and the handsome, wealthy, and popular Mr. Haymond. She gave the latter the promise he solicited, and the wedding day was fixed.

Such preparations as were now made, and such a wedding as was now gotten up, altogether eclipsed any doings of that nature ever before heard of within fifty miles of them. The bridegroom was as radiant as a summer morning, and the bride as sweet as a newly-blown rose. She was full of excitement, and had her little head almost turned by the costly presents she received; but a close observer would have noted a grave look, and even a whispered ejaculation, following more than one giddy laugh; and if he had listened very closely he might have heard the words: "Poor Johnny!"

The marriage ceremony was to be performed in the morning, before breakfast. After that meal the happy pair were to set out on a short tour, to New York or elsewhere, and on their return the chief festivities of the occasion were to take place, and a grand *entree* was to be made upon the Oak Pasture domain.

The ceremony commenced. It was to be conducted in accordance with the ritual of the Episcopal church. All eyes of course were turned upon the chief actors in the scene, and when the ring was about to be placed upon the bride's finger, to the unbounded astonishment of all present, she shrank violently backward, with her eyes fixed upon Haymond's face, and with an expression of intense aversion and disgust.

Angry and excited, the bridegroom clutched her arm, and fixed upon her a look of such an extraordinary character, that no one there forgot it till his dying day. While his heavy black brows were knit into a fearful scowl, his upper lip was curled and contracted into a ghastly grin, displaying his glistening teeth, and giving to his face an expression, the malignity of which Satan himself might almost have envied. It was the living likeness of a devil incarnate.

Fanny had seen that fearful grin but once

before, and she was then but a child. But she had never forgotten it. She shrieked as if a knife had suddenly entered her vitals, and every one thought she was about to faint, but, having staggered back a few steps, she recovered herself, and screamed with all the strength of her lungs, while she pointed a forefinger at Haymond:

"Seize him! He murdered my mother! I swear it!"

In the astonishment and consternation which succeeded, every one stood paralyzed, except Haymond himself, who dashed through the open door, and fled like the wind. In a few minutes all the men of the party had started in pursuit of him; but he had a good start, and being as fleet of foot as any of them, soon plunged into the neighboring forest, where he had little difficulty in concealing himself and eluding their search.

An hour afterwards, as he was about to leave the forest, at a considerable distance from the point where he had entered it, he was suddenly brought to a stand by seeing a man leap out of a clump of bushes directly in front of him. He took to his heels at once; and the other, instead of pursuing him as he expected, ran away also, in the opposite direction, and at full speed.

Each one evidently thought that the other was close behind him. It was but a little time, however, before they both discovered their error. Both stopped. Both looked round. Each one saw that the other had been running from him, and thereupon both took courage and retraced their steps. They met, of course, and simultaneously recognized each other.

"Ha!" cried Johnny Mullen, who had broken out of jail the night before, "they told me you were to be married this morning. But I'm glad to see you. There is not a man in the whole world I wanted to see so much as you. It was your lying tongue sent me to the jail—on the high road to the penitentiary. Big bug as you are, I'm going to take the whole worth of it out of your hide; and you may take my word for it, you won't be a very pretty marrying man when I'm done with you."

Haymond drew a bowie-knife; but John's blood was up, and unarmed as he was, he sprang upon him without a moment's hesitation. Both were strong and active men; but Mullen's proportions were almost gigantic, and he was quick, too, though a little clumsy. In the act of closing with his opponent, John was slightly wounded. He soon had him by

the waist, however, with both arms pinioned to his sides. Summoning all his strength, he raised him from the earth, and would have thrown him heavily, but at that moment his foot caught in a vine, or some such obstruction, and he fell backwards with great violence, and with his antagonist upon him.

His head had come in contact with the root of a tree, and for an instant he lay stunned, where he fell. When his scattered senses returned, he saw Haymond bending over him, with uplifted knife, in the act of stabbing him to the heart, while on his face was that terrible demoniacal grin, which he too had seen but once before, long years ago.

As the fearful face grinned horribly a ghastly smile above him, the idea of whose face it was came upon the prostrate youth like a shock of electricity, and seemed to impart new energy to his system. With a rapid movement he eluded the direct force of the knife, from which he merely received a flesh wound in the side. Then commenced a desperate struggle for the possession of the weapon, or in other words for life itself.

Johnny might have ended the contest much sooner than he did, but he strove hard to take the murderer alive. This, however, he found to be impossible. He finally saw that he must take the scoundrel's life, or lose his own; and in a few minutes he had wrested the knife from him and sheathed it in his throat, from which the red blood spouted forth, just as it had long ago done from that of his victim, in the lonely cottage at the forest's edge.

Three men who had come in pursuit of John Mullen, came up just as he struck the fatal blow. The wound was mortal. A few minutes of life, however, remained to him, and he employed them in making a brief confession of his guilt.

He told how he had been forced to leave the murdered widow's house, more than half blind, with nothing but a plain gold ring which he had snatched from the finger of the dead.

Haymond's face was a very florid one. It was now fast assuming the pallid hue of death, and as it did so, a red line which had been hitherto invisible, could be traced directly across the eyes, one of which had been permanently injured, and though the fact was perceptible only upon very close inspection, John had no difficulty in recognizing his own handiwork, as he recalled to mind his juvenile exploit with the sausage-chopper.

Having on the night of the murder escaped into the same forest where he was now so



miserably perishing, the murderer made his way to the far southwest, where, by innumerable crimes, and eventually by speculation, he amassed a large fortune. With plenty of money, he soon found means to retrieve his character, and to get an excellent business reputation. Having accidentally seen the Oak Pasture property, he resolved to make it his own. Then, having seen Fanny Ray, he determined to make her his own, and to destroy poor Johnny Mulken, who stood in his way. He encouraged his fault, persuaded him to drink, and finally planned the robbery for which he was to be punished and disgraced. Knowing that there was money in the house, and where it was kept, he contrived certain facilities for entering it and abstracting the cash, having previously made Johnny very drunk, and put him to sleep in the barn, where he managed to make the scar on his hand, without his knowledge.

Having hitched his horse near the mouth of his own lane, he entered the house, took the money, ran across the cornfield, with the farmer in pursuit, and reached his horse in time to mount him and ride forward, as we have seen. The subsequent pursuit (of himself), and the pretended conflict, were of course only the concluding acts of the same rascally drama, which sent Johnny to jail, and, as he thought, secured to him his beautiful bride.

Before he had quite ended his confession, the murderer finished his career of crime by a violent and bloody death. Johnny's good name was of course re-established, and Fanny, who seemed to think that she owed him some reparation, eventually gave him her hand and heart, with her little fortune, which he no doubt considered ample restitution.

The ring which he stole from her dead mother's finger, was that with which this incomparable villain determined to wed the daughter. It is probable, however, that he had forgotten how he had obtained it. This ring was an old one, and it had been before little Fanny's eyes every day for years. It had been broken and mended again in such a peculiar manner as to be very easily recognized, and the recognition of the fatal grin, and of the murderer himself, followed, almost as a matter of course.

#### FREEDOM.

Heaven made us agents free to good or ill,  
And forced it not, though he forewarn the will;  
Freedom was first bestowed on human race,  
And prescience only held the second place.

DRYDEN.

#### A BIG STORY.

The latest *Munchausen* story, was related by a boy who was begging in the streets of Plymouth the other day. He said that he was a cabin-boy on board an American liner, and for some of his mischievous pranks was headed up in an empty water cask, with only the bung-hole to breathe through. On the following night a squall came up, the ship went down with all on board except himself, the cask containing him having rolled over into the sea on a sudden lurch of the vessel. Fortunately it kept "bung up," and after thirty hours' floating about, he was cast on the coast, where, after he had made desperate efforts to release himself, he gave himself up to die. Some cows strolling along the beach were attracted to the cask, and, in switching around it, one of them accidentally slipped her tail into the bung-hole, which the boy grasped immediately, and kept fast hold with admirable resolution. The cow started off, and after running about three hundred yards, the cask struck against a rock, and was knocked to pieces. After wandering about for several days, he hailed a vessel, was taken on board, and carried to Falmouth, from whence he proceeded to Plymouth.—*London Herald*.

#### LUCKY DAYS.

The Anglo-Saxons deemed it highly important that a child should be born on a lucky day, on which the whole tenor of his life was supposed to depend; for, in their opinion, each day had its peculiar influence upon the destiny of the newly-born. Thus, the first day of the moon was preferred above all others, for the arrival of the little stranger, for they said, "a child born on that day is sure to live and prosper." The second day was not so fortunate as the first, as the child born on that day "would grow fast but not live long." If he was born on the fourth day of the moon he was destined to become a great politician; if on the tenth, a great traveller; and if on the twenty-first, a bold marauder. But of all the days of the week on which to be born, Sunday was by far the most lucky, and if it fell on the new moon the child's prosperity was destined to be unbounded. Friday was an unlucky birthday, not only because it was the crucifixion of our Lord the Saviour, but because, according to Anglo-Saxon calculations, Adam ate the forbidden fruit on Friday, and was also expelled from Paradise and died and descended into hell on that day.—*Thrupp's Anglo-Saxon Home*.

A writer in the *Journal of Commerce* says, that there are more specimens of "the poor devil" in California than in any other State in the Union. Among his acquaintances there are no less than four dry goods merchants who peddle claims for a living, and seven ministers of the gospel who tend bar. According to him, the only men who thrive in California are the rough, tough and go-ahead. The mere gentleman stands no more chance on the Pacific than the mere idler. People who get a value on soft hands and soft living will please notice.

[ORIGINAL.]

## I AM WAITING!

BY WILLIAM CLARENCE WARE.

On other brows fame's wreath is resting,  
And praises loud of them are sung;  
Other feet have climbed the ladder:  
I the toil have just begun,  
And I am waiting!

Other men have reaped a harvest  
Of this world's bright, glittering gold,  
And around their forms are flowing  
Costly garments, fold on fold—  
And I am waiting!

Other hearts are filled with gladness,  
Joy and peace seem ever theirs;  
Sorrow never comes upon them,  
And they know no grief, no care—  
And I am waiting!

Other lips are often pressed  
With a flow'ry kiss of love;  
And a rapture fills their bosoms,  
Pure as aught in heaven above—  
And I am waiting!

[Translated expressly for The Magazine.]

## THE DEVIL'S HAND!

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE KARR.

BY M. R. B.

It was a dull evening in the month of July, and the heavens were obscured by clouds of a grayish, copper color, which sunk so low, that as they flitted by they touched the summits of the trees, whose foliage shivered without raising a breath of air. From time to time a distant and rumbling peal was followed by a lightning flash near at hand.

Involuntarily yielding to that air of respect and expectation which an approaching storm gives to all nature, three men closeted in a chamber, conversed in low tones. In these convulsions of nature, man endeavors to make himself small and insignificant, as the child, who, fearing his master's anger, seeks to hide under his bench.

"My dear sirs," said one of the three, whose tired features and weakened voice plainly told of some deep settled sorrow, and of prolonged watches, "you are now my only hope. All that the other doctors have done up to this time for my poor brother, has only succeeded in making him suffer more, and yet I have

spared neither pains nor money; I have sold all that I possessed to pay for medicine and drugs. I have done it cheerfully, for if my poor brother is dying, as seems only too evident, my deepest regret will be that I must survive him to cherish his wife and the child of which she is about to be the mother. I leave you alone, messieurs, with an excellent bottle of Kirschenwasser; I am going back to my brother to see if he wants anything; advise with each other as to how you may relieve him, and all that I have left shall be yours, and your names, messieurs, shall be mentioned in my prayers as long as my lips can utter them, my hands join themselves together, and my eyes turn towards heaven."

The physicians left to themselves, opened conversation, and set to work to empty the bottle of Kirschenwasser. This took place a hundred and fifty years ago, in a fisherman's house, on the banks of the Rhine, not far from the ruins of the chateau of Ehrenfels, at that place where the Rhine penned up and curbed by rocks piled one on another, precipitates its waters with a violence that makes them leap and foam, while in the distance, one perceives it calm, blue and limpid, gliding between two green and flowery banks. Near the chateau of Ehrenfels, the ledges formed by rocks, which the river dashed against, but did not move, formed a whirlpool which the boatmen never passed without commending themselves to God and the virgin, and where very many have perished.

"Monsieur," said one of the two physicians, "would you believe what a fearful time I have getting fees from my patients, and that I can only make them pay me in the produce of their fields?"

"There's a certain comfort in that, and I frequently avail myself of it, not at all to my disadvantage."

"Very true, but unluckily for me my practice lies among the cursed vine-dressers, and to crown the evil, last year's crop was very abundant, and consequently I received more wine than I can drink in the whole course of my life."

"And yet, my worthy confrere, I have seen you on occasions empty a goodly number of bottles, and with perfect resignation."

"I don't pretend to be any more of an enemy to wine than a good German ought to be, but last year's harvest was so abundant, that no one wants to buy any more of it."

"It was a lucky chance that led you to mention your embarrassment to me, my dear

confere; I want some wine, and we can easily effect an exchange. You told me some time ago, that you wanted to find a hardy, well-broken horse. I can very easily dispense with my bay horse. It is decidedly a luxury beyond my means, to have two in my stable at the same time."

"That arrangement would exactly suit me. How old is your horse?"

"Seven years."

"You will answer for his good disposition, confere, for you know I'm not much of a horseman, and that you have no design of obtaining my practice by this means."

"I let my wife and children mount him, so you may make yourself easy on that point."

"I will give you two hogshheads of wine for your horse."

"That'll do very well, provided it be good."

"The best one can drink. And provided also the horse does not prove restive."

"Let us seal the bargain by drinking a glass of this delicious Kirschenwasser."

"It is understood that you throw in the saddle and bridle?"

"By no means! That's a different bargain entirely; however, I will play you a game of cards for them, against five bottles of Kirschenwasser, if you have any as good as this."

"Agreed! It is a pity we haven't any cards here now."

At this moment Wilhem entered. He was still more depressed than when he left them.

"Messieurs," said he, "my poor brother suffers more than ever. For heaven's sake, tell me what you have decided on to relieve him."

"Monsieur Wilhem," said one of the physicians, "after having thoroughly reviewed the case, and by means of the light which science and the experience of long practice has given us, we have decided that your brother must drink an infusion of cochlearia."

"In which," said the other, "you will put three drops of laudanum."

"Do you understand—laudanum and cochlearia?"

"Do you think, messieurs, that this will relieve him?"

"Without doubt."

Wilhem paid the physicians, and hastened to have the prescription prepared, and to administer it to his brother; it had no effect, and Richard continued to utter the most agonizing cries. Wilhem wrung his hands in despair.

"My God!" said he, "take pity on my

brother—take pity on me; do not deprive me of my best, my only friend, who has protected my childhood, brought me up, and supplied the place of a father to me. Father in heaven, pity him, let me take part of his suffering, it is more than one man can bear; or if some poor creature must be weighed down with agony, give me all his pains, and I will endure them, that he may have a moment's sleep. O, my poor brother, what can I do for you, Richard? If my heart's blood could only relieve you! Do not despair, it is impossible that God should not pity us."

"Wilhem," said Richard, "where is my wife?"

"I have compelled her to take a little rest; the poor woman's eyes are red with watching."

"And you, too, my poor Wilhem, you must be very tired." And Richard tried to stifle a cry.

"Heaven will not hear me," said Wilhem, to himself. "The cries of this poor sufferer and the cries of my heart do not reach it! I can resist no longer. I cannot witness his agony. What shall I do? I have had tapers burnt in the church; and every day a mass is said. All the physicians for ten leagues round have visited him, but for three weeks he has been on his bed without a wink of sleep."

And as Richard continued to suffer, Wilhem seemed struck with a sudden idea. "Wait, Richard," said he, "wait for me but one hour, and if I do not bring back a remedy for your pains, I will slay you, myself, and your wife, for this is too much misery; wait for me."

He pressed Richard's cold hand and darted out into the storm. He proceeded to his boat and at once set sail. Passing near the *Hole of Bougin*, that famous whirlpool of which we have before spoken, he was about to utter a short prayer, as was his custom, the more so since the waves dashed with unwonted violence, and the mournful howling of the wind, the peals of thunder, and the lightning flashes which at short intervals rent the clouds, filled his soul with a kind of mystic terror; but he had reached that pitch of despair, when one dares all since he believes he has exhausted misfortunes.

"And why should I be always praying God," said he, "who will not relieve my brother? He does not hear me, and I have no longer any hope in him; since he will not grant the wish of my soul, I am going to seek it from the devil; I will invoke him only, since God has abandoned me."

At that moment, the lightning flashed, and

a peal of thunder burst with deafening violence immediately over his head; for an instant he thought that God was about to punish his blasphemy, but his boat passed safely between the rocks in spite of the wind and darkness.

"And why should God hear our blasphemies, since he does not hear our prayers? The devil is a good ally, for while invoking him I have safely passed the *Bingerlock* where so many others have perished imploring the aid of Heaven."

And so he kept on his way down the stream. "It is well known throughout the country, that Henry who has established himself at Mayence, would never have become rich had he not given himself to the devil, at the cross-roads of the forest. I know that many are incredulous and maintain that if one were to call aloud on the devil for a hundred consecutive nights, at all the cross-roads in all the forests, he would not hear you. Yet, it is no reason for not believing a thing because you don't understand it; we believe in the sun, but yet no one understands it. But it's a horrible crime to sell oneself to the devil, and I tremble at the thought of meeting him, when I reflect on all that is said about the torments of hell. But my poor brother who at this moment is suffering cruel agony and crying aloud, he who in my childhood worked to support me, he must be relieved at any price, and God will perhaps pity me, knowing the motive which actuates me. What a horrible storm!" continued he. "Can this be a warning from Heaven? Bah! It doesn't trouble itself much about us, the heaven that lets the best of men languish in torments!"

Speaking thus, he landed, and made his boat fast to the roots of an old willow.

"If I can only find the right place, now; it has often been pointed out to me."

Picking his way by means of the lightning flashes, he penetrated into the forest, and after wandering about for some time, at length reached a place where three roads parted.

"Here it is," said he, and leaned against the trunk of a tree. His hair stood on end, and all his nerves were fearfully strained. The wind howled under the trees, and the lightning from time to time cast around a bluish light, which tended to augment his terror. He tried to remember the formula they had told him, and which they said had served Henry the Rich. At length, in a loud voice, he repeated three times:

"Monseigneur the devil! I give you now

and forever my left hand, if you will restore my brother to health." And then with great depression he exclaimed: "It is over!" and sinking down on the damp moss, he burst into tears. In a few moments, without saying anything, and almost without thinking, so entirely crushed down and overwhelmed was he, he proceeded towards his boat.

As he passed the *Benderloch*, the oar which he held in his left hand struck a rock. He did not doubt but that the devil had accepted his offering; he trembled, and hastened to regain the house. He found Richard asleep.

This is what had taken place. Wilhem, in his haste in going out had not latched the door; the wind had violently dashed it open, and the noise which it made, together with the wind which blew on him, became perfectly unbearable to Richard; he called, but in vain. At length he tried to raise himself, but his weakness was so great that as soon as he had gained the door he fell heavily, at the same time vomiting blood; the abscess, the cause of all his pain, had burst; he felt nothing but a strong desire to sleep, and dragging himself back to bed, he fell into a deep sleep.

When Wilhem saw that his brother slept, "Well," said he, "my brother is cured, and as for me, I am damned. He passed the remainder of the night without closing his eyes; but towards morning he fell into a disturbed slumber. He awoke with a start, crying aloud, "God have mercy on me!" He had dreamed that the devil was dragging him down to the bowels of the earth.

A week after Richard had resumed his ordinary occupations. Happiness and a feeling of comfort once more showed itself in the fisher's hut. Wilhem himself, though for a time he had seemed sombre and taciturn, had recovered his good humor, only the least incident which recalled that fatal night rendered him mournful and silent for several days, and his imagination once roused found every moment fresh pretexts for invincible terrors. He might have killed a thousand men with his right hand, or burned up the whole village, and would have looked upon it as an ordinary accident, but if he happened to break an earthen jar which he held in his left hand, it seemed to him that the devil served himself with the hand which had become his property. And besides this the ordinary awkwardness of the left hand was still more augmented with him, from the repugnance which he felt at using it, so that he touched nothing with that hand without breaking it or letting it fall.



On Sunday, in church, he kept this hand hidden in his vest, and often, kneeling in prayer, he wept bitterly, asking pardon of God. No one understood the excess of piety, and Wilhem did not reply to any questions. A storm at night prevented his sleeping, and he passed it in praying; and he no longer dared to pass the *Hole of Boughs*, since he had twice done so while invoking the devil.

But Richard and his wife, who had become a mother, frequently felt disturbed at Wilhem's conduct, and sometimes mildly reproached him. These marks of affection calmed his excited feelings, and rendered him tranquil and happy, until such time as a new accident rendered too vivid the recollection of that fatal night when he had given himself to the devil.

At length a sentiment took possession of his heart which drove away all gloomy thoughts. He fell in love with a charming young girl, as good as she was lovely; with this love he no longer dreamed of the devil, and thought of nothing but his pretty Claire. Richard and his wife were rejoiced to see him thus happy; for it was the only thing that was wanting to make their good fortune complete.

On the marriage eve Wilhem and Claire were seated under the branches of some willows which bordered the river; the sun was sinking in the horizon behind some dark clouds, and his rays gave them a beautiful fringe of purple and gold. At that hour of silence and meditation the two lovers were gazing in each other's eyes, talking of the future; the place and the hour gave solemnity to their thoughts, looks and words.

"Dear Wilhem," said Claire, in her sweet voice, "I must leave you now; my father will be uneasy about me; and see, a dense fog is settling over the river; the water is much agitated, though there is no wind; the foliage shivers, and the birds have taken flight; there is going to be a storm. Good-by, till to-morrow." Speaking thus, she took from her finger a little gold ring. "Take this," she said, "it was my mother's and shall be my marriage ring; you will give it to me to-morrow, but wear it the rest of the day and all night."

Wilhem kissed her on the forehead, and, from habit, held out his right hand; that the young girl might slip the ring over his finger.

"No, no, Wilhem," said she, "the left hand, the one nearest the heart, that's where they put the marriage ring."

Wilhem shuddered, and withdrew the hand which she was about to take.

"No, no," said he, "I do not wish it, not

that hand, in Heaven's name! not that hand."

"You terrify me, Wilhem, your eyes seem starting from your head."

And Wilhem took flight, running like a madman. He passed near Richard.

"Where are you going?" shouted Richard; "you run as if the devil were after you."

"Ah!" said Wilhem, "who says that the devil is not after me?"

Claire, much disturbed, returned to her father's house, and then went to see Richard and his wife; she related to them what had happened, and they were all three lost in conjectures. Wilhem did not come back to supper; yet the supper was a merry one, for it was the anniversary of Richard's recovery.

When he found himself out of sight of Claire and his brother he stopped, "O, no," said he, "I cannot let her share my lot; she must not be the wife of a man who has sold himself to the devil." And he wept at the thought of all the happiness he had lost.

But the storm drew near, and the lightning flashed; he remembered that fatal night—it was just a year ago to a day. And then he lost his head; he seemed to feel a devouring heat in his hand, and hastening to his boat, he set sail. When he drew near the *Benderloch*, he trembled, lest he should not be able to reach the forest. He dared not implore either God or the devil; he luckily passed, and held on his way, fearing least each flash would strike him; and each wave engulf him ere he had expiated his crime; for this was the idea which his madness had suggested to him.

Having reached the bank, he thanked God, and then with the unsteady step of a man who has a fever, proceeded through the winding paths of the forest, until he found himself at the cross-roads. He once more threw himself on his knees, and implored the aid of Heaven. The wind howled through the woods, and shook the stoutest oaks to their very roots. He took off his jacket, rolled up the sleeves of his shirt to the elbow, and cried aloud three times:

"Monsieur, the devil! I have given you my left hand; here is it, come and take it."

At the third time placing his left hand on the stump of a tree, with a single blow of the boatman's hatchet which he had brought with him, he cut it off at the wrist, and then took flight, borne up by the violence of his fever, leaving by the tree his hatchet and his hand.

He got into his boat; his fever was so high

he had strength enough to row on the side of the hand that was left him. When he drew near the *Hole of Boughn*, his strength deserted him, he threw himself on his knees and implored the aid of God.

The next day, Richard, on his way to the fishing-ground found the mutilated corpse of his brother jammed between the points of two sharp rocks.

### DUELLING.

Duelling is a relic of the dark ages; an example of that singular perversity of human nature, which sometimes preserves with unyielding tenacity the grossest and most criminal errors of the past, while it permits many innocent and praiseworthy usages and customs to fall into disuse. Single combats arising from private quarrels originated with that period of anarchy and misrule in the world's history when "might made right," when knights errant undertook to administer justice in the absence of law, and isolated men at arms were frequently brought into individual conflicts. It was perhaps sanctioned and strengthened by the judicial institution of the "Trial by Battle," an encounter based on the belief that in an individual conflict for the redress of wrong and establishment of right, Heaven would award the victory to the latter, even if physical superiority were enlisted against it.

But with the re-establishment of law and order, the ample provisions made by the statutes of all civilized countries for the protection of the rights of their citizens, this barbarous practice should have been at once abandoned. It has been justified upon the ground that it is only war upon a small scale—a conflict between two individuals instead of between two nations. But war itself is an extreme resort; a desperate *ultimatum*, like the right of revolution; a terrible necessity, resulting from the absence of a common tribunal to which the belligerent nations are equally amenable, and have an equal right to appeal for a decision of their individual rights.

This necessity does not exist in the case of individuals at variance with each other; the law is open to both, it protects and punishes high and low, weak and strong, without fear or favor. In duelling, on the contrary, there is a terrible inequality; there is no certainty in the results of a single combat; and in at least one half the duels that are fought, the injured party is killed by his antagonist. This shows it to be after all but a mere game of

chance—like a throw of the dice, in which the stakes are lives instead of dollars.

But it is urged by the advocates of duelling that there are injuries of which the law takes no cognizance, and for which duelling is the only remedy. But what are the usual provocations of duels? What, in nine cases out of ten, are the causes that prompt this fratricidal shedding of blood? Trifles lighter than air, words spoken in the heat of debate, or wine, an insipient look even, have often produced a mortal combat, which has plunged two families into misery. The law does not take cognizance of these provocations; but the bloody code of honor—a code more sanguinary than that of Draco—an illegitimate tribunal, established in the violation of all law, affixes to the pettiest offences the terrible penalty of death—a penalty which may, or may not, fall upon the head of the offender. What would be thought of the practical operation of a criminal system, by which the culprit had at least as good a chance of killing the executioner, as the executioner had of killing him?

The result of a duel establishes no truth—settles no questions. If both parties are unharmed, or both equally injured, it follows that both must be equally in the right, or equally in the wrong. Nothing is proved by the result. The philosophy of Acres's servant was sound: "By my faith, if it behooves a gentleman to take care of his honor, a gentleman's honor is equally bound to take care of him." And Mr. Acres, in running the risk of being "pickled, and sent home to Blunderbuss Hall," was taking a responsibility he had no right to incur.

The life of a man belongs to his Maker, his family, and his country; and he has no right to risk it, except in the cause of humanity and patriotism. There is as much difference between the soldier who dies upon the field and the duellist who dies upon the so-called field of honor, as between the architect who built the temple of Diana and the incendiary who destroyed it. It was, therefore, in a wise spirit, that the authorities of New York destroyed the monument erected upon the spot where Hamilton fell by the hand of Aaron Burr; for it served to perpetuate a detestable practice, which has cost the republic the lives of some of her best and bravest citizens.

### MORNING.

On his shoulder Night,  
Flinging his shon mantle rent with storms,  
Grimly retired, as up the ethereal steep  
The heavenly couriers mounted of the sun,  
And bade the stars withdraw.—PENNIE.

[ORIGINAL]

THE FIRST FROST.

BY L. A. M.

Scarcely had the summer parted,  
From her happy reign with time,  
Ere I heard, with mournful cadence,  
Like a sad returning rhyme,  
Winds a-coming and a-wailing,  
From the Northland's frozen clime.

Then, the days more clear and cooler,  
And the sky serenest grew,  
Mantling all the starry spaces  
With a still intenser blue;  
And the even's shadow lengthened,  
Farther mid the morning's dew.

I went out at early nightfall,  
Gazing at my garden flowers,  
As my wont was—never deeming  
That, ere dawn should greet the hours  
With its kindling kiss of sunshine,  
Fatal feet should tread their bowers.

Night went by—and frosty-footed  
O'er the green hills came the morn,  
Whitening all the upland pastures,  
And the purple-plumed corn;  
But my roses—ah, my roses!  
Drooped like young Love met by Scorn.

See them now! my summer beauties,  
Desolate each shining fold;  
Shrinking from the very sunlight—  
O, that first frost came too cold!  
They must perish—twice so ever,  
Since the autumn came of old.

Yet I love you, roses, dying,  
For when summer days were long,  
Oft you brought me bloom and beauty,  
When I found elsewhere but wrong:  
Filling all my soul with sweetness,  
Like some nectar-laden song.

Love you, for 'twere sinful not to,  
O, my dear, departing flowers;  
Since you seem like those above you,  
Whom we fondly christen "ours."  
Brighter blossoms—Heaven shield them,  
Blooming in domestic bowers.

Ah, full oft your fate reminds me—  
'Tis a tale too often told:  
Of a heart that would have loved you,  
Now, ah! so still and cold,  
Were not all its beating smothered  
For a life of angel-hood.

Now, when leaves begin to languish,  
And the reeds droop and die,  
Memories of a bitter anguish  
Round about us thickly lie,  
As the autumn's shifting shadows,  
When the first frosts linger nigh.

[ORIGINAL]

LOST!

BY LAURA J. AETER.

WHAT mattered it to Edward Churchill and Gracie Maybrook that the night was cold and starless, that the wind moaned dismally around the street corners, and over the housetops? It was so warm and bright in the cozy little parlor, that they never troubled themselves to think of anything gloomy or cloudy. Occasionally they would relapse into silence, but by the smiles on their lips, it was not hard to discover that it was a cheerful, happy silence—simply a moment to gather up the broken links of their pleasant conversation, and bind them into a sunny volume, to be laid away in the library of their memories.

Presently Gracie replenished the already glowing fire, re-arranged the lamp shade, made a pretty pretence of being busy with the heavy folds of damask at the windows, then tripped back to her corner of the sofa, and throwing her small figure back demurely, said: "Do you not think me an excellent housekeeper, Mr. Churchill?"

She looked so pretty, then, in her close-fitting, brown merino, with the soft fold of lace around her slender throat, and her voice, which was naturally sweet and birdlike, trilled out such rich, fluttering music, that Mr. Churchill, instead of answering her, only looked straight into her great brown eyes. She repeated the question this time with a great show of dignity.

"Indeed I do think so. Will you be my housekeeper, dear Gracie?"

There was no mistaking the deep tenderness the voice expressed, and Gracie tried in vain to still the faithful, almost audible throbbing of her heart long enough to give him some saucy reply.

"Will you give me good wages, Mr. Churchill? Recollect I am a model housekeeper."

She tapped her small, neatly slipped foot restlessly on the carpet, and although her voice was gay enough, there was an undercurrent in it that was full of emotion, and she felt the blood throbbing up hotly to her face, and suffusing itself over her forehead, and the little hand that a moment before lay demurely in her lap, had now grown nervous and rosy.

"You know what I mean, Gracie. Will you be my housekeeper—my wife? Will you leave your pleasant home, your dear friends, for my sake, Gracie?"

There was an expression of painful irresolution on her face now; you could see no change in him, save that his lips were colorless.

"Indeed, indeed, I do not know what to say, Mr. Churchill. It seems so strange that you should love me, when we have known each other only such a very short while. You have always seemed so cold and reserved with me till now, so—so—indeed it would be better for us both to wait awhile." The birdlike voice trilled deprecatingly, the brown eyes were softened with tears.

"No, no, Gracie! My fate must be decided now. At once and forever, tell me, will you be my wife? If you say no, I shall leave you never to return; if not, I shall devote my future life to making you happy."

He spoke almost sternly, to say the least, unlover-like. If he had only once said a pet or endearing name—if he had only taken the rosy, restless hand in his own—she would not have hesitated a moment; but now she sat there half frightened, with her heart throbbing like a scared bird—wishing to say yes, yet fearing to place her future life in the hands of a man she had scarcely known a month—feeling that she loved him, that she would be lonely without him, yet half resolved to tell him to go and leave her forever.

She was silent a great many minutes; it seemed but a second to her, an age to him. He got up and walked nervously up and down the room; if he had only paused a moment, if he had only kissed the sweet mouth that was quivering beneath the load of tears in her heart, she would have told him how gladly she would go with him forever and ever. But Edward Churchill was proud, and he resolved not to influence her in her decision.

He was impatient now, half angry with her. He pulled out his watch, the hands pointed to ten. He must go, he said. She was by his side in a moment. Her face was white, her hand rested tremulously on his arm. She looked up in his face beseechingly.

"If I only thought you loved me, Edward, it would be so easy to decide; but you act so proudly, so coldly, how can I know what to say? O, Edward, have you thought what a serious, what an awful thing it is to bind one's self down for life, with a vow that will cling to you like a curse if not fulfilled? Have you thought that our words to-night will be recorded by God and his holy angels—that they will witness our betrothal? Can you think of this, and say that you love me, that your life would be desolate and dreary without me?"

There were great tears rolling down her face now, and the hand resting on his arm crept shyly down into his own, and was eagerly clasped and covered over, and the sweet, quivering lips were kissed again and again, and that was her answer. The recording angel smiled and wrote their names as one, the black clouds parted, and a ray of moonlight peeped curiously in at the window, was detected, and in its confusion fell on the floor and broke in fragments.

"It is a good sign, Gracie," Edward said, and Gracie smiled; and just at that moment the mortified moonbeam gathered up its broken rays and unceremoniously left the room, for Gracie had wound her arms around Edward's neck, and was kissing him good night.

It was summer time in Gracie Maybrook's heart, and it was summer too in the world, for the flower queen had danced all over the earth, and jessamines, roses, lilacs and geraniums had sprung up in her footsteps. Gracie was happy. You could tell that from the roses on her cheeks; you could see it from the depths of her large brown eyes.

Edward Churchill had left her but a short while ago. They were to be married in October. She counted the months over on her dainty white fingers. It was a long time, and yet not very long, either, for she had so many things to do that she would be busy till the time came, and Edward would write to her very often. And then there was her pretty riding pony. She thought it all over, and resolved to be very happy.

She was thinking of it one lovely evening when the breath of the June roses encircled her with a mantle of fragrance, and the ambitious prairie queen clambering up at the windows, almost touched her shining hair, with its buds and leaves.

Her mother stepped to the door, smilingly tossed a letter into her lap, and left the room. She knew the delicate writing at the first glance. It was from her beautiful and haughty cousin, Gertrude Maxwell. She tore it open eagerly—so well she loved her cousin, that anything from her was a sunny ray in her heart—her eyes sparkled as she read:

"MY DEAR GRACIE!—I come to you this evening, with a heart full of holy, undefined happiness. Here, in this noisy, dusty city, folks say that I have no heart, that I am devoid of feeling; but they do not know me, Gracie. No one ever read my soul save your—"



self and one other; of that other I am going to tell you now.

"Years ago, when father lived in the great old farmhouse in the country, I had a playmate, a boy lover. He knew my every thought. We used to sit together on the sweet clover blossoms, and watch the bright-winged butterflies, the banks of silvery clouds with their edges purpling and floating to the golden floodgates of the sun. We gazed together at the silent splendors of the night, the red eyes of the stars, the polished silver of the moon. He was my protector, my confident, and I repaid him with all the love of my fresh young heart. We were very happy. But a change came. He must go to college, his father said, and so one glad June morning we stood together for the last time in the orchard, to say farewell.

"The boughs of the apple trees were white and pink, with fragrant blossoms that fall down softly on our heads at the lightest breath of air, and the birds overhead twittered and carolled their sweetest notes to us; but we forgot to praise them, for our little hearts were quaffing the first draught from the cup of sorrow. We stood there hand in hand, silently looking into each other's eyes, till my own overflowed with tears, and I sat down on the soft grass and cried as if my heart would break. He stood irresolute a moment, then kneeling down beside me, he put his arms around my neck, and I felt his hot tears dropping on my forehead. I can remember the words he spoke even yet.

"Gerty, you must never forget me. When you are watching the clouds and gathering flowers, you must think of me, and wish I could be with you. And, Gerty, some time, in a great many years from now, when I am a man and you are a woman, I will come back and marry you, and then we will never have to leave each other again. Will you be willing, Gerty?"

"I promised him I would. Then he kissed me, and said good-by, and I was alone in the midst of the flowers and fragrance—alone in spirit. It was the last time I saw him for eight long, weary years, but (you must not laugh, Gracie,) I never forgot him, never forgot that promise in the orchard, never ceased to love him. And this is why I have been cold-hearted. I will hurry over the remainder, my sweet cousin. My long waiting and hoping has been rewarded. Last week I had gone on a visit to the dear old farmhouse again. It was just such a morning as it was

that morning eight years before, and I strolled out into the orchard, where the same trees were showering down their wealth of summer blossoms, and the same bank of silvery clouds hung over the hill tops. I sat down on the grass, and felt myself a little child again. I heard a footstep beside me; I looked up and he stood before me, just as he looked eight years before, only he was taller, and more manly.

"Is it possible? Little Gerty, have I met you at last, at the very spot where I left you so long ago?"

"His voice was full of a glad surprise, and our hands met in a cordial clasp. O, Gracie, you cannot imagine how sweet it was to me, that quiet meeting in the old orchard, where for the first time for years, my name was spoken by the sweet voice I loved! He has not told me that he loves me yet; but O, if all the wild, passionate worship of my soul can win him, he shall yet be mine. Gracie, dear little Gracie, write to me, sympathize with me. God bless you, and grant that you may find some one as worthy of your pure, good heart, as has your cousin,

"GERTRUDE MAXWELL."

Gracie folded the letter up tenderly, and her eyes were full of joyful tears. She sat there long and silently, smiling to herself, and picking up the golden threads of her cousin's life, and weaving them close around the heart of the noble man she loved. Then she thought of her own happiness—of Edward—and again in imagination she passed over the blossoms and birds of the summer, to that October month wreathed in with the rich splendors of purple and gold, that month when she would place her hand in Edward Churchill's, and say, "I will love and honor, and obey you, till the day I die."

A month passed on. Sweet June had laid down her bright young head and died, and her children, the sweet-scented flowers, wept over her grave, and July, rich and beautiful, swept her regal robes all over the world.

Gracie was very happy yet. Edward had visited her once, and written to her often. She had received another letter from Gertrude, full of the great, passionate love that filled her soul. At the close of it she had written:

"Gracie, you dear little tease you, why didn't you tell me you knew him? I was speaking to him of you, the other night, and to my surprise he told me that he knew you, and spoke of you so highly that I was half in-

clined to be jealous, only that I knew you would have told me, had you loved him."

Poor little Gracie! She was sadly puzzled, for Gertrude, in her letters, had never once mentioned her *Idol's* name. She wrote to Gertrude, playfully assuring her that she had no grounds for jealousy, at the same time reminding her that she had never disclosed the gentleman's name. In due time the answer came.

"Forgive my carelessness, Cousin Gracie, in not telling you his name. It is a pretty one, and very dear to me—Edward Churchill. Do you not like it?"

There was a darkness over her head then—a mist before her eyes—a heavy, sickening feeling in her soul. Did Edward love Gertrude? If not, why had he not told her of their meeting? Did not Gertrude deserve his love, after so many years of patient waiting? If she only knew that Edward did not love her, that he loved Gertrude, she could give him up, and bid them be happy together. How she struggled with her load of sorrow—struggled to see what was right and best to do! She could not bring trouble and misery on her beautiful cousin, and yet how could she live without Edward?

She sat by the window all night, her pallid, tearless face buried in her hands, and her beautiful head, with its glossy brown hair, resting on the window, where the vine leaves crept down to caress it. With the first wan streaks of dawn, she resolved what to do. She would act as if nothing had transpired—be the same kind, loving Gracie to them both—not influencing Edward in any way, simply allowing him to follow the dictates of his own heart, resolved that if he should love her cousin, she would give him up without a murmur. So her letters to them both were loving and cheerful; but to Gertrude she never alluded to Mr. Churchill, save as a valued friend, for she knew full well that her cousin would sacrifice her happiness for her sake.

And all this time Edward Churchill was wavering between right and wrong—between pride and love. It flattered him that the brilliant and queenly Gertrude Maxwell should love him, as he well knew she did; and it may have been that he, too, had a faint, fond memory of the old homestead, and his little girl sweetheart. On the other hand, he loved Gracie Maybrook fondly and devotedly; loved her for her many noble traits of character, for the beautiful unselfishness of her life.

All the while this struggle was going on

within himself, his letters to her had been unconsciously growing colder, and poor little Gracie could only attribute it to one reason. As if by mutual consent, they had ceased to write of their marriage. His love was wounded by her seeming coldness, and so the breach widened daily. A chain of circumstances ended the painful suspense. While visiting Gertrude one evening, Mr. Churchill was seized with a sudden and violent illness. Mr. Maxwell would not hear of his leaving the house. For a week he was delirious, calling piteously sometimes for Gracie, and again raving of his beautiful Gertrude.

Gracie heard of it, and true to the womanly promptings of her soul, she took the next train for her uncle's, determined to be with Edward in his hours of peril, and then, if need be, give him up forever.

It was late in the evening when she reached her uncle's. There was a solemn stillness all over the house, and her heart was filled with a wall of agony lest he should be dead. Her aunt took her in her arms, and in her joy at seeing her, forgot to be surprised at her pale face. She said she would send for Gertrude (who was with Mr. Churchill), but Gracie begged she would not do so. All she wanted for the present was a little rest; she was so faint and weary after her long trip.

When she was alone in the pretty room assigned to her, and her fears were relieved by hearing that Mr. Churchill was better, her heart misgave her. She was afraid to trust to her own firmness; half sorry that she had come. No one suspected, though, that her visit was to Mr. Churchill; so she resolved to endure it as best she could.

A servant brought her some refreshments, and after smoothing down the folds of her luxuriant hair, she desired to be shown to her cousin Gertrude. When they came to the room, she dismissed the girl, and with a faintness at heart prepared to enter. The door was open, and her light tread on the velvety carpet did not attract attention; suddenly she paused as if horror-stricken. Mr. Churchill lay propped up with pillows, and Gertrude's white hands were bathing his feverish brow. There was no mistaking the loving glance she bent upon him, and Gracie's heart sank within her as she heard him say:

"How can I ever repay you for your kindness to me, Gerty? Had it not been for you, I should have died. Is there anything I can do to make you happy? You have saved my life, and you have the right to use it."

He took her little hand in his own, and caressed it tenderly, thinking all the time what a pretty hand it was, and how much like Gracie's. A pang shot through his heart at the thought, and looking up he saw Gertrude's eyes were brimming over with tears.

"What is it, Gerty? Why do you weep? Can it be for my sake?" He drew down the proud head till the rosebud lips touched his own. "Gerty, what can I do for you?" he said, tenderly.

She sobbed audibly now, and murmured, passionately:

"Love me, Edward—only love me! O, I know it is wrong for me to say this! I wish I had *not* said it; but O Edward, I cannot live, if you do not love me!"

For a moment only he hesitated—for one moment only a sweet white face seemed to rise before him; the soft brown eyes of Gracie seemed to reproach him, and then his good angel silently departed, and pride conquered. He could not resist the wild pleading of the lovely creature beside him, and so he stained his soul with a falsehood—cast a noble heart from him.

Gracie seemed spell-bound in the middle of the room; white, motionless, immovable. Then, recollecting herself, she mechanically left the room, knowing her spectre-like face would cloud their joy. She returned to her room, and sent word to her aunt that she had a severe headache, and did not wish to be disturbed that night.

It would be useless to say what her anguish was, but daylight found her apparently calm and cheerful, and, saving the wan look on her face, and a wild, sad look in her eyes, one could not have seen a change in her.

Gertrude loved Gracie very dearly, and bright and early she went to her room, and welcomed her with a heart full of joy; and Gracie listened calmly to the praises lavished upon Mr. Churchill by Gertrude, who little suspected the pain she was causing.

She ran down to prepare Mr. Churchill for a visitor. He turned deathly pale when she told him it was Gracie, but in the flutter and excitement she failed to notice it. After she left the room, he lay still and sorrowful. If she had only come a day sooner, he thought, they would both have been saved this anguish. But she did not love him; if she did, how could she have stayed all night in the house without seeing him? He turned over uneasily, and murmured her name.

There was a light footstep beside him.

Gracie's hand crept into his; her sweet, cheery voice was kindly greeting him. Yes, kindly, but not lovingly; she had conquered all visible emotions, and now talked as freely and unconstrainedly as if they had never been more than passing friends. He gave a painful start when he first saw her pale, spiritual face—it had changed so since he saw her last. His conscience told him what had caused it.

Gracie stayed with them two weeks, and during that time Edward had been slowly recovering. She had been kind and gentle to him, nursing him tenderly; but now, when she could no longer be of service, she determined to cease this self-torture and return home. She went into the room to bid Edward good-by. There was no one present, and she slipped a little note into his hand. He knew as well as if he had read it what it contained; and as she turned to go, he caught hold of her hand passionately, and besought her to stay but a moment.

"For God's sake, Gracie, dear Gracie, speak to me at least one endearing word! Do not leave me thus! Remember, my darling—"

"Edward—Mr. Churchill, is this right?—is it honorable? Do you wish to add fresh misery to my heart? Be satisfied with what you have already done, and let me go with a faint hope of peace in my soul. Be kind to *her*; love her for my sake, and for her own. Some one is coming—I must go. Good-by."

Her white, rigid face bent down to him, and left a kiss on his forehead; the sad, tearless eyes gazed on him a moment, and she was gone. He heard her light step out in the hall—heard her kind, cheerful words of farewell; and sinking back in his chair, the strong man wept. It was an honor to him to weep then; it showed that there were yet noble feelings in his soul. Not till he heard the carriage roll away with her, did he think to read her letter. He kissed it reverently now, and opened it to trace out through the dim mists in his eyes these words:

"I know it all, Edward. I was a pained and unwilling spectator of *that* scene the first night of my arrival. I was weak and selfish enough then, to wish that my great misery would strike me dead where I stood. I love her, and I do not blame you for acting as you have done. She loves you as well, perhaps better than I ever did; she has loved you from childhood. Open the portals of your heart, and take her into its fairest chambers. As for me, do not grieve for me, do not pity me. I can live, and I will live, though life has lost its freshness and beauty. The thorns are pressing through the roses; the sands that

glitter like gold are burning my feet. There are no cooling waters to quench my thirst, but I will gather up my broken idol, my faded hopes that lie in dust and ashes, and bury their cold forms from my sight forever; and I shall live as I have done heretofore, only there will be no rosy future to look forward to. My heart is weak yet; it will soon be brave and strong. For the future peace of us both, send my letters, and I will return your own. May you be as happy with her as I should have striven to make you. God bless you both!

"GRACIE."

That was all—all that was left to him of her. He folded up the sweet, plaintive words, feeling that they were too sacred, too good for him to touch. He felt a hand placed lightly on his head, a kiss on his brow, and Gertrude's "What is it, darling?" brought him back to the bitter truths of life.

"It is nothing, Gerty."

Nothing, Edward Churchill, that you have doomed a young life to misery and wretchedness!—nothing that your own proud heart is writhing in hopeless anguish!—*nothing*, and yet, God help you!

October had gathered up her brightly-tinted leaves, and woven them into a chaplet of mellow beauty. Wherever her footsteps pressed, the earth was crimson, and gold, and purple. Gracie was at home. There was a change in her now; her face had lost none of its beauty, but it wore a sweet, pensive look, that told of much and patient suffering. It was the day she had promised to plight her future life with Edward Churchill's. She had been out in the woods gathering the last pale wild flowers, and the purple clusters of grapes. She saw a horseman at the gate; her heart sickened. It was Edward Churchill come at last. She came up slowly, and offered him her hand.

"I am not worthy to touch it, Gracie, yet I cannot help it," he said. "I have brought you all your dear, good letters, little one. I thank you for writing them; they were a comfort to me then, but they torture me now. Take them; give me my own in return, and I will rid you of my presence forever."

She took the package mechanically; her fortitude was fast falling her. He saw it, and felt a fierce kind of delight in knowing she loved him; hoping she would relent.

"Will you not come in a moment, Edward—only a moment?" The voice trembled then.

"No, Gracie, I cannot come in. It would be a mockery of past happiness to me."

She walked up slowly to the house, went into her own room, and opening her trunk,

took out his letters tied up with a pale blue ribbon; took up his miniature, and kissed it again and again, washing it with her bitter tears. She heard some one strike the keys of the piano, and play a wild, plaintive air. She knew it was he; she thought how often she had stood there, and listened to his playing, when her heart was full of hope; and now she would never hear it again—never more dream of *their* little home. The thought was madness.

She was calm at last; she entered the parlor. He was by her side in a moment; his arms were around her, he was calling her by every familiar and endearing name. There were great tears rolling down his face. How could she bid him leave her?—how could she throw away this joy?

But she released herself at last; told him how wrong they both were; that, for the sake of her much-loved cousin, she had released him from every promise, only begging of him to leave her in quietude. In vain he pleaded that he loved her; that she was dooming them both to a life of misery; that he was weak and almost insane when he told Gertrude that he loved her. The noble girl was firm in her resolution to do right. She reasoned with him kindly, till he almost saw it as she did; all, save that he could never love another. Then there was a passionate farewell, and his horse's hoofs rung out on the hard road like a death-knell to poor Gracie, and she knew that her good angel had conquered.

She read it calmly, almost joyfully—the announcement of their marriage. The long, racking suspense was over, and her cousin was happy. She did not repine that her own life was filled with black shadows; she read her cousin's letters, that were brimming over with happiness, and her own to her were not less cheerful. Day after day she went on in her own quiet way, distributing happiness to those around her; day after day growing more meek and spiritual. All this time, Gertrude's proud, beautiful head rested on Edward's heart, where Gracie's should have been.

Edward Churchill was a kind, and apparently a loving husband; but he wore a simple little braid of glossy brown hair next to his heart, that was dearer to him than all the world besides. And Gertrude his wife was happy—happy in her innocence of the misery she had caused.

And so two years were away, and then



there were two graves made side by side—a large one and a small one. Mother and babe had vanished from the earth, just as the first October leaves melted down to the ground, and Edward Churchill was called a widower by the world—he had been one in spirit since he parted with Gracie, long months ago.

It was anguish to him to stay in his elegant home; it was so desolate, so lonely. He missed the bright, smiling face that always welcomed him; he missed the wee baby fingers and the soft, velvety face of his little boy; and so he wandered through France and Italy, till his soul wearied of travelling, and he longed to be at home again. It was nearly two years now since his eyes had rested on his native land; the sight gladdened his very soul. A new hope sprung up now. Was Gracie married yet? Did she love him? He dared not think so.

He went home; he visited Gertrude's grave. There were sweet young roses blossoming over it, and the little one beside it was covered with myrtle. The sight sent a pang of reproach through his heart, that he had left for strangers the task that should have been a pleasant one to him. Who had thought of her so kindly—the noble, loving, dead wife? His heart said as plainly as words could have said, "Gracie!"

It was growing almost dark. The few gray streaks of light threw a sickly, ghostly glare around him. He plucked a rose from Gerty's grave, and walked away listlessly and sadly. He stumbled over a newly-made grave, and paused to read by the dim, fitful light the inscription on the delicate marble slab at its head. His eyes burned, his brain was in a hot, fierce fever, his heart sank down faint and exhausted within him, as he spelled out the words:

"Gracie Maybrook. Died May 14, 1850. 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'"

#### NATURE AND MAN.

When we were idlers with the loitering rills,  
The need of human love we little noted;  
Our love was nature, and the peace that floated  
On the white mist, and dwelt upon the hills,  
To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills;  
One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,  
That wisely doting, asked not why it doted,  
And ours the unknown joy, which knowing kills.  
But now I find how dear thou wert to me;  
That man is more than half of nature's treasure;  
Of that fair beauty which no eye can see,  
Of that sweet music which no ear can measure;  
And now the streams may sing for others' pleasure,  
The hills sleep on in their eternity!

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

#### ZOOLOGICAL ANECDOTES.

At a hunt in Sweden, an old soldier was charged by a bear. His musket missed fire, and the animal being close upon him, he made a thrust in the hope of driving the muzzle of his piece down the bear's throat. But the thrust was parried off by one of the huge paws with all the skill of a fencer, and the musket wrested from the soldier's hand, who was forthwith laid prostrate. He lay quiet, and the bear, after smelling, thought he was dead, and then left him to examine the musket. This he seized by the stock, and began to knock about as though to discover wherein its virtue consisted, when the soldier could not forbear putting forth one of his hands to recover his weapon. The bear immediately seized him by the back of the head, and tore his scalp over his crown, so that it fell over the soldier's face. Notwithstanding his agony, the poor fellow restrained his cries, and again pretended death. The bear laid himself upon the body, and thus remained until some hunters coming up, relieved him of his frightful situation. As the poor fellow rose he threw back his scalp with his hand, as though it had been a peruke, and ran frantically toward them, exclaiming:

"The bear! the bear!"

So intense was his apprehension of the enemy, that it made him oblivious of his bodily anguish. He eventually recovered, and received his discharge, in consequence of his loss of hair.

The best cat-and-mouse story (designated "Melancholy Accident—a Cat killed by a Mouse") is to be found in "The Poor Artist," the author of which seems to have derived the story from a somewhat questionable source, though we must admit the possibility:

"A cat had caught a mouse on a lawn, and let it go again, in her cruel way, in order to play with it; when the mouse, inspired by despair, and seeing one hole possible to escape into, namely, the round red throat of the cat, very visible through her open mouth, took a bold spring into her jaws, just escaping between her teeth, and into her throat he struggled and stuffed himself; and so the cat was suffocated." It reads plausibly—let us imagine it was true.

The best spider-and-fly story we also take from the last-named book:

"A very strong, loud, blustering fellow of a blue-bottle fly bounded accidentally into a spider's web. Down ran the old spider, and threw her long arms around his neck; but he fought, and struggled, and blew his drone, and buzzed, and sang sharp, and beat, and battered, and tore the web in holes, and so got loose. The spider would not let go her hold round him, and the fly flew away with the spider!" This is related on the authority of Mr. Thomas Bell the naturalist, who witnessed the heroic act.—*Household Words*.

If we scrutinize the lives of men of genius, we shall find that activity and persistence are their leading peculiarities. Obstacles cannot intimidate, nor labor weary, nor drudgery disgust them.

[ORIGINAL.]

**THE SLEIGH-RIDE.**

BY J. HOWARD WERT.

The moon above—the clear, cold moon,  
The sparkling snow beneath;  
The sleigh-bells ring in a merry tune,  
The moonbeams twine a wreath:

A wreath as fair, as gently fair,  
As she who sits beside—  
Away we fly o'er hill and dale  
For a merry, merry ride.

The sleigh-bells chime a merrier tune,  
Her soft, fair hand in mine;  
Our hopes are heard by the silent moon,  
That gloats on those smiles of thine.

Perchance we'll think in after years,  
When we've wandered far together  
Through scenes of joy, with some of tears,  
Of a sleigh-ride on the heather—

A sleigh-ride in the days lang syne  
Beneath the glorious moon,  
Where first I won this heart of thine  
To the sleigh-bells' ringing tune.

• [ORIGINAL.]

**THE OLD PRISON HULK.**

BY F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

I WAS at home after a cruise of three years, enjoying the leisure of a "two months' leave," with all the gusto which a seaman knows how to spice this rare privilege of his roving life with. What with riding in buggies, smashing one per week, frolicking with the pretty girls, falling in love with one per diem, shooting snipes on the marsh with cousin Tom, and knocking over one in fifty shots; and what with fishing, dining about among all my relatives, smoking cigars, spinning long yarns, and spending freely my flush money, I managed before the two months were up by a week, to have exhausted all the sources of shroe amusement, and was sighing for the freedom and the steady habits of the quarter-deck and mess-room again. There were no more girls to flirt with, and swear eternal fidelity to last twenty-four hours; I had ceased to be a wonder to my uncles and aunts, had bursted my snipe-gun, had lost my fishing rod, had broken up all the livery stable horses, and got out of "powder," that is out of money. So I started one sunny morning from my native village on

board the topsail schooner, "Polly Bean," for New York, to rejoin my frigate.

The Connecticut river, at that time, was a lovely stream for an idle summer's day sail down under an easy sheet. The pretty green banks, with herds browsing almost within reach of the end of the main boom; the neat farm houses in their vegetable gardens; the level intervals dotted by the stately and plume-like elm tree, with flocks whitening the uplands, and here and there a distant spire being visible through a depression in the distant hills, all were objects of interest to a careless, idle, cigar-smoking passenger like myself. Sometimes we would meet a sloop with a boom as long as the equator, beating up, and a "how are ye, cap'n?" "Well, thank'ee, how de ye do?" interchanged nasally between the rural skippers as we glided past.

Towards sunset, after a charming sail down the river, we came in sight of the open sound; and as the channel was deeper, and the perils of navigating the narrow river were over, our skipper began to show himself quite a sensible old gentleman in his way. He left the helm to his mate, as the blue sea swirled about the bow, and the little vessel began to rock upon the rolling waves of the sound.

He was a man who had seen full sixty-five winters. His head was gray, and he wore his locks long about his neck, as old men love to do. His costume was something between that of an independent farmer and a coasting captain, and he had followed all his life both vocations. He was intelligent, talked well, knowing how to describe what he had seen and passed through.

After supper, as I took my seat upon the companion-way, with my heels upon the hen-coop, after having first lighted a cigar at the light in the binnacle, he called to a little chub of a carotty-headed boy to bring him a coal of fire from the caboose, which being done he dropped the coal into the bowl of his pipe, and took his seat opposite me in a comfortable arm-chair with a leathern back, which he always carried with him for his own convenience.

"So you are a lieutenant of a frigate?" he said, after he had puffed the third time, all the while regarding my face by the pleasant moonlight, as if he wondered how such a beardless youth as I was could be a lieutenant.

"Yes, captain," I answered. "How long have you been coasting on these waters?"

"Well, man and boy, upwards of forty years—ever since I escaped out o' the old Jersey."

"Out of the Jersey prison ship, do you

mean?" I asked, with awakened interest. "Were you ever in her?"

"I was there a prisoner six months, sir, and it was six months longer than I would care to be in such a place again," answered the skipper, with indignation in his tone.

"I wish," I said, "that you would give me some account of how it happened, for this is a fine night for a yarn, smooth water, free wind, good tobacco, and both sociably disposed."

"Well, I don't care if I tell you about it if you'd like to hear it, sir," he responded, as he knocked the fire alight in his pipe. "Keep her well to the southward, Mr. Jenks." This was addressed as a precautionary direction to the man at the helm, who looked as much like a Baptist preacher as a mate to a Connecticut sloop.

"Well, you must know, Mr. Barrington," said the venerable and respectable skipper, "that when I was a boy about nineteen, I was in love. You needn't smile, you rogue, sir; I am something grown old now. The girl was a perfect little dare-devil, and had twenty lads in tow as well as me. You may think this Kate Kissam had nothing to do with my being a prisoner in the old Jersey, but you'll see if you listen, that she had a good deal to do with it. Her black eyes, sharp as steel and bright as two pipes burning in the dark, played the deuce with me. It was war time then. There was a rendezvous in our village, and these drums and fifes, and braided coats and feathers turn women's eyes right off. So one day when I was helping Kate to draw a bucket o' water out o' the stone well, I says to her, says I:

"Kate, I am desperate! I love you more in one minnit than all your twenty beaux could love you in a whole eternity. If you'll say you'll marry me, I'll buy a yoke o' steers, a good cow, and we'll go to house-keepin' right off on the forty acre lot father's going to give me soon as I get married."

"Upon this she looks straight in my face, and laughed and said:

"Dan, you needn't think I'll marry a man that can stay at home flirtn' with the girls when his country wants his arm and gun. I'll never marry anybody but a soldier, not I! This same thing I have told every lad that has asked to marry me! and I'll marry him that gets promoted highest."

"This was a dasher, for I never had the least idea of being anything but a farmer. I goes straight off and enlists, and the next day when I saw Kate, she smiled as she looked at my uniform and red pompon in my cap. I

found in the company seven fellers that loved her, and had enlisted just as I did to get her for a wife after the wars. So she sent eight men to serve her country; and from this you can see how handsome and patriotic she was."

"Which of the eight, Captain Darby," said I, as I lighted a fresh cigar, "do you think this pretty Kate liked the best?"

"Wall, I rayther think it was me; for I found afterwards that I was the only one she gave a lock of her hair to, or from whom she asked for one."

"That seems to be a fair ground for your conclusion, Captain Darby," I said, as I recollected how many variously tinted locks of fair hair had been given me in my flirtations, and how many I had bestowed.

"The company joined the brave Colonel Ledyard's regiment, and went to New London. That town was attacked by the British, and afterwards surrendered. In a skirmish, I was wounded in the shoulder by a spent ball, which had to be cut out. I was named in the report, and this gave me new interest in Kate's eyes, especially when the newspaper said that 'private Daniel Darby was promoted to be a sargent, for his bravery.' The very next post brought me a letter from Kate, telling me how sorry she was that I was wounded, and how glad she was that I had poured out my blood for my country. I showed this letter round to the seven boys, and when they read it, they looked as if they would like to take a great castle right in the face of a battery, or do anything to distinguish themselves in her eyes, as I had done. The fort at New London was called Fort Griswold, and we defended that to the last, and when it surrendered, the British officer came into it, and asked who commanded it.

"I did, but you do now," said our gallant colonel. As he said this, he presented the hilt of his sword to the Englishman, who at once stabbed him right through the body, and he fell dead at his feet. Upon seeing this, we rushed forward to avenge his barbarous death, but we were overpowered, and five of the seven lads were killed on the spot, and I was taken prisoner. Ah, Lieutenant Barrington, that was a murderous time, and has made me hate the British ever since. They set upon our men, and killed all they could, and then they took all the wounded and put them into carts, and drove to the top of the rock, and tipped the cart up, and sent them, shrieking for mercy, to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below. As I was wounded, they thrust me upon the

top of one of the carts, on which were piled full ten wounded wretches, and I had to stand on their faces and breasts with my feet, and they all groaning and lamenting at what was to be done to 'em, that it makes me shudder now while I think about it. I couldn't have got off if I had tried, for eight men with bayonets walked by the sides of the cart ready to bayonet any one that attempted to get away. Well, as I was on top when the cart was tipped up, I made a leap out, and went down feet first full twenty yards deep, and striking among the soft dead bodies, my fall was broken, so that I was not hurt, only stunned. I lay still as I could, not sure, indeed, that I wasn't most killed, until the soldiers had gone back with the cart to the fort after another load. I then got out of the heap of carnage, groans and death, and ran as fast as I could round the rock, and up into the woods back o' the fort. Here I climbed up into a tree, and could see down into the town. Ah, sir, if there was murder in the fort, it was worse in the streets and houses. I saw officers and gentlemen, and the minister himself, dragged out of their doors and butchered on the steps, because they defended like men their wives and daughters from the brutal soldiery. Shrieks from respectable females who were in their power, young girls and wives filled the air.

"At length," continued Captain Darby, after a moment's silent indignation, "night came on. The town was on fire in several places, and the lurid glare lighted up the scene of rapine, of death and of violence. At length, towards midnight, the sounds ceased, and fearing I should fall asleep in the tree and be precipitated to the ground, I descended, and crept along the shore until I reached a boat lying by the bank. I got into it, and paddling across the river, tied it on the opposite shore, and laid down and went to sleep. When I awoke, I found myself near the mouth of the river and close to a large English frigate, which was receiving hundreds of prisoners on board from the town. I was soon hailed, and commanded to come along side. But I had no desire to fall into their bloody hands, and paddled about and run for it towards the land which was half a mile off. Upon this, they began to crack away at me with muskets, but I was out of reach of the balls which *chipt* into the water fifty yards astern of me. Never boat went faster through the water than mine just at that time.

"Suddenly a roar of a cannon behind me

told me that the thing was up; and the very first shot deluged me with water, and the second knocked my boat to pieces and nearly knocked my head off, and I found myself floundering in the sea. A boat was sent off to pick me up, and I was taken on board dripping like a water rat.

"A pretty Yankee you," said the officer at the gangway, smartly striking me with the flat of his sword. 'You shall have the price of the shot and powder that has been sent after you taken out of your allowance. Go below!'

"I was saved the trouble of going, by being kicked along, dragged along, cuffed along, and nearly sent headlong to the lower gun deck. Here I found myself one of two hundred poor men, prisoners taken from all along shore, skippers, boys, farmers, boatmen, fishermen, laborers, all huddled together in this black hole, which was lighted only by one lantern, hung near the main hatchway.

"This frigate was the *Solebay*, and was now on its way to New York, then in the hands of the English, to discharge its prisoners, of which, on both decks, it had full four hundred. We were here scarcely fed, and suffering for pure air for eight days. I thought, and so did my fellow-sufferers, that nothing could be worse than what we were compelled to endure from the cruelty of our captors, want of exercise—for we were too crowded to have walking room—unwholesome provisions, and the poisonous air of the hold; but we had not then seen the inside of the old *Jersey* prison-ship," added Captain Darby, as he knocked out the ashes of his pipe and proceeded to fill it with fresh tobacco. "Everything in this world, lieutenant, is good or bad just by comparison. 'Worse is worst until you see the worse,' is my proverb. 'Good is best until you find a better!' Them is my sentiments ever since I was in the *Jersey*.

"Well, we sailed through *Hell Gate*, and then it was hell-gate to us, for I never expect to see a more dreadful hell—if I ever see any, which Heaven forbid, than that we went into after getting through *Hell Gate*. The *Jersey* was lying this side of *York* about a mile, not far from just opposite *Corbar's Hook*. She was anchored close to the *Long Island* shore, within twenty rods of it. The way we knew we were going to be transferred to the *Jersey*, was by a shout from one of the officers, 'to tumble up there, and bear-a-hand to go on board the hulk, and be d——d to us!' So the men that were nearest the hatch began to move up first; and if their stiff limbs of weak-



ness would not let them mount the ladder fast enough, they were made to move quicker by men who stood at each landing with 'cats,' with which they struck them with great severity.

"I was one of the last, for I remained behind to receive the dying words of the only one of the seven lads who had come into the army for the love of Kate. His name was Tobias Corry. He said to me, for he was dying of absolute despair and suffering, in that hole, 'Tell her, Dan, tell her I loved her to the last.'

" 'I'll do it, Toby,' I said.

" 'Take your knife and cut off a lock of my hair, and give her. It may remind her of me.'

" 'Don't think of dying, Toby,' I said; 'let me try and get you on deck to breathe the fresh air.'

" 'I shall never see the daylight again,' he answered, faintly; 'good-by, Dan. If you marry her, treat her kindly for my sake, and do not either of you forget me.'

"He then let go my hand and was dead. I watched to cut off a lock of his hair, notwithstanding the officer at the gangway kept yelling to me to 'tumble up!' As I made my way to the hatchway, I passed three stiff corpses of men who had died in the night, and one more lay on his back, gasping his last. As I went up, I felt my heart burn within me, and was half a mind to seize a sword from one of the officers, cut right and left, and die game; for I was feverish and excited for want of food; and half of us that were not sick from the stench and foul air of the hold, were almost in a state of frenzy. On reaching the deck," continued Captain Darby, "I found myself standing one among a closely crowded mass of men, waiting to be transferred to the Jersey. She was a rotten, old, filthy sixty-four, that having become unfit for service, had been dismantled and moored stem and stern near the shore, as a receiving ship, a sort of floating Dartmoor prison, the black hole in Calcutta, on a larger scale.

"I never shall forget the sinking of the heart, Lieutenant Barrington, with which, as I went over the side to get into the boat that was to take us to her, I first cast eyes on that prison ship, the report of the horrors of which had even reached the retired village where I had lived. Her black, dirty, mournful looking hull made me think of a huge sepulchre. As the boat in which I was seated with forty-one others, came alongside, we saw through the ports the heads and shoulders of hundreds

of the miserable wretches confined within. We heard groans most appalling, shrieks, yells, shouts, crazy singing and screams of despair. My blood run cold; and one of the men in our boat, a pale, intellectual looking young man, after regarding the whole scene with a wild stare, threw his eyes to heaven, clasped his emaciated hands together, and plunged headlong into the water, before he could be prevented, and never rose again."

Here the captain glanced about, cast a look at the compass, and then at the course the Polly Bean was steering, and then resumed his narrative.

"We were driven up the side ladder at the point of the bayonet, and made to pass through a dark porthole into the main gundeck. Although there were three hundred and fifty men on that deck, two hundred more of us were crowded in among them. O, sir, I shall never forget the first night I passed in that hell on earth. Upwards of five hundred men who had but one meal a day, who could go to the upper deck for air, or for water but one at a time, who were so crowded that there was not room for a third to lie down, and many of them with the small-pox, dysentery and yellow fever, and dead and dying mixed together, were all crammed there without ventilation, and in total darkness."

"Did they not allow you a light?" I asked, with horror.

"No, sir. There we were the livelong night, sir, in Egyptian darkness, every man a stranger to his neighbor, unable to sleep, if we could have found space to lie, from the horrible noises. You have been one in a great crowd, sir, perhaps in a street, on some particular occasion, when there was scarcely room for a man to extricate himself to get out of it. Such were we, sir; only we had no pure air, only what we had breathed over and over again, and were in pitch darkness, while every one sought his own relief, and cared not who he trod upon or did harm to. Despair, horror, suffering excruciating reigned. 'Water! O, water!' cried one and another, and fifty voices took up the piercing cry!

" 'Give me air!' yelled another. 'I am dying. I want to breathe!'

" 'Curse you, get off my body,' is heard from some sick wretch trampled upon.

"Then would be heard the most horrible execrations. At one place a fierce scuffle would be going on, as if a pack of wolves were fighting and devouring each other. At another, men were calling on God for mercy,

and other sounds of prayer were heard. The groans of pain, the delirium of those in fever, the oaths of those whose patience had ceased to be, caused a continued roar and confusion that can only be likened to what must be in the lower hell of the damned. Then the stench. Bah! There was the smell of the filthy bodies of the well, the stink of the fetid flesh of those who had the small-pox, the odor of every putrid excretion, and the smell of the numerous dead bodies, all rendered that night almost insupportable to me."

"Did they not bury the dead?" I asked, quite overwhelmed with the horrors of the scene he had described so vividly.

"They were passed up in the morning; but many died during the day and early part of the night, whose bodies began to corrupt before they were removed, when the hatches were opened the next morning. After the dead were passed up, then we had our day's food distributed to us, or rather thrown down for us to scramble for like dogs. Some of the strongest and most frenzied men would sometimes get four weaker men's allowance, and clinging to the stale bread, would fight in its defence with teeth and head, butting and biting like ferocious beasts.

"All that day I had but a crust of bread, and this I distributed to three poor famished wretches, that were worse off than I was; for I had my strength yet. All that day no water was brought us to drink, and those who wanted it, had to take their turn to go up for it, one at a time. Two men, scarcely able to crawl, lost their hold, and fell to the bottom of the ladder, where in a moment they were trampled to death by those who rushed forward to take their places. So passed that dreadful day. As night came on, I sought in some manner to obtain sleep, for I had not laid down, nor could I lay down; so making my way as well as I could to the fore part of the lower deck, where I believed I should find it less crowded, as it was further from the hatchway and air, I after a good deal of difficulty, and receiving blows and curses from those I pressed too hard, I got to a place where the comparative stillness, for I could see nothing, led me to believe there might be room to lie down. I crept close up to the sides of the ship in order not to be trampled upon, if I should get to sleep; but I found no space that was not occupied by men lying down some three deep, their bodies across each other. So I drew myself towards a man who was breathing heavily, and asked him to let me lie across

his legs, as I was very weary. He made no reply, and so I gently lay across him, and the next moment I believe I was asleep. About midnight, I was awaked by a person falling heavily across me, as if he had been thrown upon me; and I felt his warm blood flowing over my face. I sprang up, casting him off, and found he had been stabbed by a mad man, who was armed with a knife. The man I had lain upon was stiff, and dead, and as I learned afterwards was dying of the yellow fever when I lay down upon his legs. The uproar of voices at length comparatively ceased, the vast hull being filled only with groans in every key of misery, when just as I was getting into a sort of horrid nightmare doze, I was startled by a shrill cry from a man in the middle of the deck.

"Look out for yourselves, men! There is a foaming maniac moving through the hold with a naked knife in his hand."

"This warning amid the darkness fell like a thunderbolt among us. It was answered by a general shriek of alarm, mingled with curses and shouts that were appalling. Every man fearing that his next neighbor was the mad man, clasped him about, till the whole deck was in an uproar, far exceeding anything I had yet heard. The madman in the meanwhile held his way, stalking through the masses, and cutting right and left, wildly laughing every time he turned his weapon of death to the hilt in some unfortunate man. At length he was grappled with, and killed on the spot by the prisoners. In the morning, in addition to nine deaths by yellow fever, small-pox and dysentery, there were seven corpses taken up with knife gashes in them, the victims of the maniac's frenzy, and four dead bodies of men who had been suffocated.

"Ah, sir, it is horrible for me now to recollect these things. I was young and strong, and I loved life for Kate's sake, or I never could have stood it in that place as I did for six long months. You see that I am gray now, sir! But I was half gray at nineteen, when I escaped from that prison ship; and I looked full forty-five. Sir, in that six months, we sometimes had as many as twelve hundred prisoners there, packed like sheep in a butcher's pen, and though nearly twenty a day perished, every week a fresh set would be crowded in upon us! Why, sir, in that six months, no less than thirteen hundred American prisoners were buried in the loose sand on the shore, and before the war ended, eleven thousand died in the hulk, and were shovelled into

shallow holes in the ground. Ah, Lieutenant Barrington, I have not travelled far, nor seen much of the world, but in that six months, I endured and saw more misery than most men see or suffer, who have lived a hundred years, or travelled the round world over. Sir, it was dreadful, dreadful!"

Then the captain put his forefinger into the corner of his eye, to wipe away a tear which I saw sparkle in it by the moonbeams.

"It has learned me two things, sir," he resumed, after smoking carelessly a few whiffs, "that man is man's worst enemy, and that all human misery proceeds from the cruelty of one to another. The other thing that it has taught me, is, that war is the worst evil that can befall a nation. Ah, lieutenant, if we all loved, and were kind to each other, instead of seeing how unhappy men could make one another, what a vale of paradise this world would be. I'd be willing to live here forever. But since I saw human nature in the Jersey, I have ever been sick of mankind, and bless God there is a better world after this."

Here the captain raised his eyes to the moon, as she walked in brightness amid her glittering attendant stars, and remained silent, as if he were speculating whether in that bright globe might not be the better world he had spoken of. I respected his silence, and reflected with shame and pain upon the wickedness of humanity which could give cause to leave such a stain upon the page of history, as that of the Jersey prison ship. At length Captain Darby turned his gaze from the moon, remarking:

"I shouldn't wonder if we had thick weather, sir. I see that the scud is flying across the moon to the south-southwest."

I assented to this likelihood, and then said:

"Did I not understand you to say, captain, that you escaped from this prison ship?"

"Yes, would you like to hear how it was?"

"Nothing would gratify me more."

First taking out his huge silver watch, he looked at it by the light of the moon, and said:

"Eight o'clock, Mister Jenks. Relieve the helm."

"Come aft, here," called the mate, "you Pete Barnacle, and stand your trick at the helm."

Peter Barnacle, a short little land tortoise of a fellow, with a red nose, obeyed the order, and Captain Darby then returned, after filling his pipe afresh.

"You see, after I had been there long enough to know pretty well that I was likely

to stay there till I was released by a dead man's ticket, or the war ended, I made up my mind to effect my escape! As to getting out of the place alive, unseen, it was wholly an impossibility. I resolved to kill myself."

"To kill yourself, captain?"

"As the players do, on the stage, you know. Every morning the dead were passed up, or rather hoisted up with fall and tackle on a sort of hurdle let down into the hold. It held four bodies at a time. When I had been on deck in my turn to get water, I had seen that they were in the same way lowered into the hearse barge, and pulled ashore. So I made up my mind that I would play the dead man: and I only wonder the idea never occurred to me before. I waited till one night a man was killed in a scuffle for bread. I crawled towards the side of the ship where he was dragged aside, and with his blood stained my face and breast and hands, and matted my hair. Ah, sir, I can't speak of it now, without a shudder; but then, sir, I was desperate. I only wonder we didn't eat the dead to appease our hunger. I lay near him all night, practising how to stiffen my limbs. I did not sleep you may be sure. In the morning when the hatches were taken off, and the dim, obscure light found its way into the den, and I heard the cry, 'Pass up the dead!' and the hurdle came rattling down among us, my heart bounded. But I felt that it was life or death, and I kept as composed as I could. The prisoners were compelled to place the corpses on the hurdle, because the soldiers were afraid to come down among us, as we should certainly have torn them in pieces; for we had got to be more than half demons. We were glad enough to get rid of the dead, and piled them on the hurdles with alacrity. They took me up before they did the wounded man, and threw me, stiff as if dead, upon two bodies. They then piled the fourth corpse upon me. Ah, sir, I didn't feel so bad then as I do now about it, for then I only thought of escaping. Well, they hoisted the hurdle up, swung it over the sides by means of shears, rigged on rollers for the purpose, and let it down into the dead man's boat, that was waiting to receive the bodies. We were arranged along in rows, some fifteen of us upon a platform, that covered the after-part of the long boat; and eight men with oars pulled heavily this freight of putrefaction among which I lay. The sanguinary aspect I exhibited, for my eyes were almost sealed with globs of blood, as well as my whole face besmeared, drew remarks

One officer said I must have had my brains knocked out; and another remarked that I looked as if I had been beaten to death with clubs. This conversation quite re-assured me, and I began to bethink me how I should escape from being buried alive. At last I made up my plan. The boat drew near to the shore, and being made fast, each body was taken on a board and carried to a sort of sand flat, which was looking like a ploughed field with the thousand graves that heaped its surface with ridges, from which more than one arm and foot and grinning skull protruded; for the graves were only scooped out, not two feet deep, and the bodies thrown in loosely, and half covered with sand. I was the fourth body that was conveyed from the boat. I was thrown down rather heavily for a live man, into a trench some twenty feet long and six wide, and less than two deep. When we were all laid out in a row, a dozen men began to shovel the sand upon us. I thought then that it might end in my being dead and buried in earnest, for I had made up my mind to let them cover me with the sand, and lay as long I could bear it, which I thought would be till they got out of the way, considering I had not been breathing air for six months, and got tolerably used to doing without it. I felt odd, sir, when the first shovel full fell slap on my face; but I was nearly covered up before another one came. Then a third and fourth was thrown, and I began to feel a little frightened, for it was amazing close breathing, though the sand didn't feel heavy. At length I heard, as if I had been in a barrel headed up, the officer order them to return to the ship; and I knew then that we were buried. So I slowly raised my head, till a good deal of the sand fell off, and I could see daylight through what remained on my face. I could now breathe better. I must have laid there for hours, putting more and more of my head out, till I could look about me. It was raining and blowing like a nor'wester, and I could hardly see the ship, so I took advantage of the storm, shook off the sand, rose to my feet and ran for it. But I was seen from the ship and fired at, but escaped to the uplands, now Brooklyn heights, and so got off into the forest. After that they put a bayonet through every body hoisted up on deck. After many adventures, in a month afterwards I reached home, but gray as a badger, and—"

"And Kate," I said, quickly, with a smile, "refused to marry you, captain?"

"She is my old woman, now, sir, and the

mother of five sons and six daughters, all married, sir, and we have thirty-two grandchildren and four great grand ones. You shall see her, sir, when you next come to the Connecticut River. She is as handsome as ever, sir, and has a breast-pin I had made for her, in which she wears the lock of hair I cut from poor Toby's head fifty years ago."

The next morning we passed through Hell Gate, and an hour afterwards, as we were sailing along the East River, the captain took me impressively by the arm, and said in a hoarse whisper, very emphatically:

"There, sir, opposite that building, the Jersey was moored! On that sand flat to the left, I was buried!"

The place was indeed a Golgotha. It was white with bones. But this was long ago. Since then, I have learned that the patriotic citizens of New York have collected the remains of these eleven thousand patriots, and with suitable funeral ceremonies, re-entombed them, erecting above them a monument recording their death, and perpetuating to posterity the remembrance of their sufferings.

#### LARGE SALARY.

The captain-general of Cuba, somebody writes from the "Isle of the Ocean," receives for his pay something over \$400,000 per annum. His regular salary is \$50,000. As this is not sufficient to feed him, he is allowed \$12,000 extra for terrapins, asparagus, and other table luxuries; for issuing passports (after paying secretaries) he pockets a cool \$24,000; and for appointments in his gift, the trifling donation fee of \$32,000 per annum. Added to this, he exacts three golden ounces (\$54) for every limb of native African ebony imported into the island, and the average of the past six years places this source of income at \$260,000; a very pretty bonus on the trade he is bound by solemn treaty to suppress. Bribes and black mail run him up another \$49,000; so that, on the whole, he is not likely, if he be a considerate Spaniard, to strike for higher pay.—*Banner*.

#### WONDERFUL FERTILIZER.

Lord Kaimes, whose "Gentleman Farmer" has made his love of agricultural pursuits very well known, had, like many other zealous improvers, a considerable share of credulity as to all new schemes and inventions. A projector having once imposed upon him with a receipt for a sort of manure which was to make wonderfully prolific crops, his lordship took an opportunity of expatiating to one of his Scotch farmers on its mighty advantages. "Ay, Donald," said his lordship, "enough for a whole farm may be carried in your waistcoat pocket." "Ah, ha!" replied the farmer, "but when you do that, my lord, your waistcoat pocket will carry the whole crop."—*Scottish Anecdotes*.



[ORIGINAL.]

## THE UNSPOKEN NAME.

BY E. B. ROBINSON.

There's a name in a darkened chamber,  
 Hid away from human sight;  
 There's a picture that hangs above it,  
 That is never brought to light;  
 The name is unspoken by lip or pen,  
 And the face has long passed from the haunts of men.

And oft I go to that gloomy hall  
 And draw the veil aside,  
 And whisper the name, and gaze on the face  
 That is pictured in manhood's pride;  
 The name is unspoken by all save me,  
 And to memory's dim chamber I hold the key.

He smiles on me now with those dear, kind eyes,  
 And the lips seem ready to speak;  
 The thick curls rest on the broad, smooth brow,  
 And a warm glow lives on the cheek;  
 The name I am breathing has passed away,  
 The bright face I gaze on—where is it to-day?

He lives where the spirit is buoyant and free,  
 And needs not its hovel of clay;  
 He lives, though the flowers have long bloomed o'er  
 his head,  
 And his memory is passing away;  
 While I look on his picture through fast falling  
 tears,  
 And call up his name from the long-vanished years.

[ORIGINAL.]

## RETRIBUTION.

BY GRACE WALDO.

SHALL I tell you a story of the past? Ah, well! all things to me are of the past. I have no future. There is nothing at least in an earthly future, that can touch me. When a man is ruined, undone, accursed, what is the future to him? Has he not passed the Rubicon of life? And can any mortal suffering, or mortal joy, affect him more?

I was a lonely being from my birth. Father, mother, brother, sister—all the beautiful relations that childhood and manhood almost invariably hold, in all or part of these, were denied me to know.

My father perished within sight of home. An ice-covered ship, its ropes and sails stiff and unyielding with the frozen snow, drifted into its destined port, one terrible morning in January, and its captain stood, a pillar of ice

against the unyielding canvass. That was my father. The nurse told me the story, and for years my waking and sleeping hours were haunted by a "Snow King." My mother died of that terrible shock. She had been expecting her husband at a time when, of all others, women seem most to need a husband's care and protection. I have been told that a gossiping neighbor rushed in and shrieked out the news, without warning or preparation. I was born the next hour, and at night the husband and wife lay in the coffin together. A poor woman took me to her arms, and the ship-owner settled the estate and invested the proceeds for my benefit. They were not large, but they served to keep my nurse and me in comfortable circumstances.

She, too, died. I was barely fourteen when she left me. I had her buried beside my parents, and I sat by her grave and wept like one who has lost all that he holds dear to him on earth. She was a simple-hearted, affectionate woman—kind to my wants and almost reverencing me for my mother's sake. Now I was alone.

I went and sat upon her grave every day for a week; and every day, a beautiful little girl, lovely as an angel, came and sat by my side and talked of her who was gone. She, too, had loved her. I knew that my nurse, Mrs. March, had been in the habit of going to a large house upon the hill, once every week, and that there was a child there whom she thought almost perfection; but I had never seen her. Now, I knew that it was this little Miriam. Her sympathy was very dear to me. I believed I had found a sister; and the little ten-year old child, who it seemed was almost as desolate as myself, returned the affection I lavished upon her. But now the time had come when we must part.

I had fixed upon a sea life, notwithstanding the horror with which my father's fate had inspired me, and Mr. Albro, the ship-owner, who had constituted himself my guardian, gave me an opportunity in one of his vessels. It was a long voyage upon which she was bound; but I had no regrets except for little Miriam, and I did not care. She promised to keep the graves free from weeds, and cried when I went away.

We were absent four years—sailing from the East Indies to Liverpool and back, and performing the same voyage again before returning to the United States. When we did come home, Miriam was at a distant school, and I did not see her. We were ordered away

again. I was full of my sea life, and gratefully accepted the offer of a mate's berth. Mr. Albro seemed really glad to give me the situation. He had liked my father very much, and he appeared willing to transfer the liking to me.

This time, we were absent three years. I became of age about a week before we arrived, and Mr. Albro then gave up his trust. He had so faithfully discharged it, that there was a pretty large sum left, and he also gave me the command of a new barque, which was nearly finished. It would be several weeks before she would be in sailing order, and he invited me to make my home with him, during the time I had to stay on shore.

This time I saw Miriam. She was tall, now, and very beautiful—was just seventeen. She remembered our childish attachment, and did not seem averse to renewing it. I visited at her mother's house—that which in my boyhood had been the grand house on the hill. The mother, Mrs. Kinnaird, was very willing that I should visit Miriam, and so, day after day, I drank in the sweet poison of love in large draughts. It was settled that I should marry on my return from my first voyage as captain. With this promise from Miriam, ratified by Mrs. Kinnaird, I was content.

I would linger over those happy days of courtship, if I dared. Sweet indeed would be their memory, were there not a great green canker at the root of every flower that bloomed for me then. I—the poor, lonely boy, who had sighed for long years at the absence of those ties which almost all persons enjoy—was about to be blessed with one which would make up for all others. Hope sprang so exultant in my heart, that I did not even grieve at the intervening absence. Life looks so bright to us at twenty-one!

"It is but eight months, Miriam, and then, dearest, you will share my next voyage. Mr. Albro has consented."

"But my mother has not," she answered provokingly.

"Mother's claims cease when mine begin, you must recollect."

Mrs. Kinnaird shook her finger at me, warningly.

"Take care, young man," she said. "I shall have plenty of time to urge mine, while you are absent."

The last farewells were said and I departed. My voyage prospered, and I arrived home in safety. I do not feel it necessary to give myself the pain of dwelling upon the weeks that

followed. They were strangely chequered. That there was a difference between them and those of my former stay, was apparent, and I soon found the cause. Briefly, then, there was a wealthier lover in the field. Could I have looked into futurity, I should have renounced the alliance at once, and left my rival to triumph; but I believed so fully that the mother, not the daughter, was bent upon the match which Doctor Parrish was urging upon them, that I resolved never to give up Miriam. She, poor girl, was so accustomed to obey her mother, that she wavered between us with a timidity that was painful to see. I discovered through this that Miriam was weak in purpose; but she was no less dear to me for that. Her very weakness but endeared her more to my heart.

Mrs. Kinnaird had put off the marriage upon the most frivolous pretexts, from week to week, and now the time had come for me to sail. As Miriam was to go with me, I did not oppose her plans, until at last, when I was ordered away, and the ship was fairly out in the stream, I insisted upon being married at once; and then it was that Mrs. Kinnaird refused to give up her daughter. Miriam told me this when we were returning from church on Sunday, and I was to sail at noon on Monday.

"And you consent to this arrangement?" I said.

"What else can I do, Herman? My mother is positive in her commands."

"Yet you have a previous promise from her; and for myself, I have a written one given me while absent, that I shall marry you immediately on my return. Here it is," I continued, drawing from my pocket the only letter I had ever received from Mrs. Kinnaird, unless the few sentences sometimes written in Miriam's letters may be called so.

It was as I had said. Miriam looked at it and seemed to waver.

"Once we are married, we shall hear no more to trouble us. Miriam, here is Mr. Ashley's house. He has returned from church. Let us go in and end this delay at once."

She hesitated; I urged, and, won by my perseverance, yet trembling like a leaf, she allowed me to lead her up the steps. Mr. Ashley had returned, was in his study, but would be with us in a moment in the parlor. We sat down by the window where the blinds were drawn down, and I actually saw Mrs. Kinnaird and her friend the doctor pass directly beneath the window. Miriam saw Doctor

Parrish, but not her mother, for which I was heartily glad. She would have wavered again. Mr. Ashley smiled when he saw us.

"I expected this," he said, "but not here."

We were soon pronounced husband and wife, and in ten minutes were at home. Mrs. Kinnaird arrived soon, with the doctor, and I rose and introduced to them both, my wife, Mrs. Harley. Never had I seen rage and astonishment so transform a face as that of Doctor Parrish.

"Baffled!" was the only word that escaped his lips, but his look was hate itself.

Mrs. Kinnaird, if angry, had too much tact to show it. She called us a couple of foolish children who despised wise counsel, and must abide by our own folly. She barely permitted Miriam to kiss her cheek, and led the way to the tea room with no very good grace.

"Never mind, darling!" I whispered. "We shall be gone to-morrow."

Mrs. Kinnaird overheard the whisper. "Surely, Herman," she said, "you will not take Miriam away from me?"

"I regret to separate you," I answered, though my heart and conscience rebelled at the polite deceit; "but, indeed, Miriam goes with me to-morrow."

And we did go. O, those were bright and sunny days upon that voyage! I look back to them as the one green spot that bloomed over the desert of my life.

We returned. Mrs. Kinnaird seemed unaffectedly glad to see us, and all was calm and smooth in our daily life. Miriam herself desired to stay at home, during my next voyage, and I was more than willing, for it was to be an unpleasant one, I knew.

I went away with a deep foreboding of evil. I was impressed that something would happen, and felt that I might never see Miriam again. It was a foolish whim, perhaps, but I thought that sometimes a glimpse of futurity might be given to mortals, to prepare them in some measure for coming events.

I laughed at my fears when I got home and found Miriam with a sweet babe in her arms. She was lovelier than ever, and but for the fact that Mrs. Kinnaird had taken the hateful Doctor Parrish as a lodger, I should have been quite happy.

"We will go to housekeeping, Miriam, now," I said to my wife. "It does not seem necessary for your mother to keep boarders."

And with no further talk, I purchased a beautiful house offered me at a very low rate, furnished it handsomely and carried her thither

before she knew of my purchase. I offered Miriam's nurse, who was now too old to pursue her calling, a home for life, begging her only to watch over the health of the two dear beings whom God had seemed mercifully to send to one so desolate as myself.

I surrounded Miriam with comforts and conveniences, supplied her with money enough to tempt her to extravagance; but I knew her plain, simple ways would never lead her to that.

To my annoyance, Doctor Parrish came with Mrs. Kinnaird to pass the last evening of my stay. I was to sail the next day. I would have preferred a quiet evening without company; but I was in my own house, and compelled myself to be courteous.

"I shall call often during your absence, Captain Harley," said he, "and trust your wife will consider me a friend always at her service."

My answer was cool. "I trusted I had left matters in such a trim that no service would be needed."

He bit his lip. I had not even thanked him, nor had Miriam. Mrs. Kinnaird, like a foolish woman, was profuse in acknowledgements. She was perfectly infatuated with him, and I earnestly hoped that she would marry him, if by that means he would be kept away from haunting my home. I said so to my wife, and she, poor innocent, only chided me for thinking her mother would marry again.

O, my God, must I tell all this wretched story? Home again—in sight of land—in sight of my own house. It was a glorious moonlight night. We did not get on shore until morning, and then I hurried home to surprise Miriam before she could hear of our arrival. The old nurse was up, and my boy was in her arms. But the house had an indescribable look of discomfort, the blinds being all shut, and although it was early spring, there was no fire, save in the kitchen.

The old lady shrieked at my entrance, and Victor echoed it, shrinking away from my extended hands.

I sprang from them to the stairway, and was in Miriam's room in a moment. She was not there, and the room bore no signs of any one having slept there. I rushed down again to ask the nurse. It seemed so strange that she should be away, to leave these two alone. One thought suggested itself. Her mother might be ill. With that thought came another—that detestable doctor—she will see him if she is there!

The nurse was in hysterics in the kitchen. I gave her some water, and calmly asked for my wife. My calmness deceived her, and she told me all! That *all* set my brain on fire. It burns there yet. Miriam had eloped, six weeks before, with Doctor Parrish! She had left home, infant, all, for that wretch.

He had haunted her ever since I went away, the poor nurse told me with tears; had met her everywhere, and walked home with her, until scandal was busy with her name. Then she supposed that Miriam believed herself lost to me, and passively yielded to what the villain told her was her fate. The old woman watched and warned and wept; but in vain. They eluded her vigilance.

I shut myself and my tainted name within my house, until my ship was ready for sea. An epidemic was prevailing in the town, and Victor was one of the victims. I could not mourn him, although he was my all. Better death than a mother's blighted fame.

Years passed. I became wealthy and gave up the sea, removing to a crowded city *to be alone*. Three months ago, a woman, starving and ill, came to my door as I was stepping from it one bitter morning. She did not beg; but the great, mournful, asking eyes said enough. She was dying, and when the servants carried her to the fire too suddenly from the cold, a spasm seized her. It was but for a moment. She died; but she knew me, and begged my forgiveness before she breathed her last. She made no confession, did not ask for her child. It was a bitter thing for me to say "I forgive," but I remembered the Magdalen of old, and I spoke the word. God be thanked that I did!

It was another thing when I met *him* whose name I shall never repeat. That which I have here given is not his. I taxed him with his guilt, and he taunted me with my wife's weakness. It was his death blow that I gave. Twelve men who had fair, young, beautiful wives, brought in their verdict "not guilty of murder!" And the judge, a husband and father, concurred with the verdict. I cared not. There is the brand of blood upon me. I would do the same again. Yet it eats into my very soul—the thought that I have sent a human being into eternity, with his crimes unrepented.

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#### PRAYER.

True prayer is not the noisy sound  
That clamorous lips repeat,  
But the deep silence of a soul  
That claspeth Jehovah's feet.—SIGOURNEY.

#### NATURAL WONDERS OF KENTUCKY.

The geological formation of the country is singular. Ponds with no visible inlet or outlet are very frequent. Holes in the ground, called "sink holes," are very common, and some of these lead to the great caves which abound in this region. Boys pick up load-stone from the ground at most any point. Surveyors are often troubled from this cause. "Sink holes" extend into the earth from ten to three hundred feet, with sometimes a spring or small stream at the bottom. Two of these at Mumfordsville excite a great deal of curiosity. One, on an eminence called the Frenchman's Knob, has been descended two hundred and seventy-five feet without discovering any indications of a bottom. Another, near the town, some seventy-five feet in diameter at the top, inclines like a funnel to the depth of thirty feet. At this point is an aperture twelve feet in diameter, leading to unknown depths below. A stone or rock cast in returns no sound indicative of having found bottom. Near the same place is a spring that rises some twelve inches at noon every day with as great regularity as the sun passes the zenith.

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#### CAVALRY.

Henry VIII. instituted the first permanent corps of cavalry, and denominated them "the band of gentlemen pensioners." His object was to form a body guard, on which in all cases he could rely; and, at the same time to create a nursery for officers of his army, and governors of castles and fortified places. His orders and regulations on this occasion are preserved in the Cottonian Library, written on five quarto leaves of indented vellum. There are good reasons for assigning them to the year 1530, the first of Henry's reign. The original number of men is not mentioned, but most of the chronicles fix it at fifty. Being found too expensive, the corps was soon disbanded, and before 1528 revived on smaller pay. About this time they seem to have done duty on foot in the court; most probably with the pole-axes, which their successors still use; the appearance of those weapons being such as to authorize their being attributed to the reign of Henry VIII.—*Scientific American*.

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#### IMAGINARY ILLS.

There are real sufferings enough, without adding fanciful ones to the list; yet this is often done. Here is an instance. Mosquitoes are heard droning in the air around you in the night. One is thought to have alighted on the tip end of the nose. The smart, very light at first, increases in intensity, till becoming quite intolerable, you fetch him a destroying blow, and discover that—nothing ailed your nasal promontory, but a sting of imagination. Keep the fancy in leading strings, and you will cut off scores of the ills of life, and turn some of them into blessings. If one could strip off the masks from all that numerous class of calamities, which some have christened blessings in disguise, how much happier we should be. But we are afraid it generally demands a more blessed temper than most of us possess, to recognize them.



[ORIGINAL.]  
TO A FRIEND.

~~~~~  
BY WILLIE WARE.  
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We have twined a wreath  
Of friendship's blooming flowers,  
Gathered from the shades  
Of sympathy's blest bowers.  
We have spoken words  
Of love so fond and true,  
And affection deep  
I've given, friend, to you.

You have clasped my hand  
Warmly in your own,  
You have whispered words  
In love's endearing tone;  
You have said you felt  
A sympathy for me—  
A friendship that will last  
Until eternity.

God grant it may, my friend,  
And may our flowers of love  
Ne'er fade like blooms of earth,  
But live like those above—  
To cheer our sorrowing hearts  
When cares and troubles come,  
And point to us the way  
That leads to heaven's home!

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[ORIGINAL.]  
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THE MISER'S CHRISTMAS.

~~~~~  
BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.  
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DID you ever stroll over that famous portion of the city of Notions, yeleft the North End, that portion of Boston which once formed the court end of the town, where the beauty and fashion of Puritanic times were wont to congregate, and where there are now standing some of those queer "gable-jointed buildings that seem like grim sentinels of the past? There are narrow and winding streets in this section, of vast interest to the lover of antiquarian tokens, and the curious in the changes of time. On spots where little more than half a century since the governor of the town and the titled colonists revelled in brilliant luxury, are now the dance cellars of Ann Street! Such are Time's changes.

It is to this portion of Boston that we would ask the reader to follow us, in this veritable story of the Miser's Christmas.

In an old house, in the section of the town referred to (the house is still standing, but far

be it from us to indicate its locality), in an old chamber—a back chamber on the second floor, looking out across a boat-builder's yard towards the then scantily settled Chelsea, and to Noddle's Island, early on Christmas morning sat an old man covering over a little rickety old table that was drawn into the very chimney corner to receive what little warmth was emitted by a miserable smouldering fire. A sad, cold, dreary picture did he present.

That old man, so wrinkled and shrivelled up, was Giles Scrawford; that old, dilapidated, rickety-looking house was the property of Giles Scrawford; the nauseous tallow candle was Giles Scrawford's; and none but Giles Scrawford could have built such a fire on a Christmas morning; none but Giles Scrawford could have kept himself warm or alive by such a fire on such a keen, frosty Christmas morning. He rubs his bony hands together, but it is not so much to keep them warm as to indicate a feeling of impatience, a nervous sensation produced by some mental vexation. And yet he does not seem vexed; now and then a peculiar glow of satisfaction lights up his sallow features, and sunken leaden eye.

Twelve o'clock had just struck, and the ambitious sexton of Christ Church had set that silvery chime of bells agoing, so that all the North End that happened to be awake, and cared about the matter at all, knew that Christmas, happy Christmas had really come. The stars knew that it was Christmas, and they twinkled the brighter for it in the dark blue sky; the waves knew that it was Christmas, and they danced for joy all over Boston Bay. The wind knew that it was Christmas, and played a thousand wild pranks with the swinging signs, and loose shutters and blinds, as it went rollicking and roystering through the sober streets of Puritanical Boston.

It was a nipping, searching morning, and the air was bitter cold on which those bells floated their delicate notes far over the waters of the bay. The snow was on the ground, and sparkled with increased brilliancy as the atmosphere sank below zero! And there was that miserable fire of Giles Scrawford's drizzling and smoking on his hearthstone; it couldn't by any possibility look cheerful. Cheerfulness wasn't in it, nor warmth either. What could you expect of one or two lumps of drift wood, saturated with salt water, and a heap of wet shavings, but smoke and smother, and splatter? But fuel was dear, very dear, and Giles Scrawford was very rich!

What was he about, this clear, cold Christ-

mas morning? Look closer over his shoulder as he sits there, and you shall see. On the table before him, lie a number of little canvass bags, and beside those canvass bags lie many little heaps of shining metal, dearer to the soul of the owner than all the joys of this world and all the hopes of the next. Alas, Giles Scrawford, you cannot take them with you into that last narrow resting-place, the grave!

See how eagerly he gazes upon the gold, how anxiously he looks from one pile to another, as though he feared some of the pieces would absolutely take to themselves wings and vanish away. He tells them over as a cloistered monk tells his beads, lingering over each. There is not a coin there that has not its individual history. Here is a broad Joe, a heavy, burly fellow, dim with age. The ingot of which it once formed a part was wrung from the torture of a Peruvian Inca, and it first jingled in the pocket of a Spanish don. Then it was on its way back to its native land in a galleon; a galleon that never saw her wished-for port. Away in the Spanish main, a buccaneer swept down one morning on the galleon, as an eagle plunges on its prey. A raking broadside, a rattle of musketry, a crash of pikes and cutlasses, and the ruffianly buccaneers have swept the deck. They rifle her of gold, and with a dozen auger holes in her bottom send her down to Davy Jones's locker.

And so from hand to hand, sometimes by honest traffic, but oftener by trickery or force, that broad piece has found its way to the miser's clutch. Perhaps that guinea, its next neighbor, was once in the pouch of Captain Kidd. And there too are French coins, and those of other nations, which have met with varied and startling adventures. But all alike are dear to the eyes of the miser, each in proportion to its intrinsic value, each shares his thoughts night and day.

Hark! in the street a shout and music! But what is music to Giles Scrawford? He cares for none but that of jingling dollars and guineas. But the noise continues, and now heavy thumps upon his street door seem to indicate that those outside are in earnest. His name, too, he hears vociferated again and again.

"Curses on these rioters," he exclaimed, as he huddled his darling coins into their bags; pressing a spring in the wainscot of his room, a pannel flies open and discovers an iron safe or box built into the wall, and there he deposits his treasure; then muttering curses to

himself he hurries to the entry window, throws up the sash, and putting out his head, peers angrily down upon the sidewalk. A group of maskers, after the fashion of those days, with drum, fife, violin and other instruments, are huddled together on the doorstep.

"What do you want, ye miscreants?" growled out the miser, in a voice hoarse with rage.

"We have come to wish you a Merry Christmas, old man," said the leader of the band, cheerfully.

"Bah! go about your business, and let honest, poor people alone," said Giles Scrawford.

"Poh, poh, man," continued the leader, "don't you hear those bells? open your heart for once."

"Get you gone, ye rascals, every one of ye," said the miser, waxing still more angry.

At a signal from the leader, the band accompanied him while he sang as follows:

A Merry Christmas we sing to you—  
Good luck, and all its pleasures;  
A well-spread board, and a heaping board,  
To those deserving treasures.  
A Merry Christmas we sing to you,  
And for our roundelay  
A trifle give to cheer our hearts,  
And speed us on our way.

At the close of the song a hat was raised, and once more was the miser solicited to contribute a trifle to the funds of the maskers.

"Not a penny! not a sumarkee!" snarled the old man, trembling with passion. "Begone, you rogues, and don't disturb an honest man."

The leader of the revellers imposed silence on his followers by a wave of the hand, and then sang the following lines, in a strangely impressive voice; a voice that while it appeared to startle the miser, yet seemed to fascinate him at the same time, and he eagerly bent out of the window to catch every word the masked singers uttered.

Joy to kind heart and open hand!  
A Merry Christmas bids our band—  
To such throughout our happy land,  
Man, maiden, matron, boy and girl;  
Our malison upon the churl!  
Count thy gold—'tis burning, burning;  
Count thy bones to ashes turning;  
Count thy moments, they are numbered;  
Scan thy soul—with guilt encumbered;  
Think upon the many poor  
Turned despairing from thy door;  
For to thee the Christmas bell  
Haply is thy parting knell.  
We depart—but one shall knock  
At thy door, whom bolt or lock  
Cannot stay if he would enter.  
Fare thee well—for time is fleeting—  
This to thee our Christmas greeting!

The drum, fife, and other instruments struck

up again—but this time they played a dead march! Following the ghostly music, the revellers departed, and soon turned the corner of a block of old buildings; but long afterwards the grim funeral march lingered in the miser's ears. He stood there in apparent forgetfulness, looking still at the spot where they had disappeared. Could they be mortals? If so, why had their music such a fearful effect upon him? how could that fellow have sung the song, evidently impromptu, with such a thrilling effect upon his nerves? Trying to believe they were but a parcel of city rogues, the miser closed the window, and wandered shivering and miserable to his lonely bed.

Alas, what rest could such a being find in sleep! He tossed and worried, now half-awake, and now vainly trying to lose himself in forgetfulness, now dreaming over the scene we have just described, then suddenly awaking, as though a ghost had whispered those fearful lines in his ear; and so worried and tormented was he, that as day fairly broke in the east, and struggled in through the dirty panes of his window, he could not exactly tell but that all was a dream; he hardly believed that there had been any band of musicians at his door at all. "No, it was but a dream," thought the miser, turning and tossing still on his bed.

About eight o'clock Giles Scrawford arose, dressed himself, and went down to breakfast, if the mess of slops and crust prepared for him by the deaf and deformed old creone, who officiated as his housekeeper (there was nothing else but the house to keep), deserved that name. She didn't wish him a merry Christmas—not she! Many years before, when she was a young and sprightly cripple of fifty, she did it once, but the storm of wrath she provoked on that occasion prevented her from repeating the experiment from that day forward.

Just about this time a gentle knock was heard at the street door; a very low and modest knock, that seemed to say as much as please forgive my boldness in knocking at all. A frown came over the miser's face; the old woman could not hear it, and so Giles Scrawford answered the summons in person, uttering an oath as he unbarred the door and let the cold gust of air in his already half-chilled face. A little thinly-clad child stood there, a girl not more than eleven years of age. She looked up piteously into the miser's face, either too timid or too cold to speak.

"What do you want, you little scarecrow?" growled the miser.

"Perhaps, sir, you'd please to give me a lit-

tle bread," said the child, humbly; "mother is sick, and said that she thought if I came over you would give me a loaf, as it's Christmas, for brother and I. Mother can't eat, she's so sick."

"Go away, go away, I say, and tell your mother not to be sending you here to bother poor and honest people. Go away, I tell you."

The child looked abashed, and uttered a sigh, which heaved her young and tremulous bosom almost audibly, while the rich miser slammed the door in her face with a second installment of oaths.

"Here, my little girl," said a stout, gruff voice, just as the child was turning to seek her humble home dejected and hungry.

"Yes, sir," she replied, timidly looking up into the speaker's face.

"What did you want at Giles Scrawford's?"

"I—b—" "Don't be afraid of me," said the man, in a kind voice. "I love little children. I've got a little one just your age at home."

"Have you?" said the child, quite reassured. "O, I was asking Mr. Scrawford if he wouldn't please give me a loaf of bread, as it was Christmas, and mother is sick and we haven't any breakfast!"

"Where do you live, little one, eh?"

"Over yonder, sir, in the one-story house, next the corner!"

"Take that and buy some bread, and PR come and see me myself as soon as I have done my errand."

And stooping down, the gruff-voiced, but kind-hearted man put a quarter of a dollar into the child's hand; and kissing her, sent the little creature on her way rejoicing.

Let us follow this man. He is a tall, stalwart, broad-chested, hard-fisted, sunburnt young fellow of thirty, with dark chestnut hair curling all over his head—why, now we look again—it is Miles Heartwell, the casker and graver, nephew to old Giles Scrawford, and the only known relation he has on earth; and see, he enters the miser's door.

"Well, nephew," snarled the old miser, "I see you've got your best clothes on—better clothes than I can afford to wear—umph—so I suppose you ain't working to-day?"

"Not I!" answered Miles, cheerily. "I've been to church with the wife and babies. It would have done your heart good to have seen how beautifully the church was dressed. No, it wouldn't," he added, after a moment's pause, shaking his head sorrowfully. Miles never uttered a truer reflection.

"Well, what do you want of me, ha?" asked the old man surlily. "I suppose you didn't come here for nothing."

"Of course not, uncle," replied the nephew, respectfully.

"Well, out with it, then."

"With what, uncle?" asked the other, rather taken aback.

"Your business, your business," snarled old Scrawford. "So your family is increasing, I hear?"

"Youngest of 'em was christened to-day," said Miles.

"And what have you called him?" asked the miser, indifferently.

"Giles S.," answered the nephew, good-humoredly.

"Ah, yes; and now you have come to get pay for it, I see?"

"Not so precious green as that comes to," said Miles.

"Humph."

"We called the child after my mother's only brother out of respect to her memory, because we knew she would have wished it had she been alive this day; but as for any expectation from you, I've got two stout arms that have earned my bread since I was a shaver, and while my health lasts I'll be beholden to nobody."

"And when your health gives out, you blockhead?" cried the miser, coarsely.

"There is one above," said Miles, lifting his eyes reverentially, "who feeds the sparrows in the woods, and who is abundantly able to take care of my little ones, should I be taken from them."

"Well, well, I don't want any cants," said the miser, uneasily. "What did you come for?"

"In the first place, to wish you a Merry Christmas," said the honest fellow, twirling his hat awkwardly in his hand as he spoke. "And then—wife thought as you were all alone here—for old mother there can't be much company, any how—we thought we'd ask you to eat a bit of dinner with us, and spend the evening at our fireside. We've got a fine goose and plum-pudding, and some pie—and—and—I really wish you'd come."

"Bah!"

"I want you to come, sir?"

"Very much obliged to you, Miles," said the old man, surlily, "and I won't come. I thank you. I can't countenance any such extravagance, and you may tell your wife, for me, if that is the way she's going on—"

"Hold! old feller," interrupted Miles, glowing up like fire. "You may blow away at me as much as you are a mind to, but don't you say anything agin her, cause I might forget who's talking to me, and just shut up my hand and let it drop on your head; and it comes down plaguy hard when it falls on a feller's head. Good mornin', uncle."

"Bah!" said the surly old man, as Miles turned and passed out of the street door. Then swallowing a few dry crusts, and drinking some water, he limped back to his chamber once more, and sitting down before the fireplace, in which a few sparks of fire were struggling for existence with the frosty wood, he shivered involuntarily, either with the cold or some thought that came over him.

After a while he began to talk out loud, and to try and repeat the words of the revellers' song, and then to wonder why they so impressed him; and then he seemed to imagine the little girl begging bread of him once more, and then again he repulsed her—and so, harassed in his mind, he worried and worried, until at last he fell to sleep in his chair.

See, how strange! the ceiling of the room disappears altogether, and in its place a sacred light, a halo of radiance lights up the room, and there is a beautiful scene depicted there. There is a happy family, with father, mother, and children—a joyful home circle, and the evergreen dressings, and the merry faces, and the various tokens bespeak it to be Christmas. Beside the mother's knee there is kneeling a boy, a fair-haired boy of a dozen summers, or more—and look more closely, the boy bears a faint resemblance to the old miser. Hark, what heaven-born principles the mother's voice is breathing into the child's ear; *charity*, sweet *charity* is her theme. And now those children all kneel, and the father's voice is raised in thankfulness to the Giver of every good gift. They rise with cheerful, happy faces, and the scene closes! The miser starts from his chair. It was a dream!

He seems to tremble all over; he is at first bewildered; hastens to and fro in his room, then pausing before his writing table, he suddenly exclaims, "*It is not yet too late!*"

"It was no kind of use, May, my dear," said Miles, as he reached home and hung up his hat on the peg by the wooden clock, in that apartment that served them as kitchen, dining and drawing-room.

"I'm sorry, Miles," said his wife, pausing a moment from her household duties.

"I only asked him to oblige you. And



now, wife, let's have dinner, for I'm as hungry as a horse."

Dinner was all ready, and in five minutes it was smoking on the table. The children were seated on each side—there were six of them able to sit up—and the miser's namesake, who was just the best baby that ever was, indulged in a little imitation of a ground swell, as it lay in a nice cradle, fashioned by the father's own hand, within reach of the mother's foot.

Romping games followed the meal; for the children saw so little of their father that they were glad to have an opportunity to play with him. They had already wearied of the toys discovered in their morning stockings. By the assistance of a jack-knife, Benjamin Franklin, the oldest boy, has discovered the mechanism of his present, a complicated piece of machinery, in which by means of a crank, two unhappy boys, in crimson jackets, were raised to the summit of a little wooden fence, over which they pitched head foremost, coming up again with another revolution, while a musical accompaniment was produced by the twanging of little bits of quill, inserted in the shaft, against two or three cords of wire. Benjamin Franklin was evidently destined to be a second Arkwright. One of the girls had satisfied her sex's curiosity by performing an operation on the body of her doll with a pair of sharp pointed scissors, whereby a quantity of bran had been extracted, and poor dolly reduced to a state of hopeless collapse.

The evening passed away as pleasantly as the afternoon had done, and the little folks were not packed away to bed until the unusual hour of nine o'clock.

"Dear children!" said May, as she returned after the performance of this maternal duty. "They are happy and innocent now! Think you their good spirits and purity will last them during the battle they must fight in passing through this world?"

"Why not, May, dear?" answered Miles, cheerfully. "I have had a hard row to hoe, and yet I don't think I'm a bad sort of fellow, and not very ill-tempered either."

"You are good and kind, dear Miles," answered his wife.

"I never did but one thing really bad, May, my dear," said he.

"How you shock me, Miles," said the wife, somewhat hurriedly.

"That was when I found a well-educated, dainty girl, like you, willing to listen to a rough, hard-fisted, illiterate chap, like I be—and made her my wife."

"And the happiest of women," interrupted May, with a graceful smile. "But you must not chide me, Miles, if I sometimes feel anxious for the future of our little flock. You know we are poor, very poor, Miles, and that one day of sickness to you would leave us penniless."

"Hark! there is a knock at the street door," said her husband.

Miles took a lamp and stepped into the entry, but soon returned and taking down his hat with an uneasy sort of manner, said:

"May, my dear, I'm going out a little way, and I'll soon be back again. Don't sit up for me, I can let myself in, you know. I can't stop to tell you anything now, about my errand, but I will tell you all when I come back."

Hour after hour passed away, until at length the clock struck eleven, and May Heartwell began to feel alarmed. But at last she heard his step. She knew that step by heart, and she flew to meet her husband with open arms. Pale and sad he sank into a seat by the stove.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife.

"May, my dear," answered Miles, solemnly "I was called to a death-bed. It was a most impressive sight. My poor uncle is gone, and May, thank Heaven, he died penitent."

"Did he? did he? Ah, heaven be praised."

"He said he had enjoyed such a sweet dream this afternoon, that he had seen his sainted mother, and that she had whispered a sweet word into his ear, *charity*, just as she used to do when he was a boy."

"O, he was then indeed repentant."

"He said he had written his will, told me I was his executor, and said; 'Miles, be charitable, be liberal with the means I leave you. Do good with it, Miles!' Those were his very words, May."

"I hadn't no idea he was so rich. He has left heavy sums in this will," said Miles, producing one from his breast pocket, "to the city hospital, and a fund for the poor, and a sum for a free school, and see," continued he, reading from the will:

"To my only relation, Miles Heartwell, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, now invested in real estate, as follows, etc."

"Dear May, you and the children will never know want, and poor Mrs. Wilkes round the corner shall have plenty, and we will pay Mr. Rowe, the old baker's rent, 'cause he's lame and sick, and help the Winslows that were burned out last month, and—and—we will do *some good* now, wont we, May?"

"Indeed, indeed we will."

[ORIGINAL.]  
SPEAK GENTLY.

BY J. HOWARD WERT.

Speak gently to your mother, boy,  
Bowed down with anxious care,  
Nor ever cause her to roll forth  
The swift and bitter tear.

Speak gently to the merry youth,  
In life's fruescent bowers;  
There's care enough reserved for him  
In future rolling years.

Speak gently to the aged man,  
Whose locks are whitening fast;  
Whose stooping form is bending low  
Before Azrael's blast;

He has not long to tarry here,  
He soon shall haste away;  
Then gently soothe each weary hour,  
Each slow declining day.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE GALWAY TRAGEDY.

A TALE OF IRELAND.

BY WALTER S. KINGMAN.

"SHAME on you, Patrick! I have never had a thought of supplanting you. Why, man, I have left my heart in old Spain, where the sweetest of *senoritas* awaits my coming. Dear girl, she thinks me long lingering amidst your Irish bogs."

The next moment the kind-hearted young Spaniard repented his slur upon his companion's country, and asked his pardon frankly. There was a moody frown upon the Irishman's brow, and he did not deign to accept the other's apology. The Spaniard turned away more saddened than vexed by his manner, and offered his arm to a young beauty, whose eyes sparkled still brighter at his approach. As he led her to the dance, he remarked, in a low tone, that it was the last night he should meet her, as he was going away. The girl's cheek flushed to a deep crimson, and the sparkling eyes lost their brilliancy in a shower of sudden tears.

"Going away, Pedro? I cannot believe it; you must be jesting."

"I did not know you would regret it, Helen," he answered; "but since you seem to take an interest in the stranger, I will tell you why I go. Patrick Fitz Stephen is jealous of

my attentions to his betrothed. I have often suspected it, but lately I have been positive; and to-night he has grossly insulted me, and charged me with stealing away the affections of Kathleen O'Connor."

"Nonsense!—don't mind him, Pedro," said the little beauty, who had her own designs upon the heart of the handsome Spaniard. "He was always a jealous—" fool, the young lady would have said, had she not suddenly found herself in close proximity to the person she was talking about so freely, and his fiancée. The latter looked uneasy and restless, while the former, seeing who was her partner in the dance, coldly bowed to the young lady, but took no notice of the Spaniard, who seized the first opportunity of leaving the dance. He was soon seen flying down the long stairs, at the bottom of which he encountered a beautiful girl, who held out her hand to him.

"Not going home yet, Pedro, I trust? See, I stole away from Patrick to visit an old woman below stairs, who takes care of the building. Go back with me and help me find him."

"Not for the world!" answered Pedro.

The lady put up her lip. "Gallant, indeed!" she exclaimed; but at that moment the face of the lover she was about to seek appeared before her, but so altered with rage and passion, that she could scarcely recognize it.

Seizing her almost rudely by the arm, he drew her up stairs, at the same time whispering in the ear of the Spaniard, "You shall rue this!"

The little beauty, who was bewailing Pedro's sudden desertion, was doomed never to behold him again. Often in the coming days she remembered his words, and connected Patrick Fitz Stephen with his disappearance; but she wisely kept her own counsel until events came to light that rendered secrecy unnecessary.

That night Pedro de Guzman was found by the sea shore, having evidently been cast back by the waves. At first it was supposed that he had been accidentally drowned; but the discovery of a dreadful wound, indisputably given by a small poniard or dagger, gave another aspect to the terrible affair.

It was towards the close of the fifteenth century, that a wealthy merchant of Galway, in Ireland, was elected as mayor of that city by the almost unanimous wishes of his fellow-citizens. His name was James Lynch Fitz Stephen—a name that was synonymous with virtue, integrity and uprightness. Nothing

could touch these points in his character; they were as pure and inaccessible as the snow on Mont Blanc. These qualities were combined with a stern firmness amounting to obstinacy, and a love of justice, before which all personal motives gave way as straw before the fire. His character seemed formed upon the old Roman models, and it exceeded its archetype.

This man, before his election as mayor, had been engaged in the traffic, then common, between the western coast of Ireland and the Spanish coast, and had made several voyages himself to facilitate that business. Returning from his last voyage, he had brought home with him a young man, the son of a merchant with whom he was intimate. Young Pedro de Guzman took his place in the family of Mayor Fitz Stephen, in the station of a son and brother, and not as a stranger. Between himself and young Patrick Fitz Stephen there sprang up a strong affection, almost fraternal in its nature; while the parents of the impetuous Irish boy regarded the young Spaniard with feelings scarcely distinguishable from those which they held toward Patrick. To the brotherly love between the two young men there arose no interruption until a certain event took place, which began to mar the friendliness, on one part at least.

Lombard Street is, or was, a collection of large antiquated buildings. One of them was at the time of which we write the residence of the mayor. Now, after four centuries, it is still existing, but only as a pile of ruins. There is still the remnants of a gateway and a door, over the latter of which is a death's head and cross-bones—meet emblem of the gloomy desolation which has ever marked the spot.

Down this street a carriage dashed furiously, its sole occupant a fair, slight girl; the driver lay in the next street lifeless. The carriage was recognized as that of a family high in social position, of which this young girl was the only child. She sat firmly in her place, while the terrified horses cleared the corner of Lombard Street, neither fainting nor calling for aid; but when deliverance came, in the shape of two young men, who herelically stopped the horses in their mad career, and proffered each a hand to lift her from the vehicle, it must be owned that she trembled, and that tears stood in her beautiful eyes. One of them bore her in his arms until his slight figure gave way, and he resigned her to the other. On the mayor's steps stood several

persons as the young men approached, and the girl besought him to let her walk.

"See," she said, "I am strong and well. Nothing has hurt me, and when this foolish quivering has gone off, I shall be able to re-enter the carriage. Where is poor Dennis? He was thrown off. Pray release me, and look for the coachman."

His only answer was a closer embrace; and he stayed not until he had lain down his fair burden on the sofa in the immense drawing-room of the mayor.

"Bravo, Patrick!" said the mayor, as the son knelt by the now insensible girl. The whole family crowded around her with harts-horn, burnt feathers, fans and other appliances, but Mrs. Fitz Stephen waved them all away, and merely opened the windows to give her air.

"She will soon revive," said the good lady. "It is only the reaction after such a terrible fright as the poor child has had."

This incident decided, or seemed to decide, Patrick Fitz Stephen's destiny. Acquaintance grew into friendship, and friendship deepened into a tenderer feeling, until Patrick and Kathleen O'Connor were as one. Pedro was forgotten in this new attachment, but his generous heart forgave the desertion of his friend, and his conduct towards Patrick was still that of a brother. To Kathleen he showed the tenderest and truest friendship, unconscious that the jealous heart of Patrick was turning every look and word into matter for suspicion and distrust.

It was on the night of a splendid ball, given by Kathleen's father, that he became so furious that he lost all self-respect, and openly accused Pedro of attempting to supplant him with Kathleen—Kathleen, whose sweet face was just lighting up with a glow of pleasure in welcoming the young Spaniard to her father's halls. That sunny glow, and the friendly pressure that Pedro gave the fair hand extended to him, completed Patrick's anger. He followed him out, and, as the terrible record of his crime declares, he pursued him to the sea-shore to which Pedro fled. His victim had attained the very edge of the water when his pursuer overtook him, plunged a dagger into his heart, and threw him bleeding into the sea, which cast him back to the shore.

In the deep woods where Patrick hid after this terrible scene, he had time to reflect upon his crime. What if indeed there were nothing to warrant his mad surmises? Looking back, he could not read a single proof of Pedro's

disloyalty to the purest friendship for himself—not a single proof that he had ever felt aught else for Kathleen.

And Kathleen—how must she look upon a murderer? Good heaven! had he indeed murdered the youth who had been lured to his home by the most solemn promises of the tenderest love and care from his father?—had he who had so professed to love him been the one to bring him to this frightful end? His thoughts became too bitter for endurance; he felt that he could not live to bear about him the deep remorse which was overwhelming him like a flood, and he emerged from the wood with a firm design of yielding himself up to justice.

Pale, haggard, and stained with blood, he passed into the city, unconscious that every eye was curiously observing him, although none recognized him in the torn and disordered ball-dress which he had not changed from the night before. Soon a party on horseback met him, and he saw his father and other officers, who, he doubted not, were in pursuit of Pedro's murderer.

Fitz Stephen was shocked to find his son in the haggard being before him. He threw himself from his horse, and called him in a voice of tender pity, for he felt that Patrick must be overwhelmed with grief at his friend's loss.

"Father," gasped the unhappy boy, "father, I give myself up! I am the guilty one!"

What words were these for that stern, unyielding magistrate to hear, bent as he was upon the task of finding out the murderer of the beloved youth committed to his care! O God, that the spirit should thus be called to endure such more than mortal strife! They who saw Fitz Stephen when he turned his face towards the officers and bade them arrest the murderer before them, described it afterwards as the most unearthly countenance—changed wholly from its clear, noble and beautiful aspect to the dreary grayness of death.

For a moment he reeled beneath the terrible stroke; then it rushed upon his mind that with him lay his son's sentence. What would it be had another committed the crime? Would any hope of pardon be granted to the relatives of the guilty man? No, justice would take its course; and should he shrink from that course now? Yet O, what agony was bound up in this thought!—and still the father's heart was pleading strongly for time to look this dreadful thing in the face—to devise some means of escape, and yet to satisfy

justice. It was all in vain. No sophistry could thus blind him to what was right and true; and Patrick was already on his way to the prison before his father was sensible that a footstep had fallen upon his ear.

The pitiful procession must pass the mayor's own house; and there on the very steps, watching with painful anxiety for Patrick, who had not been at home all night, stood Mrs. Fitz Stephen, and with her, Kathleen O'Connor. The mother was mercifully struck down insensible at the first glance; but the maiden rushed out into the street, right before the fiery steeds of the officers, who had hard work to keep her slight form from being trampled beneath their hoofs.

"Patrick!" she shrieked out. "*My Patrick*, whither are they taking you? *You here*," she exclaimed, as she looked around and saw Fitz Stephen—"you here, and not rescue your son from these demons? Patrick, darling, come home with me; leave these wretches. Mr. Fitz Stephen can take care of them," she continued, bitterly; "it is his province to care for the guilty, but you, love, would do better to come home with me."

The affrighted friends of the family of the mayor stood around wondering, yet half conscious that something dreadful was going on. And meantime the miserable procession moved away, leaving mother, and friends, and the beautiful betrothed of the prisoner, in a state of stupor at the stupendous wrong which seemed to be doing to Patrick.

We can but dimly see through our tears the dreadful day of trial, when the son was sentenced to death by his own father. When it was passed, what execrations followed the broken-hearted man! Did he not feel? The white hair, which two weeks before had been black, the shrunken figure, so manly then, attested what he had undergone.

The infuriated populace called on him to relinquish the prisoner, or prepare for the destruction of his house. From the highest to the lowest, all joined in entreaties or threats. "Give us Patrick, and we will bless you; murder him, and eternal curses light on the stony-hearted man who refuses life to his son!" In vain! Shut in his wretched cell, the rash boy had leisure to reflect upon the past, and with remorse to deplore his own folly and guilt.

Meantime the mother, whose connections were very extensive, had gone privately to the head of every family, and on the morning of the execution they were assembled near the



prison fully armed, and as fully determined to rescue their kinswoman's son.

When the prisoner appeared, attended by his father, a cry that would seem to reach to heaven filled the air. A band of soldiers, which had been called out by the mayor, succeeded in partially dispersing the crowd by firing into their midst and killing two of the insurgents, after which the party was unmolested.

Arrived at the place, however, a new difficulty presented itself. Not an officer would perform the act of execution; the mayor expostulated in vain. Determined to maintain the stern majesty of the law, he drew his son to the foot of a long winding stair, which they mounted together. In a few moments they appeared together at a high, arched window. The dreadful scene that followed, in which the son met his fate from the father's own hands, was succeeded by a long, loud, concentrated cry of mingled rage and sorrow from the crowd below. It was like a howl from a legion of disappointed hounds.

When the mayor entered his own house that day, it was for the last time. Wife, and friends, and servants, avoided him, and the latter did his bidding with undisguised disgust. He went about the house for a few days moaning like an infant, then took the bed, from which he never arose. His Roman firmness dwindled into childishness, and soon the old house in Lombard Street was deserted as unlucky.

In a convent a pale nun moved slowly, and hung down her head, in going to morning and evening prayers. She never spoke to her companions, but was sometimes overheard whispering, "His own father murdered him! My poor Patrick!" And the tender-hearted nuns pitied the grief that had crazed the poor sister—pitied it, though it was never revealed to mortal ears.

#### SYMPATHY.

Although alone in the midst of the smiling multitude, I do not feel myself isolated from it; for its gaiety is reflected upon me; it is my own kind, my own family, who are enjoying life, and I take a brother's share in their happiness. We are all fellow-soldiers in this earthly battle, and what does it matter on whom the honors of the victory fall? If fortune passes by without seeing us, and pours her favors on others, let us condole ourselves, like the friend of Parmenio, by saying, "Those too, are Alexander's."—*Souvestre*.

So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,  
And yet they glide like happiness away.—*Byron*.

#### THE SHAPE OF OUR BODIES.

Symmetry is one of the conditions of good health. God knows the best form; he created man upright in his own image. The vital organs in the chest and abdomen are fitted to an erect spine. If the upper portion of the spine bend forward, as in drooping shoulders, not only is the great nerve marrow of the spine itself distorted, and its circulation crippled (which is a serious matter, resulting in certain common affections), but the lungs, heart, liver and stomach lose their natural place, and perform all their duties disadvantageously. A very large proportion of our many affections of these vital organs take their rise in such displacement.

What shall be done? 1st. Improve the desks in our schools, so that instead of compelling our young to sit hours every day in a stooping position, they shall be compelled to sit erect, with head and shoulders drawn well back. This is very easily accomplished. Such a change in our school furniture would prove a priceless national blessing. 2nd. Remove every ounce of pressure from the waist. Pants worn without suspenders, and drawn close about the body, skirts or dresses pressing at the waist, must produce round shoulders, for when the organs of the abdomen are pushed downward, the shoulders must drop in order to maintain the relations between the thoracic and abdominal viscera. 3d. The back legs of our chairs must be sawn off two inches shorter than the front ones. The front edge of the seat must not be more than fourteen inches high for a woman, and sixteen for men. This arrangement will immediately relieve the back while sitting, and secure a good position of the shoulders. 4th. The habit of walking erect, with the air of a soldier, must be generally cultivated. 5th. Gymnastic culture of the shoulders. With such means the nation will become upright and vigorous.—*Dio Lewis*.

#### BIRTHPLACE OF RAPHAEL.

The little town of Urbino, in which he first saw the light, on Good Friday, May the 28th, in the year 1483, crowns the summit of a high hill, and is celebrated as much for its pure healthy air, and the fine, noble physiognomy of its inhabitants, as for the grand and romantic character of the surrounding country. One remarkable peculiarity in the latter feature is the view that is obtained on the east, between the lofty and partly barren hills around, of the smooth surface of the Adriatic, several miles distant. The impression produced by the combined effect of the two grandest objects in nature, mountains and sea, upon the peculiarly susceptible mind of Raphael when a child, was deep and lasting; and a proof of this we observe in the background of many of his landscapes, in which he has repeatedly introduced these effects—on either side chains of mountains, parted in the distance by the sea, which closes the horizon. In like manner the local physiognomy of the people was so imprinted on his mind, that during my visit to Urbino, I observed many features which seemed to be the very types of his earlier pictures.—*Art Journal*.

(ORIGINAL)  
THE BRIDE'S LAMENT.

BY F. S.

Virginia's soil is desolate,  
And I from home am riven;  
May God restore old friends to friends,  
On earth, or else in heaven,  
I am pining now on strangers' soil,  
Life's cherished dream is o'er;  
O, carry me back to Old Virginia,  
To Old Virginia's shore!

I'm dying, dying all alone,  
And not a friend is near;  
No brother's voice, no sister's sigh,  
Falls on my dying ear.  
O, for a heart that loves me now,  
Ere life's wild dream is o'er,  
To carry me back to Old Virginia,  
To Old Virginia's shore!

I cannot die in the sunny South,  
But let me gently sleep  
Where quiet Janet's yellow waves  
To the ocean's bosom sweep;  
And there in slumbers soft I'll lie,  
And dream forevermore  
That you've carried me back to Old Virginia,  
To Old Virginia's shore!

(ORIGINAL)

THE TWO YOUNG SOLDIERS.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

As the stirring music of the drum and fife was wafted into the window by the fresh spring breeze, Mrs. Holmes involuntarily shuddered, and a sudden flush was succeeded by an almost deathly paleness. In a few moments the door opened, and Romney, her eldest son, about twenty-one years old, followed by his younger brother, entered. Romney Holmes, with his tall, erect figure, dark, expressive eyes, firm mouth, and massive forehead, showed energy and decision in every movement.

"O, mother," said he, "will you not give your consent for Edgar and me to go?"

"My son, you and he are all I have left."

The mournful voice with which this was uttered, and the imploring look of the brown eyes raised to his, for a moment made the young man falter. He then said:

"Our father was a soldier, and a brave one, too!"

"Yes, he was—we can no longer say so."

"I know it, mother, and as his voice is silent, yours must cheer and encourage us now."

"Cheer and encourage you to go forth to almost certain death?"

"If we fall, it will be in the cause of freedom."

"Mother," said Edgar, who had hitherto remained silent, "we must go. We are young, full of life and health, and our country needs us."

"Yes," interposed Romney, "as my brother says, our country needs us, and well might we be branded by the name of cowards were we to remain at home, when all our young friends and associates are going."

"But Edith—you seem to forget her, Romney. Isn't there a spell in her name strong enough to keep you with us?"

"No, mother. Not that I can ever forget Edith Temple. That is what I can never do."

They were so absorbed in what they were saying, that neither of them had noticed a young girl who stood in the doorway communicating with an adjoining apartment. Mrs. Holmes was the first to perceive her.

"O, Edith," said she, a kind of hectic flush for a moment displacing the pallor of her countenance, "O, Edith, will you not join with me in trying to persuade my boys not to leave me?"

"For your sake I would bid them stay—for theirs, I must bid them go."

There was a shade of sadness in the young, sweet face of Edith Temple, as she said this, and her voice was a little tremulous.

"I didn't expect this from you," said Mrs. Holmes.

"Why I said it," answered Edith, "is because I intend to go myself."

"Edith," said Romney, a little sternly, and turning towards her as he spoke.

"I don't mean," she said, earnestly, "that I am going for the purpose of taking up arms in the cause of freedom—Nature and custom alike prohibit this." But woman isn't denied the right of ministering to the wants of the sick, nor of those who have been wounded while fighting the battles of their country.

"Will you, too, leave me, Edith? Am I to have no one to whom I can speak concerning my sons, when they are far away? No one to say when my heart fails me through fear, 'They will come back again?'"

"Stay where you are, dear Edith," said Romney. "When my brother and I are gone, let yours be the voice to cheer our mother with words of hope."

"If it be your wish, Romney, that I stay, I will."

"No, not for that, but because it seems to me to be your duty."

"Then I will remain, though the thought of being obliged, should you be sick or wounded, to wait day after day, in terror and suspense, without being able to hear a word from you, seems to me to be more than I can bear."

"A terror and suspense which I must share with you," said Mrs. Holmes, all at once putting on an air of resolution. "I have been too selfish, Edith. We will both go. The endeavor to alleviate the sufferings of others, will bring consolation to our own hearts. Romney—Edgar, I have now the courage to tell you to go. You have my free and full consent. Edith and I will go with you, but she must first be your wife, Romney."

As even Edith was unable to urge any satisfactory objection to the proposed arrangement, Romney and she were married the following evening, and in a few days afterwards, they were alone their way to fulfil what they felt to be the call of duty.

Two women, one young and fair, and pale as the beams of the moon, which now and then broke through a mass of wild looking clouds, driven by a gusty wind, the other, older by twenty years, with a bowed head, and a look of dread depicted in her countenance, were slowly making their way over a blood-stained field, where friends and foes, the dying and the dead, lay side by side.

Neither of them spoke, but the grasp by which each held the other's hand would tighten, and a shudder pass over them, as occasionally they paused and bent low, where

"Dark the evening shadows rolled  
On the eye that glanced in death;  
And the evening dews fell cold  
On the lip that gasped for breath."

Suddenly the moon shone forth in all its splendor. The younger of the two women let go of her companion's hand, and at a single bound reached the spot where a youth of eighteen was leaning in a half reclining posture against a tree. A single glance had told her that it was Edgar Holmes, and now that she stood close by his side, she saw that death was on his brow.

"Edith, my sister!" he said, in a feeble voice.

"Dear Edgar, my heart bleeds to see you thus; but where is my husband—where is Romney?"

"He is unhurt, and will be here soon." He

left me to get help, but no help will avail me now. You have come in time to see me die—where's mother?"

"She is here, my son," answered Mrs. Holmes, and kneeling down by her dying boy's side, and keeping back the moans that came to her lips, she supported him in her arms, while Edith sought to staunch the blood which was slowly welling from a wound in his side.

"It is no use, sweet sister," were his words, with a sweet smile; and then, after a little silence—"Mother," said he, "I shall never see our pleasant home again; but when you and my brother and Edith return, you will speak of me sometimes, and say: 'I wish he were here.' Romney will tell you, that in this, my last battle, I did not shrink from doing my duty."

Ere the words had left his lips, his brother came hurrying to the spot, accompanied by a surgeon.

"Can you save him?" inquired Romney.

"He is past all human aid," was the reluctant reply.

"I knew it was so," said the dying boy. "Brother, sister, mother—farewell—we shall meet in the better land."

Soon afterward, his mind was wandering, and he muttered some incoherent phrases to himself, but when in a few moments a faint shout came from a distance, borne on the night-wind, with a sudden effort, freeing himself from the clasp of his mother's arms, he sat upright and exclaimed:

"Freemen—soldiers. The victory is won. Union and liberty forever."

With these words still thrilling on the air, the boy soldier sunk back, and with his head on his mother's bosom, expired.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring with dewy finger cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed sod,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

When the sunlight of God's mercy rises upon our necessities, it casts the shadow of prayer far down upon the plain; or, to use another illustration, when God piles up a hill of mercies, he himself shines behind them, and he casts on our spirits the shadow of prayer, so that we may rest certain, if we are in prayer, our prayers are the shadows of mercy.

## COFFEE.

Coffee is an article of comparatively recent introduction. It was unknown to the Greeks and Romans, even in their most civilized and refined state. It was probably first used as a cordial or pleasant beverage by the Ethiopians. Their situation, on the south of the Red Sea, was in the vicinity of its natural growth. It was introduced into Constantinople in the year 1554; and thence was gradually adopted in the western parts of Europe. The story of its introduction into England is, that one Edwards, who had been a merchant in Turkey, in 1652, brought with him on his return, a servant, who was acquainted with the method of roasting coffee, and making it into a beverage. Afterwards, a house was kept by this person for the sale of coffee, in London. In Paris, it was hardly known, till the arrival of the Turkish ambassador there in 1669. A public coffee house was soon after opened in that city.

The grateful estimation of coffee, when properly prepared, is almost universal. It has been the favorite beverage of many distinguished men, Leibnitz, Voltaire, Frederick the great of Prussia, and Napoleon. It is used by all classes of the people in Europe. As a medicine, strong coffee is a powerful stimulant and cordial; and in the paroxysms of asthma, it is one of the best remedies. In faintness, or exhaustion from labor and fatigue, it is one of the most cordial and delicious restoratives. But much depends on the preparation by roasting (not burning), and the duration of time it is subject to boiling. The objection to its strength with every one, is readily removed by the use of milk; which, at the same time, adds to the nutriment of this agreeable beverage.

The conjecture and assertion that is sometimes made, that coffee is unwholesome, seems not to be confirmed by facts or experience. It neither shortens life, nor does it inebriate, or debilitate, or unreasonably stimulate. If it has a tendency to produce such effects, it ought to be relinquished, as much as ardent spirits. But the observation of the most careful and intelligent physicians does not support the supposition.

We are aware of the modern theory recommended by some, which would exclude not only ardent spirits and other fermented liquors, but animal food, coffee and tea; and allow only of a vegetable and milk diet. We will not quarrel with such benevolent men. But it remains to be proved, that water, milk, and a vegetable diet will secure the health and vigor as effectually as something more substantial and nutritious. Yet, as the zealous advocates of temperance, we would not be thought to discourage the most plain and simple diet, which consists with the athletic and laborious duties of man. Ardent spirits are never necessary; not even as a medicine. Other remedies are equally efficacious in all cases; and, as a drink, even in a moderate use, it is always injurious. Wine, porter, and cider, may also be used to purposes of intemperance. But whether these must be entirely proscribed as well as ardent spirits, for the promotion of temperance, we do not undertake to decide.

The apostolic advice is, "to be temperate in all things."

The coffee plant or shrub, which generally reaches the height of fifteen feet, is cultivated in the warm climates; but is found in the southern parts of the temperate latitudes. It grows in great quantities in Arabia, in the latitude of 20 degrees north. In the East and West Indies, it flourishes in the same parallel. Arabia supplies 14,000,000 pounds of coffee annually, for various parts of the world.—*Cyclopedia of Useful Knowledge.*

## MILTON'S RIB BONE.

Mention is made of Cromwell's skull; so that it may not be out of place to tell you that I have handled one of Milton's ribs. Cowper speaks indignantly of the desecration of our divine poet's grave, on which shameful occurrence some of the bones were clandestinely distributed. One fell to the lot of an old and esteemed friend, and between forty-five and fifty years ago, at his house, not many miles from London, I have often examined the said rib bone. That friend is long since dead; but his son, now in the vale of years, lives, and I doubt not from the reverence felt to the great author of *Paradise Lost*, that he has religiously preserved the precious relic. It might not be agreeable to him to have his name published; but from his tastes—he being a person of some distinction in literary pursuits—is likely to be a reader of notes and queries; and, if this should catch his eye, he may be induced to send you some particulars—I know he is able to place the matter beyond a doubt.—*Notes and Queries.*

## WAR TEACHES US TO ECONOMIZE.

We shouldn't be one whit surprised, if it turned out that this war was going to make us more thoughtful about our expenditures than we ever were before, and less prodigal of the resources with which Heaven has blessed us above every other people. We shall dress in better taste and more in harmony with our means; we shall eat less food than now, and especially less solid, meat food; and we shall seek out pretty nooks and recesses in nature, in which to place cosy cottages and snug homes, rather than opportunities for erecting costly barracks, for the purpose of show and not of habitation. A home is everything or nothing to a person; it either develops a man in the right way, to tenderness and truth, or it has just no sort of influence at all. A small and modest home, that shall suggest pictures of comfort, of snugness, and of beauty, is all that any healthy-minded person could ask. For ourselves, we would desire to be found in no other; and there is the place to which all our friends will be treated with a true welcome.—*Home Journal.*

"Which is the most solemn and awful moment of a naval battle?" asked a lady of a naval officer. "The moment before the battle, madam, when they sprinkle sand on the decks to absorb the blood that is soon to flow," replied the officer.



[ORIGINAL.]

## THE CHILD'S LAMENT FOR SUMMER.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

- "Where is the glorious summer gone?  
Why hath it passed away,  
With many a sweet and thrilling tone,  
That came but yesterday?
- "I hear not now the wild bird's song  
Ringing through wood and dell,  
But the wind sweeps mournfully along,  
Like summer's sad farewell;
- "And green leaves, which had proudly swung  
On many a forest bough,  
Unto the moaning winds are flung,  
All seared and blasted now.
- "The violet in its lone repose  
Has lost its odorous breath;  
The lily and the queenly rose  
Have felt the touch of death.
- "Alas, that such a glorious time  
Should ever pass away!  
Will the brown earth renew its prime—  
O, when, sweet mother, say?"
- "The summer ~~will~~ return, my child;  
The earth again will bloom;  
The violets in the woodland wild  
Will yield their rich perfume.
- "All beautiful and glorious things  
Will spring again to birth,  
Bright as thine own imaginings,  
With tones of love and mirth.
- "But the gay summer of the heart  
We may recall in vain;  
When that blessed season doth depart,  
It never comes again;
- "And friendships of thy early youth  
Will quickly fade away—  
E'en as the withered summer flowers—  
As false, as frail as they.
- "Then set not thy affections here  
On things that fade and die;  
But rest thy hopes on heaven, for there  
Is immortality:
- "So in thy age's wintry day,  
Though other friends may flee,  
God will, as life ebbs fast away,  
"Be all in all to thee."

It is observed, that the most censorious are generally the least judicious; who, having nothing to recommend themselves, will be finding fault with others. No man envies the merit of another that has any of his own.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE PRIDE OF THE DUDLEYS.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

THE mansion house of Dudley Manor was a gray stone building, time-stained and moss-grown, a copy of some old-world work of a mediæval architect. Its odd towers, its massive battlements, its fantastic gargoyles and grotesque carvings would have harmonized admirably with the exquisite finish and age-long culture of an English landscape, but looked strangely incongruous in their real positions. An opening in the primal forest had been made for it; its towers, undraped by blue mist or curling fog, cut boldly into the clear, cold, northern heaven. At its rear a thousand acres of wilderness forbade the red light of sunset to paint the diminutive panes of its oriel windows; in front a dead waste of recently-cleared land stretched away to a shining line, which they told you was the St. Lawrence—thirty miles distant—and if you watched on a clear day you might see a sail slowly drifting along, so remote and unreal that you could scarcely believe it was not the white cloud which mocked it. Away, miles to the southwest, lay Ontario, a still spot of light which you would never have dreamed was water.

You might travel for miles and not find a more desolate tract of country than this. As if Nature had meant to compensate herself for her lavish prodigality at Niagara, among the Thousand Isles, and upon the Saguenay, she leaves here a region absolutely without beauty in any of its larger features. The wilderness resents the intrusion of man, and the weather-whitened stumps stand for years to reproach him with the ruin he has wrought. True, the grass grows lush and thick, the woods are full of all wild flowers, and the maples annually pave the forest floors with a many-tinted mosaic. The wild bean twines around the unsightly trunks of the tall base-woods, and perfumes all the air. Here, too, is stillness, and no interruption by "the world's harsh din."

This was a manor long held and royally owned by Western Dudley. Proud of the rank which his possessions gave him, imagining himself a feudal lord, and ruling over his tenants as if he were one, he had long ago forgotten the taste and culture and opulence of refinement which distinguished his Eng-

lish home, scarcely remembered that family decline and poverty had driven him into exile, and had ceased to pine for such luxuries as literature and society.

With the inclemencies of many winters his mediæval castle had grown grim and defaced; but that only made it more like the olden time. Within, it was scarcely more fresh and well kept. Western Dudley's wife had been dead for long years, and careless, rough backwoods women, who had little taste for the minor luxuries of life, cared for his household arrangements.

So it was that out of all the rooms of the spacious house, but one wore any semblance of comfort. That was Maud's. Maud Dudley was Western Dudley's daughter. If you had asked her father how old she was, he would have said, "The child must be eighteen, at least." But he was wrong. The cares of the few last years had pressed heavily upon him. It had grown hard to collect his rents. Insolent pioneers squatted upon his lands, and resisted his attempts to coerce them into payment.

It was at the beginning of the anti-rent troubles in New York. Never more than half a republican, Western Dudley cursed in his heart the license of democracy, and wished a thousand times that the Canadian frontier ran to the south of him. To be sure, there were the resources of business. Swift streams, coming for miles through his own lands, might be forced to work for him. His vast forests might be thinned to meet the need of the lumbermen. Every year the busy life of the world had encroached upon that solitude. Its advancing waves already washed the shores of his own domain. Mr. Dudley had but to take the tide whose flood would lead him on to true fortune. But he did not think of it, or if he thought of it, it was only with an inward shrinking and contempt. All the Dudleys were gentlemen, and it was the pride of this branch of the house that they were so. That they should never form an alliance with trade he was determined. And in this country, what was there that a gentleman could do? He had tried political life; but younger, more energetic men, more fully imbued with the progressive American spirit, had driven him off the field.

So it had happened that Dudley, proud, by nature, grown sour and stern through defeat and mortification, was living in his dilapidated mediæval castle, pressed by creditors and tormented by unpaying debtors, and his daugh-

ter grown to womanhood under his very eyes without his knowing it.

This was the position of affairs at the beginning of the year of grace eighteen hundred and forty-five. Look into Western Dudley's own apartment, and you will see him sitting at a round oaken table, sorting papers, folding bills and putting them away in his wallet with the air of one who had important business.

"Maud!"

The girl looked up from her sewing. "What, father?"

"Your Cousin Fairfax may come here while I am away."

"Well, papa?"

Her whole face had softened; a tender, shy light shone out of her downcast eyes, and some strange, sweet emotion wavered in her voice. Her father, rustling papers and creasing long slips in resolute, strongly-marked folds, glanced sharply at her.

"How old are you, Maud?" he demanded, abruptly staying his busy hand for a moment.

"Twenty-two, father."

"So much? Time accelerates. What will it be when I am ten years older?" said Dudley, the grim, business face relaxing. "It is time you were married, Maud," he next said, quickly resuming his old manner.

Maud's face crimsoned. She bent over her sewing, and the needle flew swifter and swifter. She did not speak. Her father watched her curiously. To some men a woman is always an enigma. They interpret every manifestation by the rule of contraries, and are surprised to find the result of their calculations an error.

"The child is frightened," thought Dudley. "Well, well, there's time enough yet. Maud is only a child. What is twenty-two?"

What, indeed? Not much to forty, still less to fifty, and to sixty is not the assumption of youth the most ridiculous of impertinences? But ask twenty-two. See if it has not sounded fathomless depths of joy and sorrow. Ask if it does not recognize its possibilities. Is it not tortured by questionings, inspired by grand intentions, haunted by nameless forebodings?

No page of life is a blank, and pressed by the accumulations of years, sixty forgets what a marvellous story was inscribed on the first twenty leaves. What if Maud's face was still young and fresh? It had not lost its infantine innocence, but as her father looked at her, as she stood ready to bid him good-by, it

struck him that an indefinable shadow overcast it. The latent tenderness in the man's nature was aroused.

He kissed the uplifted forehead and went away with the dew of her tears upon his face. He had ridden many miles before this new emotion had ceased to stir him. Then it cost him an effort to bring his thoughts back into the hard world where his business lay. But he did it. So men go out of the holy of holies, the baptism of its sacrifices fresh upon their brows, and plunge willfully into the heated atmosphere which sweeps over them like the wind from the desert, hardening, seething, scorching them anew. By the time he reached the country town, Western Dudley was quite willing to adopt the vindictive measures recommended to him by his lawyers, ready to press the half-fed tenants to the utmost, and bent upon re-establishing the old family pride, and endowing it with adequate support.

He left Maud sitting alone at the window. Across the narrow lane which ran by the door, the gaunt stumps shone white and smooth in the glare of the forenoon sunshine. The blinking, blinding light forbade the sight of the shining line thirty miles away, up and down which the snowy sails passed in their errands for love or gold. The sun had lifted up the mists from the hills, but they still lay opaque and billowy in the distant valleys.

In the tall, thick woods close at hand, the crickets were chirping. Their loud singing monotone did not distract Maud's thoughts. She sewed steadily and swiftly, as if her life depended upon the celerity of her needle. A brown thrush lit in a tall beech which had been doing picket duty for the forest during the whole score of years since its settled phalanx was first attacked by the vandal axe, and sang his exquisite song. Still Maud sewed on—no matter—other, sweeter songs were sounding in her soul. All the fine faculties of her being lent themselves to the consummation of this wondrous melody. And always the refrain took a homely, practical form. "He is coming, he is coming," it said, shouting in her ear. And Maud, with cheek burning, with eyes downward bent, but eager and nervous, lips apart and expectant, sewed on the shirt she was making for her Cousin Fairfax.

There you have the secret. I tried hard to keep it. I would have had you believe it was some dainty embroidery wrought by her skillful fingers. I should have liked you to see

Maud lifted quite above the need of such petty drudgeries. I would have people clothed as the lilies of the field, who toil not, or spin, and thus Maud should have sat at the eastern oriel watching like a princess of old for her lover, her purple raiment sweeping the floor, and her magnificent hair braided and intertwined with strings of pearls. But behold the hard demands of truth! It has extorted from me the secret of the shirt. It compels me to add that Maud's dark hair was pushed plainly away from her forehead, and that she was dressed in a brown print that might have cost a dime a yard. For the rest the hair lay in long waves over a very fair forehead, and the brown calico ruffle encircled a slender, delicate white throat. So were the fingers shapely and white which fashioned the red flannel shirt.

A red flannel shirt? Why in the world should a gentleman, such as we suppose Fairfax Dudley to be, wear a garment of that description? Flannel, we admit, has found a foothold in the best society, being a prophylactic in cases of pulmonary predisposition; but why the sanguinary color? Simply for this reason. Fairfax Dudley was tired of being only a gentleman, and had resolved upon being a man. And to this end he had engaged himself to the captain of a lumber gang on the river. It had struck Fairfax Dudley, being a young man of sense, and his ideas having received impulse and direction from one or two master minds that had acted upon him through books, that it was a little absurd to starve one's self to feed pride, that it was possible to carve out a name by one's own labor grander than any syllables hallowed by ancestry. Various other heresies the young man had imbibed, which Maud, simple girl, did not take for heresies, but deemed gospel.

So Maud's swift needle flew, and her dark eye grew softer, and her cheek flushed brighter through all the sweet summer forenoon. O, happy thoughts of youth, that fill the loneliest hours and make the quietest places fill of music!

The sun at length slanted to the west. A soft wind blew up, and cooled the air. The gloom of the thick woods grew deeper and darker. The day wore on into twilight; another soft, dreamy hour, and it was evening—still and cool, and dark. Maud had completed her prosaic work, and sat on the doorstep, her arms crossed and her head bent a little forward.

"Why doesn't he come?" she said, half aloud.

In truth he was long in coming. The hope deferred and the loneliness of the still night began to depress her.

"Perhaps he was not coming at all," she said to herself. "He was so filled with ambitious hopes now, that perhaps he had forgotten to care for his little cousin. And why should he care for her indeed—little ignorant girl that she was? She, who had been brought up in the woods, who had never been at boarding school, as the girls in the neighboring town had done; who knew nothing of the great world! And lately, since Fairfax had been studying surveying, he had seen so much of life! Doubtless he had met many women—women who had enjoyed the advantages of society and education—beside whom his little cousin would seem doubly countrified. He must often think how ashamed he would be of her when he should bring her among those polished ladies. And very likely too he had found some one among them whom he loved better than he did her. In that case Maud would give him back his troth. She would do it if it broke her heart, for she loved him too well to make him unhappy."

Just as Maud had come to this heroic resolution, and was crying a little on account of the prospective sorrow, a crackling among the dry twigs of the wood startled her, and in another moment a figure emerged from an opening, and made straight for the house. Maud stood up, her heart beating quickly, and her eager eyes trying to discern him. An exclamation escaped her lips presently, and the person, looking up, cried joyfully:

"Maud?"

Two more quick steps, and Fairfax Dudley was at Maud's side. Where now were her misgivings, her doubts of him, her self-sacrificing resolutions?

"What, Maud, tears! What does it mean? Was it because I did not come?"

Maud, laughing and crying, denied that his tardiness had anything to do with it.

"Couldn't one sit alone in the beautiful night and weep if one liked?"

"Beautiful night, indeed! A thousand acres of wilderness at your back, and a field of ghostly stumps in front. I cannot imagine what ever induced my uncle to settle here. Damp, too! Why, child, your hair is wet. You must take care of yourself, Maud. Come in, now. And my uncle is away? Gone to

collect rents, did you say? He will have rough work, I'm afraid."

"So am I," said Maud, sadly. "Father has received many inopulent letters of late, from his tenants. They are so rude, Fairfax. They seem to think they have a perfect right to any part of papa's land and they may take a fancy to. What can they mean? Absurd doctrines, aren't they, Fairfax?"

"And yet there's a vein of truth in them," said the young man, speaking as if to himself, and looking thoughtful.

"A vein of truth? I don't understand you, Fairfax."

"O, never mind," said the young man, rousing himself, and speaking gaily. "Don't you trouble your little head, darling."

Maud looked vexed. "I wish you wouldn't treat me so like a child," she said, half pouting.

"What! would the little wood-bird fill her pretty head with all the wild stuff men think of and prate about? Rather let her sing her own sweet songs."

"But all this interests you, and I want to share it," persisted Maud.

"Nay, Maud, darling, don't vex yourself with these things. There's trouble enough in the world, God knows, but I'd like my little Maud to live care free." And the lover's fond look was to Maud as much as his words.

"But, Fairfax," she said, presently, "is there no way to prevent all this contention and anger? It makes me heart-sick. My father comes home from D— with black, gloomy looks, and says he will have all the tenants driven off if they don't pay, and he is so angered and anxious. They must be very bad men to treat my father so."

"Perhaps not altogether bad. Men look at things differently. But I am afraid these troubles will lead to some dreadful outbreak. There was a riot in — county yesterday week. The agent barely escaped with his life."

"A riot!" Maud grew white. "If anything should befall my father!"

"Don't be alarmed, dear. The tenants here are peaceable people, and have a great respect for the house of Dudley. There'll be no rising unless he drives them to desperation. But, Maud, I've been thinking how much happier and quieter you would be in one of the lake towns than here. I don't want to leave you here this winter while I'm away in the woods. Dear Maud, why should I not ask your father to give you to me now?"



"Fairfax!" The girl looked frightened.  
 "O, no, not now of all times."

"And why not now?"

"When father is troubled and gloomy! And besides—" She hesitated, looking up at him timidly.

"And besides what?"

"I'm afraid he is displeased with you," stammered Maud.

The young man's face grew stern. "Displeased! Why?"

"I doubt if he likes your new plans."

"No, I dare say not!" Fairfax Dudley dropped the hand he was holding, and began to pace the room.

"No! he would rather I sat in idleness, wringing a scanty living from unwilling tenants for possessions I had no moral right to hold. I may wear rage, live on crust, grow up in ignorance—this suits the Dudley pride—but work—no! How consistent, how wise and beautiful!"

"Don't be angry, Fairfax—don't be harsh towards my father," pleaded Maud. He stood still and gazed at her a moment.

"That is what angers me most of all," he resumed. "If he had been reasonable, you might have ruled in society, a queen among women, Maud. But now, condemned to the wilderness—"

"Stop, stop!" cried Maud, playfully putting her hand over his lips. "Then I should have been wooed by some famous knight, and not by my cousin Fairfax."

"That's true, Maud." And the young man kissed the small fingers; then he said, gravely, "I am not rich, or learned, or famous, Maud."

"I know it, Fairfax."

"And perhaps I never shall be either."

"Perhaps not, but then I love you better than if you were all of them."

Now, of course, with so much granted, the young man would assume that he was to have everything his own way, and would urge that he might at once speak to her father. I agree with Maud, that it was an unpropitious time. Such a face as Western Dudley brought home with him is not at all encouraging to one who would ask a favor. He came in with a slow and sullen step, head bent down, brows contracted. Maud had lit a cheerful fire in her father's room, for a storm was at hand, and the wind blew up from the lake chilly and damp. She had baked some of his favorite tea-cakes, and taken care that his tea was good and strong, but these little acts did not avail.

Maud and Fairfax had the tea-table conversation mostly to themselves. The repast was nearly finished, when Mr. Dudley turned abruptly upon Fairfax, and demanded:

"Is this nonsense that I hear of your engaging to work at lumbering true?"

Fairfax kindled at once. "It is true, sir," he replied, proudly.

"A creditable thing, indeed," answered Mr. Dudley.

"I see nothing discreditable in it, sir. Honest labor—"

"Don't talk to me," thundered Mr. Dudley.

"If you had any pretensions to Maud, sir, you may resign them. Maud shall marry a gentleman, or no one."

"Uncle Dudley," said the young man, growing pale, "you know well that Maud and I love each other, and you yourself have encouraged—"

"What's that to me now?" broke in Mr. Dudley. "And you must work for Fellem, too. Couldn't you disgrace yourself enough otherwise? He is the rascal that has instigated my people to hold back their rents, but it is useless. They shall pay, if it strips them of the last penny."

Maud and her lover were silent. Speech would have been worse than useless. The next day Fairfax left, saying to Maud, "You shall see me again before winter comes."

The summer was now almost gone, and in a few days autumn was at hand. Affairs did not assume a better form as time advanced. The tenants were more insolent and Mr. Dudley became more obdurate.

Early in October Mr. Dudley informed Maud that he had a journey to make to the county town. A large deputation of his tenants were to be there, and were to present their view of the case.

"But it will be in vain. I shall not yield. They will find I'm not one to abate any of my rightful claims," he said.

Maud watched him depart sadly. An ominous foreboding weighed upon her. Alone in the great house, with no one for company but the farm workmen, and a rude country girl who performed the household labor, she had full time to cherish morbid fancies. It was now near the decline of the year. The sad October days were come. The tall basswood trees flung out their golden banners to the soft southwest. The beeches wore a rich mellow brown; the maples flushed scarlet.

Beneath the trees, among the season's smaller growths a change went on. The poison

ivy, the habitant of dense, dark woods, grew a beautiful crimson, but in its delicate leaves still lurked its evil spell. The innumerable wild vines slowly dropped their leaves and withered one by one.

The wood mosses assumed a temporary faded air, preparatory to a new upspringing of tender greenness under the frosts and brief snows of November. Presently, in a still morning, a few yellow leaves fell silently; a day or two more, and they crowded down in noiseless showers; a wild, northeast storm blew up, days of pelting rain and high winds followed, and when the sun shone again it was upon nature in ruins.

And still Mr. Dudley did not come. Maud watched for him till her heart grew weary. At the county town Mr. Dudley had been exasperated and worried beyond measure. His title had been indignantly denied, his claims overrun by new theories which baffled and perplexed him. Angry, desperate, pressed for money, beset by creditors, Mr. Dudley directed his lawyer to proceed at once against the refractory tenants. The preliminary legal processes were gone through. At this a loud murmur of rebellion rose all over the county. Some swore revenge, others more compromising, came to remonstrate. Mr. Dudley faced a knot of desperate men unmoved by their threats. His natural courage made him despise fear. His spirits rose at the sense of personal danger. He would not yield though a thousand assassins threatened his life. The legal steps should go on.

"Then, by Heaven, sir, you shall rue it!" shouted a man in the group.

Mr. Dudley glanced at the speaker in contempt, but the bystanders who noticed the man's haggard, wearied face, and marked the expression of resolution which settled down upon it as Mr. Dudley spoke, thought that the landlord had cause to fear for his life.

Towards the close of October, a few warm days slipped in between the frosty nights, interluding the clear cold with serried sunshine and summer heat. At the close of the last of these days, Mr. Dudley ordered his horse brought out.

A thick cloud lay low in the west, and occasional flashes of lightning broke over the dim mistiness of the twilight.

"I wouldn't advise you to travel in the night, sir," said the landlord of the county inn. "Some of those desperate fellows might take advantage of a dark night, and thick woods, to do a foul deed."

"I am not afraid. The moon will rise in two hours, and I have revolvers."

"The moon will be clouded. Don't you see a thunder-storm lies asleep there in the west?"

"Well, if a shower comes, I shall sleep at C——."

"Keep a good lookout, then, through the long piece of woods on the way to C——, if you will go."

Mr. Dudley rode off in a brave mood. Nevertheless, as he entered the thick forest, through which lay several miles of his journey, he could not forbear looking about him with some degree of apprehension. The sun had been sometime set, and the cloud in the west veiled the lingering light of day. In the forest shades it was already an impenetrable gloom. He had looked well to his pistols just before leaving the public house, and knew that they were in serviceable order. There was nothing to do but to ride on. Momentarily the darkness deepened. The cloud rolled up in the west and broke into vast irregular masses that sailed in swift procession before the rapidly rising wind.

Presently low, thunderous sounds came on the breeze. The long branches which hung over the road swayed up and down. Hoarse, weird sobbings came from the forest depths. Dudley pressed on.

It was painful work. A man's courage may save him in broad light, or in a face to face encounter, but of what avail was valor when an enemy might be hiding in those unfathomable shades, the first notice of whose presence should be—whiz—crash? Ugh! A bullet in the dark is a grave matter. But then it might miss. True, but the assassin hiding in the shade could see more plainly than the traveller, whose eyes vainly sought to pierce it. Dudley anathematized his folly in not listening to the warning of the innkeeper.

He had thought it was courage that impelled him to defy danger—now he knew it for pride, which would not admit of counsel. He urged his horse forward. The wind of the coming tempest had died away; the thunder had ceased. Nothing but the steady tramp, tramp, tramp, of his horse broke the appalling silence. It became intolerable. He drew the rein, stopped, listened intently. Nothing was audible but the beatings of his own heart. He galloped on again, somewhat relieved. Now red flashes of lightning flamed out into the black night. Great Heaven! What was that—a human figure with arms extended, that stood in the path and beckoned warningly?

It was just before him; his horse was upon it before he could check him. No, thank God! only a dry, broken limb, with angular, uplifted branches, thrown down by some dying tree. The hoofs of his animal were upon it, it cracked, swung round, and one of the limbs struck Mr. Dudley a sharp blow upon the arm. That was nothing. On again.

Again that horrible tramp, tramp, tramp. Dudley stopped, listened, with blood creeping slowly, and almost chilled into ice with horror. This is not imagination. The steady tramp of fast approaching hoofs was unmistakably clear. On now, for life. The thunder began to clatter, and the rushing of the wind in the treetops was like the break of the waves upon the beach at Ontario.

Yet ever and anon in the deathly pauses of the storm rang out the unflinching tramp, tramp, tramp. But surely it is time he saw the lights of C—. Faster, faster, good Robin, for the love of heaven. Another terrible league with the unrelenting tramp, tramp, tramp, steadily nearing like a pursuing fate.

Where are the lights of C—? Merciful Heaven! Could he have mistaken the road, and ridden further and deeper into the wilderness? It must be so, for his horse began to droop. He must have travelled further than in his excitement he had taken heed of. Mr. Dudley tried to calm himself. Doubtless all this was folly. The horseman was some belated traveller like himself. He would have a merry laugh with him, when they sat together over their supper at the wayside inn, which could not be far off. It were best to wait for his coming, and take counsel with him about the road. But though Mr. Dudley said this to himself, over and over again, he still pressed forward, and still more and more wearily his horse labored on.

What was that? A quick gleam—a crash! Yes, a rifle ball has shot by him and lodged in yonder tree. In an instant all Mr. Dudley's fear and dread were gone. Well, he would at least make a brave fight for his life! He reined in his horse, wheeled, and awaited the approach of his foe. The steady footfalls sounded nearer and nearer. Presently they ceased close at hand, and Dudley distinctly perceived the panting of the overwrought horse. At the same instant a red gleam broke over the road, and Dudley saw the mounted man before him. It was the blanched face, and set, despairing eyes, that had haunted him all the way.

"It is well you stopped," said a voice, out

of the darkness; "you shall have a chance for your life. At the next flash we both fire."

The slow minutes fell one by one, each more precious in Dudley's eyes than grains of golden sand. The wind rose every moment. The loud cracking of the branches drowned every other sound. Face to face they stood, unseen by each other, in the tempestuous conflict of the elements. Suddenly a flash, a terrible, blinding, white flood of light. Simultaneously a rattle, a loud shout, and a quick, random shot by each combatant.

"What the deuce? Why, man, what do you mean by blocking up the way? Antoine, a light, there."

"Good heavens, Fairfax Dudley, is that you?"

"By all that's wonderful, that should be my uncle's voice. Yes, it is I, in *propria persona*. But who the dickens is this?"

"A murderer, an assassin!" shouted Dudley. "Hold him?"

"Liar, I gave you a fair chance!"

"Softly, my good fellow. That is well, Antoine." He threw the light full in the man's face.

"John Mack. Is it possible?"

The man bowed his face to his horse's mane.

"I couldn't help it, Mr. Fairfax. The landlord maddened me. Do what you will with me. Hang me if you choose."

"I'll take you to the nearest public house and give you a supper. We'll see about the hanging afterwards. Give me your rifle and follow."

The next afternoon Western Dudley and his nephew rode up to the door of the Dudley mansion.

"Why don't you alight, Fairfax?"

"I was thinking, that unless—"

"Come in, my boy. Do you think I'll refuse Maud to you now? And as for the rents, I'll not press them. You shall compromise with the tenants. Ah, Maud!"

The pride of Western Dudley was much softened. The hours of that terrible night ride for life were not lost upon him. When Fairfax and Maud were wedded, he gave up to his son-in-law the management of his vast lands, and by a conciliatory policy the tie was maintained, which must otherwise have been severed amid blood and crime.

#### SILENT SORROW.

I have a silent sorrow here,  
A grief I'll ne'er impart;  
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,  
Yet it consumes my heart.—SHERIDAN.

## NAPOLEON'S POWER OF MEMORY.

His powers of application and memory seemed almost preternatural. There was scarcely a man in France, and none in employment, with whose private history, character and qualifications he was not acquainted. He had, when emperor, notes and tables, which he called the moral statistics of his empire. He revised and corrected them by ministerial reports and private correspondence. He received all letters himself, and, what seems incredible, he read and recollected all he had received. He slept little, and was never idle one instant when awake. When he had an hour for diversion, he not unfrequently employed it in looking over a book of logarithms, which he acknowledged, with some surprise, was at all seasons of his life a recreation to him. So retentive was his memory of numbers, that sums over which he had once glanced his eyes were in his mind ever after. He recollected the respective produce of all taxes through every year of his administration, and could at any time repeat any one of them even to the centimes. Thus his detection of errors in accounts seemed marvellous, and he indulged in the pardonable artifice of displaying these faculties in a way to create a persuasion that his vigilance was almost supernatural. In running over an account of expenditure, he perceived the rations of a battalion charged on a certain day at Bensancon. "*Mais le bataillon n'était pas là*," "il y a erreur." The minister, recollecting that the emperor had been at the time out of France, and confiding in the regularity of his subordinate agents, persisted that the battalion must have been at Bensancon. Napoleon insisted on further inquiry. It turned out to be a fraud, not a mistake. The speculative accountants were dismissed, and the scrutinizing spirit of the emperor circulated with the anecdote through every branch of the public service in a way to deter every clerk from committing the slightest error, from fear of immediate detection.—*Lord Holland's Foreign Reminiscences.*

## ANECDOTES OF BIRDS.

The "Cow-Bunting," of New England, never builds a nest; the female lays her eggs in the nests of those birds whose young feed, like her own, on insects and worms, taking care to deposit but one egg in a nest. A cow-bunting deposited an egg in the nest of a sparrow, in which was one egg of the latter. On the sparrow's return what was to be done? She could not get out the egg which belonged to her, neither did she wish to desert her nest, so nicely prepared for her own young. What did she do? After consultation with her husband, they fixed on their mode of procedure. They built a bridge of straw and hair directly over the two eggs, making a sort of second story in the house, thus leaving the two eggs below, out of the reach of the warmth of her body. In the upper apartment she laid four eggs and reared her four children. In the museum at Salem, Massachusetts, may be seen this nest, with two eggs imprisoned below.

## VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

My walks to the river at New Orleans were not taken, of course, without remembering to what that span of muddy water is the wondrous gate. Including the tributaries of the Mississippi, it is the outlet of *seventeen thousand miles* of internal navigation. The valley of the great river alone, says Norman, contains nearly as many square miles and more tillable ground than all continental Europe; and, if peopled as densely as England, would sustain a population of five hundred millions—more than half of the present inhabitants of the earth. It is almost impossible to anticipate the future magnitude of New Orleans as the commercial emporium of this vast tract. The productions of many climates are tributary to its progress. The Mississippi abounds in coal, lead, iron and copper ore, all found in veins of wonderful richness. The Missouri stretches thirty-nine hundred miles to the Great Falls, among the Flat-foot Indians, and five thousand from New Orleans. The Yellow Stone River, navigable for eleven hundred miles, the Platte for sixteen hundred, and the Kansas for twelve hundred, are only tributaries to the latter river. The Ohio is two thousand miles to Pittsburg, receiving into her bosom from numerous streams the products of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, Western Virginia, Tennessee, Indiana and Illinois. The Arkansas, Big Black, Yazoo, Red River, and many others, all pouring their wealth into the main artery, the Mississippi, upon whose mighty current it floats down to the great reservoir, New Orleans.—*N. P. Willis.*

## A HINDOO'S STORY.

A poor Hindoo, having been released from the cares of this world, and from a scurvy wife, presented himself at the gate of Brahma's paradise. "Have you been through purgatory?" asked the god. "No, but I have been married," he replied, seriously. "Come in, then, it's all the same." At this moment arrived another man, just defunct, who begged of Brahma to be permitted to go in also. "Softly, softly! have you been through purgatory?" "No; but what of that? Did you not admit, a moment ago, one who had not been there any more than I!" "Certainly; but he has been married." "Married? Who are you talking to? I have been married twice." "O, pshaw!" replied Brahma; "get away! Paradise is not for fools!"—*Tribune.*

## SUCCESS.

No matter for his birthplace, his parentage—success has all in all in his name. Though he were born on the wayside, his mother a gipsy, and his father a clipper of coin—for his name, and name alone, men shall bow down and worship him. Desert weeps at the early grave of the broken-hearted; success eats oriolans with a quacksalver at threescore. We may certainly be brought to allow the possible existence of unrewarded desert; but for success, there can be no doubt of his vitality.—*Douglas Jerrold.*



## The Florist.

The virgin lily of the vale I love,  
Laden with sweets Arabia cannot give;  
Distilled from liquid-music of the grove  
By nightingales.  
Poured out as emulous to please, they strive  
In love-fraught tales.

### House Plants.

The culture of flowering and sweet-scented plants, as ornaments in human dwellings, has been practised from such remote antiquity that no one can name the date of its origin. House plants are also a kind of ornaments which all the labors of the most refined art can never exceed or even reach; and hence, in the most refined and luxurious states of society, flowers maintain a high place among the leading ornaments; and the assembly-rooms of beauty and fashion, and the banquetting-halls of the noble and the great, would look tame and barren without those beautiful and appropriate decorums.

### Bulbs in Glasses.

This is a favorite mode of house culture, and the bulbs best adapted for it are hyacinths, polyanthus, narcissus, Van Thol and other tulips, crocus, Persian iris, narcissus, colchicum, Guernsey lily, jonquil, and others. Spring-flowering bulbs are usually purchased in September, and the autumnal ones in July and August, and the largest and best-formed bulbs should be chosen; an abundant supply may be obtained at little cost at the seed-shops and nurseries. To be blown in winter or spring, the bulbs are placed in water in October, and so on in succession till February or March; and for autumn and early winter, they are placed in the water in August and September. Dark-colored glasses are the best, as they prevent the light from decomposing the roots of the plants. Rain water is preferable to any other, and it should be changed frequently, not less than once every third or fourth day, to prevent its getting putrid; and in performing this operation care must be taken both in withdrawing and replacing the roots. This is necessary only till the flowers have expanded; for after this the plants may be left undisturbed until the flowers have decayed. The water which is supplied must not be colder than that which is withdrawn, or than the general temperature of the apartment. Much heat is not necessary for such plants, because they flower better the more slowly their vegetation proceeds. Chimney-pieces and other warm situations are not nearly so well adapted for these bulbs as stages near the window, or the window-sill itself.

### Plants proper for Window Culture.

Plants which will continue healthy for a long time in the confined air of rooms are generally those which have a peculiar surface, or texture in the foliage—such are many of the Aloes, Cactuses, Mesembryanthemums, among what are called succulent plants; and, in a higher temperature, some of the curious *Epiphytas*, or the natural order *Or-*

*chideæ*. We recollect once seeing a very interesting collection of more than two hundred species, growing in a high state of perfection, in the house of an amateur of succulent plants, living in the Grand Sablon at Brussels. The room containing them was fitted up much in the same way as an ordinary library, with abundance of light shelves round the walls, and a large table in the middle of the room, on which were placed the pots containing the plants. At night the room was lighted up by an elegant glass lamp, and it was heated by one of those ornamental stoves so common on the continent. Altogether, it had a very handsome appearance. The Chinese are very attentive to the house culture of many of the orchideous epiphytæ, and thereby greatly increase the beauty and the fragrance of their apartments; they have them in ornamental vases and baskets, and even suspended in the air, where they last for many years and flower beautifully. Some of them continue in flower for many months, and diffuse the most delightful fragrance during the night.

### Diseases of House Plants.

Plants in rooms, especially geraniums and roses, are very liable to be attacked by aphides. These may be easily removed by tobacco smoke or tobacco water; and where the smell is not offensive, smoke blown from a common tobacco pipe is as effectual as any other method. Camphorated water may be used by those who dislike the smell of tobacco. Mildew occasionally, though rarely, attacks house plants. It appears like a white powder, and is supposed to consist of minute fungi; but these fungi are not the original disease, but its consequences, and their appearance shows that the plant has been in impure air or otherwise improperly treated. Sulphur or camphor will effectually remove the mildew; and a scaly insect of the cochus tribe, which appears occasionally on oranges, camellias, and similar plants, may be removed by a sponge and water.

### Work for the Month.

Prune all roses which were left half done in the autumn, or not done at all, especially grafted and budded ones of last year, as they have this year to make some growth. Stocks may still do if the season is backward, but not a day must be lost. Look over all the standard trees, examine the pushing buds, trim out all weak shoots from the buds, and cut away all shoots from the stock. This must be always considered of first consequence, for the growth of a branch from a stock will completely check the growth of the head. All grafted and budded trees, when once fairly growing, should be deprived of all means of growth from the stock itself. It is not wise to destroy altogether the growth of the stock above the graft or bud, until the union and subsequent growth of the graft or bud itself are well established; but this once accomplished, leave no vestige of growth belonging to the stock, and constantly rub off every bud.

## The Housewife.

### To prevent Colds in Children.

The best preventive of colds in children is to dress them warm and give them exercise daily in the open air, and wash them thoroughly every day in cold water, if they are strong enough to bear it; if not, add a little warm water, and rub the skin dry. This keeps the pores open. If they do take cold, give them a warm bath as soon as possible; if that is not convenient, bathe the feet and hands, and wash the body all over with warm water, and give a cup of warm tea, and cover the patient in bed. Avoid exposure the following day.

### Liquid Glue.

Place in a glue-pot, or in a glazed vessel, one quart of water and three pounds of hard glue; melt over a gentle fire and stir up occasionally. When the glue is all melted, drop in gradually a small quantity of nitric acid, when effervescence will take place. Now take it off the fire, allow it to cool and bottle it. It will keep for years without changing. It is always ready for use without melting, and is of great value in the household for mending things when you want to "save the pieces." This is the "Celebrated Prepared Glue."

### Potato Balls.

Mash some floury potatoes quite smooth, season with pepper and salt, add fresh butter until sufficiently moist, but not too much so; make into balls, roll them in vermicelli crumbled, or bread crumbs; in the latter case they may be brushed with the yolk of egg; fry them a nice brown. Serve them on a napkin, or round a dish of mashed potatoes which has not been moulded.

### German Toast, for Dessert.

Cut in thick slices a loaf of stale bread—baker's is best; lay it in a deep dish. Beat four eggs, and add to a quart of milk; pour the liquid over the bread; let it stand until it is all absorbed; then lay the slices on a buttered griddle, and fry them to a delicate brown. Serve hot, with rich sauce. Bread prepared in the same way and baked, is very good.

### To clean China.

China is best cleaned, when very dirty, with finely-powdered fuller's earth and warm water; afterwards rinsing it well in clean water. A little clean soft soap may be added to the water instead of fuller's earth. The same plan is recommended for cleaning glass.

### Quaking Pudding.

Take a quart of cream, scald it, and when nearly cold, put to it four eggs well beaten, a spoonful and a half of flour, some nutmeg and sugar; tie it tight in a buttered cloth, boil it an hour, and turn it out carefully. Serve with melted butter, a little wine and sugar.

### Lemon Dumplings.

Add the juice of one lemon to the rind, which must be chopped fine; mix half a pound of suet, also chopped, with half a pound of bread-crumbs, one egg, enough milk (or water) to make a stiff paste; add the lemon, sweeten to taste, divide into five or six equal parts, and boil in separate cloths for three-quarters of an hour, and serve up with wine sauce.

### Tartlets.

Line several tartlet pans with a thin, short paste; fill them with any preserve or sweetmeat you like; then with paste shred very fine (moulds made for this purpose do them much neater and more quickly) cross them; egg them; place them in a baking tin, and bake them in a quick oven.

### To extract Grease from Silks.

Scrape French chalk, put it on a grease spot, and hold it near the fire, or over a warm iron, or water-plate filled with boiling water. The grease will melt, and the French chalk absorb it. Brush or rub it off; repeat, if necessary.

### Port Wine Jelly.

A pint of port wine, one ounce and a half of isinglass, three-quarters of an ounce of gum arabic, four ounces and a half of powdered loaf-sugar; stand it on the hob until dissolved; when cold, it is fit for use.

### Book Cakes.

Take a pound of flour, rub it into half a pound of butter and half a pound of sugar; mix with it a quarter of a pound of lemon-peel and the yolks of six eggs. Roll into balls, and bake on tins.

### Potato Pudding.

Take two pounds of potatoes, wash, boil and mash them; when cold, add a pint of new milk, three eggs well beaten, two ounces of moist sugar, and a little nutmeg. Bake it.

### Light Dough Dumplings.

Take a pound of dough; make it into small balls, the size of eggs; boil in plenty of water, and use it for roast or boiled meats, or serve with butter and sugar, or with gravy.

### Anchovy Sauce.

To about half a pint of melted butter, put two table-spoonsful of good essence of anchovies, with the juice of half a lemon. Serve very hot.

### To take out Spots on Silk.

Rub the spots with spirit of turpentine; this spirit, exhaling, carries off with it the oil that causes the spot.

### To restore Color taken out by Acids.

Sal volatile or hartshorn will suffice for this purpose. It may be dropped on silk without doing any injury.

## Curious Matters.

### A Mirage.

The Rutland Herald gives an account of an extraordinary phenomenon which appeared to the people of St. Albans village. About five o'clock in the afternoon of the 21st ult., the lake for miles and the opposite shore were mirrored in the sky, at an angle of about twenty degrees, in a manner similar to that known as the mirage of the desert. The houses, trees, and other objects, on the New York shore were distinctly visible, and the opposite sides of the islands in the lake could be plainly seen. The whole resembled a vast painting, and is said to have been a magnificent sight. The appearance was first seen at about five o'clock in the afternoon, and lasted until the growing darkness hid it from view. The lake is some miles from the village.

### An iron Egg.

In Dresden there is an iron egg, the history of which is something like this:—A young prince sent this iron egg to a lady to whom he was betrothed. She received it in her hand, and looked at it in disdain. In her indignation that he should send her such a gift, she cast it to the earth. When it touched the ground, a spring, cunningly hidden in the egg, opened and a silver yolk rolled out. She touched a secret spring in the yolk, and a golden chicken was revealed; she touched a spring in the chicken, and a crown was found within; she touched a spring in the crown, and within it was a diamond marriage ring. There is a moral to the story.

### Curious Mishap.

In a late British mail received at the Lowell post-office, there was an English newspaper, in which was found hidden a letter. The latter was mailed at Liverpool for Bradford, in Yorkshire, and after reaching the latter place, during the process of delivery it chanced to slip inside the wrapper of a newspaper which had been deposited at Bradford for Lowell, United States, and hidden there, came safely to Lowell, whence it was started back again for the dominions of John Bull, with a full history of its travels written on its face. Such a peculiar accident would not happen to one letter in many millions.

### Mozart's "Figaro."

It is said in Leipzig, that the original manuscript score of Mozart's "Figaro" is now at Dresden, in the hands of a gentleman prepared to prove its pedigree. It has been examined, "they say," by more than one authority competent to speak, who are disposed to admit its authenticity, and describe the variations from the text at present known as characteristic and interesting. The proprietor is disposed to part with it, placing on it, we hear, the same price as that given for "Don Juan," by Madame Viardot.

### Age and Vigor.

There resides at South Kingston, R. I., one Ebenezer Adams, who was born in 1772, and was more than four years of age when the colonies declared their independence. He has never called upon a physician, or taken a single prescription in his whole life. He has mowed every season for the last seventy-five years. The past summer he has raised with his own hands one hundred and thirty bushels of potatoes, and harvested them himself, conveying them some three-fourths of a mile in a wheelbarrow to his house. He has raised and harvested forty bushels of corn himself. He has mowed and put up without the aid of man or beast, six tons of hay; he hauled it together on hay-poles of his own manufacture, and put it in the barn himself. He carries his corn two miles and a half, two bushels at a time, in a wheelbarrow, to mill, himself. Rainy weather and all the winters he is at work at his trade as a cooper.

### A curious Experiment.

Take a piece of pasteboard about five inches square, roll it into a tube, with one end just large enough to fit around the eye, and the other end rather smaller. Hold the tube between the thumb and finger of the right hand (do not grasp it with the whole hand); put the large end close against the right eye, and with the left hand hold a book against the side of the tube. Be sure and keep both eyes open, and there will appear to be a hole through the book, and objects seen as if through the hole, instead of through the tube. The right eye sees through the tube, and the left eye sees the book, and the two appearances are so confounded together that they cannot be separated. The left hand can be held against the tube instead of a book, and the hole will seem to be seen through the hand.

### An old Edifice.

One of the interesting remains of old London—Crosby Hall, in Bishopgate Street—has recently been converted into a wine-merchant's store. The old India House, in Leadenhall Street, which had historical and literary interest, has almost wholly disappeared. The rooms wherein an empire was built up, and the affairs of a score of kingdoms carried on, have been demolished. The sculptured pediment, at one time considered a fine work of art, and worthy of mention in histories of London, was, after great difficulty in finding a purchaser, sold for about fifty dollars.

### A modern Damon.

It is stated that one of the victims ordered to be executed at Palmyra, Missouri, lately, was a man who had a wife and several children dependent altogether upon his daily labor for their support. A young man, knowing the condition of the family, offered himself as a substitute for the husband and father, was accepted, and was one of the ten who were shot.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### THINK OF IT.

We notice in one of our foreign exchanges, that some of the ladies of Belgium have formed an association, the object of which is to reform habits of social extravagance. They have frequent meetings at which they report progress, and they vie with each other in their efforts at discarding superfluities. The motive for this movement was the startling fact that the profuse expenditure of fashionable circles rendered marriages infrequent, and threatened to render them impossible, thereby menacing the very foundation of society, and reducing it to a congregation of dissipated Shaking Quakers—a curious anomaly. These circumstances should induce us to look at home, and see whether the evil and the call for a remedy does not exist with us. And we find that even here, in the Puritanic city of Boston, is a state of things which should fill us with alarm. Marriages with us are decreasing in a fearful ratio, more than the price of provisions, which has much to do with the statistics of matrimony, warrants. Here, as elsewhere, if not to the same extent, vulgar extravagance is the order of the day.

We have sadly lapsed away from the republican simplicity of our fathers. The style of living which suited an opulent merchant fifty years ago would now be thought mean in a hard-working mechanic. Great as our progress in wealth has been, our progress in extravagance has been yet greater. The dread of being thought mean, the low ambition to "astonish the Browns," leads us to forget that it is not what a family has, but what it is, that entitles it to social consideration. We build palaces, and fill them full of costly furniture and knick-knackery, forgetting those evidences of true refinement which are created by taste and not money. The bachelor, possessed of a modest competence, stands aghast at the gorgeous necessities that guard the very threshold of Hymen's temple. There are no simple bridals now-a-days. We must have costly music and costly wines, costly dresses and costly wedding presents, as a beginning, and an exquisite foreign tour must immedi-

ately follow the joining of hands. A decently dressed belle, according to the fashionable canons, must walk abroad with about three thousand dollars' worth of dry goods and jewelry upon her person. What a warning—what a despair to marriageable men!

This gaudy attire adds nothing to beauty, and homeliness appears never so homely as in a regal setting. What wonder that it is no rarity to hear of a business man failing for two hundred thousand dollars, or of breaches of trust (we must not say swindling) involving millions! These things need reform, and any reform movement, to be effective, must come from the fairer and better portion of humanity. And we believe, moreover, that ambitious and extravagant men, and not women, were the original authors of the ruinous style against which we have felt bound to utter our protest.

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REMARKABLE.—There is a plant in the island of Sumatra, the circumference of whose fully expanded flower is nine feet; its nectarium is calculated to hold nine pints; the pistils are as large as cows' horns, and the whole weight of the blossom is computed to be fifteen pounds.

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PLAGIARISM.—Some one says of literary thieving, the plagiarism of a fool is never excused, because no one can return the compliment; but we pardon a genius, because if he takes he is qualified to give in return.

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QUESTIONABLE.—Mr. Paradox is not what you may consider an intemperate man by any means, but he calls on the old lady, once in awhile, for the boot-jack, to draw his hat off with.

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BEWARE.—Never confide in a young man; new pails leak. Never tell your secrets to the aged; old doors seldom shut closely.

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SUMMARY.—The Chinese insurgents punish smokers of opium by beheading, and those who use tobacco, by the bamboo.

## SNOW FLAKES.

That we are not to pass through the season without a fair average of snow, is now pretty evident; we have an earnest of the white deluge already. This we cannot regret, for a northern winter without snow or sleighing is a dreary period, and the agricultural interest gives us a hint to be grateful for the ermine covering of good old Mother Earth. The first snow-fall of the season is an event of deep interest. It is generally preceded by the universal hush of nature. Not a twig stirs in the wide landscape; the very rivulets, yet unchained by ice, seem to murmur a subdued melody. You could daguerreotype the scene, and take your own time to do it, for even the tremulous birches are stirless. The "poplar trembling high" is motionless, and as for the giant oaks, they stand as if carved of inflexible marble. Over all bends the gray sky, uniform in color from the horizon to the zenith.

Anon a few fine flakes, like crystallized particles, descend gently. You can just detect their stealthy passage against some dark object, the black trunk of a tree, or the side of an old barn. But they follow faster and faster, and the brown grass disappears, and the range of vision is limited, and soon the whole air is filled with vibrating whiteness—feathers from the wings of airy sprites, down from the unseen eiders, pure and unsullied as purity itself.

"Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,

At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes  
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day  
With a continual flow. The cherished fields  
Put on their winter robe of purest white;  
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts  
Along the mazy currents. Low the woods  
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun,  
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,  
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide  
The works of man."

To the young this spectacle is a vision of delight. It is suggestive of the music of bells, the arrowy rush of horses, the gliding of runners, the festive meeting at the fireside, the dance in the old tavern hall. But weary eyes look out upon the falling flakes from dim and frosty window-panes, and weary hearts sink and sadden at the increase of hardship the snow brings in its train. As we plan our winter pleasures, while the snow-flakes fall, let the voice of charity be heard pleading her impressive claims.

**EGOTISM.**—Many men, when they rise for a moment in thought or action above themselves, imagine they have risen above all other men.

## TAXATION IN ENGLAND.

The application of this is obvious enough. It so happens that no two nations in the world are so heavily burdened as those which are so deeply concerned for us. England mourns oftener and longer for us than France, and has far less hope in the possibility of our surviving our calamities; but the former is more heavily taxed than the latter in proportion. British testimony alone would be sufficient to prove this to the full satisfaction of all who may doubt it. We have now before us a publication entitled the "Black Book," which contains a large amount of curious statistics and other miscellaneous facts, which are taken chiefly, if not wholly, from parliamentary returns. In turning to the subject of taxation, if we compare our system with that of England, the contrast in our favor that strikes one most forcibly is, that, while the poor have to bear the chief burden in Great Britain, the wealthy enjoy privileges and immunities in various forms—in the United States rich and poor have to share the burden according to their means. In England, the producer—the man who is daily contributing in one form or other to the comfort of society—is heavily taxed. It avails him nothing in this respect that what he produces has become almost a necessary of life; whereas his neighbor, who does nothing, except perhaps to wring all the rent he can out of his tenant, can hardly be said to be taxed at all. "Then, see," says the work referred to, "how carefully the aristocratic classes have contrived to evade the payment of their due share of the taxation of the country. In all other states of Europe, even those considered 'despotic,' the chief portion of taxation is raised, as it ought to be, from the land. But in England the land contributes little or nothing to the general taxation. The land owners have taken care of that."

WHO WOULD NOT?—"I think," said Mr. Thackeray, "I would rather have had a potato and a friendly word from Goldsmith, than have been beholden to Dean Swift for a guinea and a dinner."

WORTH NOTING.—People who like so much to talk their mind, should sometimes try to mind their talk.

TOO TRUE.—Health with some people is a toy they play with, like children, for the fun of breaking.



## DREAMS.

The poet hath said :

"Dreams are but interludes which Fancy plays,  
While monarch Reason nods upon his throne."

Yet, illusory and transitory as our dreaming fancies are, they frequently have all the force of reality. The guilty usurper of Shakspeare says :

"Shadows to-night  
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard  
Than could the substance of ten thousand soldiers  
Armed all in proof, and led by shallow Richmond."

Though the phenomena of dreams are familiar enough to all men—since very few among us enjoy the blessings of a dreamless sleep—still they have ever baffled the most intelligent philosophers, and, to the present time, though theories are abundant, still they have never been fully accounted for. The ancients regarded dreams, generally, as manifestations of a superior will, and thought them worthy of serious examination and interpretation. One Artemidorus, who lived in the reign of Antonius Pius, spent his whole life in going about and collecting dreams, and published the fruits of his research in a voluminous work. Junianus Magus, a Neapolitan, devoted his life to the study of dreams. During the time of Augustus, the superstition of the Romans concerning dreams reached its height, and on a certain day of every year the emperor actually went through the streets of Rome begging money of the passers-by because he had been enjoined in a dream to do so.

Plato believed that the good and evil spirits, busied, according to his theory, with the destiny of mortals, produced during their sleep pleasant or unpleasant dreams. Aristotle's theory was, that every object produced an impression on the brain, which impression remained there, and that in sleep these impressions strongly excited produced dreams. Our own experience shows us that dreams are often caused by bodily sensations. A man who was ordered to apply bottles of hot water to his feet during a fit of illness, fell asleep and dreamed that he was treading the burning lava of Mount Etna. Beattie relates, in illustration of this point, that a gentleman of the army, who was very susceptible during his sleep to external impressions, was made to believe that he was engaged in a duel, and on a pistol being placed in his hand, actually fired it off before he awoke.

The condition of the physical system often affects the character of dreams. A man who

has dined heartily will be apt to dream of eating; a hungry man will be present at imaginary feasts and banquets. Baron Trenck, in his dungeon, dreamed of feasting at Berlin. Thus, too, following out this idea, cheerful people generally have gay dreams—hypochondriacs, the reverse. Thoughts and employments during the day almost universally affect the dreams at night.

But, though these and many other features of the phenomena of dreams are familiar enough, no plausible account of them has ever been presented. Philosophers differ as well as doctors. The theory of Aristotle is as worthy of attention as any of the modern suggestions. Modern times, however, are entirely exempt from the absurd superstitions of the ancients with regard to dreams; and no man thinks of putting off a journey in the railroad cars because he has dreamed of running off the track, or refuses to embark upon a steamboat, because, after a hearty supper, he fancied he was blown up and scalded by an explosion of the boiler.

We remember being very much impressed by a story we read in our juvenile days. A certain miller dreamed, three nights successively, that a treasure lay hidden under a certain stone on his premises. So he went to work, and having discovered the supposed spot, dug away with praiseworthy industry and perseverance until he had removed the stone, when, lo and behold! his old mill, of which it was the foundation, tumbled in ruins about his ears.

There was an excellent moral in the story, and it cured us of a certain vacant superstition, common to boyhood, respecting the mysteriously truthful character of dreams.

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**GREAT MEN.**—A great man commonly disappoints those who visit him. They are on the lookout for his thundering and lightning, and he speaks about common things much like other people; nay, sometimes he may even be seen laughing.

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**HOSPITALITY.**—Hugh Miller says:—"Hospitality flourishes where the inn and the lodging-house cannot exist, and dies out where they thrive and multiply."

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**A QUAKER'S WARNING.**—A staid Broadbrim replied to a fellow who was abusing him, "Have a care, friend, or thee mayst run thy countenance against my fist."

**FALSE PRIDE.**

This is the most cankering and bitter trait that possesses the heart of man, and has ruined more souls than any other vice, for it may be set down as their chief. What leads the humble trader with limited income to far outlive his means, and spend his profits in the support of a costly house in a more costly situation? Pride. What isolates a man from the genial and cheerful intercourse of his fellow-men? Pride. What leads a sensitive mind, when sorely pressed by misfortune and bowed down by disappointment, to end this life by self-destruction? Pride. What is that which undermines and gnaws at the roots of every virtue? False pride! There is an honest pride, such as makes one ashamed to do an evil act—such a degree of self-esteem as makes one above doing an injury to any one; but it is the pride that sets one above his fellows that we would deprecate; that spirit which would demand homage to itself as better and greater than others. In the name of good sense, how can any one feel thus, when it is realized that the entire life of a man is but a moment in the scale of eternity—and that in a few short days, at most, we must all go from here? When the soul is about to depart, what avails it whether a man dies upon a throne or in the dust?

Pride is like an empty bag, and who can stand such a thing *upright*? It is hollow and heartless, and, like a drum, makes the more noise for its very emptiness. What is there in us to induce such a sentiment? Who can say with truth, "I am better than my neighbor?" Some shrewd philosopher has said that if the best man's faults were written on his forehead, they would make him pull his hat over his eyes! Ah, there is so much of good in those who are evil, and so much that is bad in the best, that it ill becomes us to judge our neighbors harshly, or set ourselves up for saints at their expense.

Let those who feel above their fellows, view the heights above themselves, and realize their littleness; for as there is none so vile but that a viler hath been known, so there is no saint but a holier can be named. Let us, gentle reader, guard our hearts, that no such principle may enter there, and we shall thus be protecting our own happiness and peace of mind, and set an example to others becoming us as good Christians and useful citizens; and when we see those deluded mortals arrogate to themselves all that is great, such as hold themselves the salt of the earth, we must re-

member that God will surely melt the frozen, snow-capped cliffs of pride like an iceberg in the tropics!

**WOMAN'S NATURAL SOVEREIGNTY.**

It is curious that fools are the hardest "customers" for female authority. Great men are the most naturally subject to their wives. A brilliant English reviewer says:—"Even men of acknowledged intellect and genius have benefited from domestic bondage. The patriot, who has just made the senate-house ring with his vehement denunciation of tyranny, uses the latch-key for admission to his own domicile with the nervous tremor of an inexperienced housebreaker, and steals on tiptoe up stairs, his heart palpitating in his bosom lest the creaking of a treacherous board should awaken from her early slumber, and unloose the tongue of that sweet saint who nightly reposes by his side. The poet, whose strains have entranced the world, dares not for the life of him dine out without permission asked and obtained; and woe be to him, if, in a moment of unthinking hilarity, he has been persuaded to quaff but one cup more of spirituous nectar than is his just and reasonable allowance! Retribution cometh in the morning; and the favored of Phœbus, in order to obtain the assuagement of an additional basin of bohea, is fain to play the penitent, and submit to a lecture, in which his intemperate and disgusting behaviour is unfavorably contrasted with the habits of the beasts that perish."

**SOMETHING NEW.**—We hear of a timepiece, invented in London, which measures the hours by quicksilver in a glass tube, on which they are marked, without dials or hands. The quicksilver falls a certain distance every hour. It is said to give exact time, and will never get out of order. Its price in London is only one shilling sterling.

**JUST SO.**—A woman wisely says:—"It is the feeble, unmasculine men who fight most petulantly against the influence and power of woman."

**RATHER HARD.**—What is the difference between a church organist and the influenza? One stops the nose, and the other knows the stops.

**THE QUESTION.**—Orpheus C. Kerr wishes to know why our people cannot realize that a nation, like a cooking-stove, cannot keep up a steady fire without a good draft.

**A REMARKABLE COUNTY.**

In point of natural curiosities and material resources, the county of Napa, in the State of California, is probably equalled by no other county, or any similar extent of territory in the world. In one portion of it is a collection of hot springs, covering a space of several acres, which have a temperature sufficiently high to boil eggs in eight minutes, and make tea in the space of three minutes. The water is slightly impregnated with alkali, and has a wonderful faculty of cleaning the skin. The baths are much sought for. Twenty-five miles from these springs, high up in the mountains, are the remarkable geysers, surrounded by a wild, romantic scenery of a volcanic nature. Not far distant are some recently-discovered borax lakes, the largest about two hundred acres in extent. The waters are strongly impregnated with borax, and are supposed to contain quantities sufficient to supply the world. From this lake a mile north is a sulphur bank, covering over thirty acres and thirty feet thick, sufficiently pure for all purposes. The importance of these two latter discoveries may be inferred from the fact that the annual exportation of brimstone from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic States amounts to 20,000,000 pounds, worth \$170,000; and of borax, 80,000 pounds, worth \$154,000. Sixteen miles from Napa City is a collection of sulphur springs, which are much resorted to for medicinal purposes. Cochineal, similar to that found in Mexico and Brazil, has recently been found in large quantities, and immense beds of volcanic glass have been discovered in the vicinity of Clear Lake and other parts of the county. In addition to all these advantages, the soil of the valley of Napa River is of remarkable fertility, and the climate is almost perfect, rendering the county one of the Eden spots of California.

**LOOK SHARP!**—A single drop of water has 500,000,000 infusoria, a number equal to the human population of the globe. People must be careful and not drink much water!

**THE VALUE OF SILENCE.**—A woman has often committed herself by talking—never by holding her tongue.

**A CERTAIN CURE FOR HICCUGHS.**—Raise both your hands six feet above your head.

**REMEMBER**—that every description of book binding is done at this office.

**A CUTE TRICK.**

French women are noted for adroit swindling operations, which are alike celebrated for their success as for their novelty. We record an instance. A fashionable-looking lady, not long ago, drove up in a handsome private carriage to a well-known lunatic asylum, situated a few miles from Paris, and requested to see the proprietor. Her wish being acceded to, she informed the doctor that she desired to place her husband under his care, to see if a cruel mania under which he labored—viz., that he had lost a large quantity of jewels—could not be removed. After some hesitation the doctor consented, and the lady, on receiving his assurance, drove directly to the first jeweller's in Paris, and selected jewels to the value of several hundred pounds. Requesting a clerk to go with her in her carriage to procure the money for the goods she had taken, she drove with him to the insane asylum, and arriving there he was shown into a room. The lady then sought the doctor, told him of the arrival of her husband, and getting into her carriage again, drove rapidly away. The poor clerk, after waiting and waiting, grew impatient and violently rang the bell. The doctor made his appearance, and the clerk, commencing eagerly to inquire after the lady and his jewels, was forced into a straight jacket, the malady complained of, as the doctor imagined, making its appearance. He was confined several days before the lady's ruse was discovered. She and the jewels are as yet *non est*.

**SIMILES.**—Modern poets may well complain that all the similes have been used up before their time. "White as snow," "white as a lily," "white as ivory," are now general property; but a Welsh poet, Davyð ap Gwilyn, has an entirely new image. He boldly calls the maiden of his love "white as lime."

**A SMALL KITCHEN.**—"What a small kitchen!" exclaimed Queen Elizabeth, after going over a handsome mansion. "It is by having so small a kitchen, that I am enabled to keep so large a house," replied its owner.

**ORIGINAL CRITICISM!**—The New York World speaks of Henry Ward Beecher as that purloiner of the prophets and perverter of the Psalms.

**QUAKERS.**—There are 282,823 Quakers in the United States, and seven hundred and fourteen meeting-houses.

## IS THERE A GOD?

A great author has said, "Is there a God to swear by, and is there none to believe in, none to trust to?" We rarely meet with an atheist in these enlightened times, and we doubt if there be one among the many readers of the Flag. Yet there are those deluded beings who deny that there is a God. Such men destroy our nobility of soul, for surely we are akin to the beasts in body, and if we be not akin to God in spirit, we must be ignoble indeed. To convert the most stubborn and unbelieving, it would seem to be only necessary to lead him into the country, where he may be surrounded by green fields, shady trees and sweet flowers; ten to one he will make a temple of his breast, and at once offer up a tear. It is by living solely among men in their selfish business pursuits, where few of the better qualities of the heart find scope, that people are led to atheistical feelings; but when amid the free and untrammelled exhibitions of nature herself, one may look more easily "through nature up to nature's God." Let not those who are so continually engaged in the mercantile, mechanical, or professional pursuits, which keep them almost constantly in populous localities, forget that God made the country, but man the city, and sometimes drive out among the green fields and budding trees, and breathe the virgin atmosphere that kisses young buds, and floats over the rich clover fields in gentle zephyrs. There the heart expands, and the soul offers involuntary tribute to the Giver of all good. Does the reader remember the answer of the wandering Arab, when asked how he knew there was a God? "In the same manner," said he, "that I trace the footsteps of an animal—by the print it leaves in the sand!"

**SIGNIFICANT.**—A person was boasting that he had sprung from a high family in Ireland. "Yes," said a bystander, "I have seen some of the family so high that their feet could not touch the ground!"

**A WARNING.**—A clergyman has administered the following warning to crinoline wearers:—"Let women beware, while putting on their profuse and expansive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

**HEARTS.**—Little red things that men and women play with for money.

**TRUE.**—He gives twice who gives in a trice.

## QUEER ARTICLE.

How little we write or say which will bear the test of even the briefest time! Those persons who wield the pen so recklessly, should sometimes pause and realize this fact. Especially would it become political editors to reflect upon this matter, and be cautious what they propagate relative to their political opponents. As a proof of this, we see it stated that there is an English newspaper extant still—as is, perhaps, the colonial one from which it made extracts—an English paper wherein may be seen the inquiry, "Who is Geordy Washington?" And the paper goes on to inform its readers that this Geordy is an obscure militia man, who can't help meddling with matters that he did not understand, and who will soon be mercifully remanded to obscurity in Virginia, if he does not provoke his betters too far. Moreover, the reader is desired to judge of him by the company he keeps, one of his intimates being a dirty printer's man, named Ben Franklin.

## COMMONPLACE WOMEN.

Heaven knows how many simple letters from simple-minded women, have been kissed, cherished and wept over by men of far loftier intellect. So will it always be to the end of time. It is a lesson worth learning by those young creatures who seek to allure by their accomplishments, or to dazzle by their genius; that though he may admire, no man ever loves a woman for these things. He loves her for what is essentially distinct from though not incompatible with them—her woman's nature and her woman's heart. This is why we so often see a man of high genius or intellectual power pass by the De Staels and the Corinnes to take unto his bosom some wayside flower, who has nothing on earth to make her worthy of him, except that she is—what so few of your "female celebrities" are—a true woman.

**FALSEHOOD.**—A writer says: "Never chase a lie. Let it alone and it will chase itself to death. I can work out a good character much faster than any one can lie me out of it."

**WHAT TO PUT OFF.**—The things you can safely put off until to-morrow, are idleness and vice.

**JUST SO.**—No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible.

## Foreign Miscellany.

The Emperor of the French has over four hundred horses in his private stables.

Most of the London newspapers use American printing presses: they are fastest and best.

The death of Miss Julia Pardoe, the well-known novelist and "boudoir historian," is announced in the London Post.

A beautiful young Polish lady was recently burnt to death in a house in Paris by her clothes taking fire from the grate.

It is estimated that the number of operatives out of employ on account of the cotton famine is—in England 460,000, in France 150,000.

A company for cleaning windows and shop-fronts has just been established at Vienna. Newly-invented machines will be used to prevent accidents.

An enthusiastic Frenchman proposes to build a railroad from Paris to Peking. Fifty millions of dollars are to be expended in tunnels alone.

A Berlin journal states that there are now in the Prussian capital seven butchers' shops for the sale of horse flesh, and that about 750 horses have been killed in the present year for their supply.

Paris Spinello, a Tuscan painter, is said to have painted Lucifer, in his picture of the fallen angels, in so hideous a manner that he was affrighted at his own work, and affected in his senses ever after.

A person in France lately bought some candles he suspected were stolen, and paid for them in bad money in order to free his conscience from the blame of encouraging robbery!

In 1848 the population of Ireland was, in round numbers, 8,250,000; in 1861 it was 5,750,000. In 1848, there were only 282,000 children in the national schools; in 1861 there were, in the same schools, 804,000.

A London editor confessed in a public court in that city that he had been promised \$70,000 by the French minister for certain articles favorable to Louis Napoleon. He now sues to recover.

An artesian well at Bourn, Lincolnshire, England, throws water twenty-five feet above the earth's surface at the rate of 365 gallons per minute. It has only one equal, which is in Paris.

It has been stated that country people who visit London spend something like £11,000,000 per annum in it, and that the profit on that expenditure pays the whole of the local rates of London, and at least half a million towards rent.

M. de Groof of Bruges asserts that after 11 years' study he has invented the means of flying in the air in any direction, and only needs money to demonstrate it beyond question. The machine is small, he says, and will enable man to move in the air "with the swiftness of the swallow and the vigor of the eagle."

It is said the French empress has a mania for getting the court ladies married.

Lamartine, the French poet, has just drawn £16,000 in a lottery, the papers tell us.

There is a Bible in the library of the University of Gottingen written on 5476 palm leaves.

The original chart used by Columbus is said to be in the hands of the Spanish government.

Ground acorns used as a substitute for coffee are an article of export from Hamburg.

The Queen of Spain has ordered the complete restoration of the Alhambra, at Granada.

There is a tambourinist in England who plays ten tambourines at one time. His name is Herr Rosencrantz.

According to the latest French authorities, the hair of the Parisian ladies is to be worn powdered during the present season, and rolled up in high puffs or waves from the side of the head.

The library of a clergyman in England was valued at £3, while his wine was estimated at £300. Some one observed that he must have thought as the apostle did, that the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life.

The King of the Sandwich Islands is engaged in translating the Episcopal Prayer Book into the native tongue, and the work will be printed as soon as it is completed. His knowledge of both languages is said to be equal to that of any foreigner.

"Young Turkey" has just formed a club in Stamboul, on nearly the English model. Membership is and will be strictly confined to persons of education and of "advanced ideas." The organization is said to be favorably regarded by the sultan and the grand vizier.

The Jesuits throughout the world number 7144. In fourteen years the increase has been 2392. More than one thousand of the number are on foreign missions, under the authority of the Propaganda. The Jesuits have in France 4 colleges, 21 boarding-schools, 16 seminaries, 36 dwellings, and 31 stations.

A Roman Catholic priest at Glasgow, Scotland, has been committed to prison for thirty days for refusing to reveal in court certain facts respecting a robbery which had come to his knowledge. He acquired the information, not in the confessional, but while exercising his duties as a spiritual adviser.

The French government has decided not to proceed with any more iron frigates, as recent experiments, more especially with flat headed shell—the missile Mr. Whitworth has employed with such startling effect against armor-plated targets—have, it is alleged, satisfied them that the artilleryists are more than a match for the shipbuilders.

A plan has just been tried on the Northern railway, in England, for receiving the letter bags at the intermediate stations without stopping the train. By means of a ring, the bag is attached to a post on the line; the engine is provided with a rod so disposed as to catch the ring and thus carry off the letters. By a similar contrivance, bags are left by the train when necessary.



## Record of the Times.

About one hundred and fifty railroad trains leave the city of Boston each day.

The city of Mexico is said to contain about two hundred and twenty thousand souls.

Forty thousand canary birds are annually imported into New York.

If "justice is the bread of a nation," how hungry this country must be just now!

The steamers running between Boston and Liverpool burn about 800 tons of coal yearly.

It is thought that there will be an immense emigration to this country at the war's close.

Thank Heaven, rum and flogging have both been abolished in the American naval service.

New England farmers are making it a rule to plant a few fruit trees every season. It pays.

Massachusetts has now over fifty regiments of infantry serving in the U. S. Army.

The son of the late President Lopez has been unanimously chosen President of Paraguay, to succeed his father.

A trader at Columbus, Ohio, advertises cod-fish, salmon, mackerel, halibut, etc., as "Yankee vegetables."

The New York Herald estimates that the frauds upon the government, similar to those detected in that city, will aggregate to the amount of a hundred millions of dollars.

Dutchmen cannot live without sour krout. A New Brunswicker asked a German farmer if he had any for sale. "No," said he, "cos we only made tree barrels dis year for sickness."

Two young men coasted half way down the White Mountains the present winter on hand-sleds. They passed the distance of four miles in nineteen and a half minutes, and the last two miles in two and a half minutes.

It is estimated that the entire milk crop of the United States, for the year 1892, reaches \$160,000,000. New York State produces as much milk (and water) as all the New England States, together with New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland.

Maggie Bradford, of Alton, Illinois, followed her lover, George Percival, to the war. Percival got the officers to exclude her from the lines, and the disheartened woman took arsenic in the presence of the whole regiment, from the effect of which she died in a short time.

A dry goods firm in Rockland recently caught a shop thief by giving the city marshal a pattern of the missing goods, with directions to keep a sharp lookout. The officer soon after saw a female in a store with a dress like the pattern, and taking her in charge, she acknowledged the theft.

An Albany restaurant issued \$4000 of shin-plasters and has already redeemed \$3000 worth! The proprietor don't see the profit in such banking. Per contra—a New York rum-seller, who was never worth a penny, has issued \$50,000 worth of shin-plasters, and redeemed as few as he can.

Every year opens to adventurers more gold-bearing regions on this continent.

Remember this: never go to bed at night without good ventilation in your chamber.

The Chinese have a very strong antipathy to milk, and will not use it; they prefer rats.

A "Fluid Extract of Apples" is advertised for sale in New York. Why not call it cider?

Before the war there were about 90 newspapers published in Kentucky—now about 40.

The United States grand jury at Cincinnati lately indicted forty-five persons for treason.

There are in Erie, twenty oil refineries, turning out eight thousand gallons a day.

The Supreme Court has decided that a minor who enlists in the army, cannot be made a major.

Somebody has discovered that the largest room in the world is the "room for improvement."

If the State of Massachusetts were equally divided among its inhabitants, each would be entitled to about 33 feet square of land.

Massachusetts has 37,000 more females than males, while California has 67,000 more males than females, and Illinois 92,000 more males than females.

The Colt Revolving Fire Arms Company, of Hartford, have declared a dividend of thirty per cent. on the capital stock, thereby putting the neat sum of \$360,000 in the stockholders' pockets.

Ira Richmond, of Adams, has a gun, with which in thirty-three years he has shot an average of one thousand pounds of game per year, and never knew the piece to miss fire in his hands during that long period of use.

A wealthy man lately died in Sheffield, Mass., leaving a snug sum to a rebel nephew, now an officer in the confederate army. The question arises among the other heirs, whether or not the property shall be confiscated.

The treasury department has decided that the measure of a ton, in making assessments for the internal revenue, shall be two thousand two hundred and forty pounds, in all cases, under the excise law, unless the contrary is specified.

It is estimated that the sorghum crop this year has been sufficient to supply more than half the syrup and molasses wanted in this country. The yield in 1859 was less than eight millions of gallons; this year it is estimated at forty millions.

The owners of big ranches in the vicinity of Sacramento, Cal., are dividing their estates and selling them in small parcels. In their desire to become great landed proprietors they grasped at too much, and are now compelled to sell. The business did not pay.

A vein of lead ore has lately been discovered near Port Jervis, Orange county, N. Y. It is said to contain eighty per cent. of pure lead, and that the lode is about six feet wide, eight feet deep, and several hundred yards in length. It occurs in what is called the Oneida sandstone.

## Merry-Making.

The man who would try to stab a ghost would stick at nothing.

What prevents the running river running away? Why, it's tide up.

"My affairs tend downward," as the oyster said when about to be swallowed.

Always buy Welsh stockings; they are sure to be well chosen (Welsh hosen).

Does a transport of joy ever get a ticket of leave?

When does a woman's tongue go quickest? When 'tis on the rail.

War used to be called a game of chess; but people now apprehend it to be a game of draughts.

Speaking of cheap things—it costs but a trifle to get a wife, but doesn't she sometimes turn out a little dear?

The young man who recently went on a bridal tour with an angel in muslin, has returned with a termagant in hoops.

Why is cheap mutton like economy? Because it is meat (meet) for the poor.

The best bite we ever had on a fishing excursion was the bite we took along with us.

Which was first, the egg that produced the first chicken, or the hen that laid the first egg?

Blacksmiths, it is said, forge and steel every day; but we think people speak ironically of them.

If you wish to dream of wedding rings and fruit cake, waltz with a book-muslin dress stuffed with health and palpitation.

A cobbler in Sacramento writes to his friend in Boston, that by the recent great fire he lost his *cowl*! We hope it wasn't his *last*.

It rained so hard in Arkansas, lately, that people had to jump into the river to keep from drowning.

A French dancing-master who was cast away on a desolate island, lived six months without water by just sucking his pumps.

Since the triumph of the Yankees in steaming and sailing, Yankee-doodle-do should be altered, in England, to Yankee-doodle-did.

Many who seem to carry the liberty of the people highest, serve them like trouts—tickle them till they catch them.

"Despise not the day of small things," as the judge said to the deacon who was fined \$10 for selling two quarts of cider.

There is a man in Louisville so knowing, that the men who don't know their own minds, come to him for information on the subject.

Natural history of consumption: Two thin shoes make one cold, two colds an attack of bronchitis, two attacks of bronchitis one mahogany box.

The best way to succeed in the grocery business is to sell cheap and give light weight. The former will bring you customers, and the latter will enable you to skin them.

The man who was in ship-shape must have seemed a little out of proportion.

When is the weather most like a crockery shop? When it is muggy!

The hen never jokes when she lays her egg. She is always in her nest (in earnest).

Why is a minister like a locomotive? We have to look out for him when the bell rings.

The Cleveland Plaindealer proposes to get Cuba by swapping New England for her.

The lady who took everybody's eye, must have quite a lot of 'em.

When a joker dies, what sort of a carriage does he make? A wagon (wag-gone.)

Why is the star-spangled banner like the Atlantic Ocean? Because it will never cease to wave.

Cool weather. Man caught stealing wood from his neighbor. Certain specific for the removal of the piles.

When is a steamer from Europe liable to be converted into a white frost? When it is *due* at Halifax in December.

Why would a daddy's pinch on his son's cheek be like a vegetable? Because it would be *pa's nip* (parsnip.)

The world should have the docket called, and sluggards all defaulted, and those should be the "upper ten" whom labor had exalted.

The lawyer would be better off, his conscience far less pliant, who owned a little farm in fee, and made that farm his client.

The Bath Times speaks of men who "worship the rising *sin*." True enough, prosperous sin always finds worshippers.

If you have lost your pig, steal your neighbor's, and hide it. He will make search, and perhaps find your pig.

"Katy, have you laid the table-cloth and plates, yet?" "An' sure I have, mem—everything but the eggs; an' isn't that Biddy's work, surely?"

Anark is now being built by a man out West, in anticipation of the next flood—of tears shed by his wife when he refuses to take her to the opera. He thinks he can weather the storm.

No doubt there is room enough in the world for men and women, but it may be a serious question whether the latter are not taking up more than their share of it just now.

One day, a person pointed out a man who had a profusion of rings on his fingers, to a cooper. "Ah, master," said the artizan, "it's a sign of weakness when so many hoops are used."

Queer things may be fished out of advertisements. In one of our French papers we find the *annonce* of a "M. Kenard, public scribe, who audits accounts, explains the language of flowers, and sells fried potatoes."

Never chew your words. Open the mouth and let the voice come out. A student once asked, "Can *virchue*, *fortichude*, *gratichude* or *quelechude* dwell with that man who is a stranger to *rectichude*?"

# FAST DAY.



Fast Day—Morning in Church.



Fast Day—Noon at Home.



Fast Day—Evening at Negro Minstrels.

# ECONOMY THE ORDER OF THE DAY.



*Mrs. Mazim (who is studying economy)—Great heavens! Biddy, what's that? Biddy—An' sure, it's the quarter of beef you ordered for dinner. Mrs. M—Goodness gracious, I told you a quarter of a pound!*



*Important Step.—“Yes, Emma, in pa's straitened circumstances, I have concluded to answer that advertisement for a governess.”*



*Kate and Annie resolve upon a curtailment, to meet the exigencies of the times, and so reduce the cost of raw material essentially.*



# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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BOSTON, APRIL, 1868.

WHOLE No. 100.

## THE TWO HEMISPHERES.

We offer the readers of the Dollar Monthly in the present number a series of very beautiful designs of an allegorical character, emblematical of the Eastern and Western hemispheres. They are from the pencil of Billings, and were engraved expressly for this establishment. Separated by a thousand leagues of ocean, as the East and West is, still the connecting links of interest are obvious, and the reader will find that we have mingled the various scenes quite promiscuously in our article. Our first picture represents the pioneer of America, clearing the giant forest trees; hard by is his log cabin and cheerful family group, while above him in the far perspective is depicted the scene which shall grow out of his hardy labors. Behold a large and flourishing city, with shipping and steamers ploughing the waters amidst all the token of civilization and prosperity. The story of the scene is manifest. Our second engraving is typical of semi-civilization, and takes us to Mexico, where we see the fierce volcanoes of that region, the Catholic temple, the mule team, and the dashing *caballeros*, with his weapons of offence and defence ever in his grasp, and his body clothed in the loose and picturesque costume of his nation. Far away upon the plain is just indicated the locality of the famous city of the Montezumas. Our next engraving carries us at once to the far East. The Chinese figures and the unmistakable pagoda, with the snake charmer and his fearful pet cobra, at once localize the scene, and fire the imagination to activity and curious thought. With what mingled emotions do we, the dwellers on the transatlantic shore, look on the Eastern hemisphere! Remote from our especial interest and observation, we are apt to look on it less as an integral portion of the common heritage of humanity than as another world. It is, in common parlance, the old world—another planet, as it were. Its distance lends it that enchantment which belongs ever to the remote in space and time. To us the history, the poetry and the legendary lore of Asia—the cradle of the race—are blended together. We view the vast continent of Africa, the crowded area of Europe, through the same parti-colored atmosphere of mingled





fact and fancy. We long to visit these strange lands, hoary with antiquity, the graves of so many nations, the battle-fields of so many races, the theatre of so many splendid triumphs of art, of science, of statesmanship, the cradle and the grave of glories innumerable as the stars. This magical influence of the East is constantly exerting its attractive force upon us. Many of us obey an impulse mysterious and uncontrollable. We take up our pilgrim staff and go thither. We wander through merry England, with something of a home feeling awakened by the familiar tongue and the familiar names of persons and places. We pass into sunny France; we are hurried down the legendary Rhine; we cross the Alps in the path of Hannibal and Napoleon; we worship the glories of art in Rome the eternal, and in Florence the fair; we glide beneath ruined palaces, along the silent canals of the queen city of the Adriatic; we revive our classic studies in the isles and on the mainland of Greece; we gaze upon the minarets of Stamboul the magnificent; we float down the Nile, or mount the pyramids in Egypt; if very adventurous, we penetrate to the far Cathay, and from these wanderings we come back enriched with many bright ideas and pleasant memories. Our fourth illustration shows us a Turk tranquilly smoking his narghilla, a picture of the indolence and voluptuousness of the Oriental character, a scene suggestive at once of the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn, of the Valley of Sweet Waters, and its velvet carpet of green, of Constantinople and all its gorgeous surroundings. Next we have before us a characteristic figure of Africa, while the huge ostrich and the distant palm trees still more particularly localize the scene. Following this we have a fine suggestive design of Europe personified as a female sovereign of exquisite and commanding loveliness. In her hand is the sceptre, and on her head is the crown, of civilization. Banners and trophies of arms surround her, in token of her sovereignty, a just and graceful combination. On the opposite page we have a very beautiful and characteristic representation of America. The principal figure in the picture is that of Liberty, with the shield of our Union, and bearing the Phrygian cap—the symbol of independence—on her head. At her feet crouches an Indian, the type of that gallant but fated race, the aborigines of the continent, who are gradually but surely sinking before the march of civilization, destined undoubtedly to utter extinction before the lapse of many more years. On the following two pages we have the East and West depicted as opposite to each other; the first scene is that of our western prairies, and a group of red men mounted upon their wild horses are seen in all their picturesque freedom of character. They are watching the on-coming emigrant train, ready to pick off any stragglers, and then to rob and



murder them. A fire, too, has sprung up in the rank dry grass, and leaping from spot to spot, hurries wild animals and travellers

forward to avoid swift destruction. The second of these two engravings gives us at a glance a tableaux of the gorgeous East. Here is the "desert ship," the camel, patiently bearing its burthen, and the stately and enormous elephant, with his strange and brilliant ornaments and appointments, and then the human figures in this group. The Arab is the true type of his race, as is the Circassian woman mounted in the distance. On the next page we have a European battle-field, and below it a boat scene upon the Nile, and finish the series of illustrations by a small but most effective picture of Arctic life, rendered so familiar to us by the accounts preserved by the lamented Dr. Kane of his adventures in those regions.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE DOOMED SHIP.

BY FRANCIS A. DUBIVAGE.

**DURING** the last half of the seventeenth century, the good people of New England were much exercised in spirit by the belief that the powers of darkness had been let loose to tempt their fidelity, to combat their principles, and to work dire revenge in their ranks. Their clerical guides were not above the prejudices and superstitions of that day when witchcraft was solemnly recognized as an actual or existing offence, and when to doubt its existence was regarded a proof of infidelity. Credulity is contagious, and the imaginary horrors of a few weak and fear-stricken minds were communicated to the entire population. The stern colonist who feared the face of no mortal foe, whose dauntless valor defied alike the savage beast and the no less savage Indian, trembled like a child at the thought that his footsteps in the forest were beset by evil beings not of this world. His senses bewildered by fear, imagination lent an exaggerated form and color to the most natural phenomena, and earth, air and ocean teemed with supernatural prodigies. The hoot of an owl was construed into the mocking cry of a sprite, and the roar of a midnight tempest into the howls of a legion of demons. Men saw armies battling in the air, and heard at midnight the sound of drums and trumpets. Sometimes flights of fiery arrows streamed across the midnight sky, and though they were doubtless the shafts of the Aurora Borealis, still the souls of the gazers sank within them as if they had witnessed awful prodigies, foretelling war and bloodshed. The Rev. Cotton Mather has recorded scenes of these prodigious phenomena, and it is on his narrative that the following wild tale is based.

At a small inn that stood near the water side at Salem, and was kept by Hezekiah Peabody, a pious and righteous citizen, a seafaring man sojourned, while the vessel of which he was the captain, was being got ready for sea. From the window of his chamber, the captain could at any time have a view of the "Noah's Dove," a large ship freighted for England. He was a hard-favored man, reserved and taciturn in his demeanor. Though conforming in every particular to the Puritan style of dress, wearing a sad-colored doublet and cloak without any ornament, still there was a marked individuality in his countenance. Shaggy, black eyebrows overhung his deep cavernous eyes, and hard lines were drawn across his bronzed cheeks. One or two fang-like teeth projecting from his lips, and visible even through his thick grizzled moustache, gave him the unenviable expression of a bull-dog. No one

could approach him without a shudder. Yet there was no fault to find with his behaviour. He was a punctual attendant at meeting, rigidly kept the Sabbath, and maintained the strictest discipline among his crew.

But sometimes, late at night, Hezekiah Peabody, engaged in looking over his scores and accounts, heard Captain Mark Walford walking to and fro in his apartment with a heavy step, as if he was treading the deck of his ship, and at such times, he would give utterance to the deepest groans that ever came from a human breast. Once when Deacon Peabody (the publican was also a deacon) ventured to suggest to his strange guest the propriety of sending for a clergyman to ease his mind, he was struck dumb by the ferocious expression of the captain's face, and a motion he made with his right hand as if seeking some secret weapon in his vest. The innkeeper did not renew the subject, for he had not the valor of a mouse, and besides, his guest always paid his reckoning punctually in good red gold of Spanish coinage. But he told his wife in confidence that he feared the captain was troubled with an evil spirit, and her confidential hints to all her neighbor gossips contrived to awaken an uneasy feeling with regard to him throughout the town.

The crew were as orderly and pious, in all outward seeming, as the captain, and though the Noah's Dove somewhat belied her pacific name, in mounting six guns and being provided with a formidable stand of heavy Spanish muskets, with a liberal supply of cutlasses, still it was averred that the danger of meeting pirates on the ocean sufficiently warranted this "dreadful note of preparation." Several persons had engaged passage on board the ship, and strange to say, these individuals refused to listen to any of the mysterious murmurings against the captain. It appeared as if they were as blindly prepossessed in his favor



as the others were prejudiced against him. Such was the state of things when a young, handsome married couple, strangers



in the town, arrived and took lodgings at Deacon Peabody's, after which the young man had engaged passage for himself and wife on board the Noah's Dove. The husband was a manly and engaging person, and the lady ravishingly beautiful. She was evidently not of Saxon origin; her accent, and, above all, her dark olive complexion, raven hair and black eyes, bespoke the daughter of the south. The deacon's wife received her somewhat coldly, for she had a vulgar prejudice against all outlandish people, and the young Mrs. Severn, when cross-questioned about herself and her husband, took refuge in her ignorance of the English tongue; "though my lady," the hostess observed, "could find English enough at her tongue's end when she wanted any dainty dishes served up, or any drudgery performed." The men got as little out of Severn as the women did out of his beautiful wife; though affable and chatty enough on matters of general report, he wrapped himself up in a sort of fierce reserve whenever prying inquiries were directed to his own affairs. A singular circumstance connected with this couple was, that from the moment of their arrival at the Peabodys, Captain Walford ceased to be an inmate of the house. He saw their arrival from his chamber window, and the moment they had been shown to their room, sought out the landlord, ~~show~~ <sup>gave</sup> him three or four doubloons and immediately went on board his ship.

At length the day of sailing arrived. It was fixed for Friday. All sailing people in the town, full of the prevailing superstition, remonstrated against the day fixed for sailing, but the captain declared that he would sail on that day "in spite of the devil."

This profound asseveration completely ruined his reputation in the minds of the good people of Salem; they declared that the captain was given over and sold to the evil one—

that he was a "vessel of wrath," and that he was doomed to destruction, together with all his ill-fated crew and passengers. But neither prayers, entreaties nor arguments could shake the confidence of those who engaged passage on board the Noah's Dove, and amidst the wild lamentations of their friends, they embarked. The vessel lay at anchor some little distance from the wharf, on account of the low tide, as she drew a good deal of water, and the embarkation was effected in boats. The old boatman who rowed the young couple to the ship declared that the captain wore the semblance of a fiend, and that fire seemed to come from his eyes and nostrils. He had cast off his sober Puritan attire, and now wore a doublet of carmine velvet and gold, with a satin cloak, a hat and feather, sword and pistols, and his crew were similarly attired, more like buccaneers of the Spanish main, than peaceful and God-fearing mariners. When he ventured to tell the captain that he ought not to go to sea in such threatening weather, the captain told him with a scowl to mind his own business, and added with an oath that it was a fine top-sail breeze, when any landsman could ob-

serve that the wind was fitful and freshening to a gale. The boatman added, moreover, that as soon as the young Spanish bride, on reaching the deck, cast her eyes upon the captain, she instantly fainted, and in that condition was borne into the cabin by her husband.

The boatman's story circulated rapidly from mouth to mouth among the hundreds assembled on the quay, and increased the terrible interest with which they watched the movements of the Noah's Dove, when, as if to raise their excitement to the utmost pitch, just as the anchor was weighed, a black crow, that bird of evil omen, came and perched upon the main-top, uttering his baleful croak. This incident excited all the superstitious terrors of the spectators, and from that moment the vessel was regarded as the "Doomed Ship."

In the meanwhile, by the aid of cordage seeming from the distance as delicate as the tracery of a spider's web, the symmetrical spars of the ship were covered with a cloud of canvass, every strip of which was soon distended by the gale. The water foamed around her bows as her sharp prow was driven through the waves, and so strong was the impulsive power of the wind, that the doomed ship soon vanished like a vision.

That night a storm arose, so terrible that the like of it was not remembered by the oldest settler in Salem. Chimneys were blown down, shutters torn from their hinges, and some of the largest trees prostrated by the fury of the gale. Two days and nights the storm raged with unabated fury, and the melancholy conviction forced itself upon all minds that the Noah's Dove must have gone down amidst the elemental warfare.

In the course of the fourth day—and here we do not claim belief from our readers, though the incident is stated on the authority of Cotton Mather—a ship was signalized as

coming up the bay. Every one rushed to the most convenient spot to obtain a view of the spectacle. A large ship she was and covered with canvass from deck to truck. Though a strong wind was blowing directly off the shore, she came up in the very wind's eye, with all her sails distended just as if sailing with a fair breeze. Suddenly a stream of fire seemed to run down the mainmast, then a cloud of blue smoke arose, the sails disappeared, and, like some soft metal exposed to the heat of a furnace, yards, spars, rigging and hull, melted and sunk down, leaving in a moment, the surface of the bay clear and smiling as before. The horror-stricken spectators went home, convinced that they had seen a symbolic representation of the fate of the doomed ship.

The Noah's Dove never reached England or any other port. Many—many years afterwards—when almost her very name had been forgotten—an old gray-haired and sorrow-stricken man came to reside in Salem. He lived almost the life of a hermit, but the day had gone by when a man could not live retired without the suspicion of dealing with evil spirits. The existing generation were wiser than their fathers, and mourned for their delusions. The piety and practical benevolence of the stranger made him respected.

On his death-bed he is said to have revealed to the clergyman who soothed his last moments, that his name was Walter Severn, and that he was the sole survivor of the Noah's Dove. His wife was a Spanish lady, and in the captain recognized at the moment of sailing a buccaneer by whom her father had been slain during an attack on one of his country seats on the Gulf of Mexico. It was too late, however, to recede. The pirate captain, though he had resumed some of his old habits, had yet been penetrated by remorse, and would undoubtedly have carried the ship safely to England. But in the midst of a storm she was struck by lightning and consumed. The over-crowded boats swamped and sunk. He and his wife, floating on a spar to which they had lashed themselves, were succored by a Spanish barque bound for Hispaniola. Thence in due season, they were conveyed to England, where, having the misfortune to lose his wife, after a long and happy union, he had sought to mitigate his grief by travel, and so once more returned to the colonies.

Of the supernatural portion of the above tale we cannot hope to find believers, except among those who put full faith in the spiritual manifestations of the present time. Each age has its superstitions—were those of our fathers more irrational than our own?

IMAGINATION.—I believe it is only where the feelings are deeply interested, that the imagination causes such perpetual bitterness of disappointment. Do you remember St. Leon's dissatisfaction at the manner in which his daughters receive the tidings of his death? I begin to think all imaginative persons are, to a certain degree, St. Leons, and that they expect what human nature is very seldom rich enough to afford.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

### THE TWO DISSENTERS.

When John Brown, D. D., first settled in Haddington, Scotland, the people of his parish gave him a warm and enthusiastic reception; only one of the members of that large church and congregation stood out in opposition to him. The reverend doctor tried all the means in his power to convert the solitary dissenter to the unity of feeling which pervaded the whole body; but all his efforts to obtain an interview proved abortive. As Providence directed, however, they happened one day to meet in the street, when the doctor held out his hand, saying, "My brother, I understand you are opposed to my settling at Haddington?" "Yes, sir," replied the parishioner. "Well, and if it be a fair question, on what grounds do you object to me?" "Because, sir," quoth he, "I don't think you are qualified to fill so eminent a post." "That is just my opinion," replied the doctor; "but what, sir, is the use of you and me setting up our opinions in opposition to a whole parish?" The brother smiled, and their friendship was sealed forever.—*Reynolds.*

### THE FLOWERS AND THE STARS.

Flowers of the sky, ye, too, to age must yield,  
Frail as your silken sisters of the field!

DARWIN.



AMERICA.

## TWO KINDS OF PLEASURE.

"He's a mean, niggardly fellow, and you can't make anything else of it," said James Pearce, addressing half a dozen companions, and speaking very emphatically.

"So he is," echoed another.

"Ay, a regular skinflint," added a third.

"I wouldn't ask such a fellow to go anywhere," chimed in a fourth. "I wouldn't have him at any rate."

"It's a pity that such a good-hearted fellow

"We were talking about Tom Thornley," replied James Pearce.

"And what about him?"

"We were speaking about his meanness."

"What do you find mean in Tom Thornley?"

"Why, everything. Here he is, right among us, just in the prime of youth, money enough, and yet he won't pay a cent towards any of our fun. Only this morning I went to him and asked him to subscribe towards our club, and what do you suppose he said? He just



should be so mean," resumed Pearce. "I supposed he would be on hand for any kind of fun."

These were young men, ranging from twenty to thirty years in age, all fond of what they denominated *life*. They lived in a large suburban village, where sport was plenty, and the means of carrying it on abundant; they were not really bad youths, but they lived fast.

"What's all this?" asked a young man, who came up just as the last remark was made, and whose name was Landon Merritt.

very coolly told me he couldn't afford it. Now, what do you think of that?"

"Well, I don't know," answered Merritt. "I think he could afford it, if he wished."

"Of course he could. *Afford* it! Why, he not only has a salary of a clear thousand a year, but I know that he has ten thousand at interest, besides the splendid house his father left him; he's a mean chap, any way."

"How much did you ask him to put down?"

"I didn't name any sum, but I told him I had put down fifty dollars for the year, and



most of the others had done the same. But he couldn't afford it! Bah! he's a miser—a regular young skinflint. Why, I supposed as soon as he got back from college, he'd make a glorious companion for us. I meant he should go to our races, join our boat-club, put up a shilling at poker once in a while, and make himself happy generally. But now look at him; there he is, at home every evening, and afraid to come out lest he should lose a cent."

but Pearce saw that his companions expected him to speak, and he did so.

"I'll tell you, Tom," he said. "We were talking about you. I won't say a thing behind a man's back that I wouldn't say to his face. I was saying that I was disappointed in you."

"Ah, how so?" asked Thornley, with a smile.

"Why, in your not joining with us in our sports, and bearing your share of the tax.



AMERICA.

"Who's that, James?" asked a voice near.

The party turned and saw Thomas Thornley himself, who had just come round the corner of the building before which they stood; he was a young man, not over five-and-twenty, and wearing the appearance of a true and intelligent man.

"What is it? Who is it that has thus merited your disapproval?"

All hands were silent for a few moments,

But mind, we aren't anxious for you to do so, if you don't wish it."

"And I suppose it is my wish not to do so that you condemn."

"Yes. I thought, for a chap who had as much money as you have, it looked rather small to be hoarding it away like an old miser."

"But, my dear friend, you forget that every man naturally follows that which he thinks



THE "SHIP OF THE DESERT."





A EUROPEAN BATTLE-FIELD.

yields him the most pleasure. If you find the most pleasure in spending your time and money in boating, horse-racing, card-playing, and in wine suppers, I shall not find fault with you, though I sincerely believe you could spend time and money to better advantage."

"That's your opinion."

"It is."

"Well, 'tisn't mine. After sticking to business all day, I think we have some right to a bit of recreation for the evening. And once in a while, of a pleasant day, we'll trot a horse, or sail a boat, and hurt nobody."

"And you do so, do you not?"

"Of course we do."

"Then, why find fault with me?"

"Because you keep from us that companionship we have a right to expect. If you were a regular Jack, we shouldn't care; but you're too good a fellow to sneak away from us in this fashion. You love fun as well as any of us, only—I speak plainly—"

"Certainly; go on."

"You're too miserly to pay for it; and that don't look well for one who has so much money as you have."

For some moments Thornley was silent. A single instant there appeared a flush upon his cheek, but a meaning smile soon took its place.

"Boys," he said, at length, "you do not fully understand me. But come with me to my home, and I will explain. Come, I cannot offer you wine, but you shall have some as

nice fruit as this section can afford; and if I do not satisfy you that I am right, I will give you a hundred dollars for your club. Come, I will not detain you long."

As the young man spoke, he turned back towards the point whence he had come, and the others followed him. The walk was not long, for at a short distance from the dusty street they came to a cottage-like mansion, before which spread a wide park, with neatly gravelled foot and carriage paths, along the borders of which grew all sorts of flowers and evergreens. Thomas led the way up to the verandah, and under the shade of the trellised walk he stopped and pointed to some marble statues that had been recently set up near an artificial fountain.

"How do you like those?" he asked.

"Splendid," answered several.

"I take a great deal of pleasure in having them there; and though they cost me quite a sum, yet I do not regret it."

Next he led them into the house, and conducted them to a room which he informed them was his own place of resort; the apartment was spacious and airy, and the ceiling high and richly frescoed. Around the walls were hung several splendid paintings, together with quite a number of very richly-framed engravings. At the angles of the walls were niches, in which stood chaste and elegant statuettes and busts. One side of the apartment was wholly occupied by a library, within which were over a thousand volumes of good, substantial works. On a wide table were drawing, painting and writing materials, while in a recess, constructed on purpose, stood a beautiful house-organ. Thomas was upon the point of speaking, when one of the doors was opened, and a female entered. She started back on seeing such a party, and would have instantly withdrawn had not the host called her back.

"Here, Susan," he said, "some of my friends have come to see our little cage—my wife, gentlemen."

The young lady turned back into the room, and with a sweet smile welcomed her husband's guests. She was a lovely, beautiful woman, and seemed just the companion for a man with such tastes as young Thornley displayed.

"Can we have some fruit?" the host asked after his wife had saluted the company.



A BOAT SCENE ON THE NILE.



"I think I can find some," replied the wife; and thus speaking, she left the room.

"Now, boys," said Thomas, "you see here some of my sources of pleasure. I suppose the articles in this room have cost me not less than five thousand dollars. It is quite a sum, but I had the money to spare, and I laid it out after my own tastes. You see that painting there over the mantel. I bought that last week; it is either one of Murillo's, or a most excellent copy, but I think it is an original. I bought it of a gentleman who attended the sale of an estate in Seville, and this he obtained there. Did you ever see such exquisite touches?"

All admired the picture, and while they were looking around upon the others, the young hostess returned, accompanied by a servant bearing trays of fruit; there were peaches, pears, grapes, and some beautiful plums. The repast was luscious; and when it was finished, Thornley arose and asked his friends to follow him into the garden. Here they found about an acre of ground laid out into orchard, vintage and tillage, and looking neat and tidy; here and there were little trellised arbors, within which were mossy seats, while flowers and grapes hung overhead.

"Here," said Thornley, after they had walked through the garden, "I spend some of my leisure time, and I assure you I find much pleasure in the cultivation of my fruit. My wife attends to the flowers, while I see to the trees and vines. While the sun shines we find comfort here; and when the night comes we repair to our library, where reading and music give us pleasure and profit. Then again, I sometimes have leisure hours from my business when the weather will not permit us to work in our garden. We then write, and draw, and paint. But come, let us go in once more, and you shall examine my library."

The party repaired again to the house, but they could not remain long, for some of them had engagements.

"And now," said Thornley, after his friends were ready to retire, "you have seen my sources of pleasure. Every industrious man with fair fortune may have the same, though many may not go quite so far as I have gone; but I only speak in general terms. If I could find pleasure in the sports you have tried to urge upon me, you may be assured I should not only join in them, but I should also pay my share of the expenses cheerfully. But such things have no real pleasure for me—not generally. Once in a while I love to sail, and I love social gatherings; but my fullest joy is here, with my wife, my books, my music, my pictures, and my garden. My home is open to you whenever you may wish to join me in my kind of pleasure, and you may be sure you will ever be warmly received. And one other thing I will tell you. I have subscribed a thousand dollars to the new Athenæum in the city, and whenever any of you may wish to visit there and see the splendid specimens of art there collected, I will give you a pass."

The party had reached the verandah on their way, but they hesitated, as though some-



thing should yet be said. At length James Pearce spoke:

"As I commenced the discussion which has led to this pleasant visit, I ought to speak what I think to be the truth now. Tom, you are right. Your pleasure is surely better than ours, for it has more wear to it, and—and—well, I may as well tell the truth—it's got more sense to it. I'll never find fault with you again; but one thing I will do—I shall accept your invitation to spend an occasional evening here."

All agreed with Pearce; and when they turned away from Thornley's home they were wiser than before. They had learned what they had not previously understood, and that was, that there was another kind of real pleasure besides that which they followed. Argument might never have convinced them; but one good look at their friend's home, and an understanding of his domestic arrangements, opened their eyes. Never again did they ask Thomas Thornley to accompany them upon any of their scrapes, but they did often visit him, and they were not long in finding that an evening spent beneath his roof, with music and sensible conversation, and a simple collation of fruit and nuts, was better by far than a wine supper, with its boisterous laugh and jest, and consequent depression and headache of the morning following.

### THE WORLD.

There is more sunshine than rain—more joy than pain—more love than hate—more smiles than tears, in the world. Those who say to the contrary we should not choose for our friends or companions. The good heart, the tender feelings, and the pleasant disposition, makes smiles, love, and sunshine everywhere. A word spoken pleasantly is a large spot of sunshine on the sad heart—who has not seen its effects? A smile is like the bursting out of the sun behind a cloud to him who thought he had no friend in the wide world. The tear of affection, how brightly it shines along the dark path of life? A thousand gems make a milky way on earth, more glorious than the glorious cluster over our heads.—*Springfield Republican.*



**A SIAMESE BAMBOO HUT.**

Following our allegorical set of the Two Hemispheres, we give a curious but truthful picture of a Siamese bamboo hut. The architecture of this far-off people is very simple, the houses of the lower order being formed entirely of bamboo, roofed with broad palm-leaves, and almost universally raised upon piles or rendered light enough to float upon a raft, are fastened upon the rivers as represented in our engraving. Siam occupies the mid-

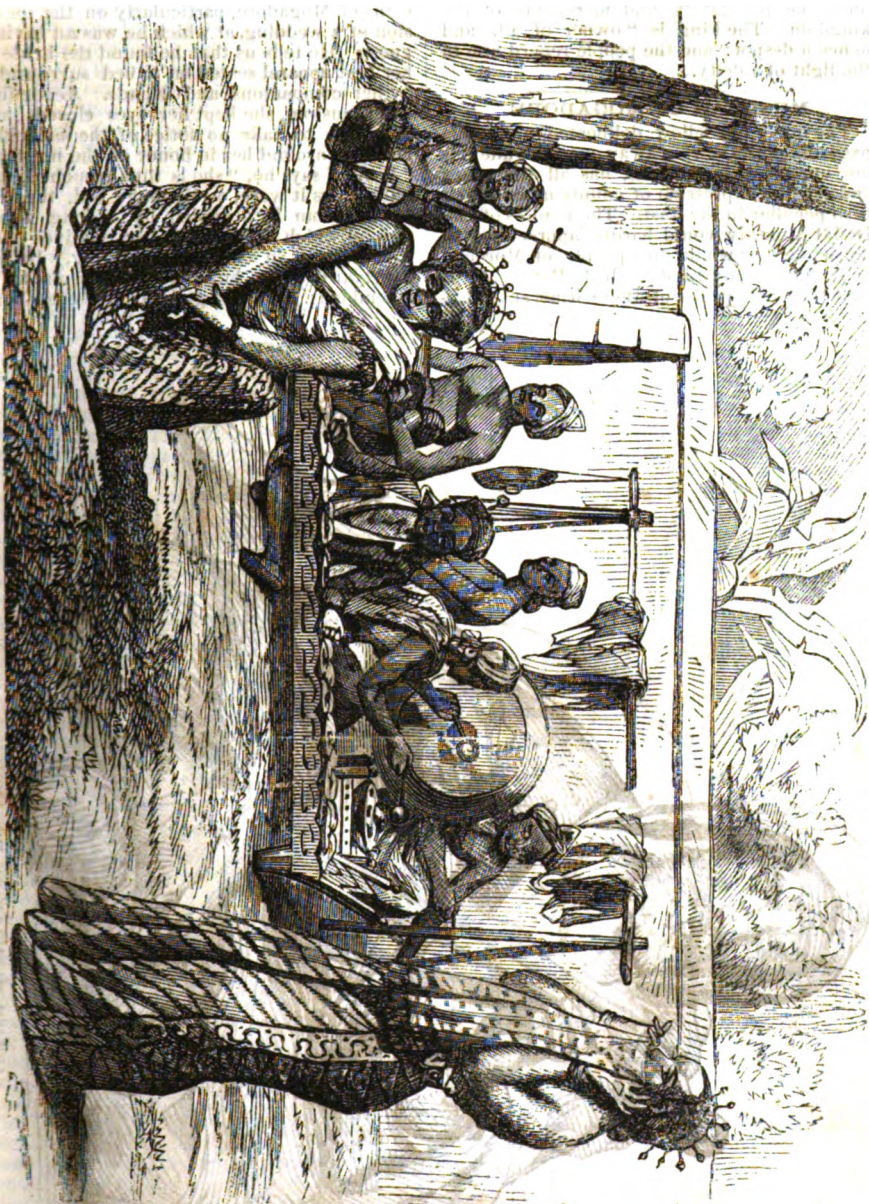
dle portion of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, and has an area of 188,000 square miles. The surface is covered with hills and mountains, except the central part, which is a rich alluvial plain. There are three great rivers, of which the Menam is the principal, pervading the greater part of the kingdom, and almost monopolizing its trade and navigation. It has a coast of 800 miles, and falls into the Gulf of Siam by three channels, only the most easterly of which is navigable to sea-going vessels.



A SIAMESE BAMBOO HUT.



HONG-JING—DANCERS OF THE INTERIOR OF JAVA.



The river Bang-pakung is about 240 miles long, and enters the gulf of Bang-patsoe, sixty miles east of the Menan. All the Siamese rivers are flooded between June and September, which partly accounts for the fertility of their basins. The people of Siam are hardly semi-civilized, few can do more than read and write, and education is limited. They have no roads, and wheel-carriages are almost unknown. The Siamese, however, bestow great labor and expense on their religious edifices, which are constructed of solid masonry, hav-

ing all the wood-work elaborately carved and gilded, and filled with carved and richly-gilded images of Buddha. The religion of the country is a degraded kind of Buddhism. Siam has a very extensive trade both inland and coastwise as well as foreign. This is almost wholly centred at Bangkok. The foreign trade is chiefly with the southern ports of Anam, Java, Singapore, Penang, etc., and occasionally with British India, the United States and Great Britain. The Chinese conduct the great bulk of this trade, and are at

once the navigators and merchants of the kingdom. The king is "owner of all," and hence a despot; and the people regard him in the light of a deity.

#### MUSICIAN OF MOGADORE.

The queer old fellow delineated upon this page, diligently sawing away upon his rude but not unmusical instrument, has all the sober and oriental expression of countenance which is so peculiar in the East. The readers of the Dollar Monthly would hardly appreciate his music, neither would the people of Morocco appreciate Jenny Lind, or little Patti. A recent traveller speaks of these itinerant musi-

cians of Mogadore, particularly on the occasion of a wedding, at which he was an invited guest. He tells us that he found the bride in her best apparel seated on a bed surrounded by her companions and friends. According to the custom, she kept her eyes closed, and appeared to take no notice of the festivities going on around her in honor of the nuptials. "While," says he, "she is thus crouched, and hidden, as it were, on the huge bed, the rest of the room is occupied by a long table, around which are seated her relatives and friends, busy in eating and drinking. In the courtyard of the house an immense crowd is assembled; the upper galleries, the chambers,



JEWISH MUSICIAN OF MOGADORE.



the staircase, are given up to the guests, who compose almost a whole town. At one of the marriages to which I went with all the world, I found the passage in the street and the interior of the courtyard so thronged, that it was with the utmost difficulty I could enter. The musicians were leaning against one of the walls, and the whole courtyard was filled with spectators. On one side were the Jewish women in full dress, with a heavy piece of cloth on their heads, worn transversely over a very high and graceful turban they always wear at weddings. On the opposite side were several Moors of distinction, standing or sitting, who were thought worthy of gracing the nuptials with their presence. It is difficult to form an idea of the racket the musicians made with their voices and instruments. They pitilessly scraped a sort of two-stringed violin, peculiar to the country, which gives forth a noise rather than a sound. They had also the Moorish guitar, which is an instrument of graceful form, the tones resembling those of the mandoline. Add to this the tambourine, which accompanies all the songs. But these songs, or rather screams, are the stunning part of the concert; their monotony contributes to render them wearisome. The dancers who move to such music are all females, the gravity of the men forbidding them the exercise. All who have been in Algiers, know the style of dancing common to all oriental countries. As it consists in postures and contortions, with scarcely any change of feet, it is easy to perform, even in so crowded a space as this courtyard was. When each of the dancers has finished her short performance, the persons present seek for money, to testify their interest and gratification."

#### DANCERS OF JAVA.

On page 281 is a very curious and interesting illustration, representing a pair of female dancers of the interior of Java. The title of dancers would hardly seem to apply to these oddly dressed females, since it is less with the feet than with the body that they perform, all the movements taking place from the knee upwards. The songs that accompany these pantomimic scenes, are, for the most part, improvised on every description of subject; sometimes they have reference to the lookers-on, or, may be, are composed in honor of a distinguished personage who happens to be present. The beauty of form and suppleness of limbs, peculiar to the inhabitants of Java, give to these novel and highly picturesque representations an originality which is not devoid of grace, but it is above all at the entertainments of the Javanese chiefs, whose wives on these occasions perform, that one can most appreciate the elegance of the dancers. The singing with which they accompany their actions, considered musically, has no pretensions to harmony; the notes are brought out in a nasal tone, which is the fault of all Asiatic nations in their chants. They sing from the head, although the natural voice of the women of Java is soft and clear. The Dutch are the possessors of the island of Java, but several native States exist in the interior under their

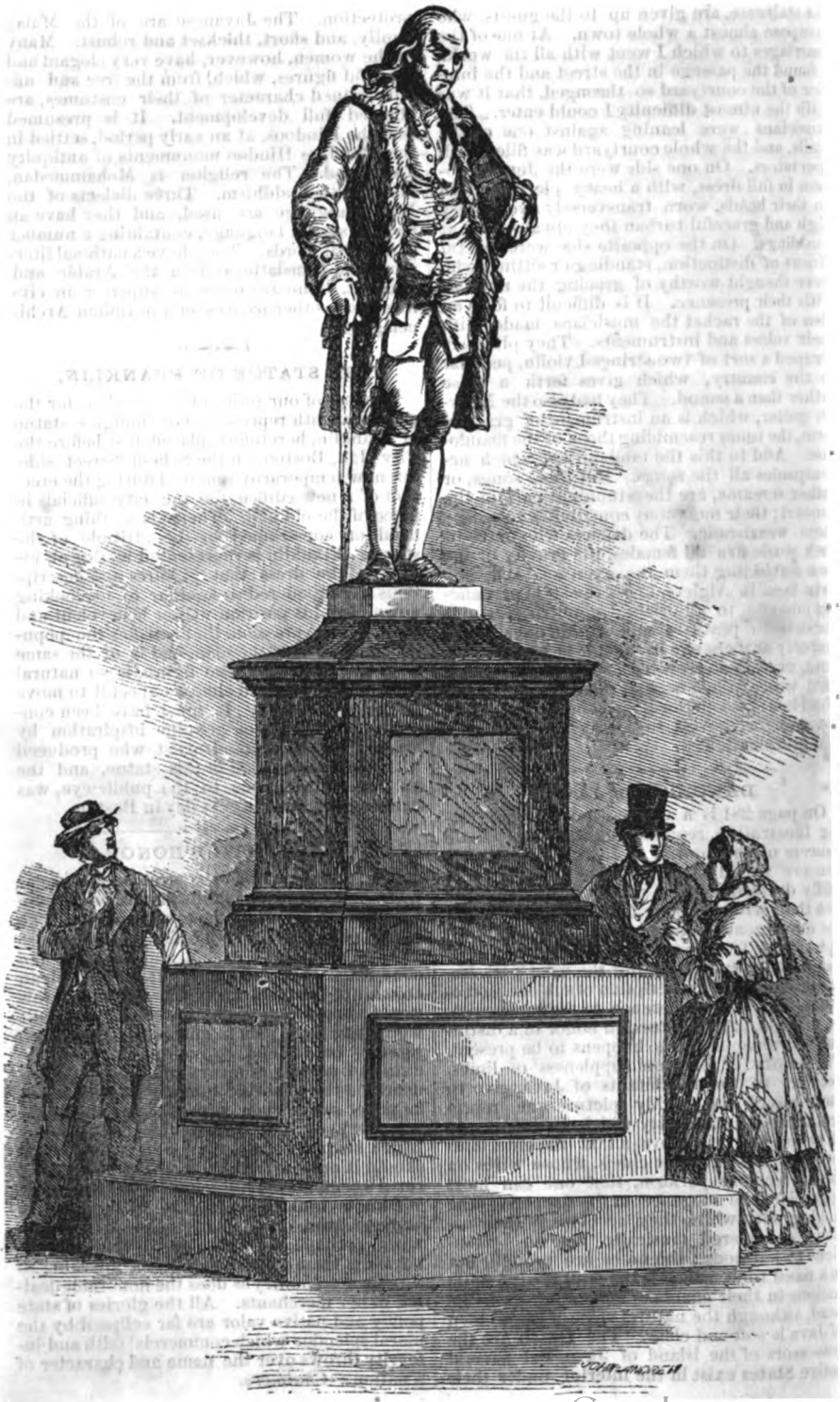
protection. The Javanese are of the Malay family, and short, thickset and robust. Many of the women, however, have very elegant and graceful figures, which, from the free and unconstrained character of their costumes, are allowed full development. It is presumed that the Hindoos, at an early period, settled in the island, as Hindoo monuments of antiquity are found. The religion is Mohammedan, mixed with Buddhism. Three dialects of the Malay language are used, and they have an ancient sacred language, containing a number of Sanscrit words. They have a national literature and translations from the Arabic and Sanscrit. The Javanese are superior in civilization to other natives of the Indian Archipelago.

#### THE STATUE OF FRANKLIN.

The last of our series of illustrations for the present month represents Greenough's statue of Franklin, heretofore placed just before the City Hall, Boston, on the School Street side, but now temporarily removed during the erection of a new edifice for the city officials in place of the old hall. There is nothing artificial or constrained in the attitude of the statue. Franklin is represented resting on his staff, in the dress that pictures and descriptions have rendered so familiar to us, looking down from his position with a benevolent and intelligent expression, that satisfies the popular conception of the man, and is at the same time true to facts. The figure is so natural and life-like that you almost expect it to move as you gaze on it. It must have been conceived in an hour of genuine inspiration by the young and talented artist who produced it. The inauguration of this statue, and the moving of it in place to the public eye, was made a most famous gala day in Boston.

#### MERCANTILE HONOR.

It might tempt one to be proud of his species when he looks at the faith that is put in him by a distant correspondent, who, without one other hold of him than his honor, consigns to him the wealth of a flotilla, and sleeps in the confidence that it is safe. It is, indeed, an animating thought, amid the gloom of this world's depravity, when we behold the credit which one man puts in another, though separated by oceans and by continents; when he fixes the anchor of a sure and steady dependence on the reported honesty of one whom he never saw; when, with all his fears for the treachery of the varied elements through which his property has to pass, he knows, that should it only arrive at the door of its destined agent, all his suspicion may be at an end. We know nothing finer than such an act of homage from one human being to another, when, perhaps, the diameter of the globe is between them; nor do we think anything so signalizes a country as does the honorable dealing of her merchants. All the glories of state policy and native valor are far eclipsed by the moral splendor which commercial faith and integrity throws over the name and character of a nation.—*Chalmers.*





[ORIGINAL.]

## I LOVE THE HOUR OF NIGHT.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN KAMEK.

I love the hour of night,  
 When stars shine bright above,  
 And evening zephyrs whisper,  
 Whisper low of love:  
 Whisper of a brighter home  
 Prepared for all the true—  
 A home of peace and happiness  
 Beyond the ether blue;  
 Where dwell the angels fair,  
 In robes of shining white,  
 With halos round their heads  
 Of softened, heavenly light.

I love the hour of night,  
 When soft and gentle light  
 From evening's queen is shed  
 Upon the face of nature bright;  
 When round her silvery fern  
 Folds of fleecy clouds and blue  
 Fall gently, and the stars,  
 Her humble subjects true,  
 Bow down before her throne,  
 And nightly homage pay:  
 Till streaks the eastern horizon  
 The golden beams of day.

I love the hour of night,  
 When all is hushed and still,  
 And falls upon the quiet air  
 The murmur of the rill,  
 As creeping 'long its winding bed  
 Of pebbles pure and white,  
 It dances 'neath the chastened beams  
 Of Luna's silver light;  
 And mirrors in its crystal depths  
 Night's glittering starry train,  
 That spangles o'er the curtain blue,  
 Which hides fair heaven's plain.

I love the hour of night;  
 My spirit soars away  
 From this sad world below;  
 It bursts its bonds of clay,  
 And wanders mid the realms  
 Unscanned by mortal sight,  
 And holds communion sweet  
 With gem-eyed stars of night;  
 And talks with evening winds  
 That answer sigh for sigh,  
 As they whisper through the trees,  
 And sweep so softly by.

I love the hour of night;  
 'Tis then I wander back  
 Through the dim aisles of time,  
 And tread the flowery track  
 Of childhood once again;

And with some loved one roam  
 The flowery hills and plains  
 Around my early home;  
 The friends of youth are with me,  
 Friends now passed away—  
 Dwellers in the land above,  
 Where shadows never play.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE:

—OR,—

## A SISTER'S LOVE.

BY JOHN BOSS DIX.

"Do you call that a haunted house, uncle?"  
 "Certainly I do, and doesn't it look like one?"

"It seems lonely and neglected enough. It has been a fine old house too, some day, with those huge chimneys, and that gateway and garden. Draw up a moment, please. I want once more to look into that garden. Thank you. A very fine old place."

We were bowling along, my Uncle Caius and I, through one of the loveliest of lanes; a silver river close upon our right, hidden but by one swelling meadow. To our left, among elms and yews, a tall, melancholy-looking house stood, brick-built and mossy, but not decayed. I do not remember that there was one single sign of dilapidation in its broad front, one window unglazed, one stone displaced; yet a singular air of loneliness and gloom hung over it. It was deserted and neglected; not a chimney of the two huge stacks gave out a curl of smoke, however small; not one window opened its mouth for fresh air. The untended garden was a very paradise of weeds, where with richer soil than usually falls to their lot, they spread and roamed, and fattened, choking and hiding what might remain of older and fairer growths. A few blossoms here and there peeped through towards sunlight, with sickly, bewildered gaze, and in one corner a group of white lilies held aloft their flower-children above the heads of a crowd of weed-companions. Not far from these a straggling rose bush displayed its crimson buds.

Why did that garden haunt me through the day? Why did those lilies and roses follow me into the very centre of the quiet, prosaic little town of B—, to which my uncle's buggy conveyed us? We shall see by-and-by.

The business of my uncle finished, we rode homeward on a calm July evening, and I much enjoyed the quiet and the thoughts it invoked. My contemplations were disturbed, however, in a while, by the voice of my uncle apostrophising the house, and by his drawing in the reins as the gray shied at some flitting shadow across the road, and threatened to turn his steady-going trot into a gallop.

"Now, what was the beast frightened at, I wonder?" was my uncle's next speech, partly addressed to me, partly to himself.

The dark, clear-cut shadow of the old house we had passed in the morning was just before us. Its presence suggested to me a cause, so I ventured to say:

"Perhaps he caught sight of the ghost of the haunted house."

"Ghost? No, not he. It isn't a ghost to be seen by a horse's eyes. But I see you remember what I said about the old house, though you needn't look at it so much. It isn't much of a place. There's not one person in a hundred who would notice it. I remember when it looked very different, long before you were born, my boy."

"Was it haunted then?"

"Not as it is now." Here my uncle sighed. "A changing world! ah, a changing world! A merry place it was once, but that is all over! Ah, well—and you want to know all about it, I dare say—and I've no objection to tell you. It may be useful. But what am I saying? Who ever did take warning? Forty years ago—is it so much? No, perhaps thirty-five, then—I knew a young lady living at that place, her name was Dora Langley, one of the finest girls in the country. Now don't suppose that I mean by that, that she'd rosy cheeks, and fine black or blue eyes, and long ringlets, and all the etceteras you young people string together, when you're talking or thinking of a fine woman. She'd none of those things, and wasn't what is called a beauty, any way. She was tall and well made, and had a cheerful face, and a springing step when I first knew her. She was mistress of the Grange. Father and mother had died not long before, of fever, and she was left, the oldest of these, quite alone in the world. Dora was in mourning when I first saw her as I rode past, standing close to the garden gate, with one hand on her young sister's shoulder, in a pleasant, half-protecting, half-caressing fashion. There was something in the glance of her eyes that at once interested me—an expression of goodness, I suppose I should call it

now. A day or two afterwards I was called in to attend the sister for a sprained wrist, and Dora and I had a conversation together. Several times in the course of the year, my services were needed at the Grange, for one reason or another, and every time I came away with a higher opinion of Dora Langley. Don't run away with the notion that I fell in love with her. I had already done that with another young lady, an old school-fellow, too, of Dora's. It was one great topic of interest with us, this of my attachment to Miss Spence. In a while I became something more than a mere acquaintance to her, and she told me her troubles and joys, hopes and fears, very much as she might have done to a sober elder brother. Perhaps this came about more naturally, as her own brother Jasper was still away. He was, however, to come home very soon, and Dora never wearied of repeating to me what a good, dear brother he was—how kind-hearted, how lively, and what a delight it would be to herself and Rosamond when he should come and live with them permanently at the Grange.

"After a time Jasper returned. There were soon merry doings at the Grange—dances in the long drawing-room, dinner parties, and fishing and boating parties in the river. Jasper was fond of society, and liked to have friends about him. Rosamond was growing up, and every day becoming more beautiful and attractive; but Dora was not a bit jealous when her sister became the centre of attraction. The young man was much attached to both his sisters. Dora's pleasure was in music, and scarcely a week passed without a concert in the music room; and thus a year or two sped away.

"My practice gradually increased, and I had less and less time to spend with the Langleys. I heard, however, of them very frequently. The young squire was beginning to be known at the hunt, and kept a pack of hounds himself. This naturally made him spend less time at home with his sisters, and more with the jovial gentlemen around him. The little music parties became less frequent, and in their stead Jasper attended dinner parties and suppers at the head hotels near. This was not a good change, and I was sorry to hear it, knowing how Dora would miss her brother's company; though I did not express my sorrow, for it was reckoned gentlemanly and right that a young gentleman like Jasper, with plenty of money, should spend his evenings in gay society, rather than be what is

called moping at home. He was a landlord, too, and had a great wish that all his tenants and working people should do well and be happy. So he had meetings at the village tavern, where there were talks on drainage and improved ways of cultivation. This was good and beneficial; but what was not good was that at these times he 'stood treat,' and ale and liquor was dealt round to each man to drink his landlord's health, and make himself merry. Jasper also drank to show his good will, and the country papers were loud in the praises of so 'good and generous a landlord,' but failed to notice how many of his happy tenants went home tipsy, or with confirmed passion for liquor, and how he himself was gradually getting a love for intoxicating drinks, and leading others in the same dangerous path. The dinners at the Grange, too, became more and more 'gentlemen's' parties, where, uncontrolled by ladies, wine was drunk to excess, and gentlemen rolled under the table.

"Such marvellous influence has custom on us all, that Dora was not at first disgusted by these doings. She did not like them, certainly, and thought it was an unaccountable delusion to call such orgies pleasure; but she loved and admired her brother so much, that for a long time she could scarcely have seen any fault in him, or be brought to confess that he had one. She was to be undeceived! By-and-by in the wainscotted parlors, in the mornings, were to be seen the spirit decanters, while a scent of tobacco would go through the house. Not long afterwards, Rosamond had a slight illness, and I attended her. I called one morning to see my patient, and found her in the octagonal music room, comfortably reclining in an easy chair by the fireside. Her sister was seated near reading to her.

" 'I am glad to find you so much better,' I said; 'this is a pleasant change from the bedroom.'

" 'O, yes, doctor,' replied Dora, 'we shall soon have her well.'

" But Rosamond was not in a cheerful mood, and exclaimed rather pettishly:

" 'I shall never be well while there is that horrid smell of spirits and smoke in the house. And I can hear that man's voice again. I do so hate him. Dora, take me back to my bedroom; I shall be quieter there.' And her eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

" Dora soothed her as well as she was able. 'Do try and bear it, dear; you are better here,

indeed you are, if you would but try and think of something else.'

" But Rosamond still looked dissatisfied and unhappy. I asked what man it was whose voice annoyed her.

" 'It is only Mr. Carter. He has been here rather often lately, and she's tired of hearing the sound of his voice.'

" 'Does he come very often?' I asked again.

" 'He has been here every day, I think, this week. I wish he would not come so much; but Jasper has taken quite a fancy to him.'

" I was sorry to hear this, for I did not like the character of Carter. He was a lawyer who had managed to get hold of considerable property in the neighborhood, and had the reputation of being selfish and unprincipled. His feats with the bottle were sometimes marvellous; for he could drink, as he boasted, any man in the parish down. Lynx-eyed, ready to seize any advantage, and a toper, he was, indeed, a bad companion for open, unsuspecting, excitement-loving Jasper. His harsh voice was heard at intervals from the room below. I asked Rosamond if she could hear a little music.

" 'If Dora would play very, very low.'

" Dora went to the organ and played a soothing air with the gentlest touch. Rosamond's tears gradually dried up, and a half-smile appeared upon her lips. Soon she fell asleep like a weary child, and with subdued voices Dora and I conversed for some time beside her.

" 'I shall have to make a patient of you, when your sister is well,' was my first remark. 'You are looking much too pale; you must get out in the air as soon as possible.'

" 'O, no fear for me,' she replied, with a forced smile; 'I am not ill.'

" 'Anxious, then?'

" 'A little.'

" 'That is as bad—I might say worse—for I have no medicine for anxiety; so don't encourage such a bad companion. You need not be anxious about your sister, she will soon be well.'

" 'I know it; but it is not Rosamond that makes me anxious.'

" 'Who then? Jasper? Nothing wrong with him, I hope?'

" She hesitated.

" 'Don't be afraid to tell me. I think I know what you mean. I have heard.'

" 'About last night?'

" 'Yes.' News soon flies over the village.

The news I had heard was, that Jasper, returning home in a state of intoxication from his friend Carter's, had met and grossly insulted the minister of B—. I will not tell you the details, they were no doubt much exaggerated before they reached me, though bad enough in themselves.'

"Dora looked startled and grieved. 'I had hoped it might have been kept quiet; and, indeed it is the last thing my brother would have done in his sober senses.'

"I know it is. And all the village knows the same; so don't make yourself needlessly unhappy. He will make an apology, and it will be all right again.'

"Dora sighed. 'Mr. Carter is Jasper's evil genius. He is not like the same since he knew him. I cannot think what possesses him to keep company with such a man.'

"How did he first get acquainted with him?"

"At the hunt, I believe. He is neither low nor gross; how I wish he would give up Mr. Carter!"

"If Jasper would give up the spirit decanter, Mr. Carter couldn't do him much harm.'

"Yes, that is just it, doctor, I know that. But he must take a little, you know. If only he would keep to that! Why can't he drink moderately, as my father did? He could drink a quiet glass and take no harm.'

"Why not, indeed? But there is no need to disturb yourself. By-and-by your brother will see better, and no doubt will be as sober and regular as your father was.'

"I hope you are a true prophet, doctor. But don't you think he is injuring his health? He is often complaining now, and when he first came home he was never ill.'

"I will question him, and see to this,' I replied; 'but he will not seriously injure his constitution, I trust, though he does drink rather hard just now.'

"Yes. For the last fortnight he has never been home till after midnight, and almost every night has been so tipsy that he could not find his way up stairs without help.'

"Bad, certainly, and so I will tell him. What has made him drink so much more lately?"

"I do not know, unless it is Mr. Carter has tempted him.'

"He is no good companion. But, Miss Dora, could you not devise some better amusement for him? You are clever—he thinks much of you—put your sisterly powers out, and get him in another track.'

"I wish I could. O, how I wish I could! But what can I do? I cannot amuse him with conversation as I once could. He does not care for my society as he used to do.' A tear here took a very silent course down her cheek, as not intending to be noticed, but I saw it gleam in the firelight a moment. 'And music has very little attraction for him now. What can I do?"

"I do not know what I replied, or whether I replied at all, for we were interrupted by the sounds of noisy footsteps ascending the stairs, and Jasper entering the room in a boisterous way, waking Rosamond, who looked round startled, every nerve jarred by the uproar.

"How are you, Hopkins, my boy—how are you? What are you doing in this close room? You and Dolly talking? Ah, I see. And Rossey—give us a kiss, my girl!"

"He stooped over the back of Rosamond's chair, and gave her a rough kiss. She looked ready to faint at the ill-scented salute, for he smelt strongly of spirits and tobacco; but she said nothing, only looking beseechingly to her sister for protection.

"Dora responded to her appeal, and put her hand on the arm of the easy chair, saying to her brother:

"Rosamond's very tired this morning, Jasper. Don't disturb her, please.'

"Tired, is she? She's tired of sitting moping here, that's all. I know what'll set her to rights. I shall order out her pony, and she and I'll have a scamper. I want some fresh air, and I'll have some.' He went to the window, opened it, and shouted out, 'Here, George, George, get the pony ready! Do you hear? And the old bay mare for me, George.'

"I interfered now, and after some expostulation, induced him to go down, and give up all thought of a ride for his sister that day. He returned below to his friend Carter, who had had the good sense not to follow him up stairs.

"You see,' said Dora, mournfully, when we had soothed Rosamond, who had burst into a passion of weeping at her brother's departure, 'you see how he too often is now. It is very seldom I can get a quiet, rational word from him. When he is sober, then he is so low and melancholy, that he will hardly speak at all, and complains of headache and indigestion. I am quite sure, doctor, it is time you interfered for his health's sake. He'll hear you. Do go and persuade him to take only one glass a day.'

"I will try. Good morning, ladies."

"My words were promising; my performances I knew, even before I left the house, could be but trifling. How could I hope to arrest a drunkard in his career by the plea of health? Nevertheless, I tried. In a few days I had a good opportunity, for Jasper was taken seriously ill; he sent for me. At his bedside, whence once more cool and calm, released from the effects of his evil demon, drink, I talked with him, perhaps as wisely as I knew, but on the whole inefficiently, for I did not entreat him to put away entirely all exciting drinks from his sight and taste.

"I know all you are going to say," he interrupted me at length. "It's of no use, doctor. You should have told me all this, a year ago. I couldn't live without it now."

"It was not long before it began to be whispered about, in first one coterie, then another, that young Jasper Langley was making too free with the bottle. Some only laughed at the news; others said, 'What a pity—so fine a young man! So like his father, who was the model of a gentleman. And what a trouble it must be to Miss Dora!' And in a while, as his excesses became more and more apparent to the world, some of the gentlemen who had been on such intimate terms with him, fathers of families, and old gentlemen of standing and wealth, withdrew from his acquaintance, or turned on him a cold glance when he accosted them. And yet these same elderly gentlemen had been among those who drank with him at the head hotels on various occasions, and had laughed at his first green attempts to vie with them in the quantity he could gracefully carry away. If I must tell you a secret, which, however, was none to their families, at this very time of their indignation with poor Jasper, they not unfrequently became boozy after dinner, or in the evening by their own firesides, but always in a quiet, respectable fashion, you perceive. That was quite a different affair.

"Jasper felt this much, though he would not own it. His companions became of a lower sort. Tired of home, and craving fresh excitement, he went frequently to London, became intimate with gamblers, introduced to them by his friend Carter, and spent his evenings in scenes and places I will not name.

"It was not all down-hill, however. Now and then Jasper would take a good resolution, and spite of what he told me, that it was too late, buoyed himself up with the thought that he would begin a better life, and exist in

nobler fashion. I was very hopeful at one time, and congratulated Dora on his improvement. 'I have done at last, Mr. Hopkins, what I ought to have done, or tried to do, long ago. I have persuaded Jasper to let me put out of the house all wines and spirits. There is not a single bottle or cask that I know of in the cellar; my cupboards are free, and I will have none brought in. Jasper sees his error and danger now. As for myself, I intend never to take another drop.'

"That is an absurd resolution of yours," I answered. "It does not follow that because it is bad for your brother, it is bad for you; there is no shadow of a fear you will exceed. I know your constitution—it will hurt you, if you entirely refrain."

"Not another drop, doctor," she said; "not if I suffer for it—and I do not think I shall. For Jasper's sake, I will not do it."

"I could not say no to this. I could only admire her self-denial. Unfortunately for Jasper, about this time he fell in love with a rich man's daughter, a handsome, showy woman; but she and her father both thought money and lands the greatest of gifts. And when presently it was discovered by their acute man of business in London that Jasper had mortgaged his estate to pay gambling debts, they turned on him the cold shoulder, and said 'No.' He had been very steady while this fancy lasted, but when the 'no' was pronounced, was completely upset, lost all self-command, and went back to his old enemy for 'comfort'—this time in a desperate way, drinking early and late. No more hope for poor Dora now! And Jasper's health gave way.

"It was a beautiful moonlight night when I saw Miss Langley again. I had been in India two years. I had buried my uncle. I was a sorrowful, crushed man, come back to English life, to a humbler position than I had once expected; glad to be back, or satisfied to be back, for gladness and I had parted company, and one of my first visits was to the Grange. It was evening when I arrived there, but that was no matter. Dora had been my wife's friend, was my friend, and I knew I should be welcome. I knocked at the door; she opened it herself; did not at first know me, but when she did, gave me her hand with much emotion. We both I think wept a little, silently, remembering the past. I saw she was in mourning as I passed the hall, but did not ask why; did not even think of a why. I suppose I expected to find all the world in



mourning. I followed her into the silent parlor, in which the moon was shining. She asked me after myself. I told her my Indian experiences, my loss, my present grief. 'And,' I said at last, after a pause, in which I roused myself from my selfish and absorbing sorrow, and began to take note for the first time how silent the house seemed, 'how are you going on here at the Grange? Mr. Jasper is not married yet, I suppose?'—'No,' she said, first in a strange, rigid voice, and then in a hoarse whisper, 'Haven't you heard?'—*Heard?* Good heavens! you don't mean anything bad? You don't mean to say he is—?' I hesitated to speak the word, though I expected to hear the worst, from the strange sadness of her manner. 'Yes, she said, faintly, 'he is dead.'

"It seemed as though her heart died in saying this. Mine sunk within me, though I was surprised, when I came to think about it afterwards, that it could sink at all. I thought it had fathomed the bottom of all sorrow months before. I did not speak, and she in a few minutes went on in a trembling voice. 'He died only two months ago. O, Mr. Hopkins, I *have* suffered!' Then she burst into tears, putting her face between her hands.

"I let her cry. I knew it would do her good. In a while she was still again. She raised her head, wiped her tears away, and told me how it all happened. *Is happened* the right word? I think not. I will say, then, how the murder was done.

"Poor Jasper was worse after you went away,' she began. 'I think you had had some influence over him, and helped to keep him a *little* in bounds. He was always rather afraid of you after the talk you had with him—you remember it, don't you?—and strove to look all right in your presence; but I could see, nevertheless, that after every fresh irritation—and he had many just then—the brandy bottle was largely applied to. Mr. Carter had a mortgage on the estate. I don't know how he obtained it, but I was told, and I fear it is too true, that he'd been long wanting our land—it joins his own on the Beesdale side—and that when he was in London with my brother, he persuaded him to gamble till he lost a good deal of money. Then he came forward, offering to lend him money, as a friend, on the property, at next to no rate of interest. Jasper was glad to take it, and never told me of the affair, till at once Mr. Carter began to trouble him for the money back, against his promise, I suppose. One

day I found out what had been troubling Jasper. He was not himself when he told me, and had not been for days before. The next day I had a long talk with him; he promised to give up drink, and I destroyed all the drink I could find in the house once more. He promised to amend, and really refrained for three months or more. During the time he was very kind—just as he used to be—but often sorrowful about this time of night when the evening drew in. Rosamond had been married to Mr. Poole the curate some time before, and it was seldom we had her merry smile to cheer him up. He missed her, I know; but I did what I could, and had lively company for him. I looked forward to happy days once more, for he had made a speech to his tenants, warning them of the evils of drinking, and promising to set them a sober example.

"About a month afterwards, as we were seated at breakfast, Mr. Carter was announced. I trembled when I heard the name, and Jasper turned at first red, then white. We both knew something unpleasant was at hand for us. Jasper went out to him. Soon I heard sounds of altercation, that became more and more loud and distinct. My brother was speaking in angry tones, and Mr. Carter replying in the cool, sarcastic way he had lately used whenever he and Jasper met. Afraid for my brother, I made my way into the hall, where they now were, sent away the servant, who was listening, and asked what was the matter? Jasper became quiet when he heard my voice, and only replied by taking my arm and leading me to the parlor, pointing to a seat there, and turning the key upon me. I heard the hall-door shut with a loud bang! and then my brother returned to me. He seemed almost distracted—first asking my pardon for shutting me up, and then wringing his hands, exclaiming, "We were ruined, and no matter what became of us!" And then he came to me with tears in his eyes, and asked if I thought there was room in the old grave for him beside his father and mother. "I have ruined you, Dolly," he kept saying every now and then. "That's what grieves me most; for myself, no matter! I'm not worth a rush—but you! How could I? My dear girl, will you ever forgive me?" Then he would clench his fist, and vow vengeance on the rascal.

"For an hour or two he was in this way; never listening to my replies, or seeming to heed my tears. I feared he would go quite

deranged. But after a while he calmed down, and sinking on the sofa, became as stubbornly silent. With his head buried in his hands, he did not stir for a long, long time, only moaning occasionally.

"And so the weary day passed. Very early in the evening I persuaded him to have some refreshment and go to bed; and lest he should get up in the night and do something desperate, I lay against his room-door upon the landing. The next morning he came down to breakfast quite calm—too calm, I thought. His eyes were bloodshot, and he looked ten years older; but his manner was perfectly collected and quiet.

"After breakfast he placed his chair beside mine, and we began to talk. I told him I was ready to leave the Grange, and share his good or ill fortune. At first he did not reply, but presently he said, "I have resolved to go to New York to-day, to consult some smart lawyer there; there must be some plan to manage the affair." He rose up and kissed me in a half-absent way. He was very busy all the morning packing and arranging papers. When I asked to help him he would not allow me. "O, no, he should soon have done;" and in a while he went away. He kissed me, bade me good-by, said he should be back in a week, and went out of my sight.

"I do not know how it was, but, spite of all the possible impending trouble, a strange quietness possessed me. The days glided by. Rosamond was to pay me a visit on the very day Jasper's leave of absence would expire. She knew at present nothing of our troubles, and I did not intend she should be enlightened. The day she came my quiet of mind gave way. I knew not why it should be so, but from the early morning a thousand apprehensions, fears and difficulties rose up before me. I had no letter from Jasper, and began to feel misgivings. Rosamond seemed very happy; when her baby arrived, I was to go over and be with her as long as that "tiresome old bachelor" would spare me. It was in this way she playfully talked of Jasper.

"For six days it had been a frost, and part of the time the river was frozen over. To-day there had been a thaw, and the swollen river burst out of bondage, and flowed past our garden wide and muddy. We went out after dinner to see it, wrapped up in cloaks and shawls, and walked some time by the willows near the stream.

"As we were watching the pieces of ice float down with the eddying ripples, Rosa-

mond's eye was attracted to a dark object near the opposite shore. She stooped forward to see it better, and while doing so, slipped with one foot down the soft, muddy bank, and might have fallen into the water had I not been there. She screamed—I thought merely with terror at the idea of her narrow escape; but never shall I forget the look of her face as she lifted her eyes upon me. "What is the matter, dear? You are not much hurt, I hope."

"Look there!" she gasped out, pointing to the object she had been gazing at. I looked—how was it I had not seen them before? There were two hands, a head, a face, with wild hair half over it; but I knew it! It was Jasper's face! He seemed to be staring at me; he seemed even to move his hands, though it was but the motion of the water that I saw. I sprang forward to seize him and drag him out. Rosamond held me back. "He is dead, Dora—he is dead! Don't touch him!" She screamed, she grasped me tightly, and went into strong hysterics. I called for help, and thank God! help came. It was Mr. Poole just arrived to fetch his wife home. Ah, that was a dreadful night—a dreadful night! How he got into the river we could not tell; whether he fell in, or threw himself in, in a fit of desperation. Sometimes I fear that was the case. He was dead, quite dead; had been dead for days. Only one thing seemed to give any light as to the cause of his death. In one hand he grasped a bottle very tightly; it had had spirits in it. We buried him in the churchyard by the side of my father and mother, and in a week another beside him—two more indeed, Rosamond and her baby; she never recovered the shock of that night.

"And you are left alone, Dora?" I ventured at last to ask. "Alone? yes," she replied; "but I shall not be alone long. Mr. Carter has taken possession of the land. It is all his now; but I have begged him to let me stay here a week or two longer. It will not be long that I shall trouble him."

"And it was not. I saw her no more alive; but in about six weeks from that time we buried her beside her friends—the fourth victim in that house. People said she died of consumption. I knew better—it was grief that killed her.

"And now I leave you to guess, Gregory, if that house is not a haunted one for me. Jasper, Dora, Rosamond, ye all stand or glide about its rooms, and hover near those willows and smothered laurels! Ye all have one sorrowful cry, 'Good Christians, beware of drink.'"

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MERRY CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

*Air—"Tara's Hall."*

BY P. M. HIGGINS.

It is the merry Christmas night,  
And round the festive board  
We meet in friendship's bonds, with smiles  
That cheer each kindly word;  
And though sad thoughts of bygone days  
May come our breasts to chill,  
Some warm pulsations beat there yet,  
That drown our sorrows still.

O, better far forget the past,  
Its troubles and its bliss,  
And hoping for a brighter time,  
We'll make a heaven of this.  
With faded joys and buried hopes,  
That only breathe of care,  
'Twere useless now to grieve the heart  
While memory's busy there.

But far away are loving ones,  
Who claim our fondest glow;  
A bitter pang my bosom rends,  
To think upon them now.  
From lip to lip our fond names pass,  
We hear not what they say;  
And tears perhaps they'll shed for us,  
Poor exiles far away.

Then here's a health to you and them  
Who pine for us at home;  
And here is to the Irish land,  
Beyond the Atlantic's foam.  
May comforts through each changing year  
Their earthly portion be,  
And may the green old isle once more  
Stand proud, erect and free.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE COLOR-BEARER:

—OR,—

## TRUE UNTO DEATH.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

"GOOD-BY, Kathleen Mavourneen! It's for you and the ould flag that I'd lay me life down—and the ould flag needs defenders, and it's not Patrick O'Conner that would shirk his duty. Good-by, Kathie swate! I'll always remember you; and you—I know you'll pray for me that the Holy Virgin will bring me safe back to you again."

Sweet Kathie raised her tearful blue eyes to the face of the honest young Hibernian. She tried to be very brave, and not cast a shadow

over the spirits of her patriotic lover; and yet—ah, it was hard work!—Patrick was leaving her perhaps forever, and in a week they were to have been married. Patrick was going perhaps to his death; she would look no more into his clear, loving eyes, or feel the clasp of his strong arms, or rest her sunny head upon his broad bosom. Perhaps that brave, generous heart that beat for her so fondly would be torn by the bullet of the enemy, or those fair, curling locks be dabbled by his life-blood upon the relentless, remorseless field of carnage. Poor little Kathie!—her heart was too full. She put her round sun-browned arms around his neck, and buried her face in his bosom, and cried like a very child, as she was.

"Pat," she said, at length, "tisen't our country, why should ye go and fight for another? If it was the *mitther* country in danger, I'd say go, with all me heart, but—"

"Now it's not yerself that's spakin', me own Kathleen," broke in the young man, raising the tearful face, and looking down tenderly, yet half reproachfully, into the blue eyes. "When we were starving and dying, who fed us?—when we were homeless, who took us in?—when we were naked, who clothed us? Americans, Kathie; they gave us work, they made us welcome, and gave us room in their hearts and their lands. We have shared the prosperity of the dear country, shall we desert her in her trouble? If I was that base a coward to the land we love, so base a traitor, Kathleen Mavourneen, could ye iver trust me to be thrue to ye? wouldn't ye be afeared I'd desert ye when yer trouble come? No, no, I can die, but death only comes but once, when one does his duty. Did I play the coward, mesilf would die a thousand times here at home thinking o' me baseness. The ould flag has been thrue to me, and I'll be thrue to it unto death!"

"Fall in, men!" shouted the captain; the band struck up a lively march, and the company of a hundred tall, manly-looking fellows took their places in the ranks. All the villagers, young and old, men, women and children, had gathered upon the common to witness the departure of the dear ones who were going forth in their pure manhood to obey their country's call. Firm was the footstep of every soldier, and no tears dimmed their eyes; though while no doubt pride held them back, great chokings came up in throats that would not give utterance to sobs; tears were not for soldiers. God bless them, God guard them, they were gone!

\* \* \* \* \*

"So Company E is the color company?"

"So I heard."

"And Pat is color-sergeant, so, of course, he carries the flag. I wouldn't be in his place."

"Why?" questioned Kathie's white lips.

"Well, in my opinion," said John Hutches, who feasted upon the despairing look of the pretty Kathie, "in my opinion, a color-bearer is in greater danger than any other; the enemy always endeavors to shoot down the color-bearers—didn't you know it?"

"No," faltered Kathleen.

"You never need expect to see him again," said John Hutches; "he's gone up for good, so you'd better give him up, and hear to reason a little. You remember what I told you once, Kathie?" The dark, evil eyes of the young man looked searchingly into the girl's face.

"And you remember what I told you, John Hutches, that I was after hatin' ye and despisin' ye? Ye's a coward, John Hutches, that ye talk so much about other folks goin' to war, and niver goin' yerself!"

"It's well you're a woman," hissed the bad man. "It wouldn't be well for a man to say that to me! As you are so glib with your tongue, I'll tell ye a piece of news. I am going to the war."

"You?"

"Yes, me, but not as a private, you may bet your life! My father's an old acquaintance of the governor's, and if it will be any satisfaction to you to know it, I have a quartermaster's commission in the very regiment to which your devoted Pat belongs."

Kathleen raised her eyes and fixed them for an instant upon her companion's face. He knew that she was comparing him with the handsome, noble-hearted lover who had left her side a few days before, and he knew that he himself lost by the comparison.

"Of course," said he, "hating me as you do, I shall likely be very kind to your Pat—of course!"

"You'll not dare to harm him!" she exclaimed, her face blanching, her lips quivering.

"We'll see who dares."

The bold, bad eyes looked threatening and vengeful. John Hutches did go to the war.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Sergeant O'Conner degraded!—for what?"

"Can't say; some spite work at headquarters. The charge was of cowardly abandoning his colors in the engagement at West Mills. Don't believe it; not a particle of

cowardice in O'Conner; and I know he would have shielded the flag with his heart."

"Strange!"

"So it is; a good many strange things. It is certain that the colors were seen on the ground, but he asserts that a ball shot the flag-staff off above his hand; and it is certain the flag-staff is broken. His evidence, however, is not taken, and one of the staff officers of General — asserts positively that he saw him break the flag-staff with his own hands."

"Impossible!"

"So I say, but it is a fact he is degraded. Poor Kathleen! I believe O'Conner would have preferred death, but he says time will show he is no coward, and I am sure no braver heart beats in the company; time will show his grit, and no doubt redeem his character."

\* \* \* \* \*

"A cold night, Pat."

It was Quartermaster Hutches who accosted Pat as he was about going on guard.

"Tis indade, yer honor."

"Have something a bit warming, my man—something I have for my own personal use? Take a swallow or two, 'twill keep the cold out."

"Obliged indade, yer honor."

"No thanks; I always like to accommodate. Good evening, O'Conner," said the quartermaster, after raising the small flask to his own lips.

That night Patrick O'Conner was found sleeping at his post. What aggravated the case was, that the Federal troops were in hourly expectation of an attack. He was condemned to be shot!

\* \* \* \* \*

Alas for the brave young Irishman! So this was to be the end. Freely would he have yielded up his life upon the battle-field; but to die thus dishonored at the hands of his country's friends—it was too much. He thought of his aged gray-haired mother, how she would wring her hands and weep when she should hear of his awful fate; he thought of Kathleen, and then, strong man that he was, he wept like a child.

"Ah, Kathie, me darlint, if I could leave you an unstained name to be proud of!"

But what means the noise and confusion without? Daylight is just dawning—that daylight which would witness his execution. He listened; the sound of martial music, the booming of cannon in the distance, and the sharp crack of musketry—around his tent all is confusion. There are cries of affright, the

roll of the drum calling the men to form in line of battle, quick, loud cries of command, and then groans of distress, sounds of the fiercest commotion and strife; he guesses the truth—the enemy is upon them.

His limbs are unbound, and the guard who kept watch over him is gone; this is no time to think of prisoners. One moment the bugle whispers, life and liberty you may gain in the melee; then his brave heart determined to strike for his country another blow before he died, and for him to determine was to perform.

Too many times has the terrible battle at Pittsburgh Landing been recapitulated to need a description from my pen. During the entire battle private O'Conner fought with the daring and bravery of a veteran. The dear old flag he worshipped floated before him; though no longer he was esteemed worthy to bear it, he could follow it to a glorious victory or a glorious death.

His colonel, the man who had condemned him to death, was twice saved from death himself by the young man's heroic daring; and when his company would have fled in dismay, because of the slaughter of their officers and the falling of their flag, he seized these adored colors, and with a shout led them forward, with

"Arrah, boys, never run! Stand by the stars and stripes!"

And they did stand by them; and Company E, without a single commissioned officer, and but one or two non-commissioned, fought through that last day with the ferocity of tigers. Twice was Pat wounded; once in his right arm, but with his left, though fainting from loss of blood, he still bore aloft the stars and stripes.

\* \* \* \* \*

The battle was over. Colonel — and Brigadier-General G— were in close conversation—what concerning may be inferred from circumstances that took place afterward. Upon the ground at their feet lay a man quivering in the last agonies of death—it was John Hutches. In his dying agonies he had confessed that guilt which unforgiven he could not carry into eternity; and by his side, kindly sympathy and forgiveness upon his noble and honest features, knelt the color-bearer. Even after he knew the quartermaster's guilt, that through his bribery and treachery he had been first degraded, and afterwards nearly consigned to a shameful death, his generosity of disposition did not leave him; although this false friend had put a drugged draught to

his lips, not a single feeling of ill-will did he hold towards the dying mortal in his last extremity.

General G— shook his hand warmly.

"You are a brave fellow," he said, warmly. "Your colonel has told me of your valor and prowess. Always show yourself as worthy of bearing the flag of our country—it is all I ask."

What have we to add? Nothing, except that the color-bearer was unanimously elected captain of his company, and that now he is a major in the Federal army. Of course Kathie is proud, as she well may be, of her lover; and of course they will be married when the war is over. She never fears his loyalty to her—she knows he is true, even unto death.

### HIGH LIFE.

Bayard Taylor, while in the Arctic region in winter, used to eat a half pound of meat at a meal to warm himself. He thus speaks of the cold which he endured in Lapland:—"I should have frozen at home in a temperature which I found very comfortable in Lapland, with my solid diet of bread and butter, and my garment of reindeer skin. The following is a correct scale of the physical effects of cold calculated for the latitude of 65 to 70 degrees north—15 above zero, unpleasantly warm; zero, mild and agreeable; 10 degrees below zero, pleasantly fresh and bracing; 20 degrees below zero, sharp, but not severely cold. Keep your fingers and toes in motion, and rub your nose occasionally. 30 degrees below zero, very cold; take particular care of your nose and extremities; eat the fattest food and plenty of it. 40 degrees below zero, intensely cold; keep awake at all hazards; muffle up to the eyes, and test your circulation freely, that it may not stop before you know it. 60 degrees below zero, a struggle for life."

### PROVIDENCE LIQUOR.

A pretty good story is told us concerning a good deacon in a neighboring town. He is one of the old-fashioned sort of deacons, and has always been in the habit of "taking a little for the stomach's sake," but was never known to get intoxicated except on one memorable occasion. He was then on a visit to Providence. The news of the sad affair reached the church members, and the deacon was brought up for discipline. The deacon explained the circumstance in this wise: "Brethren, I am sorry, but it's not my fault. I daily take half a glass of our town liquor, and it does me no harm. But that Providence liquor is powerful. It knocked me before I knew it." The deacon was released on condition that he would drink no more Providence liquor.—*Woonsocket Patriot*.

The good are better made by ill:  
As odors crushed are sweeter still!—*Rogers*.



[ORIGINAL.]

**O, COME AGAIN!**

O, come again—O, come again,  
And happiness restore;  
We sigh in grief, we pine in pain,  
To see thy face once more.

Upon the couch, upon the way,  
Amid the throng of men,  
We weep and sigh, we hope and pray,  
To look on thee again.

O, come again—there is no cheer  
In this bereaved place;  
We miss thy smile, we miss thy tear,  
We miss thy loving face.

Amid the gay who dance and sing,  
Amid the few who weep—  
Mid autumn's fruit, or flowers of spring,  
Thy memory still we keep.

O, come again—we are alone  
The weary day and night;  
We keep the things that thou hast known  
Forever in our sight.

Thy chair, thy bed, thy letters all—  
Whate'er was dear to thee,  
We love to look on, and recall  
Thy priceless memory.

Then come again, and let us know  
Thou lovest as before;  
Give us what most we ask below,  
To see thy face once more.

We feel that in the sight of thee  
We were supremely blest;  
And by thy side if we could be,  
Our weary souls would rest.

[ORIGINAL.]

**ONE NIGHT.**

BY M. D. HURLBUT.

WHEN I was a lad of twelve, our family lived at the far West, in a little log cabin, at a long distance from any other habitation. Our household consisted of my father and mother, my brother Mark, two years older than myself, my sister Grace, who was Mark's twin, myself and two noble dogs, large, strong, and fierce to strangers, but very gentle to us.

Ours was a very happy life. We were not troubled with much school learning, except what was imparted in a very charming way by our mother, who had the happy faculty of making study appear like entertainment. From our father we learned the arts of hunt-

ing and fishing, and we boys could handle a rifle as dexterously as our teacher. Grace was a lovely little girl, fond of her brothers, yet clinging to her mother's side as timidly as a child, and refusing to sleep anywhere but in a small room, literally only a closet, that opened from within a larger one where my parents slept. In the day time, she would follow us out into the woods, a short distance; but the least sound of anything unusual to her ear, would send her, pale and quivering to our arms, and we despaired of ever making her brave enough to enjoy our wild and restless lives.

So, although missing us sadly, she was quite content to stay at home, with locked doors, whenever our father and ourselves were absent, and keep our mother company. It was not often that strangers visited our lonely dwelling; but, with Grace, it seemed a fixed expectation that we should one day be annoyed, perhaps injured in some way, by unscrupulous men. Her terrors did not diminish with time; and at fourteen she was as timid as at six—so much so that my father thought seriously of removing to a settled district, two or three miles off, where we should have the society of a few neighbors. But we all loved our little home, and Grace would not consent to the sacrifice, just to humor her idle fears, she said.

One night, just at dusk, when we had sat down to a plentiful supper, which had been kept more than an hour for my father to return from the next town, where he had been selling an immense quantity of hops, and for which he had gone to receive the money, we were somewhat disturbed at the entrance of two stout men. Had they come in my father's absence, I believe Grace would have died with affright. As it was, her terror and alarm must have been sufficiently manifest. She eyed the strangers closely, her face growing whiter every instant. The men asked for food, and my father hospitably invited them to partake of our supper. They ate enormously, and drank large quantities of cider. They were not at all good looking, and their eyes met frequently, as if conferring silently upon some subject which they had before spoken of. At least, such was the impression which Grace conveyed to Mark and myself in a hurried whisper, when we had all escaped from the room.

"O, that father would see it as I do!" she whispered; "but he will only call it my foolish fears. I wish he would come out," she

added, with a quivering lip, "that you might coax him into watching them." A moment after, she turned still paler, as she said, "O, Mark, Robbie, think of the money! O, that is what they want. They have followed father home to rob him!"

Her agony was now so great that we feared she would faint. We assured her that we would not go to sleep for the night, if they stayed, as we supposed they would, as we knew father would not refuse them a lodging by the kitchen fire. Our rifles were already loaded, and were in our own little room which led from the kitchen, the door being close to the fireplace.

As we anticipated, they were to sleep there. Father, mother and Grace retired, and the men stretched themselves on some bearskins before the hearth, on which blazed some knots of wood, illuminating the rough ceiling. Their own rifles were placed near our door.

It was not long before they slept heavily. Mark, who had left the door ajar, now reached out his hand softly for one of the rifles, from which he noiselessly removed the charge. The other soon shared the same operation. Our eyes were kept open unwinkingly until twelve, when one of the men awoke. Mark and I were snoring powerfully at that time, which seemed to re-assure the villain, for he touched the other with his foot, and said in a hoarse whisper:

"Now is our time! Take your gun, while the boys sleep, and make sure work of the others."

The others! O, Heaven, who were they? Our beloved father, our dear, beautiful mother, and the sweet sister, without whom, we could not live—were they all to be sacrificed to these horrid wretches? We saw them approach their door stealthily. It was barred from within. Grace had told us she would do it herself, as father was so careless; and we had told her, too, where to hide the money which we knew he would place in an unlocked drawer, as was his custom. We knew that her eyes would be as sleepless as our own.

The men uttered a whispered curse when they tried the door. Their rifles were in their hands, and one proposed, loud enough for us to hear, to go out and fire into the window of the bedroom.

"You are a fool," said the other. "Even if you could hit him, which there is not light enough for you to do, you run the risk of rousing the boys, and you saw that they had guns as well as we."

"We can kill them first with our knives," was the reply. "They can be disposed of without noise. You hear how soundly they sleep."

Our rifles were already in our hands. We opened the door wider and fired. One dropped instantly, and moved no more. The other staggered and fell, wounded in the right shoulder. Mark sprang to the drawer in which mother kept her clothes line, and bound the latter to a heavy oak table, while I went outside to Grace's bedroom window. I tapped on the glass, but she was, I knew, too much terrified to open it. She would, of course, think the men were breaking in.

"Grace, Grace! unbar the door. There is no danger now."

I was imprudent, I know, for there might have been accomplices near who could hear me. I did not think of it then. She did my bidding, and came out into the room. She had not been undressed. She looked at the men with loathing, but with no surprise.

"Brave boys!" she said. "No, I will not call you boys, but men." She was going on, when she received a glance from the wounded man that again froze her into terror. "Mark, Robert, look! He has untied the rope with his teeth!"

At her words I raised my rifle to shoot him. Mark put his hand on my arm.

"No, no, Robert. His death is not needed. He must be given up to punishment. Stay, I will ride over to Conway and bring the constable," he continued, tying the rope again, firmly. "Grace, you must wake father, and tell him to come here and guard this man. Until he comes you and Robert can watch him." And the brave boy, seizing his gun, was soon galloping off after the officer.

It is impossible to describe the emotions of my father and mother on coming into that room and hearing my relation of the events of the night. My father embraced us tenderly, promising never to call our courage in question again—not even Grace's—for I told him her share of the adventure. My mother shuddered when she knew how near we had all been to death while she was sleeping quietly in her bed.

Before we could have reasonably expected him, Mark was back again with the officers of justice—a magistrate and constable. Before they came, my father had bound up the man's wound, although he resisted stoutly; preferring, perhaps, to die than to be brought to justice. He confessed that they had watched

my father from the moment he received the money, and had dogged him home, keeping a short distance behind him. The other man, he said, was in favor of an attempt to knock him from his horse, but the speed of the animal, and the sight of a stout rifle carried by his rider—for he never rode unarmed—prevented him. He confessed that their object was to murder the whole family; that they had seen Grace's look of aversion and terror, and had determined to put her out of the way as he expressed it. It seemed that they belonged to a gang who had committed a great many crimes, although he declared that this was the first time that he had joined them for this purpose.

It was a great relief to us all when he was carried off, and the dead body disposed of; and I assure you that my father made no difficulty of acceding to the united persuasions of my mother and Grace, to remove to some less lonely abode. Mark and I grew up, strong, hardy men, and Grace a lovely and distinguished woman; but to this day, she watches and guards her house, a perfect female Argus, hearing every footstep through the night, and keeping her husband's rifle close to her bedside.

The narrator of this story was a gentleman, at whose house in Washington I had been staying for several days. It was a dark, rainy night in November, and we were all in the right state to hear wild tales. The gentleman must have been a very handsome man in his youth, and now that he was far past seventy, was still hale, active and noble looking.

"And your brother Mark?" I asked.

"Ah, poor fellow! he met with his death by violence, at last, in spite of his bravery and courage. He was attacked on the road by two villains, and received wounds of which he never recovered. He was only thirty when he died. He cherished a presentiment of a violent death, and never married. Poor fellow, poor fellow!" he repeated, in tones of touching pathos, as if the dead body of his brother lay before him.

"And Grace?"

"She lives next door. I am too proud of my sister, my dear sir, not to show her to you, and have invited her for to-morrow."

She came the next day; a small, delicate, intellectual looking woman, with soft blue eyes and smooth brow, although, as she informed me, she was now seventy-five years old. Indeed, she was a most wonderful specimen of

advanced age wearing the aspect of youth. She gave me a most sprightly account of her youthful adventure, in which she gave the full praise to her brother Robert which he had not claimed in his own narration. At any rate, I received a most thrilling impression of the horrors of that ONE NIGHT.

### FISH AS FOOD.

There is much nourishment in fish, little less than butcher's meat, weight for weight; and in effect it may be more nourishing, considering how, from its softer fibre, fish is more easily digested. Moreover, there is, I find in fish, a substance which does not exist in the flesh of land animals, viz., iodine—a substance which may have a beneficial effect on the health, and tend to prevent the production of scrofulous and tubercular disease, the latter in the form of pulmonary consumption, one of the most cruel and fatal with which civilized society, and the highly educated and refined, are afflicted. Comparative trials prove that, in the majority of fish, the proportion of solid matter—that is the matter which remains after perfect desiccation, or the expulsion of the aqueous part—is little inferior to that of the several kinds of butcher's meat, game or poultry. And if we give our attention to classes of people, classed as to the quality of food they principally subsist on, we find that the ichthyophagous class are especially strong, healthy and prolific. In no class than that of fishers do we see larger families, handsomer women, more robust and active men, or a greater exemption from the maladies just alluded to.—*Dr. Davy's "Angler and his Friend."*

### FRENCH MORALITY.

A ballet girl of the Grand Opera, Paris, who is only sixteen, owes twelve or fifteen thousand dollars. Her creditors were about prosecuting her when a wealthy Russian took her under the shadow of his letter of credit on de Rothschild. Her friends urged her to pay her debts at once as shadows of all sorts are very evanescent. She pouted her cherry lips, and said with charming petulance, which types cannot say, "Pay my debts when I'm only sixteen; and I suppose by the time I'm twenty you'll be after making me pay other people's debts. No, no, no. I'm going to amuse myself while I'm young; when I get old I'll pay my debts." Poor, pretty, summer's butterfly! thou know'st not winter!—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*

### PARADISE.

Health floats amid the gentle atmosphere,  
Glows in the fruits, and mantles on the stream;  
No storm deforms the beaming brow of heaven,  
Nor scatters in the freshness of its pride  
The foliage of the ever-verdant trees;  
But fruits are ever ripe, flowers ever fair,  
And autumn proudly bears her matron grace,  
Kindling a flush on the fair cheek of spring,  
Whose virgin bloom, beneath the ruddy fruit,  
Reflects its tints and flushes into love.—*SHELLEY.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE BOW SET IN THE CLOUDS.

BY O. G. W.

Emblem of hope, set high in heaven,  
That all the world may see,  
When was thine advent on the earth,  
And what thy destiny?  
When earth was drowned, and in the flood  
All life was in despair,  
Did God erect thy radiant form  
In matchless beauty there?

Or, till the flood of sin was past,  
Wert thou in cloud and storm  
Veiled deep, that none on earth might see  
The beauty of thy form?  
And, when the sin was washed away,  
As by redemption's blood,  
Didst thou, rejoicing, seat thyself  
In triumph o'er the flood?

God's hand has set thee in the clouds—  
Perchance when earth was made;  
Perchance when all the mighty flood  
God's great command obeyed.  
But there thou art forevermore,  
Clothed in the robes of day;  
So hope, that God bestowed on man,  
Shall shine o'er him for aye.

[ORIGINAL.]

## GEORGIE STONE'S TWO LOVERS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"O, DEAR!" sighed Georgie Stone, laying down the pretty piece of crimson work on which she was engaged. "What a stupid place this is! I do wish I could have a genuine adventure! Here I am, nineteen years old last June, and never anything happened to disturb the monotony of my existence, more than a visit from Aunt Rachel, or a sleigh-ride with some one of these dull clodhoppers, round about! I declare, it's too bad!"

Georgie's red lips took on a decided pout, and her little white hands strongly suggested fists, which would have been formidable weapons to encounter, no doubt. It was a sad case, certainly. Georgie had a perfect right to be wretched. Nobody with a heart, would interfere with that right.

An only daughter, petted from childhood, the idol of her handsome brother Meredith, the well-beloved by her parents, beautiful, accomplished, wilful—as all pretty girls are—

with plenty of beaux, and oceans of admiration, no wonder she was miserable. One sincere, truthful lover she had, one who had loved her since he saw her a babe in the cradle—but him she could not tolerate, he was only a farmer's son, without romance, courage, or sentiment.

Georgie had not behaved just right towards Starr Falconer. There is no disputing that assertion. She had treated him shabbily. Brought up with him, seeing him almost every day, indebted to him for the thousand little nameless trifles which go to make up the sum of existence, she had fallen into the habit of regarding him as of slight consequence, any way; he was always handy in case of the failure of some more favored gentleman—but as for loving him, it was perfectly ridiculous to entertain such an idea for a moment.

Starr had come up like a man, and told his love to Georgie, and she had absolutely laughed in his face. She would die, she said, before she would unite herself for life to a mere country pumpkin raiser. Most young men would have got angry, and given her to understand that they cared nothing for her favor or disfavor; but Starr did no such thing. He was just as cool as though he had merely asked the time of day, and been told that the clock had stopped. As he was going away, he said, quietly:

"Well, Georgie, I take your word for it, but just remember that I told you the time would surely come when you would give the whole world to unsay the words you have said this evening."

She stamped her little foot at him, she was so angry she could have struck him, but he closed the door behind him, and went down the path, whistling, "Glory, hallelujah," and brushing the rain drops from her flowers with careless indifference.

Georgie hated him just then. She wished he was at the bottom of the sea, or on the summit of the Alps; but she wouldn't want him to be dead, because then he wouldn't know that she despised him above everything else. She'd punish him thoroughly for his presumption in making that speech to her. Sorry for what she had said, indeed! He would see.

So afterwards when she met Mr. Falconer, she took particular pains to turn up her pretty nose at him, and cross the street to avoid stepping in his tracks, if he happened to be on the same side with her.

Somebody, full of philosophy, says if you can get a woman to think about you, whether

she thinks favorably or unfavorably, half the ground to her heart is secured! We don't believe our sex are quite as frivolous as that, but if we were a young man in love, we would rather our lady love would hate us, than regard us with total indifference. It requires an effort to hate one—but indifference is the result of complete apathy.

Starr did not wither under Georgie's open scorn. He bore it bravely, and made no secret of his attentions to all the pretty girls in the vicinity; and Georgie called him a flirt, and thought she benefited the world by the assertion.

A genuine adventure did come to Georgie Stone at last. The longing of her life time had not been in vain. Something occurred to break up the dullness of her existence.

The equinoctial storm was of unusual length and violence, that fall; and so much rain falling among the hills and gorges where Georgie's home was situated, of course followed a freshet. The rivers rose to an unheard-of height, and every little brook became a raging torrent. When the storm abated, Georgie, always an ardent lover of the wild scenes around her home, wandered off down the valley, which was traversed by Mad River, to see the water stream over the falls. White as drifted snow it came rushing down the rocks, disappearing for a moment in the depths below, and then rising again to float along between the green banks, on to the quiet lake far away in the lowlands.

As Georgie stood on a high rock, gazing down at the wild stream hundreds of feet below her, the distant whistle of the railway engine burst upon her ear. Simultaneously with the sound, she thought of the trestle bridge over the river, which the coming train would cross as it passed up the valley. Never before since its construction had the water been so high; what if the bridge had been swept away?

She sprang from the rock, and with agile feet flew down the path. The bridge was gone! A few broken timbers only remained to show where the structure had been—all else had been carried away by the mad rush of water. For a moment Georgie stood paralyzed. It was useless to go for help, for even then the low thundering of the approaching train could be heard, and a faint gray cloud of smoke rose above the distant forest.

Only for a single instant did Georgie hesitate, then remembering the freight of human souls bound to certain destruction, her only desire was to save them. Climbing upon the

jagged timbers yet remaining, unmindful of the danger she incurred, she tore off her crimson shawl, and as the train came in sight, waved it high in the air. For a little time it was unheeded; despair fell over the brave girl; but the next moment the sharp alarm whistle to down with the brakes, burst on the air.

The signal was seen—the peril was known to those on board the train. Instantly the speed was slackened—there was a wild and hurried rush to the brakes—would it avail in time? Would those doomed passengers be saved? With straining eyes, unmindful of her own impending destruction, Georgie stood riveted to the spot, everything swallowed up in the intense desire to know if she had acted in vain.

The hot breath of the furnaces burst over her face—there was a frantic cry from the watchful engineer, and the locomotive was upon her. She felt a sharp blow upon her shoulder, then her footing was lost, she rested upon nothing. There was a stifling sensation of a swift rush through the air, and then the cold waters of the river engulfed her!

When Georgie came to herself again, she was lying wet and cold on the grass by the river's brink, and some one was wiping the water from her face with a handkerchief. She opened her eyes and saw Starr Falconer.

"Where have I been?" she asked, rising with difficulty to her feet, and glancing down at her dripping garments.

"In the river," returned her companion.

"Well, how did I get out?" She looked at him for a reply—his own saturated condition answered her. She turned away and clambered up the steep bank. He followed leisurely behind her, with an expression of pain on his face, and his left arm hanging uselessly by his side. It had been broken by violent contact with a jagged rock, when he had made the bold plunge to save the life of the ungrateful little Georgie.

But Georgie did not know this till afterwards. Perhaps if she had, she would not have treated him so haughtily. She might have felt a woman's sympathy for his misfortune, and given him a word of comfort. Perhaps she might.

Well, the train was saved. Only the engine went into the abyss, and the engineer, with the presence of mind rarely retained in such circumstances, had uncoupled it from the cars, and then saved himself by a lucky leap to *terra firma*. Several of the passengers



were injured by jumping from the cars, and among those severely hurt, was Atherton Sprague, a young lawyer from New York.

Mr. Stone's was the nearest house to the scene of the accident, and thither young Sprague was carried. A serious contusion on the head confined him to his bed for a fortnight, and during that time Georgie was his constant attendant. It was so like a romance. Georgie was delighted with being a real heroine, and Mr. Sprague had the best of care in consequence.

This young gentleman was handsome, cultivated, had fine eyes, and a faultless moustache—knew how to pay compliments, and had seen the world, and by the time he was able to go about the house, he was Georgie's declared and accepted lover.

True, Georgie felt a little compunction for the cold manner in which she had treated Starr Falconer. She heard, now, that he had broken his arm for her, but what was an arm to a heart? and Mr. Sprague's heart would be ruined if she disappointed him. Starr was only a good-looking, plodding farmer. Mr. Sprague was an elegant gentleman, and loved her to distraction!

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, Mr. Sprague left for home, and the lovers corresponded. Such tender, exquisite letters, on pink, scented paper as he wrote, and such fervent epistles as he received in reply!

Starr grew pale and grave; and Georgie experienced, at times, a strange feeling of dissatisfaction, for a young lady who had met and accepted her destiny. One day a great catastrophe occurred to the mercantile house of which Mr. Stone was the head, by which everything was lost, and the merchant who yesterday had been a rich and prosperous man, to-day was penniless! The sad tidings of his misfortune threw the unhappy man into a brain fever, from which he never rallied, and eight days after his attack, they wept over his new made grave.

Poor Georgie was beside herself with grief. It was her first real sorrow, and all unused as she was to trials, she was prostrated by the blow. Naturally, in her sorrow, she thought much of her betrothed, and longed for the comfort of his presence. She wrote to him from a full heart, disclosing every painful particular, and urging him by the love he bore her, to come to Lakeville.

A few days afterwards, the reply came. Mr. Sprague regretted sincerely the sad change which had occurred in Miss Stone's family,

but pressing business demanded his presence in New York; and even were it otherwise, he should find it impossible to gratify her. They had enjoyed a very pleasant flirtation at Lakeville—very pleasant, indeed—but by-gones must be by-gones, he supposed. Miss Stone would please consider herself at liberty, and continue to look upon the writer as her most attached friend, etc., etc.

This letter was a great shock to poor Georgie, but after the first pain was over, she wondered why she did not feel worse upon the matter. And when she had time to look back over her brief engagement to Atherton Sprague, the knowledge came unto her that she had never loved him as she was capable of loving. Her fancy had been dazzled—her love of admiration flattered, and the fine person and address of the young lawyer had fascinated her, but as for true affection, there had been little of it.

The high pride of her nature kept her up from the despondency most women would have felt in such circumstances, and the reply which Sprague received to his letter, was sufficiently cool and indifferent to nettle his self-love sorely.

With her widowed mother, and brother, Georgie took up life in earnest. No longer a drone, she used the powers which God had given her, and surprised herself and all her friends, by the development of talents she had never dreamed of possessing. She became preceptress of the village academy, and spite of her youth and inexperience, acquitted herself with honor.

Mr. Falconer she saw frequently. He was one of the examining committee, and in that capacity visited the school at set times. Always polite and friendly he was to Georgie, addressing her as a father might in regard to her course, but never betraying in any way the deep love he had once professed to entertain for her.

A year passed by. Georgie's reputation as a teacher was established, her brother had a lucrative office under government, and the cloud of misfortunes that had once enveloped the Stones, had partially melted away.

At this time, the southern rebellion, which for some months had been agitating the country, assumed a more formidable character, and the three months' troops were deemed insufficient for the prosecution of hostilities. Three years' regiments were called for.

Among the first to enlist was Meredith Stone. He could not remain at home while

others went to danger for his defence, he said; and Georgie with many tears, and much pride, kissed him and bade him go. It was very lonely without him, but other women had made greater sacrifices—what was she, Georgie asked herself, that she should be spared, when all were smitten?

Returning one day from school, she met Mr. Falconer in the uniform of a captain. She glanced inquiringly at him, for she had heard nothing of his enlistment. He stopped to speak to her.

"I leave to-morrow in the second regiment. Will you bid me godspeed?"

For the very life of her, Georgie could not utter the words he asked of her, but she managed to say very constrainedly:

"Good-by, I trust you will succeed."

Then she left him without looking back—went home and cried all the evening in her chamber. Her mother called her to tea twice—but no, Georgie did not want supper, she had a headache, and needed rest. Ah, headache! How many heartaches are covered beneath that plea, old as creation.

Hitherto, Georgie had taken an interest only in one regiment—now she had two to follow. Every item of news touching the army of the Potomac was watched with breathless interest. She could hardly wait for each succeeding mail to bring the tidings. When there was an engagement, and the brave second was engaged, she grew faint and quivering when she read the list of the slain, and her face would light up radiantly when she had finished, for his name was not among them.

A sort of fate seemed to attend the gallant second. It was in every action, always in the van, always the last to leave the field, and its fearfully decimated ranks told but too well the story of its valor.

Spring came round again with its soft airs and white blossoms. Early in the season Atherton Sprague appeared in Lakeville. He had come out for the benefit of the country air and scenery, he said, and the first attempt he made to obtain that benefit, was by calling at the house of Mrs. Stone.

He asked, and was granted a private interview with Georgie. There was much passionate pleading on his part, and cool contempt on hers, and the result was, Mr. Sprague left Lakeville, "on urgent business" the very next day.

Of his meeting with Georgie a few words will suffice. He had been mistaken, he told her, in thinking it best for they two to dwell

apart. Time had shown him that she was the only woman who could make his happiness. And by the memory of the sweet time when there was perfect confidence between them, he besought her to take him back, loved and forgiven.

Georgie had been mistaken, too, she said—mistaken in having ever fancied that she loved him; and he would oblige her by never mentioning that youthful folly again. She never had, and never should love Atherton Sprague, and begged to bid him adieu. So he went away, humbled and sad.

A little later, and the news of the hard-fought battle of Fair Oaks reached Lakeville. This time the name of Captain Starr Falconer appeared under the head of mortally wounded. Georgie was all alone when she read it, and well for her that she was, if she cared to keep her secret. All through the long, wearisome evening she sat pale and motionless in the chair where she had read the fatal lines, and at last, towards midnight, she crept tremblingly to bed, only to lie awake all night, wondering if she, too, were mortally wounded.

A fortnight passed. Georgie hardly knew how she managed to get through the monotonous routine of duties, and then it was announced in Lakeville, that Captain Falconer was on his way home. He had expressed so intense a desire to pass the rest of his probably brief life in his early home, that permission to remove him thither had been granted his friends, and in a few days he would reach Lakeville.

He came as expected, exceedingly weak and feeble from the effects of his wound and his journey combined; but still, with some little prospect of recovery. Everybody rushed to see him, all but Georgie. The longing to behold his face once more became so strong with her at last, that she could not withstand it, and one evening just at sunset, she went down to Mrs. Falconer's cottage. Surely, she urged, in excuse to herself, there was no harm in calling to see an old friend, who had given his all to his country, and was now lying ill of wounds received in the glorious service.

She was a frequent visitor to Mrs. Falconer, with whom she had always been a great favorite, so she entered without knocking, as usual, and opened the sitting-room door. The room was vacant, with the exception of the tall figure extended on the sofa. For a moment the visitor hesitated, then stepping softly forward, she stood gazing down on the wan face of Starr Falconer. He was evidently sleeping. His

eyes were closed, the dark lashes showing fearfully plain on the colorless cheek, and the jet black hair contrasting vividly with the death-white hue of his forehead. Moved by an uncontrollable impulse, Georgie stooped down and touched her lips to his. Instantly his eyes started open, his uninjured arm encircled her, and he spoke low and rapidly:

"Georgie, why did you kiss me?"

She burst into tears of mingled shame and anguish.

"Let me go!" she cried, bitterly. "You said the time would come when I should repent what I said to you. The fact in itself is humiliating enough without your scorn. Let me go!"

"Never! Now, at last, I will never release you, until we have understood each other clearly. Years ago, I asked you a question. I asked you to give yourself to me for all time, and you answered me no. If I should tell you that I love you still, with all the strength of my life, and that, be my days many or few, I shall take no pleasure in them away from you, what would you say to me? Should I be made happy or miserable? Speak, Georgie."

"If I could influence your happiness. O, Starr, to think how I scorned you once!"

"And you will repay all you made me suffer with your love?"

"If it would be a recompense," she said, timidly.

"Trust me for that." His lips touched hers again, and they were promised to each other henceforward.

Starr Falconer recovered slowly. His left arm was saved, but it will never be strong again, and his health will never be what it has been; but life and love are his, and he is content.

#### MARRIAGE IN LAPLAND.

It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without her parents' or friends' consent; therefore, if one bear affection to a young maid, upon breaking thereof to her friends, the fashion is, that a day is appointed for their friends to meet to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part in the race, so that it is impossible, except she will of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid overrun her suitor, the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the offer of marriage. But if the virgin has affection for him, though at first running hard to try the truth of his love, she will pretend some casualty, and a voluntary halt, before the end of the race.—*Travels in Lapland.*

#### THE MOTHER OF OUR RACE.

The first woman was Eve, daughter of God, wife of the first man, mother of mankind, and queen of the newly-created world. This woman was of high nobility, of royal and illustrious descent. A lady from whom all the royal lines of earth have sprung. She was a woman crowned with glory by birthright, and invested with power by the imposition of a mightier hand than any other woman could ever boast. Her's was wisdom, knowledge and genius. The intellect was clear, undimmed by folly, unsullied by sin, and not indebted to the toils of infancy and child instruction. Eve was God's direct workmanship, the work of Him who pours intelligence into the minds of angels, and prince of angels, cherubim and seraphim. She was happiness and virtue, and alone of woman tasted blessedness which sprang from a state of spotless perfection. Her soul, created in the image of a righteous and a holy being, must have been the seat of human perfection, the centre of attraction to everything that homed in Eden's beautiful bowers. The smile must have been in her eye, the bloom and the dew of youth on her cheek, the sunlight of endless life on her brow, while the intellectual and moral beauty of the soul shone forth in every gesture and movement of that perfectly organized body, the last and highest material production of creative power.

The human mind can advance no further in its conceptions of the beautiful, than when it pictures to itself the character and person of the first mother, as she appeared on the morning of her creation. She came to be the companion of Adam, enjoying the favor of God, the homage of animated nature, invested with authority over the other creatures of God. She was beautiful herself, and saw beauty in everything around her. As an elect lady, she drank from the cup of perfect felicity, and must have diffused joy through that Paradise over which God and the first created man had delighted to crown her queen.—*Newburyport Herald.*

#### THE GRATEFUL MILLINER.

A gentleman from one of the provinces, went to a fashionable establishment in Paris to purchase a bonnet for his wife, which he requested the mistress of the establishment to select for him. The lady selected a very elegant hat, and when the gentleman inquired the price, she answered that it was paid for. The gentleman was much surprised, and desired an explanation. "Sir," said the lady, "ten years ago you bought some apples of a little girl in the streets of Paris. The poor child had not enough to change a gold piece you gave her, and when she mentioned that her mother was very sick at home, you told her to keep the money till she had enough to change it. The little apple merchant now stands before you. I have married a rich man, and must beg of you to accept the hat as a testimony of my gratitude for the gift which saved my poor mother from much suffering.—*Dover Gazette.*

[ORIGINAL]

## THE HOUSE OF MANY MANSIONS.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

There's a beautiful land of fair delight,  
 Afar from this sad world's din and strife,  
 Where the weary may rest 'neath the sacred palms  
 On the emerald banks of the river of life;  
 Where the tremulous mists from the sapphire skies  
 Bend lovingly down to the jasper sea,  
 While valley, and mountain, and woodland, sleep  
 In the shadow of His infinity.

There, bathed in the light of eternal day,  
 Eclipsing the glory of sun and star,  
 The city of gold, and the great white throne,  
 And the house with the many mansions, are,  
 And somewhere there, there are vacant rooms,  
 Fitted and portioned by love's design;  
 And death, good sentinel, holds the keys,  
 And giveth to each the countersign.

And we know one day, when the gates of pearl  
 Swing noiselessly back in the golden light,  
 We shall greet at the portal the gentle face  
 That slipped so silently from our sight;  
 We shall clasp again with a tenderer clasp  
 The glorified forms of those we love,  
 As they smilingly welcome us one by one  
 To our place in the Father's home above.

There, safe in the mansions of peace and rest,  
 Prepared by the dear Christ long ago,  
 We may cast the wearisome burdens down,  
 That fettered our spirits so below.  
 O land of the blessed! O home beloved!  
 We sigh for thy fields of fair delight;  
 Where God and the Lamb are the light thereof,  
 And there falleth no shadow of death nor night.

[ORIGINAL]

## THE HOTEL THIEF.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

It was on one beautiful evening in early summer, that I reached a thriving Western town in which I had business. I had my baggage taken to the California House, a large and well-appointed hotel, and also a very popular one.

My choice, however, was not so much owing to these considerations as to the fact of my being well acquainted with the proprietor of the hotel, and also with the principal clerk. The former I had known in the East. Willie Wardlaw, the clerk, was a more recent acquaintance, though also one of long standing.

When I first went to the West, I had employed him in my office, and assisted him in obtaining an education. He was then quite a boy, but very intelligent and well-behaved.

Feeling a strong interest in the lad, and in his widowed mother, whose main support he was, I exerted my influence with Mr. Pickett, the proprietor of the California House, to obtain for him the situation which he then held. He had occupied the place now almost two years, and I was much gratified to learn that he had given the fullest satisfaction. Willie, in fact, was no ordinary youth. He had improved his very slender advantages to the utmost, and still found time, amidst the arduous duties in which he was engaged, to make some progress in mental culture, every day of his life.

"Well, Willie," said I, as I lit a cigar, after coming out from tea, "how are you and the California House getting along in the world?"

"Very well, sir," he replied, "with one exception, one drawback."

"Why, what is that?"

"We are plagued to death, almost, by a miserable nuisance in the shape of a hotel thief; a perfect torment."

"Why don't you roast him for it?"

"Well, you know the cookery books tell us that there is a preliminary operation, absolutely necessary in such cases."

"What is that?"

"Catching. 'First catch your game,' you know. That is the way the old receipts begin. If we could only catch this fellow we would soon find a way to roast him. But he is no ordinary thief, and is not, I fear, to be caught in the ordinary way. He is unquestionably the most daring, impudent, successful, mysterious and undiscoverable one, ever known or heard of here by 'the oldest inhabitant.'"

"Does he steal from the bedrooms?"

"Yes, sir. I will give you an example. Mr. Burton, a merchant from Chicago, stopped here, day before yesterday. We told him all we knew about the mysterious thefts, and advised him to be careful. We said to him, in fact, just what we say to all strangers who come to the house.

"Give me," said he, "a room with a door which I can fasten securely. That is all I can ask of you. If I lose anything, under such circumstances, the fault will be my own, not yours."

"In addition to locks of the best quality, we have had double bolts put to all the doors. Some of the doors have bars also. That of

the room in which Mr. Burton lodged was provided with a first-rate lock, two massive bolts, and an apparatus of chains and bars, to open which, from the outside, had every appearance of being an absolute impossibility. I accompanied Mr. Burton to his room, and showed him these anti-burglari-ous contrivances.

"Are you satisfied?" asked I.

"Perfectly," he replied. "The thief is welcome to all he can get from me."

"And you persist in your determination not to deposit your money in the safe? It would be the safer plan."

"I will risk it here."

"This room had but the one door, fastened as I have stated. It had also a single window, which was securely fastened, on the inside. It was in the fourth story, and utterly inaccessible from the outside, even if the window had been left open. But, notwithstanding all these precautions, from that room, that night, Mr. Burton lost a pocket-book, containing eleven hundred dollars in money, and other valuables."

"Where did he leave his pocket-book?"

"He put it under his pillow. In the morning, it was gone, and not the faintest shade of a shadow of a clue left by which to detect the means used for its abstraction. The lock was untouched—just as it had been left the evening before—and so were the bolts, and so were the chains and bars. There was not the slightest derangement perceptible in any of the fastenings of the door or window. Nothing in the room had been displaced. Not an article had been disturbed. That any one could have entered the room during the night seemed the very plainest and most palpable of impossibilities. And yet somebody had entered it, beyond all doubt; for the money was gone, and go without hands it could not."

"It must have been some inmate of the house, I suppose?"

"Undoubtedly. It is impossible for any one to get admission, either by day or by night, without being seen and known."

"And you have had other and similar cases, I suppose?"

"The thing has occurred six times, and under pretty nearly similar circumstances. In the first two instances, there were not quite so many fastenings; but still any one would have pronounced the money as safe as it could well be, anywhere. In most cases it was taken from the pockets of the sleepers. Mr. Burton's loss was heavier than that of any of the

victims who preceded him, though one man had upwards of nine hundred dollars taken. It looks more like witchcraft than anything I ever saw before."

"It has injured the business of the house, somewhat, I suppose."

"Well, not much, I think, as yet. The fact is, the thing is so strange, so mysterious, that no one can accuse us of neglect or inattention. Mr. Pickett has done everything that man could do to ferret out the thief, and to protect his lodgers. The public know and acknowledge this, and I don't think that any one has ever found fault with him. But if the thing goes on much longer, people will be afraid to trust their property in our rooms, of course."

Such was the fact, in the end; but for a long time strangers were so incredulous that they would keep their money with them at night, in spite of all the representations that were made to them. And several such suffered severely for their obstinacy.

I remained a little more than a week at the California House, and during that time two more of these mysterious abstractions took place. One occurred in the chamber adjoining my own. In that instance the loss was small. But two nights afterwards, more than a thousand dollars were taken. The loser had been earnestly advised to deposit his money in the strong box of the hotel; but he had obstinately persisted in retaining it, refusing to believe it possible that any one could enter a room so well secured as his was. The result was as I have stated.

It was this man, I believe, who for the first time suggested the idea that the locksmith who fitted the fastenings to the doors had secretly contrived them so that he himself, or an accomplice, by his instructions, could open and shut them again without leaving any trace whatever of what had been done. There were some who inclined to this opinion, while others maintained that there were burglars expert enough to open any imaginable door, with any conceivable set of fastenings.

For my part, I had no theory to offer. The thing seemed to me altogether inexplicable, and I was forced to acknowledge that I could make nothing of it.

I soon afterwards left the place. There were, I believe, but few more thefts committed at the California House, and for the simple reason that there was nothing left in the rooms worth stealing. Mr. Pickett took the trouble of making a personal application to each one of his customers, to whom he gave an account



of the state of affairs, and then earnestly advised him to leave his money and valuables in his care during the night, in which case he would be responsible for their safe keeping.

The mysterious burglaries (if such they were) had now become so notorious, that there were very few who did not follow Mr. Pickett's advice; and there was consequently little or nothing left for the mysterious prowler to exercise his ingenuity upon. So the fire went out for want of fuel.

In the meantime I had gone to the East, where I spent more than four months. The second day after my return to my western home, my office attendant announced a visitor, and soon ushered in a lady, whose features were covered by a thick veil. I conducted her to a private apartment, and awaited her pleasure.

I was in the habit of receiving a good many visits from persons of her sex; but most of them were widowed or maiden ladies, past their prime, with sharp features and sharper tongues, with more or less property under their control, and generally so brim full of complaints, against somebody or other, that the words overflowed in torrents the moment their lips were opened.

This lady, both in appearance and deportment, afforded a marked contrast to the class I have mentioned. She was neither elderly nor sharp-featured. On the contrary, when she removed her veil, I saw a face which, if not strictly beautiful, was at all events eminently attractive, and with nothing sharp or even angular about it. She could not have been over twenty, at the outside, and had all the plumpness and rotundity of contour peculiar to that favored age.

Nor was she overflowing with words, by any means. After sitting in silence for a considerable length of time, she said:

"You are a lawyer, sir, I believe, and—"

There she burst into tears. Most ladies who consult me do not allow their tears to interfere with their words, but talk and cry simultaneously. With this one, however, it was different. She could not utter another word.

My sympathies were aroused, and I strove in every way I could think of, to calm her excessive agitation. It was some time before she was able to speak; but, finally, with a faltering voice, she thus addressed me:

"I come to you from William Wardlaw. He is—he is—"

Sobs would find vent, in place of words, and

she was again forced to stop. Again I strove to soothe and comfort her.

"Compose yourself, I beseech you," said I. "Willie Wardlaw is one of my most valued friends, and be assured, if he needs my services, he has but to command them. If I guess rightly, you yourself are no stranger, though I never saw you before. Am I right? Are you not Mary Lane?"

She nodded her head affirmatively.

"Then I have often heard of you, and you of me. We are old friends. Where is Willie?"

"O, sir, he—he is—in jail."

"In jail? William Wardlaw in jail? Merciful heaven! for what?"

"For stealing—stealing money. But he is innocent. It is a base, cowardly falsehood. You don't believe it?"

"Not I. I would as soon suspect myself of theft as to suspect him."

"O, I am glad to hear you say so! He has very few friends, very few, who have faith in his innocence. And unless the real culprit can be found, it will be sure to go hard with him. A mere acquittal, which left the case still a doubtful one, would be as bad as a verdict of guilty for him. And things look very, very gloomy."

"Willie had hoped to make you his wife by this time. I suppose this misfortune has prevented him from getting the Riverside Hotel, as he expected?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, well. Don't be cast down. If innocence has fair play, it seldom fails to make itself felt and heard. And in this instance it *shall* have fair play."

She tried to thank me, but the sobs broke out afresh. She apologized for her "weakness," and with a strong effort regained her composure. I then asked her to tell me the nature of this charge, and how it originated.

"You have heard," said she, "of the mysterious thefts or burglaries at the California House, last spring and summer?"

"Yes. I was there at the time. Can it be possible that Willie is implicated in any of them?"

"They think that he has been the guilty party in all those cases; but the particular crime for which he is to be tried is alleged to have been committed at the Franklin Hotel, in Westville."

"Tell me all about it."

"Well, sir, you know what an excitement there was at the California House. Even

there some persons maintained that the proprietor or the chief clerk must know something about the thefts committed at the hotel. Such things, however, were only whispered, in an underhanded way, and it was not till after he had left the place that Willie heard of them.

"You know that Mr. Pickett sold his establishment, and that William then went to the Franklin Hotel, at Westville. Thither, too, the mysterious thief followed him, and a number of depredations, similar to those committed at the California House, was the result. William was greatly annoyed at this, and Mr. Wayne, the proprietor, told him that several persons had tried to persuade him that he ought to dismiss his clerk, who must necessarily have some connection with these crimes, which were committed only where he was.

"Mr. Wayne, however, paid no attention to these suggestions. He had full confidence in William, and at his instance kept his entries well lighted all night, and employed trusty watchmen to have the room doors constantly in view. This plan, rigidly carried out under his own eye, soon put an end to the depredations. None of the rooms thus lighted and watched were ever disturbed afterwards.

"But, on one occasion, a political convention having been held in the place, the house was unusually crowded, and one night a stranger was put to sleep with William, in his own bed. His room was on the first floor, and not in that part of the house which was lighted and watched. Every moment of his time being occupied, he did not think of saying anything to the man about the money stolen from the rooms. In fact, he had almost ceased to think about the thing himself.

"When the man rose, the next morning, he found his pocket-book gone, and fourteen hundred dollars with it. He was extremely irritated and excited, and at once accused his bed-fellow of having taken his money, alleging, and indeed swearing, that he had remarked to him, after he went to bed, that he had a large sum of money in his pocket, and wished to know if he thought the fastenings of the room could be depended upon; and that he had answered in the affirmative, and thus induced him to leave the money where it was, in the belief that it would be as safe there as anywhere else.

"William had had very little sleep the night before, and if such a question was put to him at all, it was when he was so nearly asleep that he did not comprehend it then or remem-

ber it afterwards. But the man would believe nothing, listen to nothing. He is firmly persuaded that William has his money, and is determined to prosecute him with the utmost rigor of the law. And this charge has of course revived all the old stories which were whispered about at the California House, and given currency to a number of ridiculous imitations, which, under other circumstances, no one would have listened to for a single moment.

"A week ago he was apprehended, and after examination committed for trial, at the next term of the circuit court of Hancock county, which commences about five weeks from this time. At the time of his arrest another unfortunate thing happened. Two bank notes were found in his possession, which the loser of the pocket-book has recognized, and sworn to, as part of its contents. William says he received it there in payment for board, but it is impossible to say from whom. They are two fives; and he remembers very well retaining them, and paying over to Mr. Wayne a ten dollar note of his own in their place, he having occasion to make use of some small notes. His impression is that they came from a regular boarder—one of three who paid their bills the same day; but which one he has no idea. It is somewhat strange that the thief should have parted with them, for they were so marked and written upon as to make it very likely that they would be recognized, if the real owner should happen to get a sight of them.

"With all this circumstantial evidence against him, it is almost universally thought that he cannot fail to be convicted. We have but little money, and lawyers are very expensive things. It seems to me that the discovery of the real culprit is almost the only thing which will secure poor Willie's acquittal, and free him from all suspicion. And that seems impossible. Our only hope is in you."

It must have been a stony heart indeed that could have resisted the imploring, trustful glance, with which these last words were accompanied. I think that one look would have enlisted me in Wardlaw's service, even though I had been a total stranger to him.

I reiterated my determination to do all I could for him, and to put forth as much energy in his behalf as if he could fee me like a millionaire. I felt confident, I said, that the cause of truth and innocence would eventually triumph, though I could not tell how.

I then wrote a few lines to Willie, promising

to be with him in a few days; and understanding that Mary wished to return to Westville by the next train, I went with her to the depot, and saw her off.

Mary Lane was the daughter of a deceased clergyman, and supported herself and her widowed mother by teaching. She and Wardlaw had been betrothed for several years; and a lucky fellow he was to meet with her. With all her poverty, she was a treasure, such as few are happy enough to find in this bad world.

As soon as I possibly could, I made my promised visit to Westville, which was about forty-five miles from my own residence. I found Wardlaw very much depressed in spirits, and not without reason, certainly. A few months before, he had been one of the most popular young men in the country; now, there was hardly an individual anywhere, who did not look upon him as an utterly corrupt, a most adroit, and hardened criminal. The current of public opinion was effectually turned against him, and even his best friends were floating with the tide.

I spent nearly a week with the prisoner, and worked with all my might in preparing for his defence. My own conviction of his innocence never faltered for a single instant; but I had grave doubts of my ability to induce others to think as I did. And even if I could secure his acquittal, it was to be feared that it would not be such a one as would free him from all suspicion.

In all my previous experience, I had never seen an accused person who appeared to think so little of the punishment which would follow conviction. Compared with the loss of character which even an honorable acquittal might not entirely prevent, a term of years in the penitentiary was a mere nothing in his estimation.

On the last day of my stay at Westville, I saw the following article in the *Sunderland Patriot*:

**"BURGLARY EXTRAORDINARY.**—There was committed at the Milburn House, in this place, on Wednesday night, the most consummately skillful act of burglary that ever came under our observation. The chambers of the above-named hotel are all secured by first-rate locks, and two strong bolts beside to every door. Mr. John C. Warren, of St. Louis, slept in one of these rooms on the night mentioned, with over seven hundred dollars in his pocket. The fastenings were in perfect order, and the room was supposed to be entirely secure. But, strange to say, it was entered by some one during the night, who abstracted a pocket-book containing the money, and withdrew again, leaving everything precisely as it was

the evening before. The story really seems almost incredible; but Mr. Warren's empty pocket is but too reliable a witness of its truth."

"There's the very fellow!" cried I, the moment I read this paragraph; "the very man that should be in Willie Wardlaw's place!"

I took the paper to the jail, and read the article to the prisoner. Mary Lane, too, was present, and I remarked that she seemed more than ordinarily thoughtful.

"Now," said I, "Sunderland is two hundred and twenty-five miles from here; but it is absolutely necessary that I should visit the place, and spend some time at the Milburn House. It unfortunately happens, however, that I cannot possibly go during the two next weeks. Our superior court commences its fall term on Monday next, and my duty to my clients will not permit me to leave it for two weeks, at least. Next Monday or Tuesday week, however, I will go, even if I should have to leave a cause half undressed behind me; and I think we may reasonably hope that some good will result from the journey."

With this assurance I left my two young friends at Westville. For the next two weeks I was busy, day and night, in matters having no reference to their concerns. On Friday, of the second week, I received a letter, postmarked "Sunderland," and signed Mary Lane. The heroic girl had left Westville the same day I did, and had gone immediately to the Milburn House, where she had remained ever since. What she did there will be best learned from the following statement, made by herself, under oath:

"I had heard that a burglary, or at least a theft, had been committed at the Milburn House, in Sunderland, very similar to those at the California House and the Franklin Hotel, about which so much has been said. This induced me to go to Sunderland and make further inquiries, which convinced me that all the mysterious thefts had been committed by one and the same person, and that that person was then, or had been lately, at the Milburn House.

"My next step was to go to the Milburn House and solicit a place there as chamber maid. With some difficulty I succeeded in getting the post, and I set about its duties at once. These gave me opportunities of observation which I could have had in no other way, and gave me access to all parts of the establishment, at almost all hours of the day and night.

"The first thing I did was to scrutinize very closely all the frequenters of the hotel. It was not long before I discovered that there was a man there who had been at the California House when the mysterious thefts were committed there. This man, too, had removed to the Franklin Hotel, in Westville, and immediately after his arrival the thefts commenced there also. He had afterwards left the State, and gone to Sunderland, to the Milburn House. And the third day after his arrival a similar crime was committed there.

"This man, too, was believed by Mr. Wardlaw to be the person from whom he had received the two five dollar notes which were afterwards proved to have been part of the sum which he himself was accused of stealing.

"These circumstances aroused my suspicions, and I determined to watch the man very closely, especially by night. He called himself Iskander. He was rather a small, middle-aged man, and a foreigner; but of what country, or what continent, even, no one knew. I am myself inclined to think that he is a Greek. He had no business, apparently, and no associates, and seldom came out of his room.

"At night, as soon as the girl who shared my bed was sound asleep, I arose, noiselessly, dressed myself, and left the room. It was generally very near daybreak before I went to bed again. I spent the night chiefly about Iskander's room, or in hiding-places which I had noticed in the daytime, in unused lumber rooms, and in out-of-the-way corners of the entries. To these I retired when any one approached, and made it necessary for me to conceal myself. I was always on the alert, and always on the lookout for any unusual movement. My only protection was a keen bowie-knife, which I carried in my bosom. I was often afraid; but I had counted the cost beforehand, and never for a moment thought of abandoning my enterprise.

"On one occasion, about two o'clock, A. M., I heard an unusual noise, which I soon made out to be the raising of the window sash in Iskander's room. After a while I heard it lowered again. I could not see the outside of the house, and the window was of course invisible. But, on listening at the man's door (a liberty which I felt justified in taking), I heard him whispering to some one. I could often make out the words, but they were in an unknown tongue. I could plainly hear some one else beside himself moving about in the

room. I could see nothing, for the keyhole was stopped up.

"I took pains to be near the door when Iskander came out to breakfast, and I was very sure that there was no one else in the room at that time. Two or three nights afterwards I heard the window softly raised again. Soon afterwards there was a footstep on the stair, and I was forced to run away and hide. Late travellers had arrived, and it was some time before the house was quiet again. On the whole, it was fully an hour and a half before I could approach Iskander's door again. Just as I reached the entry on which it opened, I heard a slight noise, and at the same time I remarked that the passage was perfectly dark. When I left it it was tolerably well lighted by a jet of gas, which was kept burning all night; but now the gas was turned off so as to leave the smallest quantity burning that would keep it going.

"The noise I heard was a very light, tipping step upon the floor, which sounded something like a canter. It was altogether different from anything I had ever heard before—a noise very difficult to describe. It was too dark to see anything, but I distinctly heard it stop at Iskander's door, and also heard the door very softly open a little, and then close again. It had no doubt been standing ajar.

"Some ten minutes or so after this, I heard the same door open again. I expected to hear the tipping step come out again, and perhaps go down stairs; but it was Iskander himself. I could not see him at first; but he went to the gaslight and turned it up again, and I then saw him very plainly as he walked on tiptoe back to his room again. I dodged behind an open door when he first appeared.

"As I had anticipated, there was a room entered, on that floor, that night, and a hundred and fourteen dollars stolen from it. That Iskander was either the thief or the thief's accomplice, I could not doubt; but could I prove it? Was it best to inform on him at once, or ought I to give him an opportunity to develop his criminality more fully? I was sadly puzzled to know what course was best; but in the end I resolved to wait a while, and give him 'more rope.'

"The affair created a great deal of talk, of course, and gave rise to a great many speculations. Strict orders were given to keep the passages well lighted, all night; and there was something said about a watchman to be placed on each floor, but it was not done.

"The fifth night after this I heard the window raised again. It put me on the watch at once. I was all ears and eyes. For nearly two hours, however, nothing more occurred worthy of note. Then I saw Iskander open his door softly, and look around. After that he came out, stole on tiptoe to the gas-light, and turned it down till it was barely visible. He then returned to his room, but in a few minutes he left it again as cautiously as before, and I had an impression, from his manner of walking, that he was carrying something. He went away to the extreme end of the passage, and I supposed that he was going to make an attempt on one of the doors, but he returned in a few minutes, and retired to his room again.

"Five minutes, however, had hardly elapsed, when the door opened again, and I heard the light, tipping step come forth. I stole along after it, keeping as close as I could without danger of discovery. Presently I heard a slight, rustling noise, after which all was still. I listened intently, and fancied that I heard some faint sounds, but I could make nothing of them. What was the light-stepping personage about? He could not surely be committing a burglary in such profound silence as that!

"After a while the slight, rustling sound was repeated, and then I heard the tipping step again. It was now coming towards me, and no doubt making for Iskander's room again. Had one of the rooms really been entered? Had a theft been committed, and was the mysterious tipping individual making off with the booty?

"I was strangely impressed with the idea that this was the fact. Now or never, thought I; and with a hastily breathed prayer to Heaven for protection, I threw myself upon the tipping mystery, and grappled it with all my strength.

"A warm, shaggy *something* twined one of its arms about me, and struggled as if trying to throw me down; and soon afterwards I felt long clammy fingers, or claws, tightly grasping my throat. The idea immediately occurred to me, that if I did not cry out at once, it would soon be too late to do so; so I screamed with all my might. But the thought always uppermost in my mind was the paramount necessity of holding on; and hold on I did, as long as I had a particle of strength left.

"Almost at the same instant that I uttered the scream, I heard Iskander coming towards me. The next moment I felt him tearing my

prey from me. I clung to it in the very agony of desperation. He pinched, and pulled, and shoved me, and the horrid thing itself choked me; and still no one came to my relief. It all happened in a very few minutes, of course; but it seemed hours to me, and I felt my strength rapidly giving way.

"Still no one came, and Iskander must in a few more seconds accomplish his purpose. At that juncture I thought of my knife. I kept it always open, stuck in a sheath sewed in the bosom of my dress. Throwing all my energy into one desperate clutch with my right hand upon the thing it was grasping, I seized the knife with the left, and struck furiously at Iskander's throat. The blow took effect somewhere, for he gave a loud screech, and I instantly felt his hold relax. Just as I drew the knife, I heard the door open; and I also heard steps upon the stairs, and in the passage. I gave one last desperate clutch at the shaggy thing I was holding, and maintained it till I saw a flood of light burst upon the scene. At that instant strength and consciousness both failed me. I fell back, and saw and heard no more for many minutes."

This was all that Mary, of her own knowledge, knew of the affair. When the light first fell upon the spot, she was found clinging to a hideous black monkey, which grasped her throat with one paw, while in the other it held a pocket-book, which was found to contain several hundred dollars.

Iskander was found a few yards off all covered with blood. The knife had made a terrible gash in his neck, and he was already in a fainting condition. The miserable wretch thought he was going to die, and confessed upon the spot, that he and his monkey, with the aid of an accomplice out of the house, were the perpetrators of all the thefts about which so much had been said, including that for which poor Willie Wardlaw was about to be tried at Westville.

The monkey, the active agent in these crimes, had been trained by himself, and he was accustomed to talk to it as if it had been a human being. It lived at a boarding-house, however, with the accomplice, and gained admission to Iskander's room by climbing into the window. He always took care to occupy a room which the active animal could thus enter. Having gained admission to the hotel, the next thing was to get into the room that was to be rifled. This was effected by crawling through the space left for ventilation above the door, which was quite large enough,



in the hotels in question, to admit the slender body of the monkey. To facilitate the operation, Iskander used to place a light scaffolding before the door to be scaled.

Guided to the proper room by this apparatus, and assisted in and out by the hand of his master, in difficult cases, the monkey would enter the room without any noise but a very slight rustling, and at once proceed to search it. He was trained to take pocket-books, porte-monnaies, or even the money itself, as well as watches, jewels, and other valuables, when money was not to be had.

In this manner, Iskander acknowledged that all the mysterious thefts were committed, with many which we had never heard of, both in this country and in Europe. Soon after he went to the California House, Willie Wardlaw had detected him in a piece of petty rascality; and though he had the forbearance not to expose him, the scoundrel hated the young clerk ever afterward, and determined to ruin him, if possible, by saddling him with his own crimes, and ward off suspicion from himself.

With this view he had followed Willie to the Franklin House, rifled the pocket of the stranger who slept with him, and afterwards paid over to him two of the most easily recognized of the stolen notes, in the hope that they might be found in his possession.

As it turned out, the nondescript rascal was not, as he believed, mortally wounded. While he was still looking forward to a speedy dissolution, however, his confession was formally recorded, in the presence of a magistrate, and signed by himself. The consequence was a *nolle prosequi* in the case of the Commonwealth against Wardlaw, and an honorable dismissal of the prisoner, who thus owed his freedom, and the full and complete re-establishment of his fair fame, to the love-born courage and indomitable fortitude of Mary Lane. She soon afterwards became his wife, and we have reason to believe that he has since done all that a good husband could do to show his love and gratitude for her extraordinary services.

#### HEAVEN.

O gentle heaven!

Art thou indeed the home, the happy shore,  
Where creatures wearied of this earth are driven?  
Where hate is not—where envy cannot soar,  
And nought save unimaginable love,  
And tenderest peace (a white and winged dove),  
And beauty and perennial bloom are seen,  
And angels breathing in elysian air  
Divinest music, and young shapes, more fair  
Than hours pacing soft through pathways ever  
green?

BARRY CORNWALL.

#### LITTLE ANGEL'S FEAST IN CHILI.

When a child dies not exceeding three or four years of age, its parents do not lament or grieve for it, which they would consider heresy. As soon as the child commences to suffer the agonies of death, its parents make preparation for feasting it. The day of its death they kill the fatted calf, and all the turkeys and fowls there are in the house. They also buy a barrel of Mosto wine, hire singers and dancers, and spread the report that Don So-and-so will celebrate the Little Angel. When the child is dead, it is decked with flowers of all kinds, its face is smeared with crimson, and it is then seated on a table to preside and authorize the feast. The Little Angel I saw was adorned just as I have described it; however, that the child may appear alive, they place two small sticks between the eyelids, the eyes remaining thus forcibly open. At the arrival of the singers, revellers and dancers the feast commences, and very soon it is converted into the most furious, licentious and unbounded carousal. The parents encourage and stimulate the revels; and the more the father drinks and encourages the company, so much more glory will the Little Angel enjoy in heaven. The parents do not give this feast with the sole object of celebrating and increasing the glory of their Little Angel. The carousal helps them to sell their beef, cazuela, chanchito, arrollando, cider, and the Mosto; and after twenty-four hours find that they have made a clear profit of twenty or thirty dollars.—*Tour in Chili.*

#### THE OSTRICH.

The cry of the ostrich so greatly resembles that of a lion as occasionally to deceive even the natives. It is usually heard early in the morning, and at times also at night. The strength of the ostrich is enormous. A single blow from its gigantic feet (it always strikes forward) is sufficient to prostrate, nay, to kill many beasts of prey, such as the hyena, the wild hog, the jackal, and others. The ostrich is exceedingly swift of foot, under ordinary circumstances outrunning the fleetest horse. "What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider." On special occasions, and for a short distance, its speed is truly marvellous, perhaps not less than a mile in half a minute. Its feet appear hardly to touch the ground, and the length between each stride is not unfrequently twelve to fourteen feet. Indeed, if we are to credit the testimony of Mr. Adamson, who says he witnessed the fact in Senegal, such is the rapidity and muscular power of the ostrich, that even with two men mounted on his back, he will outstrip an English horse in speed! The ostrich, moreover, is long-winded, if I may use the expression; so that it is a work of time to exhaust the bird. The food of the ostrich, in its wild state, consists of seeds, tops, and various shrubs and other plants; but it is often difficult to conceive how it can manage to live at all, for one not unfrequently meets with it in regions apparently destitute of vegetation of any kind.—*Anderson's Africa.*

[ORIGINAL.]

# THE SIXTH OF AUGUST, A LEGEND OF SCOTLAND.

BY CLARISSA HARDING.

THE August sunlight shone lovingly down over the fair hills and green dales of Scotland, and peeped through interlacing boughs, into a fairy bower where sat two young maidens, whom strangers would at once have pronounced twin sisters.

A chieftain's daughters seemed the maidens, and so in truth they were. Their father was the brave Sir James Johnstone, of Allandale, the warden of the Middle Marches, now a venerable old man, wearing his seventy years lightly, and doing service to his country and his clan with a willing heart and an active body.

His daughters were the loveliest beings that ever comforted and consoled a widowed father. Their lives seemed bound up in his, and the sweetness with which they gave up the pleasures and amusements natural to their age, and devoted themselves, heart and soul, to their father's happiness and comfort, was beautiful to witness. On this very morning, they were planning a pleasant surprise for him, as they sat in the bower with hands clasped in each other's, the bonnie face of Lillias half hidden on the shoulder of Matilda. The heat of the August morning had imparted to each fair girl a rosy hue not always found upon their cheeks; for the daughters of the old chief were delicately nurtured, and were strangers to the wild sports in which their youthful neighbors indulged.

They were aroused by the cheerful, ringing voice of their father, calling them loudly to come to the hall. They found him booted and spurred, and his horse ready at the door.

"Dearest father, you are not leaving us here alone to-day, surely?" said the sweet voice of Lillias.

"Indeed, I am, darling," he replied. "I have a message from young Allan Maxwell, who wishes me to meet him at Auchmanhill to-day."

"But you shall not go, father. Who is young Maxwell, that he should take precedence of us?" asked Matilda, pouting the sweet red lip and shaking the auburn ringlets in sportive anger.

The old chieftain's eyes drooped at the question, but he answered, quite calmly:

"He is the son of the Lord Maxwell, whom your father slew in battle at Dryffee Sands."

The reply sobered the high-spirited girls, and brought a tear to the eye of Lillias. They had heard of the terrible affray, when two thousand Nithsdale men came towards Annandale to defy the Johnstones, Scotts and Elliots. They knew, too, that Sir James Johnstone was the slayer of Lord Maxwell, and that this deed sealed the triumphant victory of the Nithsdale clans. Long years—fifteen, certainly—had gone by, and now the son of Lord Maxwell was asking to meet the man whose hand had given his father's death blow.

"O, do not meet him, father! It bodes no good. Pray do not go!" said the loving children, as they wove their white, slender arms around the chieftain.

"For shame, lassies!" he cried, when their tightening grasp had a little relaxed. "Would you have me break the word that never was broken? Would you have the Maxwell think that old James Johnstone was afraid to meet him? Are these my daughters who counsel their father to lying and cowardice?"

"O, forgive us, dear, dear father! No. Believe that your children would not counsel what would stain your honor, not even to save your precious life. Now go, but not alone, surely, dearest father, not alone!"

"No, my darlings; Allick goes with me, of course. And now, give me each a kiss, and be good and happy till I come home."

They watched the dear, venerable form as he slowly rode down the hill, followed by the old servant; and not until he was wholly out of sight, did they cease kissing and waving their white hands, that were dearer to him than his own life. When he could no longer see them, he struck the sharp spurs into the lagging steed, and rode briskly on to Auchmanhill. But the bright August day was spoiled for the fair girls. There was a gloom over all that had seemed so bright in the morning—a gloom that hung drearily upon the spirits, but which each felt to be weak and unreasonable. Every sound—the soft flow of the summer streams, the song of the birds, the merry hum of bees, all struck like the ringing of metal upon their nerves.

As the day advanced, the painful yet unaccountable uneasiness increased. Dinner had been sent away untasted, and now they ordered supper to wait. A fearful presentiment assailed their minds, and they could only throw themselves into each other's arms and weep bitterly; at what, they knew not. What

trouble could be coming upon these fair young creatures, whose whole lives had been bright as a fairy's tale? Do coming events indeed cast their shadows before? Does the evil to come throw its gloom over the bright, warm summer day, turning all its beauty into blackness, as the thunder cloud overspreads the sky? We know not; but the gayest hearts have felt the spell, and they who are least superstitious, are forced sometimes to believe, in spite of themselves.

When the brave old chieftain parted from his children, he felt no misgiving, was haunted by no presentiment of evil. The bright sky, the green earth, the birds and flowers and bees—every green lane or overhanging tree were so many sources of pleasure. Then his thoughts naturally turned upon his present errand. Even to that, his mood gave a cheerful tinge. There was not a doubt that Allan Maxwell, who was a child when his father fell by Johnstone's hand, was desirous that the old feud of long ago should be healed. He went back to memories of that day when Nithsdale sent out her bravest and choicest—the flower of her youth, and when the clans of Allandale aroused themselves to repulse them. Again he saw the Lord Maxwell, the king's lieutenant, at the head of the army. He remembered what he wore, and the very color of his horse, and how the long white plumes of his bonnet waved over the noble face. He remembered his own thrill of conscious power, when the brave lord was taken, and his own right hand was red with his blood. But it was in open, honorable warfare, unsought by Johnstone or any of the clans whom Maxwell attacked; and however time had softened the feelings of enmity, still there was no regret that the deed was done, under the circumstances. All the past lay before him—the very tree under which he slew him, and which was baptized, as it were, in blood, by the name of "Maxwell's Thorn," and O, gracious Heaven! how could he have forgotten it? this day, of all others, was the anniversary of that sad affray!

In a moment Alick saw his master's countenance change, and heard him murmur—"the sixth of August—the sixth of August!" and the faithful servant noticed that his head drooped forward, and that tears were on his aged face. Soon it recovered the composed and tranquil look usual to it. He rode forward more quickly, the wind playing antics with his beautiful long white hair. Alick looked on him with a reverent air.

"Master is not long for this world," murmured the old servant. "I ha' never seen him like that before."

A moment after, the entrance to the wood which had been fixed upon as the place for the meeting, was in sight, and Sir James alighted from his horse, bidding Alick stay and watch them, under the shade of the trees, until he should come back. He then took the path that led into the wood.

The man tied the horses to some trees, and threw himself upon the ground for a siesta. This was, however, impossible; for by some strange and unaccountable mystery, the animals seemed possessed with the spirit of evil and unrest. Struggling, biting, kicking, uttering wild cries and snuffing the air frantically, they puzzled the old man to discover what had so disturbed them. No war horse could have been more furious than the chieftain's. At length he broke his bridle and ran into the wood, and Alick, releasing his own horse, walked onward in the path by which the figure of Sir James had disappeared from his sight.

Ah, righteous Heaven! what pitiful sight meets old Alick's sight at this moment! Is that prostrate man the master who looked back to him with a smile, not ten minutes ago? He ran up to him, placed his hand on his heart, but it had ceased to beat. At first, Alick thought that his master had fallen from some obstruction in the way, but a pool of blood beside him forbade that thought. The poor old man gasped for breath, looked around for help, and believing that he might yet be restored to life, he joyfully beheld two objects which he recognized as human beings, though too far off to distinguish them. In a moment, however, he saw that the horseman on the brow of the hill was receding from his view, and that the one approaching was a feeble old woman, who came tottering down the slope, and after many painful efforts, stood beside him. Long before she reached him, Alick had found that there was no life in that pale clay, yet he could not help noticing that the same beautiful calm, the same heavenly composure of the features were there, as when he had last looked upon his master's living face. It helped to silence and subdue the terrible grief that had for a few moments rendered him incapable of speech or action.

"I saw him! I saw him!" cried the old woman, as she gasped fearfully, with affright and fatigue.

"Did you, Elsie?" asked the weeping Alick.

"Did he fall in a fit, or did any one injure him? I am a fool, too, to ask that question, for who could hurt Sir Jamie Johnstone?"

"Who would hurt him, Alick Graeme? Who, but the false Maxwell? I saw him as he came behind him and shot him in the back. Ay, and struck him, again after he was on the ground."

Alick groaned aloud. "O, master! dear, beloved old master! Would that I had disobeyed thee just that once, when you bade me stay behind!"

But there was no time to be lost in conveying the body to a place of safety. Already the vultures were in the air, snuffing their prey, and an hour more might bring the wild animals from the wood. Leaving old Elsie to watch, he mounted his horse which he found a few rods off, and rode back for help. Some peasants were cutting turf not far from the wood, and they followed him to the mournful spot where he whom they all knew and loved was lying. Sir James was the warden of the Middle Marches, by appointment of the king, and was almost worshipped by the people of his district, as well as by those belonging to his own clan. As they took up the mournful lament above the chieftain, poor Alick's heart was bursting with the grief that lay so heavy upon him. Yet he assisted in cutting down branches of trees to form a litter, on which, with reverential sorrow, the peasants bore him, until they came to a place where a suitable conveyance could be procured. It was a mournful sight indeed—that melancholy procession, with Alick following, leading his master's horse, which had at last come and looked with eyes that were almost human in their sadness, upon his dear master.

But there was a harder task in store for the desolate old man who was now to go home with such tidings to the two beloved young mistresses. He left the procession at the entrance of the avenue, and rode hastily to the courtyard. The sound of the horses' feet brought out Lillas and Matilda. He heard them order the servants to bring out lanterns, for it was quite dark. He heard them call—"Father, dear father! thank God, you have come!"

No answer. No answer. The sisters clung to each other tremblingly, for this deep silence was terrible to bear. Suddenly they heard the tramp of footsteps in the avenue, coming slowly towards the house.

"They are bringing our father home, Lillas," said the mournful voice of her sister. "He is

dead, and they are coming to fetch him. O, we feared something, and this is the reality." She said no more, for Lillas had dropped from her arm to the ground. All was in confusion in a moment, in the courtyard, the servants ran hither and thither with lights, and when Lillas awoke from that merciful swoon, the pale form of her father lay upon the couch from which she had arisen to meet him a little while before, and Matilda was kneeling at his side. Alick was spared telling the tale he had so dreaded. The minister had heard the tidings at the manse, and had come over to weep for the dead, and if possible to comfort the living.

Years afterwards, Allan Maxwell, conscience-stricken, and aware that people shrunk from him as the treacherous assassin of the good and brave old chieftain, sought to drown the memory of the deed in excitement. At a gathering of the border chieftains, he first saw Lillas Johnstone; and thenceforth he thought and dreamed of none other. Soon after this, the sisters removed to France, and endeavored to make a home there, in place of the one so cruelly desolated in Scotland. Maxwell followed them thither, and sought to win the love of Lillas by masquerading in a new character as the Black Prince. Matilda detested the mystery in which he strove to envelope himself. She wrote to him, forbidding his pursuit of her sister, and bade him remember the sixth of August!

Guiltily and miserable, Allan Maxwell hopelessly declined in health, and was soon laid on a sick, which proved a dying bed. He could not die without the forgiveness of those whom he had made orphans; and hearing of his remorse and penitence, the sisters went to see him and gave him their pardon. He died on the sixth of August—that memorable day whose recurrence had witnessed the deaths of his father and theirs.

When time had softened their grief, the two fair girls, who had been wooed by the flower of the French youth, entered into new relationship. But duly, on the sixth of August, they were found by the grave of the old chieftain, covering it with fresh wreaths of *immortelles* from that sunny land in which they had found a new home; and from thence they passed to that saddest of all places, the wood of Auchmanhill.

Back to pleasant France, where husbands who loved them dearly, and bright-eyed and sunny haired children awaited them, to share their year of consolation.

[ORIGINAL]

## AFTER MAHOGANY LOGS IN 1817.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

*Author*.—My dear and indulgent reader! You have so often listened to tales of fiction from me, that now I am sure you will be glad to hear a story from my friend; the more so, as I assure you it will be true in point of name, date and circumstance. Allow me to introduce to your kind attention, Captain John S. Downs, of Company B, 4th Regiment New York Volunteers.

The captain said:

"Mr. Author, you said too much by vouching for the truth of each and every particular; but it is the pardonable exaggeration of authorship, I suppose, so I shall forgive it. I am a plain man, and cannot be expected to embellish my story as you would. My business is to fight, not talk; but this much I will say. I give you the story of the brig 'Ductile,' of which my father was master, in as nearly his words as I can remember them; and I think the main incidents can be corroborated by many persons, whose names I will give the company, and who are yet living.

"It was a warm morning in May, in the year 1817, that Captain Cornelius H. Downs (my father), or as he was more familiarly called, 'Captain Corney,' was strolling idly down Canal Street towards the North River, in New York, when he was met by his old friend, Lyons Morehouse (the founder of the celebrated Blackball Line of Packets, you know), who, tapping him upon the shoulder, said:

"Why, Captain Corney! Is it you, indeed? Where have you been, where are you going, and what are you doing?"

"Good day, Mr. Morehouse! How d'ye do, sir?" said my father, taking his extended hand, and shaking it cordially.

"Come, come, old friend?" continued Mr. Morehouse. 'I have not seen you for a year. Where have you been? Account for yourself.'

"Easy, easy, sir!" said Captain Corney. 'In the first place, I went to South America with an assorted cargo, got a return cargo to New York, and have just now arrived here after having taken a cargo of cotton to Liverpool from South Carolina. I speculated a little in England, and returned to New York a much poorer man than I was three months ago. So that's the whole history of Captain Corney Downs, in one chapter, Mr. Morehouse.'

"Sorry to hear it, captain—very sorry; but you're the man we've been looking for. Just step up to my office. I have got a plan in my head for you, and if it turns out successfully, I will make your fortune."

"Well, then, I'm your man," said Captain Corney. And in a few moments they were seated in Mr. Morehouse's office, and the plan thus disclosed by that gentleman:

"You see, captain, we are badly in want of mahogany in this market. I don't believe there are a dozen logs in the whole State of New York; and a cargo here in sixty days, or even three months, would be worth its weight in gold. Now the difficulty is this. Havana, from whence we must draw our supply, is in a perfect state of blockade from that desperate pirate John Gibbs, and his nigger partner Womsley. A merchantman risks his vessel who dares approach the "Isle of Pines," which the pirate has fortified; and it is more than suspected that the Spanish government winks at this lawless scoundrel, and receives a portion of the booty. Nothing less than a man-of-war can approach the "Isle of Pines" with impunity. Now we want a bold, resolute, cunning man, who will undertake to get us a cargo of mahogany from this same pirate rat-hole. We will furnish him with a vessel, and everything he needs; he can make his own plans, and carry them out to suit himself."

"Tremendous risk?" interrupted Captain Corney, sententially.

"Tremendous gain we will make it," replied the ship-owner. 'Now, captain, if you will undertake this matter (and I have every confidence in you), I will have our splendid, fast-sailing, hermaphrodite brig "Ductile" fitted out for you; and if you make a successful voyage—'

"What, then?" demanded my father.

"I will give you the "Ductile" or build you a new ship," was the answer.

"There was a silence for a few moments and then my father changed his quid from one side of his mouth to the other, and said:

"Lyons Morehouse, I'll do it!"

"Good!"

"Stop a bit. I must have my own way about everything—pick my own men, and be humored in all my queer ideas about fitting up this brig; for it's a dangerous business, I see, and will be no child's play."

"You shall have your way, captain. And now let us taste a little of this pure Amontillado, by way of closing our bargain."

"Before night set in, the papers were all



signed in reference to the voyage. Captain Corney had been on board of the 'Ductile,' and had examined her thoroughly, and with a true sailor's critical eye. Hands were set at work upon the brig, and everything betokened preparations for the voyage.

"In ten days more nobody would have recognized in the warlike-looking craft in the stream, the same clean cut little brig, the 'Ductile,' which lay sleepily at her wharf; and the watermen were sorely puzzled to account for the change. She had false port-holes painted on her sides, and the muzzles of eight carronades peeped over gunwales. She had one Long Tom at the bow, and a heavy ten-pounder astern, and altogether looked like a full-rigged but rather small-sized war vessel.

"There were paragraphs in the newspapers darkly inquiring into the object of the strange craft in the stream; but Lyons Morehouse was impervious to the demands of reporters, and Captain Corney Downs knew how fast news travelled, so he wisely held his peace.

"Carbines and cutlasses were taken aboard, and the brig provisioned under the captain's directions suitably for the cruise, and one fine day, in the beginning of June, the herm-brig 'Ductile,' Captain Corney Downs, passed the Narrows, was soon past Sandy Hook, and into the broad ocean.

"And now it was the captain's plans became manifest. He drilled the men in the use of the guns and cutlasses, made a drummer out of the cabin-boy, and appointed old Joe White the boatswain to take charge of the 'Long Tom.' There was some disposition to mutiny when they left Sandy Hook amongst the men, and no little fear in regard to the expedition; but Captain Corney was a determined man, and he soon nipped this growing flower of rebellion, by placing one or two in irons in the fo'castle until they agreed to obey his orders, and work like good sailors. In six days they arrived at their destination.

"The 'Ductile' passed safely the guns of the Moro Castle at Havana, and lay quietly all day in the stream. Regularly the drums could be heard beating on board, and if any spies of the pirate Gibbs were drifting about near the brig, they must certainly have supposed that they were too near a war-vessel for the safety of their necks. For several days Captain Downs went ashore, and each time when he returned he was accompanied by gentlemen, who held long consultations with him in his cabin, and then departed secretly at night. The night of the fifth day

after the 'Ductile' entered port was dark and stormy; but about eight o'clock, Captain Downs gave the order to weigh anchor, and after an hour's sailing, the 'Ductile' ran east towards a narrow strip of land, which forms one of the minor keys in the Gulf of Mexico, and then when, about ten o'clock, signal-rockets were observed from the shore, the brig cast anchor, and in a few minutes a boat's launch came alongside, and a voice from the boat cried, in Spanish, 'Cuy de 'l noche?'

"'Bono camarade!' was the answer from the captain. And soon a dozen Spaniards were on board in earnest consultation with Captain Downs, and when they departed, large rafts of mahogany logs were towed alongside of the 'Ductile,' derricks were rigged for a deck load, and her sides were opened to receive her precious freight. At least eighty men on the water and on board were engaged in loading the brig, and as one raft departed, another came up—the signal lights ever and anon shooting up from the shore, and quickly being answered from the vessel. At about three o'clock the brig started again (having received about half her load), and when the morning's sun flashed brightly upon the Moro, and played with the diamond waves which swelled past the Ductile's sides, the little brig lay there as sleepily as though she had never moved through the night; and when the night had closed again over the waters, the 'Ductile' was all life again, and pursued the same plan and the same journey as the night before. Again did the boat's launch come alongside, and this time a clear voice rung out in Italian a sweet stanza thus:

"'Lo! smiling in the orient sky,  
The beauteous dawn is breaking;  
Say, canst thou thus inactive lie,  
My love? Art thou not waking?'

"And Captain Downs's answer to the love-ditty, which they had before agreed upon as a signal, was characteristic of him:

"'Haste! no time is this for sighing;  
Haste! and let us hence be flying.  
O, let a friend in time advise ye;  
No delay, or they'll surprise ye;  
For lights I see are near us,  
And foes may overhear us!  
Softly, softly, no delay,  
Descend and let us hie away!'

"And the rockets from the shore spouted fire skywards, the rafts came alongside as before, the busy men worked as lustily as upon the night preceding, and ere the dawn broke, the herm-brig 'Ductile,' heavily laden with mahogany logs, had all sails set, and was being wafted by kind winds toward New York.

"Ere noon of that day, however, they were destined to witness scenes which, although they had not been unprepared for, still surprised them, as they had supposed they were to escape the pirate's clutches altogether. The wind was blowing fresh north-northeast, when the hands had been whistled up for grog by the boatswain, and Captain Corney was about retiring to his cabin, when the lookout was heard from aloft, 'Sail, ho!'

"Where away?" shouted the captain.

"After a few moments the man answered:

"Bearing down on our starboard bow."

"All was excitement on board. The captain took his glass and went forward, and the first mate soon said:

"What does she seem like, captain?"

"A large bark with all sails set," was the answer.

"And ere long the ship could be discovered by the naked eye, and she was bearing directly down toward the 'Ductile,' seemingly from the direction of the 'Isle of Pines.'

"Sail, ho!" again shouted the lookout.

"Where away, now?"

"In track of the bark, sir."

"The captain put his eye to the glass again, and then hurriedly passed it over to his first mate. Mr. Simmons, and said:

"See what you can make of that."

"The mate took the glass, and soon cried:

"By heavens, sir! I think that last ship is chasing the bark; she must be the pirate, sir."

"Just what I think, Mr. Simmons," said the captain, coolly. 'Let's watch his motions.'

"What do you make of that last ship?" shouted Captain Corney to the lookout.

"She's a long, rakish schooner, sir; square-sail on foremast, a staysail on the maintop-mast forestay, three jibs flying, and she's gaining on the bark, sir, which looks as if she was a-runnin' away."

"It was not long before the schooner was observed to be gaining greatly upon the bark, whilst the latter was making directly towards the 'Ductile,' and when within about two miles she fired a gun, and threw out a signal of distress.

"That's the pirate!—the pirate is chasing the bark!" exclaimed all hands; and the greatest excitement prevailed.

"Throw off the tarpaulins, boys!" shouted Captain Corney.

"The covers were thrown off the guns, and although Captain Downs did not expect to make a very successful fight against the heavily armed schooner which was chasing the

bark, he still thought he might frighten him off by his Long Tom; at least he would make an effort to save the distressed bark (which was now flying the English colors), even at the greatest risk to himself. The bark had now run within speaking distance of the 'Ductile,' and Downs shouted through his trumpet, 'Ship ahoy! Who are you?'

"The answer was soon returned:

"English bark 'Jasper,' laden with merchandize. We are chased by a pirate, and have only one small gun. Can you save us?"

"We will try, sir," was Downs's noble answer; and as the pirate schooner came flying down, her deck swarming with men, the captain gave the order to old Joe White:

"Bo'swain, let her have the Long Tom!"

"And the smoke curled from the piece, the report echoed over the waters, and the ball from the gun had fallen upon the pirate's deck, the splinters flew, and the greatest confusion prevailed, while the men from the British bark cheered lustily.

"At this totally unexpected reception, the pirate tacked and beat to leeward, but a ball from one of his nine-pounders went through the mainsail of the 'Ductile,' and hissed outward into the ocean.

"Try her again, Joe!" shouted the captain.

"And again did the Long Tom send a ball clean into the pirate schooner, and this shot sent her away upon the other tack with every inch of canvass flying.

"Pursuit would have been madness; and had not the herm-brig, by her painted port-holes and vigorous commencement of the battle, deceived the pirate as to her real character, she (the pirate) might have secured her as a prize, as well as the unfortunate bark which she had so nearly overhauled.

"My father arrived safely in New York with his mahogany logs; Lyons Morehouse redeemed his promise of building him a ship, and that one voyage made my father's fortune. He soon after received a present of five hundred pounds from the English owners of the bark 'Jasper,' which his Yankee pluck had saved to them. And now, ladies and gentlemen, in conclusion, I will say that, however poor a story-teller I am—"

*The company* (interrupting)—No, no!

*Captain J. S. Downs* (gratefully)—Thank you! thank you!

*Author*:—There, there! Don't say another word. You have made the most graceful termination; so let us say "Good evening!" and go over to the barracks at "Camp Harewood."

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE ART OF HEARING.

BY HARRY ASHTON.

In the Kaydeross' Patent, the son of one Gunn,  
 Upreared him a tavern the cross-roads upon;  
 And soon the renown of his victuals and gin  
 Attained him a surplus of stomach and tin.  
 Now Gunn was a fellow who knew very well  
 How to drive a sharp bargain and keep a hotel;  
 And never one's sense of propriety shocked  
 By loading too heavy, or going half-cocked.  
 Yet Gunn had his failings, his fashionable ailments:  
 And, chief among others, our jovial host  
 Was slightly rheumatic, and deaf as a post.  
 'Tis a curious query, a nut for M. D.'s,  
 Who bother one's brains on such subjects as these:  
 Why a very deaf man always happens to be  
 The crony of one ever deafer than he?  
 Gunn's auricular sense was lamentable, but  
 No words can embody the deafness of Sprutt.  
 One warm afternoon in the solstice of June,  
 Mine host of the "Schroon," with Dick Sprutt by  
 the ear,

Sat bawling old times over, over their beer;  
 When entered a stranger—the bar at the minute  
 Was emptied of all save the two cronies in it—  
 And very politely requested to know  
 The distance to Brandon, and which way to go.  
 Instead of essaying the needed advice,  
 Like a shot from a shovel jumped Gunn in a trice;  
 And placidly smiling behind his cigar,  
 The polished decanter swung down on the bar.  
 "Brandy, sir? here it is, sir, as much as you need;  
 My neighbors extol it—observe sir, the bead!"  
 "But," dissented the stranger, "although very sure,  
 By the way the bead settles, the liquor is pure,  
 I did not demand it, but simply to know  
 The distance to Brandon, and which way to go."  
 Gunn settled his neckcloth, and hastened to say,  
 "Very true—deuced warm, and so dusty to day."  
 Turning short on his heel, as he seized the belief  
 That the landlord was dazed or remarkably deaf,  
 The man turned to Sprutt, and observed with a bow,  
 "Something's wrong with that fellow, can you tell  
 me how?"

Sprutt rose on the instant, and saying, "Thank  
 you,

The day is so warm, I don't care if I do,"  
 Took up the decanter, its nozzle depressed,  
 And punished a bumper with infinite zest.  
 The face of the stranger, erst ugly as sin,  
 When the truth stole upon him dissolved in a grin.  
 He settled the bill as a gentleman should,  
 And journeyed to Brandon as fast as he could;  
 But I warrant you, reader, he will not forget  
 Mine host of the "Schroon," or the welcome he met.

The first indication of domestic happiness is  
 the love of one's home.

[ORIGINAL.]

## COUSIN SYBIL:

—OR,—

## MAIMED FOR LIFE.

BY HESTER STANHOPE.

I REMEMBER distinctly standing upon the  
 brow of the cliff, and looking over to the  
 depths below. I can still hear Eve's cry to  
 me, "O, Sybil, pray come away, you make me  
 shudder!" Then followed a strange sensa-  
 tion of earth sinking beneath my feet, and a  
 falling down—down—a sudden, sharp, ago-  
 nizing pain, which I seemed to feel in my  
 heart and brain more than anywhere, and  
 next—a blank. Dimly following this is a sort  
 of half consciousness, when I found myself  
 upon my bed, with the surgeon beside me.  
 Through my misty sensations one phrase pen-  
 etrated to the very centre of my being, "Her  
 foot must come off." O, the horror of that  
 moment! I was again insensible, and be-  
 came delirious upon being restored to vitality.  
 I knew nothing for a week, and my life hung  
 by a thread; but I slowly rallied, and in the  
 course of time was restored to a full con-  
 sciousness of my situation and my sad mis-  
 fortune. I cannot describe my agony of  
 mind. To be maimed! In the freshness of  
 my young life to be cut off from all activity  
 and hope! It seemed to me it must not be—  
 it was too terrible—my mind was bewildered  
 when I dwelt upon all the contingencies of  
 such a deprivation. I felt a strong sensation  
 of pity and affection for the foot itself. It  
 may seem strange, but let any one look at his  
 right hand, and ask himself if he does not love  
 that dear companion! I wondered what was  
 done with it. It was long before I could sum-  
 mon courage to ask, but one evening when I  
 was alone with my nurse, I ventured to  
 inquire.

"My dear," said she, kindly, "Miss Eve  
 buried it in the garden. She has planted  
 flowers over it."

I blessed Eve in my heart. I vowed to my-  
 self never to forget such an act of thought-  
 ful kindness. I had not seen her, or any one  
 else. I was fearfully nervous. I was unwill-  
 ing to meet any one but the nurse, the doc-  
 tor and my aunt. I knew that an artificial  
 foot was to be made for me; but in the mean-  
 time I must learn to walk with a stout stick  
 properly strapped to my poor, maimed leg. In  
 the course of time the doctor pronounced me

strong enough to make the trial. It is useless to dwell upon my sad efforts at walking; enough that I finally succeeded, first with assistance from a cane, and afterwards without. All this time I steadily refused to receive any visits. I was anxious to spare myself as much pity as possible, and had practised walking principally while my nurse was at her meals.

One evening when I knew the family were all out, I said I would go down stairs. I insisted upon trying alone; but, alas, when I reached the head of the stairs, I dared not. I felt faint, dizzy and helpless; it seemed to bring to mind my last stand upon the brink of the cliff. But though my nerves were weak, my mind was not. I would not recede, but called to my nurse for assistance. This she immediately gave, and with her strong arm around my waist, I slowly descended. The parlor was empty, but there was no sense of solitude, for every table and chair gave evidence of humanity. It was a cheerful room, with one large window open to the floor, which overlooked the front garden and road, while another gave vistas of a lovely lawn and shrubbery at the side of the house. Eve's piano was open, and I glanced at the music which was upon the rack. It was that delicious little duet of Mendelssohn's, the "Song from Ruy Blas." I knew with whom she had been singing it, and a pang entered my heart. It brought back thoughts and feelings of my happy days, which I had been trying to crush entirely from my soul. Books and pamphlets which looked as if they had been read were strewn about as usual; chairs were helter-skelter all over the room, as if the inhabitants thereof were at ease, and sat where they chose and as they chose.

I ensconced myself in an easy chair, knowing that as the young people had joined some walking party, I should have time to make myself thoroughly at home before any one would return. The golden glow of even was deepening into crimson when the sound of approaching voices gave warning that I must prepare for that dreadful first meeting. The sounds grew louder, and finally a group paused before the gate, giving me an opportunity of studying whom I should have to meet.

Eve, my pretty cousin, was the centre of the circle. How lovely she was! I think I never before appreciated her beauty. She was so delicate, so elegant, and, no trifle, she dressed so tastefully. She was pretty when she laughed, and she laughed easily, a fortunate conjunction. My eyes next turned upon

Henry Byfield. I tried to study him as if I had never seen him before. I said to myself, what should I think if his tall, slender figure, his dark, soft eye presented themselves to me for the first time? Vain effort. I could not separate myself from all past association.

Those eyes were resting pleasantly upon Eve; but I could not see them without recalling a very different expression when meeting my gaze. I knew that his mobile mouth showed lack of—something—what was it? Not energy, exactly, or firmness, for in a certain way he had both. Was it steadfastness of principle? I did not like to think so; I never had admitted it to myself. I had felt through every fibre of my nature the seductive sweetness of his voice, but never had been blind to many defects in his character, which I had not overlooked, but forgiven. He contrasted strangely with a gentleman standing by the gay group, but speaking to no one. Richard Norden was tall and firmly built, but had not Byfield's easy elegance. His face was plain, but his clear gray eyes and firm, white teeth redeemed many imperfections in outline. He had a reserved expression, but was intelligent in look and dignified in manner.

Madge was flying about from one to another and annoying every one. She was just thirteen. Exactly the age to wish to retain the privileges of the child, and also appropriate those of the woman. She must frolic as she chose, but she must not be reproved. She must address every one with familiarity, but no one must meet her so. She was busily engaged now in placing herself between every pair of talkers, interrupting, commenting and laughing. At last Richard Norden attracted her attention by his quietness; this she soon disturbed by going stealthily behind him, and pulling his hair. He turned round, smiled, and said, threateningly:

"Madge, if you do that again, I will kiss you!"

Madge drew herself up with dignity, and said, "You would not dare to!"

His continued laugh provoked her, and from temper rather than mischief, she rushed at him again and repeated her experiment. He caught her in his arms and kissed her repeatedly upon lips, cheeks and forehead. She crimsoned with vexation; but just as she began to express herself in words more energetic than civil, she caught sight of me, exclaimed, "O, there's Cousin Sybil in the parlor!" and rushed in to meet me. I could just discern that her remark had caused the break-

ing up of the group that lingered at the gate, when I felt that the long-dreaded moment had arrived, and I was to take my place in the world again, an altered being, to receive its pity or aversion.

Madge, who had many affectionate impulses, though not very considerate ones, flung her arms around me, crying:

"O, Sybil, I am so glad to see you! How awful it was! Did it not hurt you dreadfully to have your foot cut off? I don't see how you could bear it; but I suppose you took ether."

While Madge was thus torturing me, Eve entered, pushed her gently on one side, and enfolded me in a close embrace.

"My darling Sybil, my poor, dear cousin, now I shall be happy again."

She laid her soft cheek against mine, but I felt no balm; in a more delicate way she pained me as much as Madge. She had been happy enough a moment before; why need she be always a little false in her words? However, I remembered her one act of kindness which had sunk so deeply into my heart, and I forgave her.

Henry Byfield hardly spoke. He came forward, took my hand, pressed it, looked into my face with those tender eyes, murmured a few half-articulate expressions, and took a chair beside me.

Richard Norden merely said in his pleasant, usual manner:

"Good evening, Miss Kent, I am glad to see you down stairs again."

How I thanked him in my heart! He met me as if nothing serious had happened, which was well suited to my irritable state of mind.

A constraint seemed to be upon every one. Madge took a seat where she could watch me to advantage. Eve seemed to fear to laugh lest she should not be sympathizing, and I felt that Byfield's gaze was furtively cast upon me to discover how much I was altered.

I suppose I was morbid—I know I was—but I suffered, no one can imagine how much. At last I asked Eve for some music. She consented, and took her place at the piano. I observed that Henry's eye followed her, and although he occasionally spoke to me, his attention was really given to the music. After playing a few minutes, Eve began carelessly to hum the air, "Why listen to the carols?" and Byfield at my side joined in the alto. I quivered in every nerve.

"Go sing it with her, will you?" said I, with perfect outward calmness.

"Do you wish me to?" returned he, with a tender reproach in his tones.

I insisted, and he went with a lingering air, as if unwilling; but I thought he seemed contented enough while there. He stood with his back to me, so I could not see his face; but Eve's seemed to express satisfaction. They sang, and I wondered if she felt exactly as I used to when he stood by me. It sent through my frame a certain indescribable thrill that filled me with wondrous content. I had often questioned what the sensation was; sometimes I thought it was love, and then again I was sure it was not. Henry Byfield was not at all my ideal; he was not lofty enough in character. But it was certainly very sweet to be with him, and now it was as bitter to see him prefer another.

Richard did not seem inclined to converse. The lights had been brought in, and he drew towards him a newspaper, and was soon absorbed in its contents. I looked about for my work-box, which contained a little purse I was crocheting before the accident. I saw it in a distant corner, and after a moment's hesitation, decided to go and get it. As I arose from my chair, Richard quickly looked up.

"Can I be of service?"

I shook my head, and he bent to his paper again. I walked slowly and steadily across the room, under Madge's fixed stare; but when I had obtained possession of my work, Eve caught sight of me. With an exclamation of dismay, she flew to me and was quickly followed by Byfield.

"Why did you not speak to me?" said she. "Always let me wait upon you."

"Let me assist you to your seat?" said Henry's voice, which had such wonderful cadences in it.

I refused quite sharply, and would not leave the spot until they returned to the piano. Then I slowly found my way to my chair. I was no sooner seated than Eve left her music again, came and knelt on a low stool at my side, placed her arms round my shoulders, and whispered in my ear:

"Sybil, you don't move awkwardly one bit. You are as graceful as ever. Henry Byfield says so, too."

I confess the assurance was not displeasing. I gave her a kiss, and thought to myself, as she resumed her seat, "She is a dear, kind-hearted creature." Soon after, Henry Byfield took his leave.

Affairs returned to their usual course, that is, with all except myself. Perhaps I ought



to mention some particulars of our relations. The young people of whom I have spoken were all connected, so that we called each other cousins. It was in this way. Eve and Madge were truly my cousins. Richard Norden was theirs, but not mine; and again, Henry Byfield was his, but of no blood relation to Eve or myself. I was an orphan, and ward of Eve's father, Mr. Maynard. So also was Richard; but it had happened, owing to our both being educated away from Thornton, and visiting at vacations with other relatives, that we had not met since we were children until this summer. Henry had been ill with fever, and, at his cousin's suggestion, had come up to Thornton to recruit his strength; he came early in the summer, and was to remain till November.

It soon became clear to the family that I wished no reference made to my misfortune, and declined all sympathy on the subject. So they kindly tried to acquiesce in this respect with my desires. My uncle and aunt were watchful of me still, and so I felt was Richard. But with the waywardness of my unhappy state of mind, I was vexed that Eve and Madge were regardless of my incapacity to join in their amusements, as I once was. I do not blame them now, but then I did bitterly. If they danced of an evening, or if they suppressed their overflowing spirits on my account, I was equally hurt.

The fact was that Henry Byfield kept me in a constant state of nervous irritation. If he had left me entirely, I could have borne it; but to be kept in such uncertainty was fatal to all peace of mind. Sometimes he would spend the whole evening by my side, conversing in those low tones that always thrilled me to my inmost soul. He would appear to be absorbed entirely in me and my welfare; but then before he left the room he would perhaps exchange a few words with Eve that would be sufficient to poison the cup of happiness I had been drinking.

Then again, sometimes when he was with me, Eve would grow restless and do something that would attract his notice; then his attention would wander, and he would answer at random. If I proposed his engaging in what she was doing, he would seem hurt, and make it a subject for coolness on his part for two or three days. Sometimes it seemed as if he really did care for me, and all between him and Eve was owing to advances on her part, subtle and not unfeminine. Then, again, I would feel he was playing us off against each

other with a skill in flirting such as I had never seen equalled.

This would fire my spirits, and I would give him cold words and avoid his presence. But who could resist the soft, appealing look of his dark eyes when he saw I was thus offended, or refuse to relent when listening to his mournful tones as he bewailed his loneliness in this sad world? I was a keen looker-on at that time, and noticed that Richard was upon cool terms with Henry. I had fancied that the former was rather susceptible in regard to his Cousin Eve, and thought that might be the cause. At any rate, it served to undermine my confidence in Henry, as I knew that Richard was the soul of honor, and I placed implicit trust in his judgment.

One evening I was peculiarly unhappy. In the morning I had made a deliberate resolve that I would henceforth cast all thought of Henry Byfield from my heart. It did not seem to me that I cared for him so very much. If my suspicions of him could become fixed, and if I could only have something else to occupy my mind, I could easily, I thought, conquer my weakness with regard to him. But my resolves had vanished into thin air. I had no counterbalancing interest to exclude him from my thoughts. He came in just after tea and had placed himself near me. Without saying a word, he had apparently been entirely absorbed in watching me. It disarmed me completely to feel his earnest gaze. I felt inwardly conquered and helpless; by his presence alone he had again brought me under his influence. But this inward consciousness had no outward expression. I was never more cold and haughty in my speech. He showed his perception of my manner by an unusually tender and deferential deportment. Eve was as restless as a caged bird. She flew from one occupation to another, satisfied with nothing, and finally sat at the open window. In a short time she exclaimed:

"Here come Bella and Torn Dennison!"

They soon entered, and it appeared that there was to be a walking party to the cliffs that evening, and they had been despatched as messengers to obtain re-inforcements from our house. Eve was in extacies.

"Delightful!" cried she; "we will all go. That is," she added, in an altered tone, "I cannot answer for Mr. Byfield."

"Shall I go?" said Henry to me.

It seemed to me that he must not go—that my very heartstrings would break if he did. However, I answered quietly:

think you had better please yourself."

"Will you not advise me?" with one of his own appealing looks.

I knew what he wanted. He wished to force me to ask him to stay, or tell him to go, thus making it my fault only if he should go away with Eve. I thought him very mean, and would only reply:

"I advise you to do as you like."

He came nearer to me, and said in low tones, so that no one else could hear:

"If you have no feeling or wish on the subject, I shall certainly go!" and he spoke in tones of anger that I had never heard from him.

I looked up; a gleam was in his eye that called forth a corresponding one in my own. Was I to be threatened? With a breaking heart, but still with outward calmness, I replied:

"Please yourself, entirely."

"Very well," replied he, calmly, and then turned round to Eve, and with a very different voice, said, "I am at your service, Miss Maynard."

What terrible spasms contracted my heart, as I saw the party leave the house. I started up involuntarily to follow them. But my lameness came to my consciousness like a dagger to my flesh. What could I, poor, miserable cripple that I was, ever do or be again? I sank down upon the sofa, burying my face in the cushions, too heart-broken for tears, drowned in a flood of anguish. I had not remained thus long when I heard a voice at my side.

"Miss Kent—Sybil?"

I looked up; it was Richard. "Did you not go to walk?" I asked.

"No, I did not care to. At least I did not wish to walk so far. I want you to put on your bonnet and shawl, and go out into the garden with me."

I had never yet been out of the house, and I declined promptly. He seemed to have expected this, and went on with his arguments. It was not good for me to remain within and be alone so much. He was studying medicine, and longed to dabble a little in practice. He was going to prescribe for me, and exercise was the thing I needed. I inwardly acquiesced in his theory; but I feared his interest proceeded from pity, and pity I refused from every one. I obstinately refused to go.

"I am sorry," said he. "I felt just like taking a little ramble, but not with such a noisy crowd. Especially," he added, after a moment's hesitation, "to the cliffs."

Unusual feeling was in his tone. He soothed a wounded spot. Half my anguish that evening was, that friends of mine could go upon a party of pleasure to the place where all my hopes in life were destroyed. I thanked him silently, and was willing to gratify him in what his kind heart was bent upon, namely, doing me some good.

"I will go with you, but not into the garden. I will cross the road and walk in the lane."

He seemed pleased, but still urged the garden. I thought he could little guess with what a shudder of anguish I thought of my buried foot there resting. But it seemed he did think, for he said in a low, persuasive tone:

"There must be a first time, Sybil."

I yielded again; I was so low in spirits that I could have acquiesced in almost anything, from mere weakness. Richard found my bonnet and shawl.

"Do you know," said he, "that I have always had inward conviction that I have a genius for arranging drapery, especially shawls? It has been entirely undeveloped as yet. But I mean always to put on my wife's shawl, so I would be obliged to you if you would allow me to practise a little now. There—you have not the least idea how well you look!"

I tried to sympathize with his cheerfulness, but it was impossible. He assisted me with the utmost kindness, and I proceeded with ease by the help of his strong arm. I avoided the grave so painful to me, and we sauntered on, to the extreme limits of my uncle's grounds. There was a slight rising just here, rather satirically called "the mountain." A little rustic arbor, with seats, had been placed there, and I was glad to rest.

The landscape before us was lighted only by the pale, yellow sunset sky, and the tender beams from the moon still in its first quarter. A dark glimmer was upon the earth, and my spirit sympathized with that rather than with the soft radiance above it. It was three months since I had sat upon that seat, and my mind could only dwell upon the wretchedness that had befallen me in the meantime. I was alone in the world, I should probably always be. That night had ended everything between me and Henry Byfield. Though I was so weak-hearted, I had not lost all pride as a woman, and his utter want of generosity had been such as I could not overlook. I contrasted him with Richard Norden; but though I fully acknowledged the latter's nobleness, it

brought no consolation to my wounded spirit. I could not yet be pleased with attention that sprang from pity. I sat there shivering with anguish, and finally I was mercifully permitted the relief of tears. Richard was deeply pained. With an involuntary movement he placed his arm around me. I leaned upon his shoulder and sobbed aloud.

"Sybill, Sybill," said he, "tell me what it is? Has any one injured you? Tell me as freely as if I were your brother. You shall be righted at any cost."

I tried to control the sobs that burst from me hysterically. At last I was able to say:

"My grief is not due to any person. It is my unhappy fate. In the midst of life and hope, I am cut off from all happiness, a marked woman, to be pitied, waited upon, caressed perhaps, but never loved."

"Sybill, is it possible that such a conviction is in your heart? I do not wonder you are unhappy, poor girl! But, to say truly, it seems to me you are the last one that should say so. According to my observation, there are enough that love you—some but too well."

There was meaning in his tone, but I thought he referred to Byfield.

"No," said I, "there is not one. I am miserably alone for life. I do not expect unkindness in this world. My trial will be to experience all those fatiguing attentions that spring from the compassion my unfortunate condition inspires; as different from love as night from day. Just as I have seen, at a dance, some true-hearted gentleman select the plainest woman in the room as his partner, lest she should sit neglected. I always used to say I would rather not dance at all than be chosen from such a motive, kind though it be. And now, now my whole life, not one short evening—but from this day until I am laid in my grave—I am to be the recipient of attentions which must spring from principle and reflection, and not from irresistible preference. You, yourself, Richard, must feel the truth of what I say. You know it would have been far pleasanter for you to have gone with all your friends, but you kindly said, 'No, I will deny myself; for the sake of poor Sybill, who will be left alone, I will stay and consult her good instead of my own gratification.'"

Richard seemed much moved; he began to speak several times, and checked himself. At last, in a low voice, he said:

"You are so much mistaken that I must enlighten you at any cost to myself. Such an-

guish as yours is too great to be borne unnecessarily. Sybill, it was not pity, it was a far different feeling that prompted me to stay with you to-night. I consulted the dictates of my heart with all its yearning impulses. I love you; love you with the truest and most devoted affection. Not that you are unfortunate, but that you are Sybill. I have loved you all summer, though I did not at once comprehend why I felt such deep peace and ineffable content when near you. I afterwards discovered but too surely what the feeling was, and knew that it was to bring me more misery than happiness. I know you care nought for me, and I never look to call you mine. I believe you have a cousinly friendship for me, and I hope that this relation will not be broken by what I am now saying. I have been enabled to control myself heretofore, and trust I shall for the future. I make this confession now, because I think it necessary to restore a proper balance to your mind. You see, Sybill, it is not impossible to love you truly, devotedly, in spite of your sad affliction."

I was so overcome with these words that I was unable to reply. I had never met with such magnanimity before. He had sacrificed the dearest secret of his heart for no other motive than to be of some benefit to me. The dignity with which he spoke of his hopeless love, the noble pride that sustained him through such a humiliating avowal, and the generosity with which he refrained from asking any pledge in return, all struck to my very heart of hearts. A hero was here up to my highest ideal. I sat silent for a long time; at last I summoned sufficient self-control to say:

"Richard, you have given me a lesson to last for my lifetime. You have restored my faith in humanity. To have met with such a noble soul as yours is enough to give me courage to fight my weary battle to the end. The sacrifice you have made to-night shall not be in vain. You shall see it bear its proper fruit. I honor you more than any other human being. I wish it were in my power to say I also love you. But I cannot, and it would be making you but a poor return to deceive you. But I trust you entirely. I rely upon your friendship. Never again will I doubt it, and if in any way you can serve me, to you first in the world shall I come. There is no one else before you, believe me."

My head still leaned upon his shoulder, and his strong, protecting arm was about me. I felt a sense of peace and rest that had long

been a stranger to my soul. He made no reply, but hesitatingly took my hand in his. I clasped it firmly, and moreover, I raised my face to his and said, "My own dear brother Richard!" There was meaning intended in my look, and he was not slow to read it. He bent down and gently kissed my forehead. He kept his cheek against my head, and we still remained in that little arbor, my heart growing lighter and lighter every minute, till I frankly gave a little laugh, and started away from him, saying:

"Suppose any one should come here and find us?"

He smiled quietly. "I should not care."

"But I should, sir, I can tell you. I think it is high time to return, Mr. Norden. You know I am 'a slow coach,' now."

What a change in myself! I was actually jesting at my misfortune. He seemed to notice it, too, and the heartfelt satisfaction in his look was pleasant to behold. He helped me carefully along, and I did not hesitate to cling to him as much as was necessary, instead of shrinking away, as I had done before. I voluntarily took the path that led to the place where that sad part of myself was laid. I knelt down on the grass above it, and I prayed fervently that I might never forget the lesson taught to me that night, and that in future my affliction might prove to be for my good, and that of all about me.

We reached the house, and Richard assisted me to my chamber door. While we were standing there near a window which overlooked the road, I heard the sound of approaching voices. I soon discovered by the light of the moon that the party had returned, and also that Henry Byfield was not with them. I turned involuntarily to Richard, and said:

"Tell me, frankly, what kind of a person is your cousin?"

"I have every reason to believe that he is engaged to a young lady in Boston," was his reply, his eye fixed upon me with a steady gaze, as if he feared he was wounding me.

This was a very indirect reply, apparently, but yet it was all-sufficient for my satisfaction. I uttered an exclamation of surprise, and asked him to send Eve to my room, for I thought she ought to know it.

Eve was in anything but good spirits, and I very soon discovered the cause. With suffused eyes, she said that as soon as Byfield discovered that Dick was not of the party, he was suddenly seized with headache, and had to return home.

"And he did not go home, either," she concluded, the drops rolling slowly down her cheeks; "he turned towards this house, and I know that his headache only meant that he was curious to know if Richard stayed with you."

I made her sit down on a stool at my feet, and took her pretty face in my hands.

"Eve, my dear cousin," I said, "I want to cure you of all these tears."

"O, Sybil!" was all her reply, with a fluttered, apprehensive look upon her face.

"Your kind little heart is grieved by the selfishness of another, and one unworthy of you."

"How do you know, Sybil?"

"My darling, he trifles with every one. He made love to me, indirectly; not openly, for I cannot quote a single word to prove it—and he has done the same by you, I am sure."

"Yes, he has, Sybil. But why do you blame him? He thought he fancied you at first, but he prefers me now. Do you want to take him away from me?"

"Eve, he cares for neither of us. He is engaged elsewhere."

This was enough for Eve. She was a little, perhaps not a little, of a flirt in her own way, and the idea of being trifled with in this manner was not by any means soothing to her pride.

"The deceitful creature!" she exclaimed.

"But can it be really so, do you think? He seems so gentle and amiable, that I can hardly imagine it possible."

"My dear, his soft manner with women is no more a proof of amiability than purring is, in a cat."

"Well, he won't get much by purring round me, in the future. I shall stroke him the wrong way."

She soon bade me good-night, and I sat down to calmly reflect upon this momentous evening, which had decided for me whether my affliction was to bring me good or evil. I believe that but for Richard Norden it would have been my ruin. I had fallen into such a state of morbid weakness that without the aid of some stronger mind, I should have sunk paralyzed. I dwelt much upon him and his great heart. I thought what friends we would be through life. It did not occur to me that he might be cured of his love for me; but I imagined we might be devoted to each other like Charles and Mary Lamb. I had some fear that his avowal might for a time produce some embarrassment between us. There

might arise some constraint in our intercourse from our mutual consciousness on the one subject.

But the event proved I was mistaken, certainly with regard to him. He appeared precisely the same as before that evening. Quiet, friendly and attentive, but nothing more. I never saw a look or an action that went to prove his declaration in the arbor. I confess to feeling a little piqued. I began to think the feeling that was so perfectly controlled could not be very strong, and I felt a constant temptation to put him to the proof. Well, I suppose I must confess that once or twice I yielded to these impulses. It is of no use to explain how—any woman knows—without in the slightest degree compromising my own dignity, I plotted a little to see if he could not be thrown off his guard. But he never was. He could not be ensnared into the betrayal of anything beyond the kindest friendship. There was no lack of that. He was always contriving something to entertain or improve me. One morning he came into the breakfast parlor where the family sewing was usually carried on.

"Cousin Eve, and Miss Kent," said he, "I am going to teach you the alphabet."

"O, dear," said Eve, "I know as much as that, thank Heaven!"

"Perhaps you do not know it so well as you think. Can you say it backwards?"

"Of course. Z, X— Why, what are you laughing at?"

Eve pouted, and said she did not care, it was all nonsense.

"The fact is," said Norden, "that many of the commonest things in life we do not know so thoroughly as we think. Can any of you tell me which are placed the highest upon a cow's head, her ears or her horns?"

Eve, without thinking, said, "Her horns." Madge thought it was her ears. I hesitated, and thought the ears were just behind the horns.

"That would be silly," said Madge; "she could not hear well."

"A very just objection, Madge," replied Richard. "Nature never makes such blunders as that."

"Tell us who is right?" asked Madge.

"No, you must look for yourself in order to remember. I asked the question to prove how the habit of observation needs cultivation. Now I am going to teach you to improve your eye." So saying he placed pencils and paper upon the table, and opened a box which

proved to be filled with alphabet blocks. "Who wants to learn to draw?"

I was charmed, and so were the others, though I was the only one in whom the enthusiasm outlived one day. Richard said that a complete series of drawing studies not being at his command, he should exert his ingenuity to supply its place. For outline lessons I was to copy the alphabet, enlarging the size. I commenced with I, and went through the course of letters formed of straight lines; then those combined with curves, finally with the pure curves. To those who cannot reach any better system, I recommend this. Eve and Madge, I believe, drew two letters, and then concluded they "had not time." This was no more than Richard expected. It was for my benefit the trouble was taken, and truly was I blessed by it. I improved under his excellent tuition, for he was an experienced draughtsman. A new sense was opened to me. Certainly, those who know not how to draw, know not how to see. I was pronounced to have a decided talent, and was soon allowed to sketch from nature, commencing with flowers. I learned the secret of light and shade, and finally, O, noble search! began to penetrate into the mystery of color, the poetry of the outward world. I was always happy and busy. My unnatural depression of spirits fled before the energetic friendliness of Richard.

I ought, perhaps, to have stated sooner that Henry Byfield left Thornton a short time after that memorable evening. I do not think he found either Eve or myself very genial; and he soon announced that, his health being entirely restored, he should return to Boston. He was a singular person. I do not thoroughly understand him even now. He did not seem in the least offended at our coolness, but parted in the most friendly manner. The last evening of his sojourn he spent with us, and Eve could not help hinting about his engagement. He acknowledged it, told us the lady's name, Miss Cranston, and received our congratulations with the utmost coolness. He even proposed to open a correspondence with Madge, to which she, highly flattered, agreed.

It was soon time for Richard to leave us. I was truly sorry to part with him, and did not hesitate to tell him so.

"I am very happy to hear it," he replied, smiling; "but it will not be very long before I shall be here again. I have promised aunt to come up to thanksgiving."



He, also, arranged a plan of correspondence with Madge, who was rallied not a little upon her two beaux. Many hopes were expressed that the second would prove more faithful than the first, as Henry Byfield had not yet written.

I found I missed Richard more than I expected. He was the only one in the family who had full sympathy for my tastes and opinions, and I found myself thinking of him hourly, and beginning to count the weeks before he would return. He wrote within a week after his departure, and by a coincidence, Henry's first letter arrived by the same mail. Madge was at school when the letters were brought home, and I had several hours in which to study the envelopes, and torment myself with curiosity in regard to the contents.

But even when she returned this feeling was still unsatisfied. She read her letters, but refused to extend the privilege. "Sybil and Eve," she said, "never showed theirs," and she copied our illustrious examples. I was provoked, as I had a lurking conviction that both letters were written principally for my benefit; but there was no appeal from her obstinacy. Finally, however, came the time for her to answer these epistles. This was a momentous undertaking. She composed several before she succeeded in getting one up to her ideal of fitness for Henry Byfield, to whom she wrote first. She was finally so well pleased with her effort that she brought it to me to read. I fussed a little, and said that I ought first to read his letter, else I could not understand or appreciate hers properly. She was so anxious to get full credit for her production that she gave me both his and Richard's to read. I was amused with Henry's and provoked with Richard's, which was the opposite effect to what was expected by each writer. Henry's was addressed to Madge, but was undoubtedly written *at* me, or Eve, or both of us. It was in a high-flown vein of sentimentalism, Byronic melancholy and disgust with the world. Richard's, on the contrary, was a simple matter-of-fact letter, describing his journey, and giving an account of Mr. Cranston's family, to whom he had been introduced by Henry. He was agreeably surprised in them, finding them charming in every way, handsome, accomplished, good and rich. Miss Cranston was very beautiful, but she had a younger sister whom he thought to be more fascinating than she.

I was hurt that Richard sent me no mes-

sage. He was in altogether too good spirits. I was at home, moping, while he was going about enjoying himself. Any one might think it was I that was in love, not he.

I now read Madge's letter, and was obliged to exert all my self-control to keep from laughing aloud. She had caught the style of Henry's letter, and had answered it in the same vein. It was bad enough in him, but associating it with Madge's rosy young face made it too ridiculous. I passed it off as well as I could, but Madge was so well pleased with it that she made an almost literal copy as an answer to Richard. My patience gave way then.

"I would not send him such a mess of nonsense," said I; "he would much rather have you tell him what we have for dinner."

Madge's indignation at my criticism was intense, and she took my advice as much as I expected—that is, not at all. I thought I should like to see Richard when he read her letter.

Thanksgiving came at last. I had been very busy with my drawings, to have a goodly show for my master to criticise; this interest served to pass away the time. Richard came Wednesday, and was to stay till the next Monday morning. It was a very happy time. He looked well, and was certainly pleased to be with us. I showed him the evidences of my skill, and he seemed surprised at my success.

"These would do credit to any one," said he. "Why, Sybil, you deserve a gold medal."

"Such praise from Mr. Norden," I replied, with a low courtesy, "is better than gold."

"I am very glad to hear it," he returned, in a dry way, peculiarly his own, "as it saves me great expense."

Thanksgiving, we passed a gay evening. Eve had a little company, and I played for them to dance—the only way in which I could participate in their amusement now. Richard sat by my side to turn the leaves and call the figures, and I had never felt happier when I had joined the dancing throng myself, than I did then as a looker-on.

Everything was pleasant during this visit, and the hours fled only too rapidly. Richard was the same as he had always been, friendly and genial, no more—except, perhaps, the last evening. After he was gone, I thought over that time, and wondered if he had been different, or whether it was all my imagination. Sunday evening, after tea, he took a chair very close to me, and sat there quietly, with a book

in his hand. Eve called him away, to sing at the piano, but he declined. I fancied he was not so very much absorbed with his book, as he seldom turned a leaf. Was it only that he wished to be near me? I was tempted to try one of those little experiments about which I have said something. Under some pretence of indolence, I took a seat upon a distant sofa. He very soon rose, put down his book, walked up and down the room, and at last took a seat beside me.

I confess to feeling a very curious sensation when he did so. Something different from anything I had ever experienced. I could not analyze it, but I felt awed and subdued. My whole soul trembled within me. How had I dared to trifle with such a person as Richard? He rested his elbow on his knee and his head upon his hand. Finally, after looking at me a moment or so, he said in a low tone:

"Six months is a long time, Sybil!"

I looked at him with a trouble at my heart. Should I not see him again for six months? I did not see how I could live in the interval. I could not speak, for I could not control my voice. I think he misunderstood my silence, for he suddenly rose and walked to the other side of the room, where he was soon conversing in his usual cheerful tone. I was in a sort of dream the rest of the evening. My late light-heartedness was all gone. I remained in my corner till bedtime came. Richard helped me up stairs as usual, and bade me good-by then, as he was to set out by daybreak in the morning.

As soon as the door closed between us, I burst into tears. I did not know what was the matter with me, but I was wretched. I passed a restless night, but was awake early to listen to Richard's step as he descended the stairs with gentle tread. I set my door ajar, to catch the least sound of his voice, and watched him from my window as he departed. He never looked up; I was sure he did not care for me. He had resolutely quelled his love; he had such a firm, strong mind, I had no doubt he could do it easily.

This visit left me much more wretched than before. Then I only felt a pensive melancholy that I did not hesitate to nurse a little. But now I had a secret pang that incited me to exertion. I must do something to take my thoughts from myself. My aunt wondered what had come over me, that I suddenly became such an indefatigable worker. I did not leave an idle moment from the time I rose till I went to bed, into which a grief might in-

trude. And I had fancied I loved Henry Byfield! What a delusion! I knew now what I felt, but was helpless in my misery. I had such a torturing doubt if Richard still cared for me. It would be so long before I should see him again—so much might happen in the meantime.

Madge had another letter from Henry Byfield soon after Richard's return to Boston. It was written in a different style from the other one; I fancy her epistle was a lesson to him. The only part in which I took any interest was his remark that Richard was a constant visitor at Mr. Cranston's, and was supposed to entertain a great admiration for Miss Lucy. Richard's own letters confirmed this partly, as he was constantly alluding to engagements in which I knew the Miss Cranstons participated.

A month or two crept slowly by. I was worn by a secret anguish. Mrs. Maynard was concerned; she thought my busy industry was the cause of my failing health and spirits, mistaking cause for effect. Richard wrote once a week, to Madge, nominally, though they were really family letters, and as such, read by all. I never opened one that I had not a secret hope there would be some little message or token that he still cared for me; some word that should say nothing to any one else's comprehension, but be my life to me. It never came. I was always included in regards to the family, and sometimes received directions in regard to my art pursuits, but nothing more.

One morning, Richard's usual mail day, no letter came. This was a new pain. Though always disappointed in reading his letters, I had at least the pleasure of looking at his handwriting, and holding what he had so lately touched. I thought of it all day. No one else seemed to have any concern. Aunt Maynard remarked:

"Well, I am not surprised; the only wonder is that he has written so regularly before."

The next morning, however, came a letter from Henry Byfield that proved my anxiety had not been for naught. Richard had met with an accident, at a skating party upon Jamaica Pond. In teaching Miss Lucy Cranston to skate, absorbed in his occupation, he had placed himself in the way of some reckless youth, and in his anxiety to save Miss Lucy, had felt the whole brunt of the onset. He was knocked down, and had his right arm badly broken. Henry was writing to Thornton at his request.

Mrs. Maynard was kindness itself. "I shall go directly to Richard, and see how he is," said she.

"And I will go with you," I exclaimed.

"You, my dear?"

"Yes, aunt; you know I am to go to see about my new foot. This would be as good a time as any."

"Very true—it is a good idea—besides the change will benefit you."

We set out the next morning for Boston. I had not given myself a moment's time for reflection, but had yielded to an irresistible impulse. As we approached the city, and Bunker Hill Monument loomed up, touched with the warm rays of the setting sun, I began to think, "What will Richard say—will he not see through my motives?" It was too late to recede, however, and I resolved to defend my secret to the last extremity. We proceeded at once to the house where Richard boarded. We were fortunate enough to find vacant rooms there, and were soon at home.

As soon as my aunt could refresh herself from her journey, she went to see Richard. She was gone about an hour, and I cannot begin to describe my impatience in the meantime. When she returned I thought she looked sad. She said he appeared more feeble than she expected; his arm was set and doing well; but he was much bruised, and there was danger of fever. He had an excellent nurse, who said he must be kept very quiet, and she did not advise me to see him that night. Of course there was nothing to do but submit, and I spent the night wondering if Richard were disappointed.

In the morning, at about eleven, I was shown into the room. We all know how the sick chamber looks. The darkened windows, the orderly arrangement of furniture, the little army of vials upon the table, the peculiar hush that makes the ticking of the watch so audible, and the interest that hovers around the bed.

Richard was lying very quiet. It was so dark that I could hardly see him; but he held out his left hand and took mine. He did not speak, but motioned for me to sit in a chair by the bedside, still retaining my hand in his clasp. By degrees, as I got used to the light, his pale face became disclosed to me; he had turned to one side, and hardly seemed to be aware of my presence. I sat there trying to think what I should say to prove to him that I had come with the same feelings towards him as of old; he finally turned round, with a smile, and inquired after my drawings.

I answered him, and then said, "I am so glad, Richard, that I happen to be in Boston at this time. I can, perhaps, repay some of the debt of gratitude I owe you. You have been feet to me, you must let me be hands to you."

"O, Sybil, don't be so commercial in your friendship. I detest it as much as Margaret Fuller ever did."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you are keeping a set of books, and are trying to balance accounts."

"O, Richard, I hope you are not going to refuse to let me be useful to you—I have depended so upon it."

He looked at me keenly. "You have a grateful heart, and I see your happiness will be marred if you cannot serve me. You shall. I will make you useful in a thousand ways."

I was beginning to thank him, when I was interrupted by a knock at the door. The nurse answered it, and returned with two pasteboard boxes. One proved to be full of black Hamburg grapes, with Miss Cranston's card.

"O, ho," said the nurse, "another bouquet!"

Richard fairly blushed. I looked round and discovered a vase of half-withered flowers which stood upon a table. A wicked, gnawing pang of jealousy entered my heart. So Richard was receiving flowers from Miss Lucy!

Luckily Mrs. Maynard returned sooner than was expected, and I was released from the room that began to seem like a prison to me. I walked up and down my apartment in an inward rage that I had been such a fool as to come to Boston. Running after a man who loved another! Could my humiliation be more complete?

It was tacitly settled that I was to sit with Richard every morning, while Mrs. Maynard walked out. I tried to keep calm and friendly, and appear as much like myself as possible; but with indifferent success, probably, as Richard's manner seemed to grow constrained and reserved; his health, meanwhile, was slowly improving.

One morning, while sitting in Richard's room, I was surprised by a visit from Henry Byfield and Miss Lucy Cranston. Henry was rather surprised to see me, but greeted me with great apparent pleasure and cordiality, presented Miss Lucy, and sat down by me to have a good talk. I entered into this with great outward interest, but I was really occupied with watching Richard and Lucy. I saw

enough to satisfy me. I thought her one of the loveliest beings I ever beheld; a face full of soul and feeling. She was so kind and sympathizing in her conversation with Richard that I wondered he did not rise and fall upon his knees at her feet. He did not do that, but was by no means insensible to her charms. They were evidently upon terms of the most intimate friendship, and I caught one or two looks and whispered undertones that proved there was some secret understanding between them. In the meantime I was laughing and chatting with Henry. When they took leave, Miss Cranston invited me to visit her. This I declined decidedly, I should pay no visits in Boston.

After they were gone, Richard asked me why I had been so cold to Miss Lucy, assuring me that she was a charming girl.

"I do not like her," said I, shortly.

"I wish you would, for my sake," replied he, looking at me with surprise.

I asked no further questions, but left the room. All my old morbid wretchedness returned upon me. Life no longer had a sunny spot for me. I hated the very name of Cranston. I endeavored in every way to fulfil my duty towards Richard. I was conscious of doing it ungraciously, because such a struggle was going on in my mind that I could not always control my outward manner. I was so afraid that Richard would discover my feeling toward him, that I would sometimes clothe myself with coolness as with a garment. Then I would fear I was wounding or neglecting him, and would commence some labor for his sake that could not fall to prove my devoted friendship. I wrote a great deal for him. I copied out a dissertation upon some medical subject, of which he had made a rough draft. I wrote another from dictation, also letters. I tried in every way to be his right hand.

Time passed on. One morning I went to pay my accustomed visits, and to my surprise, I found my patient up and dressed, and his nurse gone.

"Yes," said he, meeting my look of astonishment, "I have taken my case into my own hands. My arm is doing well, and I can carry it in a sling, and though I am not very strong, I soon shall be when I can breathe the fresh air. There is nothing now that need detain you and my aunt from home."

"You want to get rid of us! You are sending us away!" I cried, with a burst of indignation that I could not restrain.

"No, I am relieving you from a duty that I

have long felt to be irksome to you. You pity me, and will do for me in kindness, all but the only thing that can make me happy. I have lain here in torture to see the struggle going on with you; I can bear it no longer. I restrained myself successfully in health and strength, but I am unmanned now. I owe some duty to myself. To be with you, yet so far from you; to be constantly experiencing the grateful interest of your heart while I am yearning for so much more, is more than I can bear. I shall grow strong again by-and-by, and when I come to Thornton, I can meet you, I trust, as of old."

He was walking up and down the room, excitement giving him strength, while I sat in such an inward tumult of feeling that I was speechless.

"I understand precisely, now, Sybil," continued he, "your sense of the irksomeness of attentions arising from pity. It is as great a trial to me as to you, and I feel that I did not half sympathize with you when you were suffering from it."

"Richard," said I, in as firm a voice as I could command, "when I expressed that feeling to you, you know how you answered me."

"Surely, Sybil."

"Well, now I reply to you in the same way."

He stopped in his walk, and looked at me earnestly. I felt it, though I dared not look up.

"Sybil, speak more plainly," said he, in trembling tones.

"Richard, I do not deserve the credit of serving you with disinterested friendship. I came here for selfish reasons." I tried to look at him as I said this, but my eye fell before his.

He came and took a chair beside me. "Sybil, you know I love you with all the strength of my being. Do not suppose that I can accept in return any commonplace affection, however sincere."

I looked at him now without faltering. "Even as you love me, so love I you."

I was gathered to his heart, that manly, generous heart. Kisses not few were pressed upon my lips and eyes.

"My precious love, my heart's desire! I cannot believe my happiness. You are sure, you are sure you love me?"

I think my face must have assured him, if it expressed half my inward bliss.

"Shall you send us away now, Richard?" I asked, triumphantly.

"Yes, indeed, but I shall go with you. I think after all I cannot do without your nursing, and I consider the country air essential to my complete recovery."

"What will Miss Lucy say to that?"

He looked at me with surprise. "Surely, you never credited those absurd stories?"

"O, I was miserably jealous!"

"Were you?" said he, smiling.

"Yes, and I believe you are glad I was unhappy."

"It seems so strange that I have it in my power to make you so. The fact is that Miss Lucy and I are very intimate friends. To tell you a secret, she is engaged to a friend of mine who has gone a sea voyage, to recover his health. It was through him that I first knew of Henry Byfield's engagement. She had heard of me through her lover, and we were immediately conscious of a mutual interest. She has the kindest heart in the world, and very soon detected that I returned from my Thanksgiving visit to Thornton in an unhappy state of mind. In short, I told her all about you. When she called here, she asked me in an aside if you were not the young lady. I could not understand your coldness. I thought you knew my heart so thoroughly that you could not misunderstand my relation to her."

"But she is so charming, and I—I— O, I am so unworthy of you!"

Richard looked at me in such pure astonishment, that I could not help laughing.

"You are the only woman in the world that is charming to me. But tell me, my dearest and best, exactly how much you love me. When did you begin? I want to know all."

Of course, I would not tell, and teased him for a long time, and we were as foolish as everybody ought to be on such occasions. He had the use of but one arm; but he held me as close a prisoner as if he had been Briareus himself. At last Mrs. Maynard returned, and I went to inform her of our engagement. Her astonishment was great, too much so for her to be able to restrain her real sentiments. Her first thought was that it was a very generous thing in Richard to marry me. But there my crippled condition was balanced according to her judgment by the fact that I had not a little money, that would give him a fine start in life. Then she discovered that I was quite good looking, and bright enough; had been well educated, and so forth. On the whole she was satisfied. Her deliberations, kind, but worldly, were identical with those

of Mrs. Grundy, who in the course of time was informed of our engagement, and who graciously consented to say that both parties might have done worse. But Richard and I were too happy to care what Mrs. Grundy said.

#### LIGHTING THE DESERT FIRE.

A strange Bedawy, with an idiotic cast of features, now came from the neighboring tent, carrying in his hand an instrument like a broken pickaxe. Passing through the circle of spectators, he advanced towards where we sat, and, when within a yard of us, raised his weapon and sunk it deep into the soil at our very knees. The whole thing was done with such deliberation and quickness that we both started back as if the blow had been aimed at our head. The Arabs laughed heartily at our fright, but the operator took not the slightest notice, and labored away as if frantic, till he had excavated a considerable hole. Another Arab now came up and threw in a few of the dry prickly shrubs that grow so plentifully in the desert; and then applying match and tinder soon had them in a blaze. A third threw in a cloakful of dry camel's dung over the burning mass. The skirt of his under garment supplied the place of bellows, and fanned the heap into a brisk leaping flame. Thus they kindled the desert fire, and the half-naked Arabs gathered round it, spreading out their thin, bony hands to catch the genial warmth, and then rubbing them with evident satisfaction. Ever and anon one of the circle would add fresh fuel, while others started up the smouldering embers with their hooked sticks or massive clubs. The night wind, too, sweeping round the tent, made the flame leap and play like a thing of life, and sometimes sent showers of sparks and hot ashes into the beards of the little circle, occasioning a momentary confusion, followed by a hearty laugh. —*Porter's Five Years in Damascus.*

#### AN INGENIOUS TEST.

A short time ago, a merchant, in prosecuting his morning tour in the suburbs, found, as he walked along, a purse containing a considerable sum of money. He observed a lady at some distance, who, he thought, would be the owner and loser. Determined to be correct in the party to whom he delivered it, he fell upon a strange yet ingenious plan to effect this; he resolved to act the part of a poor distressed man, and boldly went forward, hat in hand, and asked alms. This was answered with a polite "Go away! I have nothing to give you." The poor man, however, persisting in his entreaties, would not go until he had got assistance for his famishing wife and children. At last the lady condescended; but to her dismay found the wherewith was gone. The merchant with a polite bow returned the purse, with the advice in future to be more generous to the distressed. —*London Journal.*

Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,  
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.—*Byron.*



[ORIGINAL.]

## A SIMILE.

BY G. W. D.

The rain sweeps over a garden brier,  
 The rain of the wayward May;  
 But drops, like pearls from the folded bud,  
 When the shower has passed away;  
 As on the folded heart of a child  
 No drop of a grief will stay.

But in the odorous days of June,  
 On the bud's maturer birth  
 The rain-drops lodge, till a wanton breeze  
 Has shaken them to the earth;  
 As from a maiden's breast a woe  
 Is shaken by breezy mirth.

Now the rose that stands in its perfect prime,  
 When the days of summer are past,  
 The storm beats down in its pride of place,  
 And its leaves to the winds are cast;  
 As the heart, by grief, in the autumn of life  
 Is crushed by the rain and blast.

[ORIGINAL.]

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

THE legal profession, beyond a doubt, presents among its records more incidents of the checkered and startling phases of life than that afforded by any other source. Within our own experience we can recall many an instance of the most vivid and romantic character as connected with the developments of the court-room, a sample of which will be found in our story.

In one of the inland counties of Virginia, some time in the year 1792, there lived a family named Verdet. They were of French descent, and had occupied their present homestead for half a century when our story commences. The delight of old Mr. and Mrs. Verdet, and the belle of the county, was their daughter Victorine. Young, lovely and intelligent, she possessed every requisite to captivate the heart, and every quality to bind it in willing bondage to her service. Though Victorine was yet not more than eighteen, still she was tenderly pressed by more than one suitor for her heart and hand. But to all she turned a deaf ear, save Horace and Frederick West, two young men nearly of her own age, and who were own cousins to each other.

Their attentions to Victorine were of a far

different nature from that which characterized the ruder and humbler aspirants for her hand. They, like herself, were intelligent, refined in feeling, and not wanting in a considerable degree of classical cultivation. The families of both Horace and Frederick were wealthy, and the young cousins had been educated side by side in all the manly branches of study. She was their frequent companion, as often when the cousins were together as when separate, the three wandering in the green woods and by the banks of the purling streams—now gathering wild flowers, and now reading together. They had been thus intimately associated for the last three years, and had grown to love each other like brothers and sisters, as the old parents of Victorine used to say, but Horace and Frederick felt that they regarded her with a far more ardent passion. Both were of noble spirit, scorning to take advantage of each other by the least stratagem, though both felt how much they desired to possess the whole heart of Victorine Verdet.

To suppose that she was not sensible to the peculiarities of her intimacy with the cousins would be unreasonable. She realized this fully, and even at times felt how hard it was for her to make up her mind to love one more than the other. But those who knew her best declared that it was Frederick who had gained her heart, for she was more free and unconstrained when with him alone; but a shrewd interpreter of the heart, and a careful observer of the subtle influences of love, would have translated the delicate reserve that Victorine evinced towards Horace, to be the stronger token of her heart, and to show that he was her idol; this was indeed the case. Horace was her choice, though neither he nor Frederick knew it.

It was on a clear bright evening after a summer's day, that Horace and Frederick, after bidding Victorine good night, turned their steps through the little village of C—, on their way to the residence of their fathers, some half a mile through a woody road on the other side of the village from that where the Verdets lived. Frederick had, by some singular association of thought and study, become strongly prejudiced in favor of the claim and right set up at that period by the British government of searching American vessels for their seamen, and some other matters that involved in Horace's ideas a desecration of our national flag. It was a subject upon which they both often got quite warmed up in discussion, and this was the case at the present

time, to such an extent that more than one of the villagers after passing them, turned round to mark the earnestness of their words.

Frederick lived nearly a quarter of a mile further on the forest road than Horace, and so at the gate of the latter they bade good night and parted as usual. On the following morning, to the consternation of Horace and the amazement of all, Frederick was missing. No trace whatever could be found of him, and conjecture was rife as to what could possibly have happened to him. Perhaps no one felt more keenly this fearful agony of suspense than Horace. The thought that if anything serious had befallen him and he was lost, that a rival would be removed from his path with Victorine, never crossed his mind, but he went to the greatest lengths, and put upon himself the greatest hardships to seek out and find the body of his lost cousin, but all to no avail.

The astonishment of Horace may therefore be better conceived than expressed, when it was told him that he was strongly suspected of knowing more of the disappearance of his cousin than anybody else; and indeed, ere the close of the second day, he was actually arrested and imprisoned, charged with Frederick's murder. The terrible imputation struck him dumb, and when arrested by the officers of justice, he could not utter one word. This silence and strange agitation was interpreted by them and many others to be the workings of guilt within his breast; their coarser natures could not understand the spirit that moved him.

While he lay closely confined in prison, the neighboring pond was carefully dragged and examined in search for the body, and renewed search was made in every direction, but all to no favorable end. In the meantime it was remembered by more than one person that they were seen together on the evening previous to the disappearance of Frederick, and that high words were exchanged between them. At last this idea being advanced by one, others who heard them talking rather earnestly, became impressed with the same, and thought they also heard much more than they did, and gave evidence accordingly.

There was one who strenuously repudiated all these ideas of Horace's guilt, and that was Victorine. She knew in her own heart that he was innocent, and notwithstanding the strong chain of circumstantial evidence, declared boldly that she knew he was innocent. Others argued that the cousins were both

lovers of Victorine, and consequently rivals, and that this doubtless had been the motive that had led Horace to kill him, and secrete the body. The whole county was in excitement about the matter, and the respective friends of the two branches of the West family were found arrayed on the side according to their prejudices—the one strongly advocating Horace's innocence, the other his guilt.

But the circuit court was in session, and his trial would soon come on. Great interest was felt on the subject, the court was crowded from far and near, and the story of the cousins had been distorted into a thousand different shapes, until Horace, in the eyes of those who had never seen him, had grown from the quiet and handsome man of one-and-twenty, that he really was, to be a monster in personal appearance, and a villain of the deepest dye.

Victorine could not visit Horace in prison—that was forbidden; but she wrote to him, told him that she had not for one moment believed the charges brought against him, that she was sure that the court must acquit him legally, and that no one would be more ready to welcome him again than herself and her parents. The letter was delicate, but carried with it a strong assurance to him that the dear hand which had traced it loved him, though the owner had never said so. Horace had been carried to the prison in the extreme part of the county, and was many miles from his home and friends, and strangely enough, those who should have aided and helped him at so critical a moment, seemed to have entirely deserted him. His mother had been long since dead, and his father, overpowered by the array of circumstantial evidence that was brought to bear against his son, believed him guilty. So affected was he by this, that it threw him at once upon a sick bed, and there seemed to be no one to plead for Horace, or to prepare such matter for his defence as was necessary.

Some friends who believed him innocent, in spite of all that was brought against him, sent to Philadelphia for legal advice, but up to the night before the trial, no response was had to this application, and it really seemed that Horace would be sacrificed for want of counsel, or that he must rely upon the feeble aid of some village attorney, who was by no means competent to discharge the duties of such a case.

Horace had been forced, therefore, to retain the services of a lawyer of some repute, who resided in the country, but of whom he knew

but little. On the morning of the trial he received the following note:

"SIR:—I have come at a late moment, but have been able easily to comprehend your case. I shall be present to defend you to-day. I do not deem it at all necessary to confer with you in the premises, sincerely believing in your innocence, and when this is the case, I had much rather trust to justice than to any stratagem of law."

Upon the receipt of this note he sent word to the lawyer whom he had retained, that the legal adviser who had been sent for at Philadelphia had arrived, and that he should not therefore require his services unless he chose to confer with that gentleman on the merits of the case as junior counsel. But the country attorney replied that he was very willing to relinquish a case that was so unpromising, and so retired.

The court-room was densely crowded, the prosecuting attorney opened the case in the usual form, showing a strong picture of the heinousness of the crime, and, as in duty bound, represented the guilt of the accused beyond a doubt. The attorney for the defence offered no remarks, but desired that the trial should proceed at once, and as no questions were raised, the witnesses gave in their evidence on various points, forming a connecting link of circumstantial facts that was very strong as presented to the notice of the court and jury.

It was clearly proved, in the first place, that Frederick West was the rival of Horace, and as far as could be judged from appearances, that he was equally successful with the latter in the effort to win the affection of Victorine Verdet; and indeed, as more than one testified, was the most successful of the two. It was also proved beyond a doubt, that on the evening of the disappearance, the cousins were last seen together, and by more than one witness, that at the time they were exchanging high words with each other. Others testified that they had frequently seen them thus engaged of late, and thus, link by link, a strong case of circumstantial evidence was made out. The prosecuting attorney summed up the case in a masterly manner, and it seemed to all in the court-room that Horace's guilt was manifest.

It was the second day of the trial. Horace's counsel had remained absorbed in silence during the earlier procedures; he had not once referred to the prisoner or spoken to him, and sat at his table wrapped in his cloak, and ap-

parently engaged in the minutes and records that he was keeping of the trial; he was a very young appearing person—some remarked, too young, they feared, to conduct to any favorable issue the case of the defendant; he had sat with his back to the audience and Horace, and when he had looked up from his notes, it was only at the judge and the jury. Cases were much more speedily disposed of in those days than at the present time; the technicalities of the law were not then so minutely discussed—and now the counsel for the defence rose to make his remarks.

He was indeed young in appearance, and as he stood there, with his dark blue cloak raised gracefully upon one arm, and the collar thrown back from his throat, he presented a face of almost feminine beauty; his hair was short and curled about the temples, and the features, though pale, were firm and expressive. But of the whole appearance of the young lawyer, the eyes were the crowning beauty; fraught with depth of thought and earnest appeal, they were now bent upon the jury, who sat in almost painful silence. Not a whisper was heard in the court-room, and it seemed as though each heart could be heard in its quick pulsations. Horace leaned forward with the deepest interest; he had not exchanged one word with his lawyer, and now, as he got a fine view of his features, for the first time almost trembled to think that his fate was placed in hands so apparently inexperienced. But the silence was soon broken by the utterance of sounds that touched every heart by the deep musical utterance that fell on the ear.

"Not one iota of evidence," commenced the youthful pleader, "has been adduced to prove the guilt of my client. The array of evidence that has been brought to convict Horace West of this supposed murder, is of a character that might convict the most innocent among us all. Circumstantial evidence is no evidence at all, fearful in its supposition, always doubtful, and never satisfactory."

This bold position, the calm, clear, self-convinced spirit that beamed from the speaker's eyes, surprised the jury. Without offering one witness in defence, or attempting to refute one position taken by the prosecuting attorney, he pleaded so vividly against the spirit of such evidence, as to cause the jury to tremble in the position which they had generally arrived at as to Horace's guilt. They seemed to be charmed by the eloquence and truthfulness of the defendant's counsel; his mode of

pleading was something new in the courts of law; he appealed to the feelings of the jury through a new channel, and finally closed his remarks by a soft and glowing panegyric of the quality of mercy, that left not a dry eye in the court-room.

The whole scene was one of the most vivid character; even the judge had risen during the closing remarks touching the "glorious attribute," as the young speaker said, "that descended straight from the throne of heaven," and placing his spectacles upon his forehead, forgot his official dignity in the excitement and feelings of the man, as he leaned forward with his eye bent on the almost wonderfully eloquent youth. An inexpressible charm followed the sweet and mellow intonations of that voice; and when the speaker sat down, and covered his face with his hands, as if to calm himself after so much exertion and such a trial of his feelings, one long breath seemed to be taken simultaneously through the court-room, as of relieved and overwrought hearts. A few moments' silence followed. The judge composed himself, and then briefly laid the case before the jury, striving to be impartial and just, but yet evincing that he was strongly influenced by the appeal that had just been made. They conferred together in a whisper for a few moments: they did not even retire. The burning words of the defence were still fresh in their ears, and the foreman of the jury signifying that their verdict was ready, at a call from the judge announced their decision—"Not guilty!" At this announcement the head of the counsel who had spoken so eloquently was raised from the hands that had shrouded the face, a prolonged scream rang through the court-room, and those into whose arms fell the object of so much interest, and whose words had saved the prisoner's life, saw at once that they held in their support the form of a woman. It was Victorine Verdet!

The reader must come over a lapse of years with us now. The beautiful hair that adorned Victorine's head had again attained its wonted length and beauty. She is the wife of Horace, loved and happy, as such a union could not fail to be. Their little son is named Frederick, and the sunshine of peace is in their happy home.

Another series of years are gone, and behold there comes to their board a stranger, one who has travelled long and far, who has trod the sands of Sahara, and who has slept on the banks of the Niger; who has tracked the Nile in its course, and who has shared the Hotten-

tot's hospitality. A wanderer, one who has been a rover for years. It is Frederick West. His motives for abruptly leaving as he did were easily explained; he saw that Victorine loved his cousin best; he could not bear to witness their happiness, and on the moment of his bidding Horace good night for the last time, a strange resolution came over him; he would seek forgetfulness in some occupation in a distant land.

He never once thought of the possibility of such suspicions being raised against Horace as to charge him with murder, but seeking the sea-coast, he shipped for the East, and had wandered on and on, now living for a while here, and now there, until at last he had resolved once more to return to the scenes of his childhood. He felt that his early disappointment had changed his disposition greatly, or he never could have severed every home tie as he had done, and left all without a token. But now he had come back to close his days in calmness here amid the scenes of his childhood.

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#### MEXICAN MILKMEN.

One of the curiosities of Mexico is the manner of selling milk. Instead of the neat white wooden vessel, or the long-spouted tin can, with the different measures hung upon it, and the rattling bell-cart to convey it from place to place with despatch, or an old home-spun looking negro, packing it about on his hard-crowned head, we have the live animals themselves driven from door to door of the different regular customers, where they are milked, and a regular stand, where the transient patrons are supplied by milking it into the vessel in which they take it home. Besides a drove of cows, with the calves all muzzled, running and bleating after them, there is also a gang of goats and asses driven along, that people may suit themselves as to quality and price, as also their different tastes—for which there is no accounting. It is impossible to derive the reason or origin of this mode of vending milk, unless it arose from the natural villany of the people, and their distrust of each other—it being a preventive against adulteration, and of their disposing of a quality of milk inferior to that represented.

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#### THE UNIVERSE.

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas and skies,  
The whole creation open to mine eyes,  
In air self-balanced hung the globe below,  
Where mountains rise and circling oceans flow;  
Here naked rocks and empty wastes are seen,  
There towery cities, and the forests green;  
Here sailing ships delight the wandering eyes;  
There trees, and intermingled temples rise.—POPE.

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In everything, the ends well defined are the secret of durable success.

## EATING BETWEEN MEALS.

Among the many slight causes of impaired digestion is to be reckoned the very general disregard to eating between meals. The powerful digestion of a growing boy makes light of all such irregularities; but to see adults, and often those by no means in robust health, eating muffins, buttered toast, or bread and butter, a couple of hours after a heavy dinner, is a distressing spectacle to the physiologist. It takes at least four hours to digest a dinner; during that period the stomach should be allowed repose. A little tea or any other liquid is beneficial rather than otherwise, but solid food is a mere incumbrance; there is no gastric juice ready to digest it. And if any reader having at all a delicate digestion, will attend to his sensations after eating muffins or toast at tea, unless his dinner has had time to digest, he will need no sentences of explanation to convince him of the serious error prevalent in English families of making tea a light meal, quickly succeeding a substantial dinner. Regularity in the hours of eating is far from necessary; but regularity of intervals is of primary importance. It matters little at what hour you lunch or dine, provided that you allow the proper intervals to elapse between breakfast and luncheon, and between luncheon and dinner. What are those intervals? This is a question each must settle for himself. Much depends on the amount eaten at meal, much also on the rapidity with which each person digests. Less than four hours should never be allowed after a heavy meal. But those who dine at six or seven o'clock, never need food again till breakfast next day, unless they have been dancing or exerting themselves in walking; in which cases a light supper is requisite.—*Lewis's Physiology of Common Life.*

## A COSTLY JOKE.

A letter from Prague mentions a curious affair which proves that jesting in matters of business may sometimes cost dear. About a fortnight before a hop-dealer of the neighborhood entered the counting-house of a large merchant at Prague, with whom he had had commercial relations. The latter asked him how business was going on, when he replied, "I am doing so little, that I am almost inclined to enter your service as clerk."—"What salary should you require?" asked the merchant. "Only two thousand florins a year," replied the other, laughing. The merchant shook hands with him, saying, "Then it is a bargain." After a little further conversation, the hop-dealer retired, and neither one nor the other appeared to think any more of the matter. Six days after a considerable rise began to take place in hops, and the merchant went to Saaz, the largest market in Bohemia, to make purchases, and to his annoyance found that the dealer had got the start of him, and purchased all he could find. Meeting the dealer in the street, the merchant asked him what hops he had purchased, and the price. "That is my affair," was the reply. "What do you mean by your affair? You forget, then, that

you are my clerk, and I have a right to inquire what business you transact on my account. You are free to cancel your engagement hereafter, but for the present you act for me." The dealer went to consult an advocate, who told him that his engagement was valid, and that in any case a trial would be a tedious affair. He then went to the merchant, and after a long discussion, agreed to pay four thousand florins (10,000*fr.*) damages for cancelling his engagement, in order to retain for his own account the profitable speculation he had made. When the money had been paid, the Prague merchant declared that he would not keep a farthing of it, and distributed it among some poor relations of the dealer.

## DEW.

On no subject have there been stranger and more incorrect notions than on the nature and origin of dew. Even within two hundred years it has been supposed that the dew was a product of the plants. It was supposed to return in the morning to its source, and it has been confidently affirmed that if dew were put in an egg-shell and placed at the foot of a ladder, it would carry the shell to the top of the ladder, and leave it there as it ascended. Even at the present day the commonness of the phrase, falling dew, shows how erroneous are the prevalent notions. The dew never falls, at least no perceptible distance; it is deposited from the layer of air in actual contact with the bedewed object. That it does not fall is evident from the under side of a plate of ice-cream being bedewed. The coolness necessary to produce dew is produced by radiation. The clearness of a dewy night is not produced by the deposition of the dew, but the dew is produced by clearness. A heavy dew proves the clearness of the air, and warns the astronomer to lose no time in getting out his telescope.—*N. E. Farmer.*

## DRESS AND ADDRESS.

An eminent legal judge, and a pre-eminent judge of human nature observes:—"It is an observation I have always made, that dress has a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind. Let any gentleman find himself with dirty boots, old surtout, soiled neckcloth, and a general negligence of dress, he will in all probability find a corresponding disposition to negligence of address. He may en dehabille, curse and swear, speak roughly and think coarsely; but put the same man into full dress, and he will feel himself quite another person. To use the language of the black-guard, would then be out of character; he will talk smoothly, affect politeness, if he have it not, pique himself upon good manners, and respect the women; nor will the spell subside, until returning home, the old surtout, the heelless slippers, with other slovenly appendages, make him lose again his brief consciousness of being a gentleman."

If the clock of the tongue be not set by the dial of the heart, it will not go right.



## The Florist.

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours  
As they floated in light away,  
By the opening and the folding flowers  
That laugh to the summer's day.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

### Bulbs and Tuberous-rooted Flowers.

These are the earliest treasures of the flower-garden, and deserve especial notice. There was a period when two hundred pounds was offered for a hyacinth root, and even the enormous sum of six hundred pounds was given for a Semper Augustus tulip, by the Dutch tulip fanciers. But though a few florists are still particularly nice with respect to their bulbs, the time is past for paying such splendid prices; and such an inexhaustible variety offer themselves to our notice now, that we are somewhat puzzled in making a choice collection. Seed produces immense numbers yearly, and an infinite variety of new colors in each species. The florist is lost in admiration of the magnificent blooms which meet the eye in every flower-garden which is carefully attended to.

### Method of Culture.

Bulbs love a mixture of garden soil and sand, well mixed, and dug about two spades deep to lighten it. Break the mould fine, and rake the surface even. Plant the bulbs four inches deep, and let them be six inches apart, placing the bulb with care into the dibbled hole, and pressing the earth gently around each. All bulbs should be replanted in September, and taken out of the ground when they have done flowering. When the leaves and stems decay, dig them neatly up, in dry weather, with your garden fork; take the offsets carefully from the main root; spread them out to dry on a mat, and put them in a cool dry place to plant again in September.

### Common Bulbs,

Such as snowdrops, crocuses, etc., may be left two or three years untouched; but at the end of that period take them up, to separate the offsets and small roots from the mother plants. You can replant them immediately, taking care to thin the clumps, and separate each root six inches from its neighbor, that they may rise healthy, and throw out fine blooms. Narcissus, Jonquils and Irises may also remain untouched; but if annually taken up, they will flower finer, and for these reasons. By taking up your bulbs as soon as the leaves and stems decay, it not only allows you to separate the offsets, which weaken the parent bulb, but it prevents their receiving any damage from long drought, or the equally destructive moisture of heavy rains, which would set them growing again before their time, and exhaust them. The two or three months in which they are laid by contributes to their strength, by allowing them that period of complete rest.

### Autumn-flowering Bulbs,

Such as the colchicums, the autumnal crocus, the yellow autumnal narcissus, etc., should be taken up in May or early in June, when they are at rest. Transplant them now, if you wish to remove them; part the offsets, and plant them six inches apart. If you keep them out of the ground, put them in a dry, shady place, till the middle of July or August, when you must plant them again, to blow in the autumn. Be careful to take up bulbs as soon as the leaves decay. If they are incantiously left in the ground beyond that period, they begin to form the bud for the next year's flowers; and the check of a removal would injure them. They might produce flowers in due time, but they would be weakly. The little offsets will not flower for a year or two. They may be consigned to a nursery-bed to remain for that time, in order to swell and strengthen by themselves.

### Tulip Seedlings.

Tulip seedlings are seven years before they flower, and a lady may find her patience severely tried in waiting for their blooms. Seven years is a large portion of human life. If you can persevere, however, you will be rewarded by beautiful varieties of new colors and stripes.

### Work for the Month.

Now place sticks to every plant or stalk requiring support. Fix the sticks, or light iron rods, firmly in the ground; and tie the stems to each stick neatly, in two or three places. Some evergreens may yet be removed, as laurels, laurustinus, Portugal laurel, cistuses, arbutus, magnolias, pyracanthus, etc. Propagate auriculars, by slipping off their suckers and offsets, this month. Sow carnation and polyanthus seeds still; sow also perennial and biennial seeds. Where any perennial or biennial fibrous-rooted flowers are wanted, transplant them only in the first week of this month, and they must have each a good ball of earth attached to them; but this work should be completed in February, or March at farthest. Every sort of annual may now be sown. Take care of your hyacinths, tulips, ranunculus and anemones now, for they will be hastening into bloom. Place your auriculars, hyacinths, etc., which may be in pots, in a sheltered place during heavy rains or winds; and shelter those flowers which are in the borders as well as you can. Trim them from dead leaves. Keep your lawn and grass walks nicely mown and rolled, and your borders free from weeds and rubbish. This month is a good one for grafting or spring budding, though the operation may be performed successfully in March. Cut back to two eyes all that have been left unpruned, by which late pruning back, the blooming will be protracted considerably. Keep the seeds sown last month moist; and if the season be dry, moisten them by laying on the surface some wet moss. Shade them also from the hot sun. Rose seeds may be sown the last of this month, or early in May.

## The Housewife.

### Lemon Pudding.

Boil four lemons peeled thin till they are soft, rub them through a hair sieve, and preserve the fine pulp; pour some boiling milk or cream, in which a stick of cinnamon has been boiled, over a pound of Naples biscuits, two ounces of fresh butter, and a little nutmeg. When cold, add to them the pulp of the lemons and eight eggs well beaten; mix all together, and sweeten. Make a good puff paste, edge a dish with it, put in the mixture, ornament the top with strings of paste, and bake it in a moderate oven.

### Oyster Patties.

Line some small patty-pans with a fine puff paste; put a piece of bread into each, cover with paste, and bake them. While they are baking, take some oysters and cut them into small pieces; place them in a saucepan with a very small portion of grated nutmeg, a very little white pepper and salt, a morsel of lemon-peel cut as small as possible, a little cream, and a little of the oyster liquor; simmer it a few minutes, then remove the bread from the patties, and put in the mixture.

### Almond Custard.

Blanch and beat three ounces of sweet almonds, and one ounce of bitter, fine, with a spoonful of water; beat a pint of cream with two spoonfuls of rose water, and put to them the yolks of four eggs, and as much sugar as will make it sweet; then add the almonds; stir it all over a slow fire till it is of a proper thickness, but not to boil; pour it into cups.

### Turnovers.

Cut into square pieces the thickness of a patty-case; put in the middle a small piece of jam; double one side over the other, pressing it with your two thumbs, keeping the middle of a round lump; egg the tops, bake them and glaze them.

### Snow Cream.

Beat the whites of four eggs to a froth, and stir in two spoonfuls of white sugar; flavor with rose water or lemon; add a pint of thick, sweet cream, and beat the whole together to a froth. This is to be served with a dessert of sweetmeats.

### Currant Ice Cream.

Put into a basin a large tablespoonful and a half of currant jelly, with half a gill of syrup; squeeze in the juice of one lemon and a half; add a pint of cream, and a little cochineal; pass it through a sieve, and freeze it in the usual way.

### To remove Crust from Glass.

It often happens that glass vessels used for flowers and other purposes, receive an unsightly crust hard to be removed by scouring. The best method is to wash it with a little diluted spirit of salts, which will soon loosen it.

### Exercise after Meals.

Exercise is hurtful immediately after meals, particularly to those of nervous and irritable constitutions, who are thence liable to heart-burn, eructations and vomiting. Indeed, the instinct of the inferior animals confirms the propriety of this rule; for they are all inclined to indulge themselves in rest after food. At all events, fatiguing exercise should be delayed till digestion is performed, which requires three or four hours after eating a full meal.

### To polish Mahogany Furniture.

Rub it with cold, drawn linseed oil, and polish by rubbing with a clean, dry cloth, after wiping the oil from the furniture. Do this once a week, and your mahogany tables will be so finely polished that hot water will not injure them. The reason is this—linseed oil hardens when exposed to the air, and when it has filled all the pores of the wood, the surface becomes hard and smooth, like glass.

### Oatmeal Pudding.

Take a pint of the best fine oatmeal, pour a quart of boiling milk over it, and let it soak all night; the next day put it in a basin just large enough to hold it, add two eggs beaten, and a little salt, cover it tight with a floured cloth, and boil it an hour and a half. It may be eaten hot, with cold butter and salt; or cold, sliced and toasted.

### To make Whitewash that will not rub off.

Mix half a pail full of lime and water, ready to put on the wall; then take one gill of flour and mix it with the water; then pour on it boiling water sufficient to thicken it; then pour it while hot into the whitewash; stir it all well together, and it is ready for use.

### To make wholesome Table Beer.

To eight quarts of boiling water put a pound of molasses, a quarter of an ounce of ginger, and two bay leaves; let this boil for a quarter of an hour, then cool, and work it with yeast, the same as other beer.

### Cherry Ice Cream.

Pound half a pound of preserved cherries, unstoned; put them into a basin, with a pint of cream, the juice of a lemon, and a gill of syrup; pass it through a sieve, and freeze it in the usual way.

### Ourling Fluid for the Hair.

Melt a piece of white beeswax about the size of a filbert kernel or a large pea, in one ounce of olive oil; to this add one or two drops of otto of roses, or any other perfume.

### Volatile Soap, for removing Paint, etc.

Four tablespoonfuls of spirits of hartshorn, four tablespoonfuls of alcohol, and a tablespoonful of salt. Shake the whole well together in a bottle, and apply with a sponge or brush.

## Curious Matters.

### Discovery of a new Quadruped.

A new quadruped has been discovered in Madagascar, and an agent of the French Academy of Sciences has forwarded to that body an account of it. It belongs to the genus *Indris*, and is described as having a snout like that of a King Charles lap-dog, the skin of the face being bare and of a brilliant jet black tint. Its fur is long and woolly; its paws, or rather hands, are bare and black; the fourth finger is the longest; the thumb of the hind paws (replacing the great toe) is very thick and flattened. The whole animal measures eighty-six centimetres, fifteen of which belong to the tail. The cry of this animal resembles that of a human being in distress, and when there are many together they form a very disagreeable concert.

### Treasure found.

A letter from Palermo says:—"A valuable treasure has just been discovered in the palace of the Marquis de Vasto, who recently died here. In a secret hiding-place, formed in the wall of his study, there has been found, piled up in the greatest disorder, a vast quantity of ancient plate, candelabra, candlesticks, 60,000 ducats in gold coins of the old sovereigns of the Bourbon dynasty, and a considerable number of old colonnades, a coin bearing the effigy of Charles III. This treasure was collected by one of the ancestors of the marquis, who filled the highest posts at the court of Spain under the Emperor Charles the Fifth."

### A Curiosity.

A microscopic vertebrate would certainly be a curiosity in zoology. Mr. G. C. Wallich figures and describes, in the October number of the Magazine of Natural History, a perfect lower jaw with fully developed teeth, found by him in mud dredged up at St. Helena. This jaw is only the hundredth of an inch in length, which, in proportion, would make the animal to which it was attached not longer, probably, than one-twentieth of an inch.

### Rapidity of Light.

A very interesting preliminary paper has been laid before the French Academy of Sciences by M. Faucault, who has been engaged in making researches on the velocity of light. The most important feature in this communication is, that M. Faucault has ascertained that, instead of the velocity of light being 307 millions of metres per second, as calculated by Delambre's astronomical deductions, it is 298 millions of metres.

### Singular Idea.

Here is a bit of English eccentricity in sufficiently bad taste, even for John Bull. Mr. Queensly, the Cambridge saven, a great admirer of the Greek poets, has given orders in his will, that after his

death his body shall be dissected, and his skin taken off and tanned, in such a manner as to convert it into parchment, on which the Iliad of Homer shall then be copied, the singular MS. to be then deposited in the British Museum.

### Singular Instance of Superstition.

A singular story is told by an English paper. It seems that a vessel was chartered to go from Swansea, England, to Cobija, on the western coast of South America, and left on the 12th of April last. Everything proceeded well until rounding Cape Horn, where for seven successive days the master and men contended with the elements, but the ship made no progress. The captain solemnly declared that when the storm was at its height, God appeared to him in the form of a man, and told him that if the ship proceeded any further, the vessel and all hands would be lost. Though the officers endeavored to convince the captain of the impossibility of such an occurrence, the captain immediately gave orders to "bout ship," and proceeded back to England. The ship now lies at Newport, with the same identical cargo which she shipped in Swansea, having proceeded many thousand miles on a fruitless voyage.

### Singular Panic.

A singular hysterical panic among factory girls is reported in a Manchester paper. Upward of three hundred girls were employed in sewing in the large school-room under Dr. Munro's chapel, and one or two of them were subject to fits. One afternoon recently, one of the girls was prostrated by a fit, and then another and another, until quite a panic prevailed; altogether nineteen girls becoming affected in less than an hour.

### One Hundred and Ten Years.

James Douglas, of Stony Creek, was born in Rhode Island, August 1, 1753, and is now in his one hundred and tenth year. He is rather below the medium size, and in such good health and vigor, that we see no reason why he should not continue to live a few more centuries. He persists in working, like most old people, and in summer time walks about two miles every day to labor on a farm.

### Dying for a Kiss.

The English papers tell of an inquest lately held at Leeds on the body of a young man of twenty-one, who fell down stairs and killed himself in the course of an attempt to snatch a kiss from the unwilling lips of a girl of fifteen. Not a great while since a young lady broke her neck trying to escape a kiss. The question now is, shall kissing be given up as a dangerous amusement?

# Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

## VALEDICTORY.

We sit down in our old well-worn and long-cherished editorial chair for the last time, to indite a farewell to our friends and readers, as editor of "Ballou's Dollar Monthly." For over *eight years* we have filled the post we now vacate, and it may readily be supposed that the separation from its beloved and agreeable associations is not effected without an inward sigh at the parting. We have labored conscientiously and earnestly year after year for your pleasure and profit, and you have reciprocated by a liberal pecuniary support, and that encouragement which kindly hearts so cheerfully accord. We verily believe that no editor ever enjoyed the cordial support of a more agreeable "parish" of readers and subscribers than that which has so long been attached to this Magazine. We only wish that it were possible for us to take each by the hand, and say orally, what we here indite with heartfelt earnestness—God bless you all!

We have disposed of all right and title in our publishing business to Messrs. ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, three gentlemen well-known in Boston as having been long connected with the newspaper press of this city, as editors and publishers, and the latter of whom has been engaged in this establishment as business director for many years. Messrs. ELLIOTT & THOMES are the popular editors and publishers of the American Union newspaper. The new firm, lacking neither capital nor experience, will add new strength and vigor in carrying out the present popular characteristics of the establishment, and will introduce new and timely improvements.

We cordially commend Messrs. ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT to our friends, and can unhesitatingly promise that our subscribers will be gainers by a change which will add fresh life and increased attraction to the publications.

M. M. BALLOU.

**PARISIAN FASHIONS.**—Fashion is fashion, in Paris, under an empress who has youth, beauty, money and taste.

## SALUTATORY.

Our predecessor, in taking leave of the editorial chair, which he has filled so long and honorably, retiring from a business which he has conducted satisfactorily to the numerous patrons of "BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE," and to himself, has introduced the new firm in words of commendation and esteem, leaving us to make promises and protestations regarding our future course and management of the large business of which we have taken possession. Now we have no promises to make, because they are useless, and are not always adhered to by newspaper publishers. For our integrity and ability we can only refer to the past, to the AMERICAN UNION newspaper and its great success, as regards the senior members of the firm; to MR. TALBOT's familiarity with the details of MR. BALLOU's business, and to the future, which we hope will be as bright for us as the past has been for our predecessor. In our new enterprise we shall have the valuable advice and counsel of MR. BALLOU; and with this salutatory we take our readers by the hand, and hope to soon secure their hearts.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT.

**POSTAGE STAMPS.**—Postage stamps have been used since 1849, when they were adopted in London. About fifteen hundred different stamps are now used by the various countries. The most beautiful are said to be those of Russia.

**PLAIN WOMEN.**—We have always found that homely women are the most intelligent. It is according to the rule of St. Paul, "to the pure all things are pure," even so to the plain all things are plain.

**LOVE AFFAIRS.**—A cynical Frenchman once said there are two parties to a love affair—the party who loves, and the party who consents to be so treated.

**PORTICAL.**—The prettiest design we ever saw on the tombstone of a child was a lark soaring upward with a rosebud in its mouth.

## FLOWERS.

"In Eastern lands they talk of flowers,  
And they tell in garlands their loves and cares.  
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers  
On its leaves a mystic language bears."

Some one has prettily remarked that "flowers are the alphabet of angels, with which they write mysterious truths upon the earth," and they seem, indeed, in their delicacy and beauty, to be the visible language of heaven. Though, considering their vast numbers, very few flowers are subservient to purposes of utility, still, they are scattered with lavish prodigality over the whole world; which may be regarded as a proof that the beneficent Creator of the universe did not intend this world as a cheerless habitation, that he would have us enjoy it rationally, and that harmless pleasures were not considered by the Omnipotent incompatible with a probationary existence and a preparation for the world to come.

Flowers have been appropriately associated with the most touching epochs of our existence. In olden times, roses were employed to decorate the churches, and hence the expression, "under the rose," applied to an avowal as secret as the confessional. The bride goes to the altar with an orange blossom in her hair—the maiden to the grave with a white rose in her bosom. The festive board is garnished with flowers; the patriot warrior, whose sword has secured the freedom of his country, returns home through triumphant arches, garlanded with flowers, and white blossoms strew the path beneath his feet. In the East, as poetically alluded to above, flowers are employed as the language of love, when the tongue is forbidden the story of the heart; and we know of no more beautiful medium of communication between youth and beauty than these fragrant and fragile gems of color and odor. Some flowers enjoy a sacred fame; among them is the passion flower, whose stem and petals represent the cross and thorny crown of the Saviour of mankind.

A love for flowers, like every passion, may be carried to excess. Every one remembers the tulip mania that reigned in Holland during the past century, when fortunes were lavished on a single bulb, and a unique specimen of a new species was more valuable than a diamond. The love of flowers seems to have subsided, however, to its proper level; though there are plenty of flower fanciers among us, we do not think there is one who would be willing to ruin himself for a dahlia or a tulip. The cultivation of flowers is one of the most harmless, refining and healthy recreations that

we know of, and most particularly fitted for the ladies. They require a delicate guardianship, and constant solicitude; a watchful care, which is most cheerfully and naturally afforded by the gentle sex; and how gratefully do they repay the care bestowed upon them!

## SCARCITY ADDS TO VALUE!

Woman is vastly more influential in America than in England, yet it is here that they are the minority! Thus says the statistics: "There is, according to the census, an excess of seven hundred and thirty-three thousand two hundred and fifty-eight males over females in the United States. This fact is noteworthy, and ought to quiet the apprehensions of those who feared the war would cause an undue preponderance of women after peace was declared. No matter how bloody the war may be, or how long it lasts, it cannot make way with three-quarters of a million of lives. The waste of life may make the sexes nearly even; but even then we shall be better off than England, where the females are in excess by nearly a million, and the social problem of the day is how to provide them with husbands or occupations."

A BEAUTIFUL FANCY.—In the "Legend of the Tree of Life," published in New York, in 1775, occurs the following: "Trees and woods have twice saved the world—first by the ark, then by the cross; making full amends for the evil fruit of the tree of Paradise, by that which was borne on the tree in Golgotha."

AN ARAB PROVERB.—By six qualities may a fool be known: anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motive, inquiry without an object, putting trust in a stranger, and wanting capacity to discriminate between a friend and a foe.

A LUCKY MAN.—The nearest a certain man in this city ever approached to luck was to find a counterfeit ten dollar bill on a broken bank. He thinks that if anybody else had found it, it would have been a gold piece.

WHAT IS MUSIC?—An innocent luxury; not necessary, indeed, to our existence, but a great improvement and gratification of the sense of hearing.

CONSCIENCE.—Better have a nest of wasps, or bumble-bees, or hornets in your bosom than a stinging conscience.



**RAILROADS vs. HIGHWAYMEN.**

The highwayman of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was the legitimate descendant of the knight-errant of the middle ages, and has been almost as widely celebrated in song, romance and story. Who has not heard of those daring knights of the road, who, not a century ago, were the terror of the great channels of travel and intercourse between London and the provinces? What tyro but has read of Dick Turpin, renowned as a robber and equestrian, whose predatory exploits would fill a volume, and whose grand achievement of riding his horse from London to York, a distance of two hundred and forty miles, in a single night, between sunset and sunrise, is fully believed by every amateur of horse-flesh in canny Yorkshire? Or of Claude Duval, the French page of the duke of Richmond, who was the very mirror of chivalry of the road, and who once suffered a lady to redeem her property by dancing a corrauto with him on the highway?

"It was necessary," says Macaulay, "to the success and even the safety of the highwayman, that he should be a bold and skilful rider, and that his manners and appearance should be such as suited the master of a fine horse. He therefore held an aristocratical position in the community of thieves, appeared at fashionable coffee-houses and gambling houses, and betted with men of quality on the race ground. Sometimes, indeed, he was a man of good quality and education. A romantic interest therefore attached, and perhaps still attaches to the names of freebooters of this class."

But the highwayman flourished in times when stage-coaches made the journey between Oxford and London in two days, and when in our own country our own Franklin dreamed of the possibility of the mail being conveyed between Boston and Philadelphia in a fortnight. Stage-coaches gave a blow to the "profession," and railroads finished it. Since the introduction of conductors and iron horses, we have had no more Dick Turpins and Black Bessies. The car-borne traveller, as he is whirled along upon his way at the rate of forty miles an hour, is under no apprehension of meeting the fate of the bishop's coachman, stopped by the "bold Turpin."

"The bishop's coachman not liking the job,  
Set off at a full gallop;  
But Dick put a couple of balls in his nob,  
And perwailed on him to stop."

Let us imagine for a moment, the result of the attempt on the part of the mounted high-

wayman to stop a railway train, as the "profession" used to stop mail coaches on the road. Let us resuscitate a knight of the road, in his historical costume, mounted on his "bit of blood," his mask, pistols, faultless leather-top boots, and huge spurs, all complete! The train perhaps is halting at a station. The robber rides up, and presenting his pistols, demands the conductor and passengers to "stand and deliver!" adding in the prescribed formula, "your money or your life!" The conductor puts his tongue in his cheek and gives the signal. The bell rings, the whistle screams, and off goes the train like a rocket. The highwayman and his horse are either knocked to pieces by the engine, or the former is petrified with amazement as he beholds the magical disappearance of his intended booty. The last thing he sees is the brakeman in the distance, with his thumb applied to his proboscis, twirling his fingers in the air.

It is over with the knights of the road. Their glory has departed; the places that knew them shall know them no more forever. Steam has carried the day over horse-flesh. Saddles must make way for cushions—rowels for pine knots; and whatever may happen in the vicissitudes of railway travel, we will venture to predict that future penny-a-liners will never have the felicity of recording among dreadful accidents, or perilous adventures, the stoppage and robbery of a railway train by a highwayman. Those things belong to stage-coaches and to turnpikes, to the diligences and mountain passes of Mexico, but not to the railroads of Yankee-land.

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**HEAVEN AND EARTH.**—A friend, visiting a merchant in his counting-house, saw his books of business on the table, and those of devotion on the shelf, and gave his advice thus:—"Sir, here is earth on the table, and heaven on the shelf; pray don't sit so much at the table as to forget the shelf."

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**GOODNESS GRACIOUS!**—The Farmer's Gazette says that one pair of rats will create a progeny of sixty-five thousand in three years, which will consume more food than will suffice to sustain sixty-five thousand human beings.

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**FLATTERING.**—A New York paper, after eulogizing a certain article, hoped that its proprietor would become "as rich as *Lazarus*."

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**A CURIOUS PARADOX.**—Sailors are never so lively as when they are in the shrouds.

**ECCENTRICITIES OF GREAT MEN.**

It is a trite saying, that no man is a hero to his valet; and the greatest men that history records have had their little weaknesses, flattering to humanity, because proving them mortals and not demi-gods. Sir Walter Raleigh in his best days had a strong dash of dandyism. When he appeared at court he wore six thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in his shoes; his armor was of solid silver, and his sword-hilt and baldric were studded with precious stones of incalculable value. Pass on, splendid shadow! The great philosopher, Descartes, had a passion for wigs, and Sir Richard Steele would sometimes spend forty guineas on a black peruke. Goldsmith's peach-colored coat is immortal. According to Samuel Johnson, Pope had such a high opinion of himself as to think he was one of the pivots of the system of the world. Napoleon I. prided himself on the smallness of his hands and feet. Sir Walter Scott was prouder of being sheriff of Selkirkshire than author of *Waverley*. Kotzebue was so vain and envious that he could not tolerate any celebrated personage near him, even when represented by a portrait or a statue. Byron was vain to excess—vain of his genius, his rank, his misanthropy, and even his vices. Spinoza took particular delight in seeing spiders fight. The Count de Grammont once surprised Cardinal Richelieu jumping with his servant to see which could leap highest. Salvator Rosa often played in impromptu comedies, and traversed the streets of Rome dressed as a mountebank. Antonio Magliabecchi, the famous librarian of the grand duke of Tuscany, was passionately fond of spiders, had his rooms filled with them, and would not allow his visitors to disturb them. Moses Mendelssohn, surnamed the Jewish Socrates, sometimes sought relief from his meditations by sitting at the window and counting the tiles on the opposite roof. Cowper bred rabbits and made bird-cages. Doctor Johnson made an especial pet of his cat. Mind, the famous Swiss painter, always had a room full of cats, and one perched on his back when he was drawing. Goethe had a tame adder, but held dogs in aversion. Thomson's greatest delight was to saunter in his garden and eat ripe peaches off the trellises, with his hands in his pockets. Gray said he should like to pass his life on a sofa reading French novels. It is said that Oliver Cromwell sometimes laid aside his puritanic gravity and played at blindman's buff with his attendants. One of the most innocent amusements of

Charles II., of England, was to stroll in St. James's Park, surrounded by a troop of those diminutive spaniels which bear his name, and feed the ducks. Beethoven loved to paddle in cold water, and carried his passion to such an extent, that the floor of his room was flooded, and the water would filter through to the lower stories. Sometimes, at morning and evening, he would scamper barefoot through the dewy grass of the meadows. Shelley was very fond of sailing paper boats. It is said that he came to the Serpentine River once, and having nothing in his pocket but a fifty-pound note to make a boat, gave it at once the desired form, launched it on the stream, watched his venture with paternal anxiety, and finally ran round to the other shore to receive his money when it came to land. We might easily extend our list, but have said enough to prove the proposition with which we started.

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**INSANITY.**—The age at which persons are most liable to insanity is, in men from thirty to forty years, while for women it is from fifty to sixty years. The ages which furnish the least, for both sexes, is childhood, youth and advanced age. Among women, insanity appears earlier than among men—indeed, from twenty to thirty years of age. The rich are more subject to insanity, in proportion, than the poor.

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**A GOOD TURN.**—The great Rothschild once made the fortune of a young man by taking his arm and promenading the street with him. It established his credit, and he became one of the richest bankers in Europe.

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**JUST SO.**—Water is nourishing. All you have to do is to put it in a pot over the fire, drop in a beef bone, rice, a few potatoes, and a little salt. Among the hungry people this is called the *water cure*.

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**ARMOR VESTS.**—During the battle of Murrefreesboro', the lieutenant-colonel of the 69th Indiana was saved by a steel vest. A shot struck his breast and knocked him out of the saddle.

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**VERY TRUE.**—Burnt crusts and hard blows are often poor children's shares who have an unfeeling stepmother to live with.

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**WHAT'S IN A NAME?**—There is a tailor in Jersey rejoicing in the somewhat discouraging-to-customers name of Edward Rumfit!

**ALL'S NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.**

We were reading the other day the story of a very sharp rogue who left France, his native country, for his country's good, and, somewhere in the East, found another rogue who had stolen a priceless diamond from his master, who dreaded detection, and was ready to get rid of his ill-gotten booty for a comparatively trifling sum. Of course, the first rogue eagerly snapped at the bargain, parted with all his money and with everything he could sell, to satisfy the thief, and returned to Paris, satisfied that he had made his fortune. He was in despair when the first jeweller he applied to assured him that he could hardly afford to give him twenty-five cents for his *bit of glass*, although it was a very fine specimen.

Now we laugh at the idea of a sharper being so cleverly taken in, but the rogue was not much worse than the rest of the world. With daily recurring proofs that "all that glitters is not gold," ninety-nine hundredths of men and women still persist in trusting to appearances. A man is taken up for stealing, and even hardened and experienced police reporters record with marvelling comment that "he was fashionably dressed." They are actually astounded that there are rogues in broadcloth. "The dress makes not the monk," says an old French proverb; and every nation has its store of proverbial warnings against deceptive appearances, but still the world is no wiser for all that. And still biographers will write of their lowly-sprung heroes, "born of poor but honest parents."

"Poor but honest!" Ay, we are still the dupes of the external; we still suffer our eyes to cheat us. We believe almost any story that comes from the lips of a man who has a fashionable tailor for his patron or victim. We still believe that virtue is necessarily resident in superfine broadcloth, in velvet, in satin, or in *moiré antique*. If a cup is trebly gilt, we are ready to swear it is made of the purest virgin gold, though the material may be the basest copper. For aught we can see, people are just as fond of being cheated now-a-days as in the times of Butler, and just as ready to run after "wild women," and "no-haired horses," and "Fejee mermaids," or any other monstrosity, as in the days of Shakespeare. Only the other day, a vulgar woman, who made a profession of divinity, attracted quite a respectable congregation in Philadelphia, and it was only a few years since that Matthias, the false prophet, flourished. And has not Mormonism founded an empire in the

West? We must humble ourselves in view of the rampant success of every glittering, gilded humbug.

**CHINESE PECULIARITIES.**

The more we know of the Chinese, the more curious do their manners and customs seem to us; they have such an odd conceit of things, such an original mode of living and supplying the necessities of life. An instance in hand is their mode of hatching the spawn of fish, and thus protecting it from accidents which destroy so large a portion. The fishermen collect with care, on the margin and surface of waters, all those gelatinous masses which contain the spawn. After they have found a sufficient quantity, they fill with it the shell of a fresh hen's egg, which they have previously emptied, stop up the hole, and put it under a sitting fowl. At the expiration of a certain number of days, they break the shell in water warmed by the sun. The young fry are presently hatched, and are kept in pure fresh water till they are large enough to be thrown into the pond with the old fish. The sale of spawn for this purpose is an important trade.

**JEWELRY.**—A truly refined woman in Europe rarely wears jewelry in the country, or at a watering-place. The highest bred ladies abroad are the most unostentatious in their dress—why shouldn't our fashionables copy good as well as bad examples?

**MODESTY.**—A modest cotemporary calls veal "unfinished beef." This is pretty good; but why not extend the vocabulary? Suppose we term lamb "incipient mutton," and denominate pig "premonitory pork?"

**A BIG CASK.**—The tun of Heidelberg, Germany, preserved in the vaults of the castle, is the largest wine-cask in the world—its capacity being eight hundred hogsheads.

**MARRIAGE.**—Marriage renders a man more virtuous and more wise: the father of a family is not willing to blush before his children.

**DECEPTIONS.**—There are lying looks as well as lying words, dissembling smiles, deceiving signs, and even a lying silence.

**ISRAELITES.**—The number of Jews in the United States exceeds a quarter of a million.

## RELICS OF THE PAST.

In 1823, the Ivory arm-chair presented by the city of Lubec to Gustavus Vasa brought 58,000 florins—about \$24,000! A volume that had belonged to Shakspeare, and contained his autograph, was purchased for £120 sterling. The coat that Charles XII. wore at the battle of Pultowa, preserved by the care of Colonel Rosen, who followed the heroic warrior to Bender, was sold at Edinburgh, in 1823, for £22,000 sterling. In 1816, Lord Shaftesbury paid £730 sterling for a tooth of Sir Isaac Newton. On the transportation of the remains of Abelard and Heloise to the Petits-Augustins, an Englishman offered the sum of \$20,000 for one of Heloise's teeth. In 1820, Descartes's skull was knocked down at the modest sum of ninety-nine francs. The next year, one of Voltaire's canes brought the sum of 500 francs at Paris. A waistcoat of Jean-Jacques Rousseau was purchased for 950 francs, and his brass watch for 500 francs. A wig, which had belonged to the philosopher Kant, found an amateur at 200 francs; while at London, in 1822, at public auction, a wig of Sterne, after very animated bidding, went off finally at 200 guineas. Sir Francis Burdett gave £500 sterling for the two pens which had served to sign the treaty of Amiens, March 27, 1801. On the first of December, 1835, the hat which Napoleon wore at the battle of Eylau was knocked down to Mr. Lacroix, a physician, after a furious competition, in which thirty-two bidders took part, for 1920 francs. Finally, everybody knows that Murillo's beautiful Virgin, now one of the gems of the Louvre, was purchased at the sale of Marshal Soult's gallery, for \$100,000. But then a fine picture is a "joy forever," and is not to be classed with the wigs and canes that have belonged to departed greatness. The competition for these relics is so great, that there is a great temptation to fraud, and many an unhappy amateur has given a fortune for a spurious article. Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck's mistakes were not anomalous.

**WRONGS.**—There are but three kinds of wrongs in our lives:—The wrongs a man does to his own soul or body, or suffers in either; the wrongs of man against his brother man; the wrongs between man and woman.

**SILENCE.**—It is better to be silent and incur whatever character silence may give us, than by breaking that silence, to acquire the name of a liar or a fool.

## A CALIFORNIA LAKE.

Lake Bigler, described by the Placerville Herald, is certainly one of the curiosities of California. It lies at a great elevation, between two distinct ridges of the Sierra Nevada, and but one and a half miles to the north of Johnson's route to Carson Valley. It is at least fifty miles long, with an average width of from ten to twenty miles, and is of great depth. It never freezes, though surrounded a great part of the year by snow. It abounds with fish of several varieties, among which the speckled trout, many of large size, and the salmon, real salmon, predominate. They are taken in considerable numbers by the Indians who resort to this, their wildly romantic and beautiful summer retreat. So clear are its waters, that a stone or other objects can be distinctly seen at the bottom, thirty or forty feet. About midway between two extremes of the lake, on the eastern side, is a singular over arched chasm, in the wall of rocks, that leads to unknown caverns and dark recesses, said by the Indians to be the abode of spirits.

**PETRIFIED BIRD'S-EYE MAPLE.**—The commissioner of the General Land Office has received from the surveyor-general at Olympia, Washington territory, specimens of petrified bird's-eye maple, and gold-bearing quartz; the former was found fifteen feet below the surface while excavating for the track of a railroad around the falls on the Columbia at the Cascades. The gold was in a stratum of decomposed quartz from two to six inches thick, lying upon the bed rock. The yield from the Florence mines, per cask of earth, is from \$5 to \$500.

**A FACT.**—The tragedy of "Lear" was once brought out at the Tremont Theatre during a "star" engagement at very short notice. The gentleman who played Gloucester managed to say something like the author until he came to the scene where his *eyes are put out*, and then he was obliged to ask permission to read the rest of his part.

**BAD.**—There is a young man in Toledo, who has a stoop in his shoulders, on account of bending over so much to kiss the girls, who are rather short in his neighborhood.

**JUST SO.**—By cultivating the beautiful we scatter the seeds of heavenly flowers; by doing good we foster those already belonging to humanity.

## Foreign Miscellany.

The kingdom of Madagascar, under its new king, Radama II., is rapidly civilizing.

On the London Times, if an editorial writer publicly acknowledges that he has written an editorial he is immediately discharged.

The English Grand Lodge of Free Masons have subscribed £1000 towards the fund for the relief of the distress in Lancashire.

The Liverpool Mercury says that the duty on the tobacco deposited in one warehouse alone in that port amounted to £4,100,000 when the stock was taken on the 1st Jan.

A special English envoy has refused the throne on the part of Prince Alfred, at the same time promising the Greeks the sympathy and good will of England.

Dr. Robert de Lambelle, a distinguished physician in Paris, announces that a shock of electricity given to a patient dying from the effects of chloroform immediately counteracts its influence and restores the sufferer to life.

Passports are abolished in Spain, the decree to that effect dating January 1, 1863. No passports are required of strangers entering the kingdom, and the *visa* system, with its fees to consuls, is also abolished.

The original manuscript of Gray's Elegy, consisting of two small half sheets, written over closely and much mutilated, sold at auction in London recently for one hundred pounds sterling.

The population of Algeria has risen to 3,082,124, an increase of 470,000 since the year 1856. During the last six years over 33,000 Europeans have emigrated thither. The village of Trembles was peopled last year with Piedmontese families.

George Cruikshank, who was popular over fifty years ago, is now (1863) giving an exhibition of his etchings, etc., in London. He was born in 1792, and has amused and instructed two generations. He enjoys a green old age.

The number of French operatives employed in the cotton manufacture is over 500,000. Two-thirds of these people are now out of employment, and are reduced to a state of suffering very similar to that which prevails in Lancashire. Thus far but limited efforts have been made for their relief.

Russia is a polyglot nation. Her religious language is Greek, her polite language is French, her vulgar tongue a compound of Greek, Latin, German, French and Slavonian. Her literati are Germans, her mechanics and merchants, to a great extent, British and French, and her bravest officers have always been Poles, Cossacks and British.

A dyer at Lyons has discovered a method by which wood may be dyed violet. This color is produced by two immersions—one is iodine of potassium, containing eighty grammes of that ingredient per quart; the other is bichloride of mercury, at the rate of twenty-five grammes the quart.

At a recent bull fight in Madrid not less than three men and eleven horses were killed.

Many of the Italian roads near Naples abound even now in daring brigands.

Paris, says a letter writer, devotes six days to business, and the seventh to the evil one.

The Pasha of Egypt has given Louis Napoleon a regiment of Darfour negroes for Mexican service. They are big, well trained, and proof against hot climates.

A party of Welshmen, who are afraid that the language will die out, propose to emigrate to Patagonia, and found a colony, to keep their language and customs in force.

The Emperor of Austria has just ennobled a Hungarian Jew—an unusual act of liberality, which creates much comment in the empire.

The fugitive King of Greece bagged over a million of dollars before he left his kingdom, and has the spondulics safe in English three per cents.

A raven has been shot in France bearing a little locket, with an inscription, purporting that the bird was born in 1809, and was called "Wagram."

Ladies in London are providing themselves with whistles to call the police in case of danger. The "Ladies' Anti-garrotter Whistle" is the latest fancy article in the shops!

A Havre journal talks of a diamond, just found by a negro in Brazil, far exceeding in dimensions the Koh-i-noor. It adds that Sambo means to establish with the proceeds of it a settlement for free blacks.

Among the last heard of oddities attracted to Paris by various motives is said to be a Russian prince of great wealth, his fortune being estimated at the respectable figure of \$650,000 a year.

The Austrian ladies have commenced a crusade against crinoline, and refuse to enter a theatre where it is worn. The use of it in England is by no means universal, and it is thought that the English ladies will discontinue it.

As a sample of English correspondence, the statement is given in a London paper that two well-known Confederate generals are now living at their ease in Pennsylvania on \$475,000 which was paid them for surrendering the forts at New Orleans to the Union forces without making any resistance.

The German fortresses have been greatly strengthened during the last two years. Six hundred rifled cannon have been added to the armaments, and all the former material has been replaced by that of modern invention, while new works have been constructed at Luxembourg, Metz and Ulm.

Mons. Thouvenel, the French minister of foreign affairs, lately said to one of the Japanese ambassadors at Paris, whom he saw devouring his food raw, "How can you eat raw fish?" "The same way that you eat raw oysters," was the quiet reply. It silenced Mons. Thouvenel.



## Record of the Times.

It is thought that California will be the greatest wine producing country in the world.

John Wesley is said to have preached forty thousand times during a period of fifty years.

The vessel in which Drake navigated the world was only of 100 tons burden.

The discovery of gold mines is increasing every year in parts of this continent.

The city council of Macon, Ga., has fixed the license to retail spirituous liquors in that city at ten thousand dollars.

There is a great temperance revival in Iowa, and large accessions have been made to the abstinence "league."

Two attorneys got into a game of fisticuffs in the Superior Court of Chicago some days since, and, after pummeling each other to their mutual satisfaction, were each fined \$100 for contempt of court.

A convict who attempted to escape from the New York State Prison, received five pistol bullets in his body, and was put in a narrower cell, from which there is no escape—his coffin.

An exchange says that, as babies are a sort of marriage certificate, under the new law, it will be necessary to have a ten cent stamp affixed to them.

Joseph Harris writes to the St. Clairsville (Ohio) Chronicle, that the locusts will be on hand this year, it being the seventeenth since their last appearance.

It is stated that the surgeon general is making arrangements to purchase all medical supplies through regular advertised contracts instead of supplying the medical department in the open market as heretofore.

The Portland police discovered a barrel of liquor the other day, buried deep in the ground, from which a pipe conveyed the beverage to the counter of the owner—with the aid of suction.

High up among the California Nevadas, Professor Whitney, the State geologist, found an almost perfect jaw of a rhinoceros, and huge petrified oyster shells. They were found at an elevation of 2000 feet.

A manufacturer in Connecticut found in a bale of cotton, the other day, a large piece of grindstone, a common granite boulder that would weigh nearly one hundred pounds, and a large log of wood, for which he had paid sixty-two cents a pound.

It is prophesied that telegraphic communication between London and New York, by way of Siberia and California, will be one of the marvels of 1863. Already communication has been established betwixt London and Turner, in Siberia, a distance of 4039 miles.

Governor Yates says Illinois now produces twice as much corn as any other State; almost twice as much wheat; in neat cattle she ranks first; in hogs, but little behind Ohio; and in the value of live stock of all kinds she is almost the second State in the Union.

The State of Ohio raises the largest number of sheep, amounting to over 3,000,000 yearly.

By the newly-discovered process nearly every variety of wood can be made into paper.

It is said that \$20,000,000 are annually expended upon theatres in this country.

A man was recently ejected from a railroad car in Canada because he had nothing but silver coin with which to pay his fare.

A New York editor speaks of a recent snow-storm which "roared so loud that you couldn't hear a dog bark."

A dog owned in Troy killed ninety-five rats in the Troy mills in less than an hour. We understand that the tails have been disposed of to the Troy Budget for *back files*.

Minnesota has just disposed of forty thousand acres of her school lands for about one quarter of a million of dollars; there yet remain two and a half million acres to be sold.

Death has discounted about \$50,000 in specie in Lancaster county, Penn.,—the death of an old miser farmer, Abraham Hersey, who had stored away in old bags and boxes that amount of gold and silver.

It is estimated that in the State of Louisiana, there are fifteen thousand square miles of fertile alluvial soil which lie below high water mark, and which require to be protected by artificial embankments.

A large California pine, estimated to contain five thousand feet of solid timber, lately drifted by the Island of Maui, one of the Sandwich group. Some of the trees came on shore, but the biggest drifted toward Asia.

The culture of sorghum or sorgho has become so important a branch of business at the West that a journal devoted to the development of the interest has been started at Cincinnati. It is entitled Clark's Sorgho Journal. Its articles should be very sweet.

The Mormon Saints have established a theatre at Salt Lake City, Brigham Young and President Kimball officiating at its opening. Songs, dances, the comedy of "The Honeymoon" and the farce of "Paddy Miles's Boy" made up the initiatory bill.

The cleaning of postage stamps for the purpose of using them a second time, is a penal offence, punishable by imprisonment not exceeding three years, or by fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, or by both imprisonment and fine.

The population of the following named cities decreased during the decade between the years 1850 and 1860: Charleston, South Carolina; Nantucket, Massachusetts; Ann Arbor, Michigan; Zanesville, Ohio; Augusta, Maine; Gardiner, Maine; Ithica, New York; Portsmouth, New Hampshire; Lynchburg, Va.

One writer says that freezing will not injure potatoes or any other root, it is thawing that does the damage. This statement reminds us of the son of Erin who, having fallen from a height, said it was not falling that hurt him, but stopping so suddenly when he struck came near breaking his neck.

## Merry-Making.

Though women are seldom sailors, they sometimes command *smacks*. Don't they?

"Smoke your pipe," as the coal said to the stove.

Why is a blush like a little girl? Because it becomes a woman.

"Corn bread?" said the Irish waiter, "we haven't got it; an' isn't it corn bafe ye mane?"

What is that which goes from Boston to New York without moving? Railroad.

Why is blindman's bufflike sympathy? Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow-creature.

A Yankee has invented a medicine to remove a *boil* from a tea-kettle.

The charities of a good many rich people seem altogether *indispensable*.

A lady refuses to wear a watch in her bosom, because it has hands.

Why is a bird a greedy creature? Because it never eats less than a peck.

Silver is never a drug except when used as the coating of pills.

The ladies should consider that to kiss the lips of a swearer is a kind of profanity.

Doctors should dearly love our good mother earth, for she kindly hides their evil work.

"Bob, did you go to the mines?" "Yea."  
"What did you dig?" "I dug home as soon as possible."

Why is a fashionable lady like a rigid economist? Because she makes a great bustle about a little waist.

Why is a mosquito like a Wall Street broker? Because he never stops bleeding his victims till some of them smash him.

Can a young man let his light shine before men when he is constantly "blowing it out" in taverns and saloons?

Mrs. Partington says that a man fell down the other day in an applejack fit, and that his wife was extirpated.

A colonel of the regular army, speaking of a lady's black eyes, said they were in mourning for the murder they had committed.

A new article of gin is manufactured in New York that must be kept in bottles. It will eat out of barrels in fifteen minutes.

Mrs. P. has seen an article in the papers headed, "Conspiracy to Murder Bill." She wants to know who "Bill" is.

"I say, Mick, what sort of potatoes are those you are planting?" "Raw ones, to be sure; your honor wouldn't be thinking I would plant boiled ones."

A citizen of Hallowell, Me., has taken a fancy to the head of a dog that howls in his vicinity, and offers a reward of five dollars for a sight of the head, minus the body.

A surgeon once waited upon an eccentric old gentleman with his bill for medicines and visits. The patient agreed to pay for the pills and return the visits.

On a frosty day what two fish ought we to tie together? *Skates* and *soles*.

Does a ship wear whalebone in her stays, and does she ever suffer from tight lacing?

Dobbs says tailors would make splendid dragons, they *charge* so.

Why is a tale-bearer like a bricklayer? Because he raises stories.

What did a blind wood-sawyer take to restore his sight? He took his horse, and saw.

"Don't eat a fellow up," as the Cape Cod girls say when they are kissed.

What is that that belongs to yourself, yet is used by everybody? Your name.

Why are indolent persons' beds too short for them? Because they are too long in them.

Don't take too much interest in the affairs of your neighbors. Six per cent. will do.

A man cut off by his baker for non-payment of his bill, is "struck off the rolls."

Slander is as much more accumulative than a snowball as it is blacker.

Why is a sawyer like a lawyer? Because whichever way he goes, down comes the dust.

An unbound book might appropriately say to a calf or a sheep, "I wish I were in your skin!"

Poverty is a bully if you are afraid of it, but is good natured enough if you meet it like a man.

Life is full of contradictions; but woman takes very good care that we shall never hear the last of it.

She that marries a man because he is a "good match," must not be surprised if he turns out "a Lucifer."

It rained so in Boston, the other day, that all the fishes in the harbor crowded under the bridges to get out of the wet.

Did you ever know anybody go to a knife-box for a knife but was always sure to get hold of a fork first?

Ladies if your husbands scold you for buying too expensive cuffs, give them a few smart ones to quiet them.

A darkey's instructions for putting on a coat were: "Fust de right arm, den de left, and den gib one general conwulshun."

How melancholy the moon must feel when it has enjoyed the fullness of prosperity, and gets reduced to the last quarter.

A man comes to church and falls fast asleep, as though he had been brought in for a corpse, and the preacher were preaching at his funeral.

A lady meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please, ma'am," answered the girl, "I don't live now—I'm married."

Lord Kenyon's housekeeping was not liberal, nor his temper good, and Jekyll summed up both facts by saying, "It is Lent all the year round in his kitchen, and Passion week in his parlor."

# TOBACCO.



The Oriental.



Cuban Lady.



Broadway Swell.



By the last steamer.



The Penny-a-liner.



Mynheer Lager-beer.

**BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**  
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Buy a paper, sir?



His only consolation.



From the Green Isle.



Teddy, the Dust-Man.



Blue Jacket.



Mr. Mac-ca-boy.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII.—No. 5.

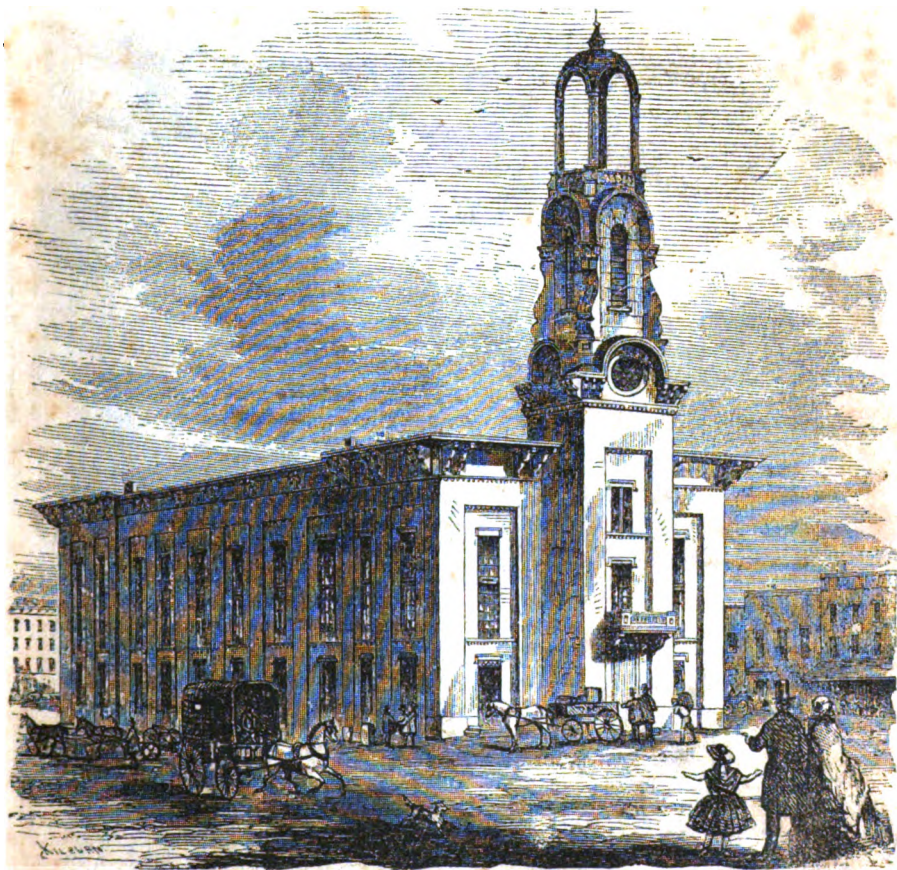
BOSTON, MAY, 1863.

WHOLE No. 101.

## WESTERN SCENES.

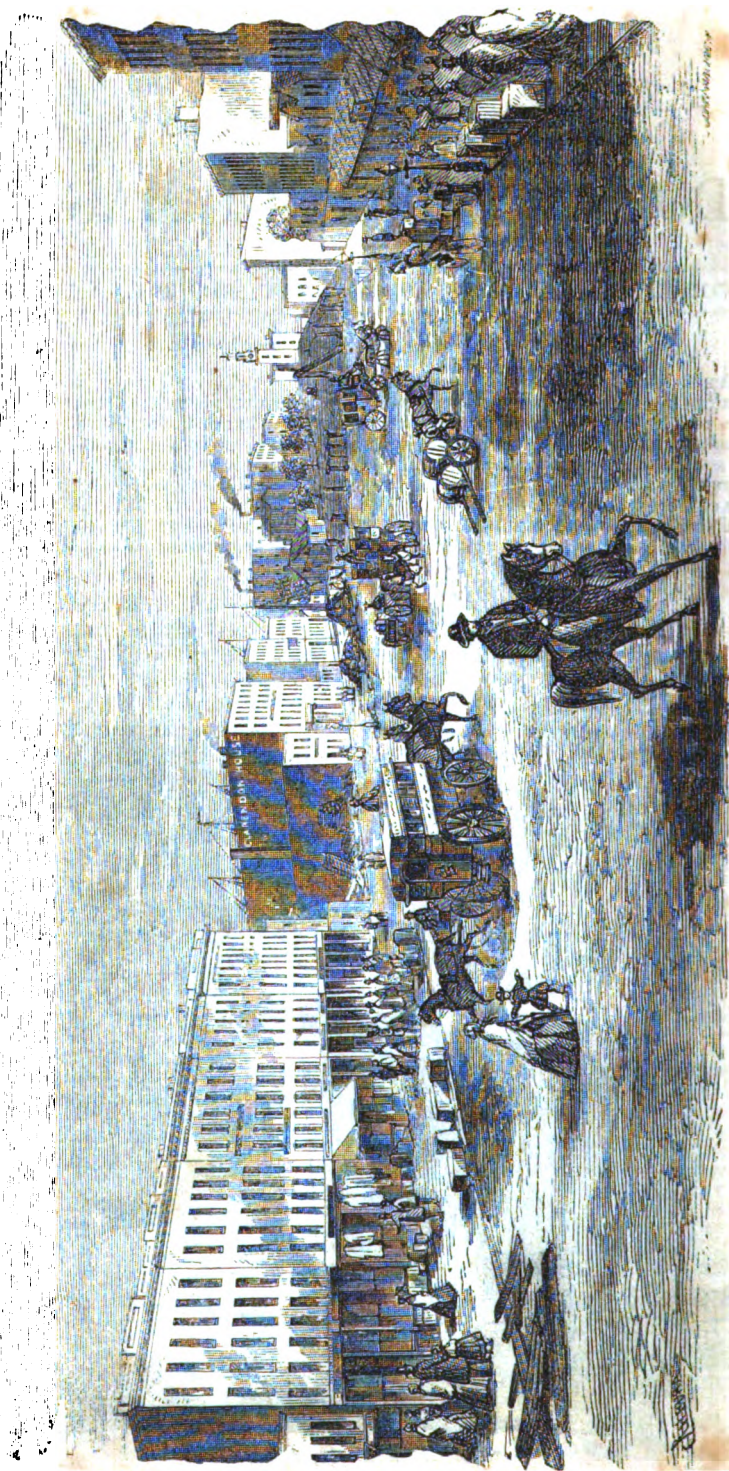
At the present time the eyes of the whole country are turned upon the West, for there the real battles of our civil war are to be fought; and such being the case, we make no apologies to the readers of the **DOLLAR MONTHLY** for presenting to their view a number of noted scenes in the State of Illinois, which, like a young giant, has sprung into life and vigor, and has grown strong and confi-

dent, rich and happy, within the memory of men who have not yet seen forty years. What city in the Union has equalled Chicago in its rapid growth and prosperity? Even New York, with its energetic men, its great commercial advantages, and the many attractions which it offers to visitors, has not increased in population and trade in proportion to Chicago, that granary of the West, which feeds the



WESTERN MARKET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

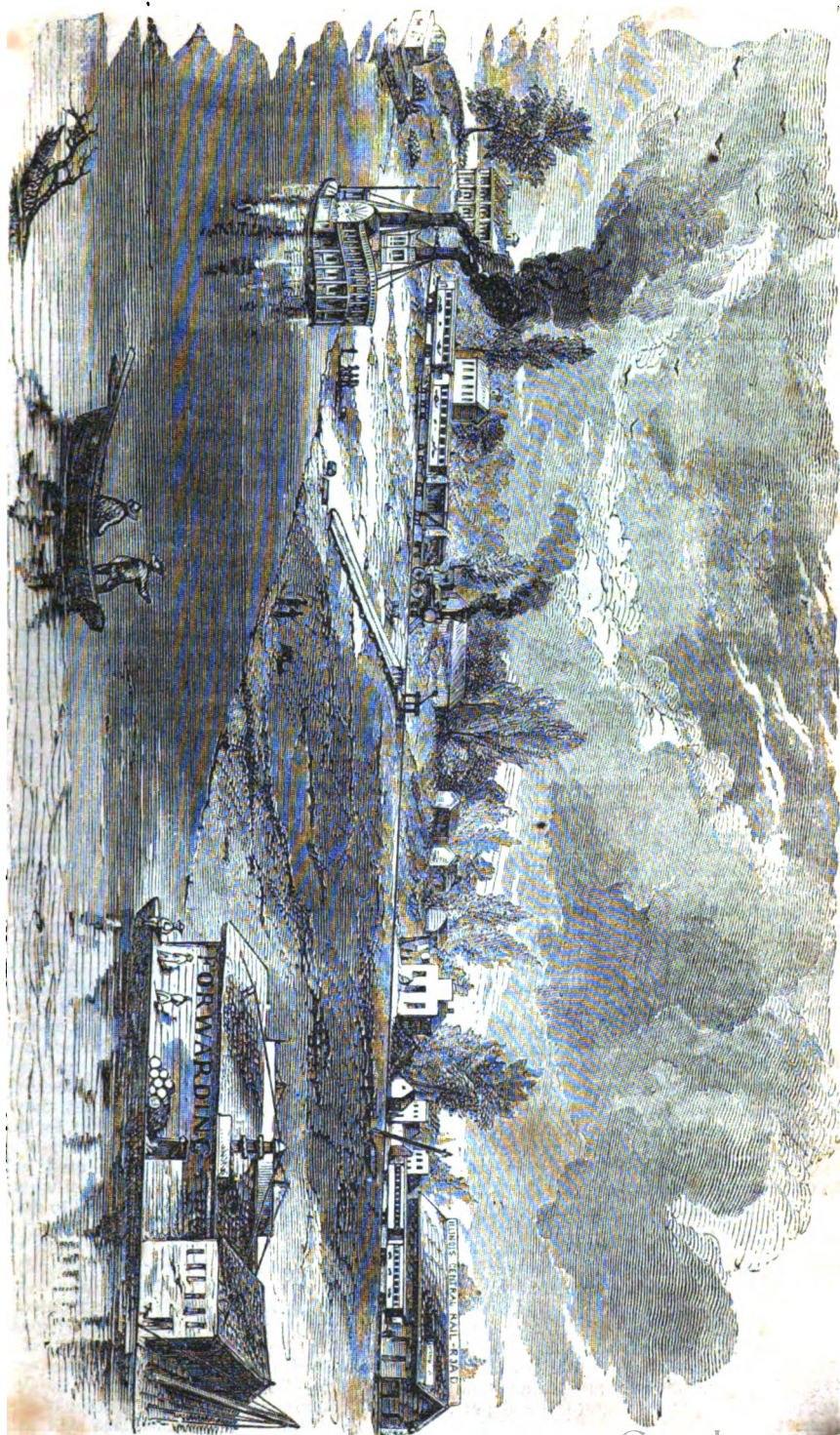




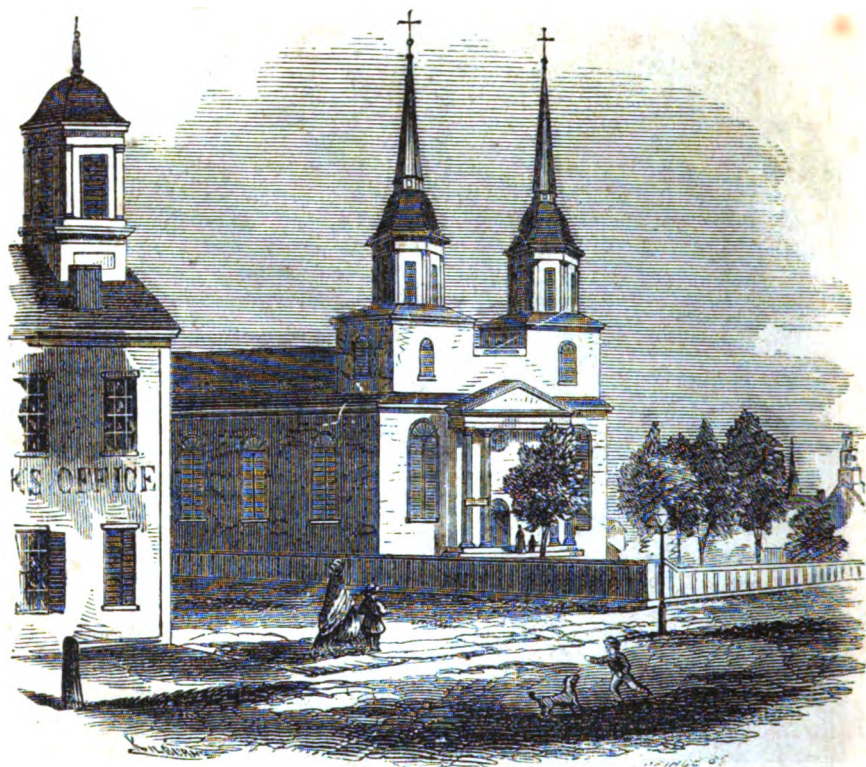
VIEW IN RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.



VIEW OF CAIRO, JUNCTION OF THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RIVERS.







ST. ANN'S CHURCH, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

hungry, not only with corn and wheat but meats of all kinds, from the delicate ham, hot from the smoke-house, to the stall-fed ox and yearling heifer.

Chicago has been built too recently to contain many noted buildings, but the city has been altered, raised and improved during the last few years, for the purpose of securing better draining, and the result was attained, although it cost millions of dollars.

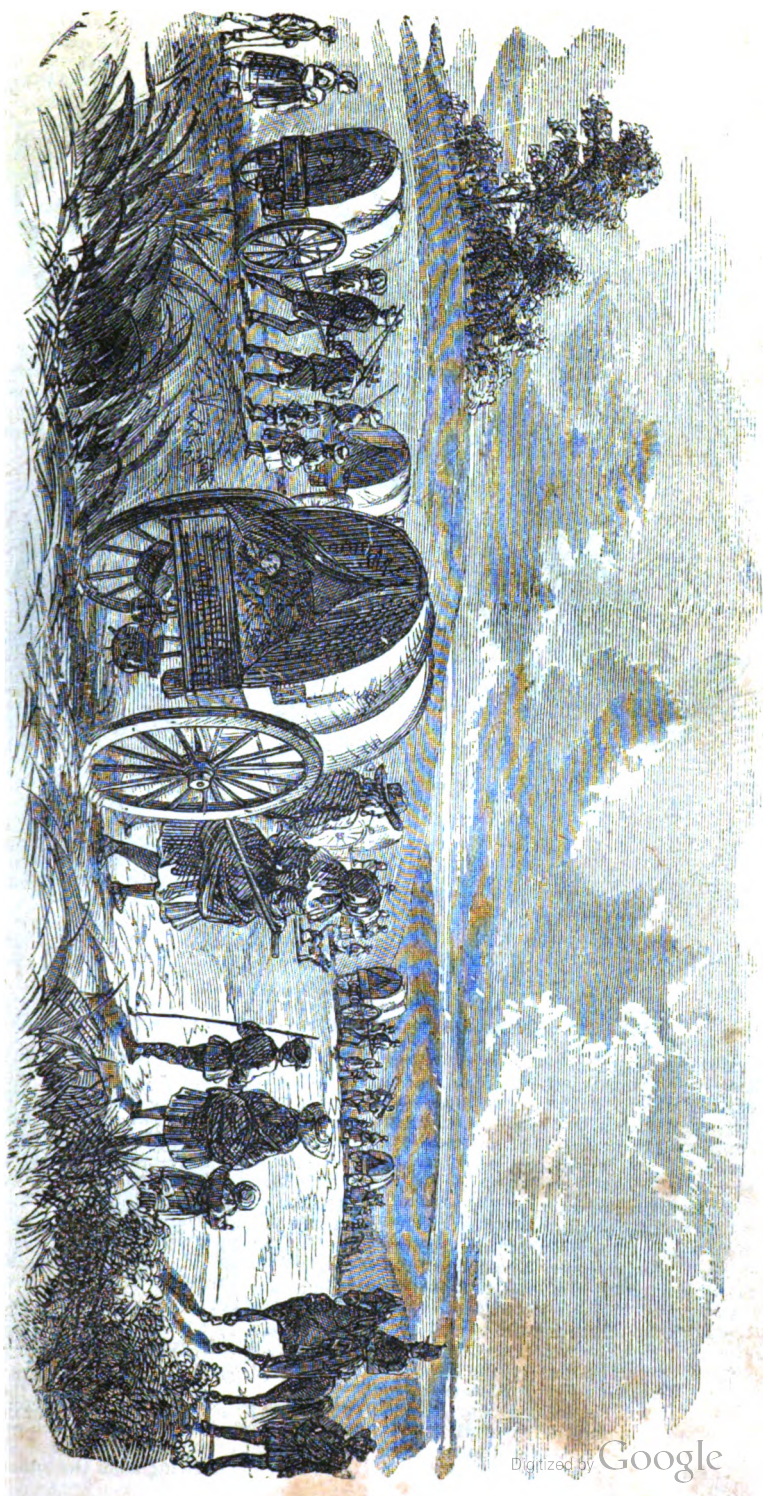
Our first picture of western scenes is a view of the Western Market, located near the centre of West Randolph Street. It is a fine brick building, with a tower of a graceful and unique pattern. The lower part always contains all the luxuries of the West, such as deer, prairie chickens, and in the summer time immense quantities of fruit. Strangers stopping in Chicago should visit the market, for it is a model of its kind.

Our next illustration is a view of Randolph Street, Chicago, and a busy thoroughfare it has been during the past two years. At one time a resident could not look from a window without seeing regiments or companies of gallant volunteers on their way to some camp for instruction, or else on the march for battle fields. From morning until night the street is filled with business men and teams containing produce, on their way to the depots, or from the railroad stations. It will be seen

that the street is a wide one, yet extensive, for it is none too broad for the business it witnesses every day. A fine view of the city and Randolph Street is obtained from the top of the court house.

Our third engraving gives a graphic and lifelike view of Cairo, located at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. At the commencement of the present war few places were more noted than Cairo, for the confederates saw the importance of the position, and would have seized it and held it (had such a thing been possible), but the Federal government took possession, and Illinois volunteers flocked to the place only to wish that they had been ordered to some other station, for during the dry weather the dust at Cairo is ankle deep, and in wet weather the mud is knee deep, and sometimes, for instance when the Mississippi is full, the soldiers used to contend that the mud was bottomless, and they point even to the present time, to some spots where Germans and kegs of lager beer entirely disappeared from sight. The mosquitoes are another source of annoyance at Cairo, and when they attack in force they are capable of defeating the finest body of men that ever shouldered arms. Many important expeditions have left Cairo to operate on the Mississippi River, and when the Father of Waters is once more opened the place will assume

MORMONS CROSSING THE PLAIN.







OLD SOLDIER AND YOUNG SOLDIER—PARISIAN SCENE.

considerable commercial importance. Our artist has given a very fair sketch of the town as it existed a few weeks since, after the troops were embarked for Vicksburg.

Our fourth western view is an accurate engraving of St. Ann's Church, corner of Larned and Bates Streets, Detroit, Michigan. We publish it as a matter of curiosity, for we believe there is no other building in the country that can boast of such a peculiar and picturesque style of architecture. The body of the church is of dark stone, and the towers and steeples of wood. It is a noted church in Detroit, much prized by those who attend it.

The last picture of the western scenes represents a party of Mormons on their way to the Salt Lake City, where hundreds have gone before them. It will be noticed that most of the party are drawing all their worldly goods and wealth in handcarts, a style of locomotion peculiar to the poorer class of latter day saints,

or those who arrive from Europe inspired with the hope of finding wealth, plenty and happiness in Utah. It is a long journey overland, and many of the disciples leave their bones upon the road, for the wolves and vultures to feast upon; but there is no privation which man and woman will not endure for the sake of religion. The scene was drawn for us some months since by an officer at Fort des Moines, past which the Mormons journeyed. By recent advices from Utah, it looks as though government was likely to have trouble with Governor Young, but the affair may blow over.

#### THE OLD AND YOUNG SOLDIER.

On this page we give a characteristic and spirited French sketch, the original of which may be met every day in Paris. A gentleman who sent the drawing from the other side of



the water, says that he drew it from life, and while thus engaged the patriotic veteran advanced slowly, one hand resting on the young soldier. His eyes, forever closed, saw not the sun shining through the blossoms of the horse-chestnut trees. In the place of his right arm hung an empty sleeve, and one of his thighs rested on a wooden leg, the ringing of which on the pavement made the passengers turn to look. On seeing this old wreck of patriotic struggles, the greater part shook their heads pitifully, and uttered a complaint or a malediction against war. But the veteran heeded them not. His thoughts were on the fields where he had fought and bled for Napoleon the First, and the instant the soldier pronounced the great man's name, every wail was hushed and some heads were uncovered. The people no longer thought of wounds and maimed limbs. They remembered that they were Frenchmen and loved glory.

## ORIENTAL PORTRAITS.

Men do not agree in their ideas of beauty. Different nations have different tastes, and while we are fascinated by the sylph-like, fair-faced Armenian girl, the Moor would look upon her with scorn, and turn with a kindled eye to his own idea of what constitutes beauty, viz., plenty of fat. We give the readers of the *DOLLAR MONTHLY* five different styles of beauty. The first, on this page, represents a Moorish lady of Algiers, a dark-eyed maid of well-developed charms, though with not enough of plumpitude to satisfy the taste of an oriental. Her dress is peculiar, and not ungraceful, with its low-necked jacket and laced sleeves, short tunic, and wide trousers gathered below the knee. When the material is of brilliant color, and pearls and gold are used unsparingly, the effect must be fine. The life of the Moorish women is much easier than that of the Arab females. Instead of being



A MOORISH LADY, ALGIERS.



YOUNG TURKISH GIRL.

ill-treated at home, they are imperious and exacting, and hold their lords and masters in subjection. Their expensive coquetry perhaps exceeds that of any other race of women. The Moors do not enjoy a very high reputation for morality.

The figure on this page is that of a Turkish girl, and the face of a Turkish woman borrows something from the different races of the ancient world, but the particular type of the East prevails. They have commonly pure and regular features, large black eyes, prominent cheek-bones, the nose somewhat aquiline, the lips well formed and colored, and the body rather stout. Pretty girls are rare, and are only found among those just budding into womanhood. The women of the *bourgeoise* class often have an extraordinary *embonpoint*, and an opulence of contours of which they are very vain. The dress the Turkish women wear in the streets is very simple. The *fer-*

*edje*, an ample and long garment of rose-colored, sky-blue, lilac or pea-green merino or cloth, envelopes the whole body, a band of muslin called the *yashmak* masks the face entirely, and only shows two black eyes brightened with *khol* and surmounted by eyebrows artificially united. No woman would dare to go out without this equipment ordained by Mussulman jealousy, without running the risk of insult. But Christians manage, sometimes, to obtain a glimpse of their faces, in spite of veil or *feredje*, and generally by the coquetry of the women.

Following, on page 361, is a picture representing a noble-looking Greek girl. The beauty and type of the Greeks are too well known to need description. In some families the women preserve the oriental costume in use among the Mussulmans and Levantines, but they wear it with that taste and elegance peculiar to their eminently artistic race.

Most of the women of distinction are dressed in the Frankish fashion, with some modifications, partly European and partly Asiatic. The Greek women used to live quite secluded, but intercourse with other nations has rendered them less shy. A Greek mother is proud if she can increase her husband's family at a rapid rate, and wives who are so unfortunate as not to bear children are looked upon with the utmost contempt. After the age of twenty-five a Greek mother grows old rapidly, and at thirty she is hideous.

The handsome Armenian girl, shown on page 362, whose face is soft and delicate, with large, laughing eyes, noble forehead, is a fair representative of her class and position. The portrait which is before the readers of the *DOLLAR MONTHLY* is an exact likeness of the daughter of a governor. The Armenians consider their women as inferior beings, treat them cruelly, and marry them to men whose faces the ladies do not see until after the priest

has performed the ceremony. The Armenian woman soon loses her beauty. She has a passion for sweetmeats, bonbons and all kinds of dulces, and consumes such stuff in preference to healthy food, and the consequence is she grows coarse and heavy, and at thirty is disgustingly fat.

Our last portrait in the picture gallery is that of a Jewish woman. Her face is noble, and bears all the peculiar traits of Jewish character. Her dress is neat, cool and picturesque, while the ornament for the head is peculiarly oriental in its character. Jewish ladies have always been celebrated for the beauty of their eyes. They have a strong attachment for their religion, and very seldom marry those who do not believe in it. The power of traditional rites and observances is almost impregnable with the Jewish people, and every infringement of them is regarded by them with bitter opposition and contemptuous hatred.



YOUNG GREEK GIRL.



**KITE FLYING OF THE CHINESE.**

Kite flying in this country is a dull and monotonous amusement, even for boys, who soon tire of the strain upon their hands and arms, and are glad enough to allow companions to attend the strings. But in China kite flying is an art, and carried to such a state of perfection that those who contend that aerial navigation is impossible, would alter their opinion after witnessing a party of Chinamen flying

the sport, and risk their money on the dragon or the bat, and the excitement is intense as the former pursues the latter, whisking through the air like a hawk, yet missing the object aimed at, and in turn is chased by the bat. After an hour or two of skillful manoeuvring one or the other is destroyed, and then shouts of triumph rend the air. Wherever the Chinaman wanders, in the East, he flies his kite. We have seen them in Manilla, in Bata-



YOUNG ARMENIAN GIRL.

their kites. The kites which the celestials manufacture are different in shape from those used in this country, as may be seen by referring to our illustration on page 364. They are destitute of long, thin tails, and lean bodies, but instead, they assume the form of bats, dragons, with monstrous eyes and hideous wings, birds of uncouth shape, and scorpions of monstrous size. When a dozen Chinamen meet to pursue their favorite amusement, if they are noted as experts, thousands watch

via, and in many of the British East India possessions. Our artist has conveyed a very fair idea of the sport, as conducted in China.

When the Athenian ambassadors expatiated much on the beauty of Alexander's person, and his power of drinking a large quantity of wine at one time, Demosthenes heard these reports with indignation; observing that the first topic of praise became a woman, and that the second contained the quality of a sponge.

## A PRAYING WHEEL.

Benjamin Franklin, in his boyhood, shocked his sober-minded father, by asking him why he didn't say grace once for all over the beef barrel, instead of repeating it at every meal. One cannot doubt that many people do multiply prayers to little profit, because the heart has a small share in the utterance. The Boodhists have displayed great ingenuity in repeating prayers by machinery; but while we, in

it was hard work for two priests to turn it. These praying cylinders were the great feature of the place, and were of all sizes; the smallest were about the size of humming tops, and resembled that toy in shape. They are called *chos-khor*, and are carried in the lamah's right hand, the handle being the axis on which they revolve. They turn at the slightest movement, and, as each revolution counts as one prayer, it is easy to carry on an animated con-



YOUNG JEWISH GIRL.

Christian lands, may smile or weep at their folly, we need not look far to see equal insincerity and impotence in the form of prayer. Colonel Torrens gives the following description in his travels:

"We went over the monastery, which was just the Church of Gorooguntal over again on a large scale. Amongst other things, we were shown with great pride a monster praying-wheel; the cylinder was at least ten feet in height, and five or six feet in diameter, and

versation, and get through any amount of prayers to Boodh at the same time. Others, a little longer were placed in shelves along the walls, about the height of a man's waist. The pious, in passing always give them a twist. But the most perfect specimen of this business-like way of getting over spiritual duties, practised by the Boodhists or Ladak, was a little water-mill, which we noticed, a short time after, near the village. The stream turned the mill-wheel, which was nothing





CHINESE KITE-FLYING.

more or less than a prayer cylinder, and revolved unceasingly; as long as the stream flowed on, so long would its devotions last. Unlike a 'friar of orders grey' apt to fall asleep over his beads, and to shirk the number of his *aves* which have been bargained for, this charming little mechanical contrivance never stopped to take breath, never slept, never left off for meals, but prayed continually 'free gratis for nothing.' He was certainly no fool, whatever else he may have been, who invented the praying-wheel."

#### "GOING INTO SOCIETY!"

All Paris is talking of the wondrous liberality and prodigality of a certain Russian nobleman, who has lately gained admittance into the chosen circle of the "upper ten thousand." His dinners are such as to create the envy, hatred, and malice of those who cannot partake of them, and the most intense admiration of those who do. But what, just at this mo-

ment, is creating quite a sensation, is that, on New Year's day, he called at Madame J. B—'s, and, finding her from home, left his card, and with it a pair of diamond earrings, which are said to be worth two hundred thousand francs.

## AT ANCHOR.

Ah, many a year ago, dear wife,  
 We floated down this river,  
 Where the hoar willows on its brink  
 Alternate wave and shiver;  
 With careless glance we viewed askance  
 The kingfisher at quest,  
 And scarce would heed the reed-wren near,  
 Who sang beside her nest;  
 Nor dreamed that e'er our boat would be,  
 Thus anchored and at rest,  
     Dear love,  
 Thus anchored and at rest.

O, many a time the wren has built  
 Where those green shadows quiver,  
 And many a time the hawthorn shed  
 Its blossoms on the river,  
 Since that sweet noon of sultry June,  
 When I my love confessed,  
 While with the tide our boat did glide  
 Adown the stream's smooth breast,  
 Whereon our little shallop lies  
 Now anchored and at rest,  
     Dear love,  
 Now anchored and at rest.

The waters still to ocean run,  
 Their tribute to deliver;  
 And still the hawthorns bud and bloom  
 Above the dusky river.  
 Still sings the wren—the water-hen  
 Still skims the ripple's crest;  
 The surf—as bright as on that night—  
 Sinks slowly down the west;  
 But now our tiny craft is moored,  
 Safe anchored and at rest,  
     Dear love,  
 Safe anchored and at rest.

For this sweet calm of after-days  
 We thank the bounteous Giver,  
 Who bids our life flow sweetly on  
 As this delicious river.  
 A world—our own—has round us grown,  
 Wherein we twain are blest;  
 Our child's first words than songs of birds  
 More music have expressed;  
 And all our centred happiness  
 Is anchored and at rest,  
     Dear love,  
 Is anchored and at rest.

We often regret we did not do otherwise,  
 when that very otherwise would in all prob-  
 ability have done for us. Life too often pre-  
 sents us with a choice of evils, rather than of  
 goods. Like the fallen angels of Milton, we  
 all know the evils that we have; but we are  
 ignorant what greater evils we might have en-  
 countered by rushing on *apparent* goods, the  
 consequence of which we know not.—*Colton.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE COMING ANGEL:

—OR,—

## MY GENTLE NURSE.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

I CAME home from sea heartily sick and  
 tired of ocean life. I resolved to build me a  
 little nest in some quiet neighborhood, and I  
 hoped to find some woman who would not  
 disdain to share it with me, however humble  
 and unassuming were its appointments. And  
 having so determined, I set myself speedily to  
 its accomplishment. For many months my  
 little toy of a house occupied my mind and  
 the labor of my hands. I turned alternately  
 carpenter, mason, painter and gardener. Ev-  
 ery day saw some improvement. The building  
 was a small one, fronting the south, where I  
 had saved some splendid rock maples for  
 shade. The man of whom I had bought the  
 land was surprised when I told him I was go-  
 ing to keep them standing. They would  
 spoil my prospect, he said. But the trees  
 stood. I had a low wing built at the eastern  
 and also at the western end, forming two dear  
 little rooms, in which we could behold the  
 rising and setting sun.

It was easy to build the house; but the wo-  
 man who was to occupy it with me, was still  
 out in the long future—a being unknown. I  
 went out into society, and cultivated young  
 lady society intensely. I was not fastidious  
 overmuch. I did not seek for beauty, riches  
 and goodness all in the same person; they  
 seldom meet thus. But I did look for pretti-  
 ness and intelligence combined; for I had a  
 sailor's horror of ugly women, and had not a  
 sailor's disregard to the intellectual.

I added every day some new charm to my  
 dwelling, where I had already installed the  
 dearest of all mothers. Birds, and flowers,  
 and books, the choicest plants, the most rare  
 and delicate of foreign shells, gathered in my  
 visits to other lands, all awaited the coming  
 woman, who yet did not come, and I sought  
 her everywhere, in vain.

My mother had a pet scheme to marry me  
 to a young girl, the daughter of a friend; and  
 some such foolish nonsense had been perpe-  
 trated in our babyhood as to plan a marriage  
 between us. I tried to like Constance Mason,  
 willing to please the two old ladies who de-  
 sired it so much; but I could not bring myself  
 to love so passive and uninteresting a being.

My wife must have some character; must be able to carve out life for herself, not yield blindly to me. So that project flitted by on broken wing; and while my mother was bemoaning my bachelorhood, I met one whom it seemed very possible that I could love.

Henrietta Clarendon was the sister of a friend of my own, and was then on a visit to him. Charles Clarendon had been married about three months, and this was his sister's first visit. I knew how pleasing it would be to him, and I tried to make myself agreeable to the young lady, at first for her brother's sake, and then for her own. How well I succeeded may be known by the fact that we were engaged lovers in less than six weeks after I first saw her.

The days of courtship are interesting only to the parties undergoing that ordeal. I shall forbear to speak of them further; yet I must justify to the reader my choice of a wife, by describing her. She was tall and graceful. Her hair was lighter than my taste approved, but of singular beauty and length; her eyes were blue, and sparkling with vivacity. She had very beautiful hands—almost too beautiful for a poor man's wife, who *must* use those members for household purposes. There was no shying that fact; my wife must work. Her life should be as happy as I could make it; but I could not have afforded a useless companion—nor would I, if I could. My mother—than whom no one ever deserved the name of lady—was a domestic angel. Henrietta was doomed, in my mind, from our betrothed, to follow in her footsteps. Should I love my angel the less because she could furnish my supper with her own fair hands?

Thus matters stood when our country heard the cry of arms. My whole soul responded to the summons, and I announced myself in readiness to depart. Mine was a Spartan mother, who could bid me go, and choke back her tears as she said the word good-by. But Henrietta's was not a brave spirit; she even seemed displeased that my country should take precedence of herself in my heart. Thank God, I was not the recreant she would have made me! I was grieved and astonished at her conduct and her words. Evidently, she was no wife for a soldier; but then I expected to be a man of peace again before many months, and I would not trouble the parting hour by chiding her cowardice.

Our regiment was foremost in the fight, and many of our brave boys were laid low. It seemed to wear a charmed life; for I became

so bitter towards the rebels, as I marked their unmanly course, that I cared for no danger, and was in the thickest of every battle we fought, without a thought of myself. Even my mother and Henrietta were forgotten in the hour of warfare. Still, I was never touched; my hour had not yet come.

It came, however. I had joined the Western cavalry, and had been promoted to the rank of captain. I was employed in establishing pickets one evening, aided by twenty of my men, when we were fired upon from a cedar thicket. Two poor fellows were shot down from their horses. I had just dismounted and stood beside them, when another volley took effect upon myself. I knew nothing until I found myself in the hospital, amidst the dead and dying, who had been brought in hastily from the scene where treachery and meanness had done their work.

My own work was done. When I came from the hands of the surgeon, I was a miserable wreck of a man, minus an arm and a leg, and with an ugly scar upon my cheek. These were visible injuries; but my whole body bore the marks of bullets that had been extracted while I lay insensible.

I longed, then, for that dear mother's hand which had ministered to me so often. If ever a man longs to be a boy again, and cling to a mother's arms, it is when, helpless and powerless, he wakes up wounded and sore, as I did. But when I had time to analyze my selfishness, I felt that my mother's presence there would be no joy, but deep and bitter pain to me.

When the twilight approached, and the moans of my fellow-sufferers were subsiding into sleep under the effect of the opiates, I became aware of the presence of a woman at my bedside. She was bathing my hot and feverish face with some cool, scented liquid. It was as if angels were kissing my brow, and fanning me with fragrant wings. It was so different from the rough, though well-meant handling I had first received from the surgeon and his mates. "Some old lady, who has a son in battle," I thought; "and she handles me thus gently, for his sake." All night she was flitting from one bed to another, as I saw in my sleepless agony—for my wounds were very terrible. "I shall never see home again," I said to myself.

Well, perhaps it was best that I should not. Perhaps it would be less dreadful to *them* to hear of my death, than to see me brought back a maimed, useless cripple. And then,

too, the feeling that I had not met my wounds in open, fearless warfare, with sword in hand, urging my faithful horse against the enemy, and winning glory with my own right hand; but to be shot down in the dark by the mean, miserable, skulking cowards from their ambush—O, the agony of all this! What tongue can fully express all that a brave man might feel at such a moment!

It was near dawn when my opiate took effect, and I slept heavily until afternoon. I awoke comparatively free from pain, and beside me sat, as I supposed, the angel of last night. No aged crone—no worn-out nurse, hardened and callous in her profession—No! A sweet, tender face was there; no longer young, it is true, nor with much of what we call beauty, but with something that touched me deeper than youth or beauty could have done. All that is pure and womanly—all that man ought to love and respect in woman, was there. The soft, gentle eyes shone kindly in their light; the low, sweet voice, the tender, thrilling touch of delicate hands when needed—all were there to minister to my shattered nerves or body. And when I needed her no longer, she glided off to other sick beds, to perform the same offices for my poor comrades; reading to them, singing soft, low songs, and praying, as I could discern by her kneeling figure, when the parting soul was struggling upward.

She never left our ward, save for a few hours in the morning, to sleep off the fatigue of the night. She seemed endowed with almost miraculous endurance as a nurse. Every day she grew lovelier to my sight, until I thought there never was so beautiful a being. She was very pale, save when some chance word brought up a rich but fleeting color to her cheek. Her form was slender, her height corresponding, yet every motion betokened health; and though very small, she was far removed from lankness.

Little by little I learned her history. She was a widow, even at the age of seventeen. After her husband's death, her brother and herself, being orphans, lived together ten years, when the war broke out, and he joined the army. He was killed, and his body was sent to his sorrowing sister. From that moment an irresistible desire to nurse the soldiers filled her whole soul. She could not avenge her brother's death, for she was a woman; but she could nurse the brave men who had, like him, given themselves to their country. She offered her services, and was accepted.

Thus much I learned of Helen Leigh's life. She was alone in the world, bound only to the wounded soldiers, whom she loved for her dead brother's sake. This devotion of hers affected me inexpressibly. For *such* a woman, what might not a man do and dare?

"Did you object to your brother joining the army?" I asked her.

That rich, beautiful glow flashed into her face, with a dash of scorn and surprise at the question.

"Object! I object!"

"Pardon me," I said, hastily. "I do not believe you would." And I thought bitterly of one who *did*.

"No," she resumed, after a pause, in which I thought she was shedding tears to the memory of her brother. "No, Albert told me that he was called to die for his country; he did not believe that he should live to return, and he flattered me with no vain hopes. And I, believing that dying in such a cause was better than living ingloriously at home, choked back the tears that would have come, and told him to go. I am glad that I did not dampen his spirits by my sadness. I am glad that he died so noble a death. Believe me, my dead brother is better to me than many living ones who did not live his heroic life, and will not die his heroic death."

My intercourse with my gentle nurse was becoming each day sweeter. I was, all unconsciously to myself, learning to love her better than I had ever loved mortal woman. My unconsciousness was gone, however, when I read the answer to my letter which I had written home by the hand of my comrade, who had lost neither of those valuable members.

"Henrietta does not write," wrote my mother; "not because you did not address your letter to herself, but because she feels that, in your present state, she will not bind you to your engagement. She bids me say that she grieves for your misfortunes. She shows the amount of her grief by attending, this evening, a large and gay party. I will not pain you, my son, by speaking of her again. You will not grieve, I know, that you see what she might have been to you as a wife."

"Ah, my mother!" I said to myself. "How little does *her* love bear comparison with thine!"

"Love, love, there are soft smiles and tender words, And there are faces skilful to put on

The look we trust in—and 'tis mockery all!  
A faithless mist—a desert vapor wearing  
The brightness of clear waters, thus to cheat  
The thirst that semblance kindled!

There is none  
In all this cold and hollow world—no fount  
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within  
A mother's heart."

I thought how truly had the sweet poet of  
the affections divined a mother's love.

Weeks, and even months, I lingered at the  
hospital. Had I not received the best of care,  
I must have sunk under my sufferings; not  
*mental* sufferings. Strange to say, I not only  
felt calm and resigned under Henrietta's con-  
duct, but even hilarious at the thought that I  
was not bound to her.

"I shall never marry any one, of course," I  
said to myself; "but I shall have my mother  
to love me, and perhaps, when the war is  
over, my gentle nurse may come and live with  
us, making our home brighter and happier."

I do not think that I felt very sad at the  
figure which I should make in such indulgent  
eyes. I fancied myself walking about the gar-  
den—on crutches, it is true—but with those  
two tender friends beside me; and the picture  
was not *very* disheartening. I ventured to  
speak of it to Helen, as I had now learned to  
call her. I described my mother, and the joy  
she would have in sharing her home with one  
who had been so kind to her son. The vivid  
blushes that bathed her face in crimson light,  
gave me the initial letters that spoke of some-  
thing that was not merely friendship. Then  
I told her of Henrietta, and I showed her my  
mother's letter. Before she had read it  
through, she burst into tears.

"Would Helen Leigh have done thus?" I  
asked. The sweet face lay pale and tearful  
upon my heart. I repeated what I had said  
to myself, "I can marry no one now." And I  
asked, "Would you have loved me, Helen, if  
you had seen me in happier days, when I  
walked among men as straight and unhurt as  
the proudest form among them?"

And, amid happy tears and sobs and smiles,  
she whispered, "Dear, I love you best now!"

And when the war is past that now harasses  
this distressed country, Helen is to come  
home—to the home where for four happy  
weeks I have been tended hourly by a fond  
mother, who hails her coming as that of an  
angel. God be thanked, that my right arm is  
untouched, and that the other limbs may be  
replaced by artificial aid, so that the poor

cripple may bear once more the semblance of  
a man! It is worth all the pain I have had,  
to have ridden myself of a heartless coquette,  
and to attach to my shattered fortunes a true  
woman's heart. And to-day I have written  
to Helen, that a double joy will fill my heart  
when Peace sits brooding over our country,  
and Love smiles upon our home.

### SELAH.

This word which is used in the Psalms sev-  
enty-four times, and thrice in the prophecy of  
Habakkuk, must have some significant mean-  
ing, and yet there seems to be much doubt in  
reference to the matter. It is a Hebrew word,  
which the translators have left as they found  
it, because they could not agree as to its mean-  
ing. The Targum and most of the Jewish  
commentators give to the word the meaning  
of *eternally forever*. The voice of the Septu-  
agint translation appears to have regarded it  
as a musical or rhythmical note. Herner re-  
gards it as indicating a change of tone; Math-  
erson, as a musical note, equivalent, perhaps,  
to the word *report*. According to Luther,  
and others, it is equivalent to the exclamation  
*silence!* Gesenius says "Selah means, let  
the instruments play and the singer stop."  
Wocher regards it as equivalent to *sursum  
corda!* (up, my soul!) Sommer, after ex-  
amining all the seventy-four passages in which  
the word occurs, recognizes in every case an  
actual appeal of summons to Jehovah; they  
are calls for aid, and prayer to be heard, ex-  
pressed either with entire directness, or, if  
not in the imperative "Hear, Jehovah!" and  
the like, still earnest addresses to God, that  
He would remember and hear, etc. The word  
itself he regards as indicating a blast of trump-  
ets by the priests. Selah, itself, he thinks is  
an abridged expression used for Higgaion, in-  
dicating the sound of the stringed instruments,  
and Selah a vigorous blast of trumpets. Some  
think the word marks the beginning of a new  
sense, or a new measure of verses; and others,  
that it joins what follows to that which goes  
before, and shows that what has been said de-  
serves always to be remembered. Some have  
thought Selah showed the cessation of the ac-  
tual inspiration of the psalmist, and others,  
that it is simply a note to indicate the eleva-  
tion of the voice, and still others, that it is  
equivalent to Amen, be it so, or let it be.—  
*Biblical Researches.*

The first indication of domestic happiness is  
the love of one's home.



[ORIGINAL.]

## BE CALMED IN THE GULF.

BY LIEUT. JAMES FRANKLIN FITZ.

No breath to fill the idle sail,  
Or wake the slumbrous wave;  
No more we hear Atlantic's gate  
In fitful fury rave.  
We died before his mellow night  
Through heave of stormy gloom,  
And now another morning's light  
Hath rescued us from doom.

Joy! for the brave bark tranquil swings  
In this unruffled sea,  
With broken plumes and weary wings,  
An ocean-bird set free!  
The risen sun beams bright with smiles,  
The sky has nothing sad,  
And laughing in its watery wiles,  
The gulf would fain be glad.

O, sights and sounds replete with peace,  
Ye calm my breast to-day,  
And all this dark unrest must cease  
Beneath your placid sway!  
Peace, vexing soul! peace, troubling brain!  
The storms are hushed to sleep;  
Let sweet serenity again  
Brood o'er thy restless deep!

And see, as twilight deepens far,  
And dies the day's last glow,  
The lighthouse shows its beacon star,  
In scintillating flow.  
Shine on, true warder of the wave,  
Stretch out thy brilliant arm,  
And hold us from the watery grave  
With thine unshaken charm!

And O, as thus our gallant bark  
Hath gained us refuge here,  
And as yon beacon glides the dark,  
Wide canopy with cheer:  
So may each soul outside the blast  
Of life's tempestuous main;  
And, in the light from Calvary east,  
A heavenly harbor gain!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE FELON'S SECRET.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY M. E. B.

It was a raw, cold night, like all November nights under a British sky; sleep had already spread her mantle over Brest, and nothing was heard in the harbor save the creaking of

the immense cables that held the ships, the roaring of the waves, and the measured tramp of the sentinels.

In the distance, on the left bank, the convict prison loomed forth, lit up in the midst of the black mass which surrounded it. One of its wards, however, shone less brilliantly than its neighbors—this was the convicts' infirmary. At the window of this infirmary, stood a young man, wearing the uniform of a marine surgeon, with his forehead resting against the iron bars, plunged in profound thought.

"What is the use of living without happiness?" murmured he to himself, "and how can happiness be obtained without riches? Wealth—that is the grand object—and as for the means of acquiring it, there are no bad ones but those which did not succeed. If I commit some base act and become rich, 'tis but a momentary suffer, which the rest of my life will blot out. To be guilty of some crime, and obtain wealth! That only is criminal which is detected; and as for remorse, if there be such a thing, can it torment me more than want? Which of the two causes the most suffering, an unsatisfied desire or repentance? At any rate, I can by no means be sure about the pangs which arise from an uneasy conscience, while I am perfectly certain about those which spring from indigence. Logic, then, convinces me that I must do anything and everything to overcome poverty. A poor man does not live, but to live is to be one's own master; which a poor man assuredly is not. Here am I, twenty-seven years old, and passionately fond of all the pleasures of youth, while my life is passed in administering to the dying. I live either between decks or in a hospital ward, hearing nothing but groans and blasphemies! What is the end of such a life, and what have I done to merit it? Why should I longer endure it? And if I seek to put an end to it by what men style crime, how shall I find an opportunity? Successful crimes are rare, and it is by a special favor of Heaven that one falls in with them. Three quarters of mankind are deterred from crime only by the positive difficulty of committing it."

To one who could read his thoughts, the young surgeon presented a singular spectacle—his spirit chafing at restraint, his indignation at the impotence of the poor man to do evil to advantage, and his calling God to account for the barriers with which he had hampered in crime. However, on examining closely, it was easy to see that in this singular

train of thought, there was more of error than corruption. His immorality did not spring from vice, but from ambition and the thirst for power, which is not an uncommon malady of hot-blooded youth.

Edward Launay was, in point of fact, one of those men who pass in envying fortune, the time which should be spent in acquiring it, and who will not accept a position in the world, but prefer to choose one. He was neither willing to resign himself to poverty, nor to work that he might raise himself above it.

Launay had for some time been occupied with these reflections, the significance of which we have detailed, when the *infirmer* entered, and announced to him that Number Seven was dead. The young surgeon left the window carelessly, and with regret; he passed between the two rows of beds, to the *chambre* which had been designated, for in a hospital a sick man has no name; the only thing they know and take care of is the bed—the man who finds himself there is only a transient passenger.

On reaching Number Seven, Launay drew back the covering which, according to custom, had been thrown over the face of the dead, and curiously gazed upon it. All his pre-occupations had evidently given place to a sort of scientific interest; the instinct of the physician awoke at the sight of the corpse.

He passed his hand lightly over the protuberances of the skull, and studied for a moment the muscles of the face, and then, as if he had suddenly determined to verify certain observations, or clear up certain doubts, he ordered the body to be carried to the amphitheatre.

The deceased indeed offered a worthy subject for study to a disciple of Gall or Lavater. Convicted of burglary, and condemned to imprisonment for life, Pierre Cranon had passed twenty years of prison life, ever occupied with the idea of escape. His attempts at escape, sometimes fortunate, but which had never been able to evade search for any length of time, amounted to sixty in number, and he had sixty times undergone the lash of the convict keeper. These cruel punishments had rendered him infirm and sickly, without causing him to relinquish his projects. They said that his desire for liberty increased with the impossibility of satisfying it; the idea of escape became with Cranon a species of incorrigible monomania, and he had recourse to the most extraordinary methods. Finally the fellow

had been chained to his bench, laden with a thirty pound iron ball, and he broke forth no more. This last measure filled him with despair; he seemed to give up all idea of escape, and fell seriously ill. At the time our story opens, he had already been in the infirmary some eight days.

The guard returned with a bier, and the body was transported to the hall for dissection. The amphitheatre of the prison, which was rarely used, was even more loathsome than those places generally are. Here and there were scattered various limbs, half eaten by the rats; strips of petrified flesh hung along the marble table, and the foot slipped on the flagstones inundated with greenish blood. At the lower end of the room, a mutilated skeleton, suspended by an open window, swung in the night air, and made a hideous clinking.

Accustomed as Launay was to the sight of such objects, yet the unwonted hour, the cold dampness of the amphitheatre, and that fantastic uncertainty of outline which night throws over everything, caused him to feel somewhat uncomfortable. However, he hastened to prepare his instruments, and approaching the table, uncovered the corpse of the convict. It was entirely naked; the body, emaciated and shrunken, would have seemed to belong to an old man, had not here and there certain tense muscles, and certain portions of the flesh better preserved, marked the remains of the prime of manhood; but these traces of vigor were few and far between. His limbs, covered with scars left by the lash of the *garde-chiourme*, were for the most part so lacerated, and slashed, that one would have thought them composed of a thousand fragments coarsely welded together. The iron manacle still imprisoned his left leg, and had worn on it a deep scar.

After having regarded for a moment the features of a man who during life had suffered so much in order to break a chain whose end still hung from his body, Launay drew the lamp nearer, and took his dissecting knife. But the moment he seized the arm of the dead man, he thought he perceived some resistance. Surprised and somewhat alarmed, he leaned over the body and raised its head to the light; the eyelids trembled slightly; he drew nearer—the eyes suddenly opened!

Launay sprang back, filled with terror; the body slowly straightened up, assumed a sitting posture, and looked around uneasily. The young surgeon was immovable, not know-

ing what to think, when he saw Pierre Cranon glide lightly to the floor, and direct his steps toward the window. This movement explained the whole thing. Already had the convicts more than once sought, by a simulated death, the chances of escape; he understood that he had been duped, and, recovering from his first fright, he sprang after Cranon, and seized him round the waist, just as he was about to leap from the window.

The convict struggled to free himself; but Launay did not let go his hold, and a desperate struggle began between them. It ended in the fall of Pierre, who naked and enfeebled, could not long resist.

"You see you are not the strongest," said the surgeon, pressing him down with his knee on his chest; "you cannot escape me."

Cranon still struggled, but soon perceiving that all his efforts were in vain, gave over resisting.

"Let me escape, in the name of God, Monsieur Launay!" said he, in a supplicating voice. "What difference can my flight make to you? You are not charged to guard me."

"I am responsible during your illness. And what would they say of a physician who let the dead escape?"

"They will not know it; and, moreover, they can do nothing to you. O, I conjure you, Monsieur Launay, let me save myself, let me go forth! I ought by this time to have passed the door. In a moment I should have been free, I should have taken a step on other than prison soil—I should have breathed the air without! For since my last evasion, they have not let me go out, as you know well enough, dear Monsieur Launay. I beseech, I implore you!"

"It is impossible."

The felon made another struggle to free himself; but the surgeon held him firmly.

"You don't stir without my permission," said he. "I don't choose to have it said that you made a fool of me."

"I want to be free; I must be free!" cried Cranon. "O, my God! to have suffered so long for nothing! I who have made no attempt for two months. I have lost an opportunity, perhaps. I, who have gone three days without eating, that I might become ill, and go to the infirmary; I succeeded so well as to seem dead—you were all deceived—and all that for nothing, positively nothing! To have what one has struggled for so long, within one's grasp, and then to lose it—O, it is too much!"

Cranon beat his head with rage against the flagstones of the amphitheatre. Launay was moved by his despair.

"And why do you desire liberty so eagerly?"

"Why? Ah, you have never been a prisoner. Why do I wish to be free? Because I don't want to live here. I want to return to my country before I die; to warm myself in the sun of Marseilles. Just think, it is twenty years since I saw an olive."

"But you are no longer strong enough or well enough to resume your old calling; you would die of hunger if you were at liberty."

Cranon's face lighted up with a smile of disdainful vanity.

"I am richer than you all."

"You, rich?"

"I."

"You are very lucky."

Although this was said in irony, yet the accent of the surgeon had doubtless something in it, which the convict understood.

"Listen," said he, in a low tone, "would you likewise be rich? I have enough for two."

"You take me for an idiot, Cranon."

"I tell you I can make your fortune?"

"Some robbery that I am to commit with you, is it not?"

"No, but money to receive. Help me to escape and I will share with you."

"Keep your tales for some one else," said Launay, ashamed of having, in spite of himself, lent his ear to the lies of a felon. "Return to the hall, and let's have an end of this."

Speaking thus, the young surgeon arose, but without letting go Cranon's hands.

"You won't believe me?" said he, in despair.

"Upon my soul, Monsieur Launay, I have told you the truth. What can I do to convince you?"

"Show me your treasure."

"I have it not here; you know well enough that I couldn't have it here; but let me escape and I swear before God you shall have your share."

"I regard it as received. Come on, my droll fellow, and we will have your chain rejoined."

Cranon groaned. For a moment he seemed the prey to a painful indecision; at length, drawing himself up suddenly:

"Listen to me!" cried he, with such an air of truth, that the surgeon was convinced.

"Will you promise to let me escape if I prove to you that I do not lie?"

"We'll see about that."

"Will you promise me?"

"Well, I don't risk much, I suppose."

"Swear, then."

"So be it, I swear."

"Well, in the square of St. Michael, at the north side of the rock l'Irglas, at the bottom of an orifice, under six feet of earth, I hid, ten years ago, a casket which contained four hundred thousand francs in bank notes."

"And how did you come by that casket?"

"By a business transaction—do you understand? Four hundred thousand francs. Well, if you wish it, half of that sum is yours."

Launay shook his head. "There is only one fault with your story, and that is that ten years ago you were already in prison."

"Ten years ago I escaped with Martin. We accomplished the affair together in the square, and hid the casket there from fear of being pursued. The next day the *gendarmérie* arrested us at Plestere. Since then Martin has died at the galleys, and I alone am left who know of the hiding place."

In spite of Launay's efforts to appear indifferent, it was evident that he listened to the felon with eager attention. When the latter had finished speaking, he remained for some time buried in thought, as if weighing with himself the probability of that which he had just heard; but suddenly arousing himself from his pre-occupation, he blushed on meeting the gaze which Cranon fixed upon him, and said in a tone which he strove to render careless:

"Your talk is well invented, but it is old. People no longer believe in hidden treasures, even in the comic operas. Think of another story for me."

The convict trembled. "You don't believe me?" said he.

"I believe that you are a cunning rogue who likes to exercise his imagination at the expense of fools."

"Monsieur Launay, Monsieur Launay, for Heaven's sake pity me! The casket is in a crevice of l'Irglas; I am sure of finding it on searching."

"I will excuse you from that trouble."

"Monsieur Launay, you shall have two-thirds; I will give you two-thirds."

"It is abundant—"

"And all the jewels, for there are also some jewels."

"That's enough, I tell you—not another word more—up with you."

Cranon uttered a cry of rage and fell back upon the floor.

"I won't get up till they take me from here; I won't stir a step. O, he will not believe me! Monsieur Launay, it is the truth, and moreover— But he will not believe me! And not to have the casket because it is impossible to prove that I do not lie! Only ten leagues between it and me, between the prison and wealth! Monsieur Launay, Monsieur Launay, you will repent of this— O, he will not believe me!"

The convict rolled on the floor, crazy with despair. As for Launay, he showed great perplexity. The tale of Cranon had aroused that world of evil thoughts which slumbered within him. On the one hand he felt disposed to give credence to the fellow's words, and to agree to his proposition; while on the other the fear of being made a dupe of, and the shame of such a connivance restrained him. This last reason prevailed; and to put an end to the temptation at once, he approached Cranon, and taking him under the arms, attempted to raise and carry him himself to the hall. Perceiving that his efforts were useless, he decided to go and obtain assistance.

He went out, and then after having double locked the door, hastened to the *salle de garde*, where he ordered two *infirmiers* to follow him. As they drew near the amphitheatre, the report of a musket was heard close to them, and almost at the same moment a man, naked and bleeding, appeared tottering at the other end of the court. It was Cranon, who, left alone, had succeeded in escaping by the window, and upon whom the sentinel had just fired. Launay arrived in time to receive him in his arms; but the ball had penetrated his breast—he was dead!

Two years have flown by since the events we have just narrated, and the scene changes to Badenville, a charming little city near the Black Forest, whose site seemed to have been chosen with special reference to the convenience of poets who would describe a terrestrial paradise. At the time of which we write, it was a very fashionable resort on account of its baths, and their supposed medicinal virtues.

All the beauty and fashion of this romantic little city are assembled within the salons of Mr. Morpeth, an English gentleman, who had been passing the summer here with an only daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen, and the idol of her father. This ball is given in honor of her engagement to Mr. Edward

Launay, a young French gentleman, to whom she is passionately attached, and, on whom Morpeth, who can refuse her nothing, has reluctantly consented to bestow her hand.

Mr. Morpeth, as he crosses the salon to speak to his brilliant daughter, who is looking even lovelier than usual, in an exquisite ball costume, presents a fair specimen of the English gentleman, noble and upright in heart, as he is courtly in manner.

"My darling Fanny," said he, pointing to a superb cameo clasp which adorned his daughter's slender waist, "I perceive a new jewel which I do not remember to have seen before in your possession. Permit me to examine it—how long have you had this?"

Miss Morpeth blushed slightly, and replied: "Only to-day, dear father."

"Where did you purchase it?" continued he, apparently much astonished, and examining the clasp still more attentively.

"I did not buy it; it was a present from dear Edward."

Morpeth uttered an exclamation of surprise, as on touching a hidden spring, the cameo flew open and disclosed a lock of hair.

"Where did M. Launay obtain this jewel?"

"It was left him by his mother."

"He told you that?"

"Certainly."

"Will you allow me to take it for a few moments?" said he, much disturbed; his daughter smilingly did as required, unclasping the gem and handing it to her father.

The Englishman's face looked very grave as, drawing one side with the clasp, he paced up and down the salon, glancing alternately from the cameo to Launay, who stood at a little distance conversing with a group of gentlemen, and who had observed nothing of this conversation. At length he seemed to have resolved on a course of action, and approached the group, of which Launay made one. It chanced that at that moment a Frenchman was speaking of the exploration of the Euphrates, and of the numerous dangers which explorers underwent in the midst of those savage hordes.

"The dangers to which one is exposed in Europe are scarcely less," observed a German baron, who was present; "and there are very few travellers who have not had their life endangered at one time or another."

"I myself am a witness to that," interrupted Morpeth, "for here in France some twelve years ago I was robbed and very nearly murdered."

An exclamation of curiosity ran through the group. "You! you! how was that?"

"It is a very simple story," continued he, "though a very frightful event to me. After having embarked from Brest, I was crossing Brittany in a post-chaise entirely alone, with some 400,000 francs in bank-notes in my possession. We were crossing a large square called the Square of St. Nicholas."

Launay, who had up to this time been an indifferent listener, leaned forward and turned deadly pale. The Englishman continued:

"As I was saying, we were crossing the square in the dead of night, and perceiving a black object just ahead of me, I inquired of the postillion what it was. 'L'Irglas,' replied he; and I assure you, gentlemen, that name will live in my memory, for at that instant the chaise came to a sudden stop, and I heard the fall of a body. I sprang to the door, but remember no more, for I fell back bathed in my own blood."

A murmur of horror interrupted M. Morpeth, and turning towards Launay, he perceived his unearthly pallor; he proceeded:

"When I came to myself, several days after, I learned that I been found, senseless in the square, the carriage robbed, and the postillion dead."

"And could they not discover the assassins?" asked several persons at the same time.

"All search was fruitless. But I do not despair, for among the articles of which I was robbed, was a casket containing several jewels, easily recognized, and among others, a cameo like this." And M. Morpeth showed the clasp he held in his hand.

Launay uttered a cry, and seemed about to faint. "My God, her father!" shouted he, and staggered from the room.

"What is the matter with him?" cried they on all sides.

"I will go and see," replied Morpeth, in a stern voice; but he returned in a few moments—the young man had left the house.

The ball was over, and Mr. Morpeth sat in his study, thinking over the events of the evening, and stunned by the discovery which he believed he had made. Suddenly a low knock was heard at the door, and Edward Launay entered.

"You are doubtless astonished at seeing me, sir," said he.

"I am, indeed. Assassins have generally more caution," replied Morpeth, cuttingly.

"Ah, do not condemn me yet! I am indeed



most culpable, but not so much so as you think."

"How, then, did you come by this cameo? and why were you so disturbed by my tale, a few hours since? It is evident that you know of the crime, if you took no part in it."

"I did know of it."

"You gave Miss Morpeth a jewel which you declared to be a family heritage. Is it your family, then, whom I ought to accuse?"

"No, no! My family is as worthy of respect as your own."

"What part, then, did you take in this crime, unhappy one?"

"I accepted the heritage of it. But listen to me, monsieur. My moments are precious, and I have no time to lose."

Mr. Morpeth signed to him that he listened. Then Launay related to him all that had taken place; the revelation of Pierre Cranon, his death, the researches he had made under his directions, and lastly, their success. When he had finished this long confession, he handed Mr. Morpeth a portfolio and a casket.

"Your four hundred thousand francs are in government bonds," continued he; "you will here find the receipts, together with a paper signed by me, conferring the proprietorship on you. The casket contains the other valuables of which you were robbed."

Morpeth examined the papers and the casket. When he had assured himself that nothing was wanting:

"Monsieur," said he to Launay, with some embarrassment, "what you have just told me is so strange, and this restitution is so unexpected, that I don't know how to reply to you, whether with thanks or reproaches; you have committed a grave fault."

"A crime, sir," interrupted Edward, "a crime! Ah, I no longer seek to conceal the truth. After the confidence of Cranon, I struggled for some time, but without success. I could think of nothing but the hidden treasure. Every night I saw L'Irglas in my dreams, and saw there the casket and portfolio. I heard a voice crying to me, 'L'Irglas, L'Irglas, there is everything—an establishment, equipage, the smiles of women!' In order to become rich, I have only, as in the fairy tales, to touch the rocks, and gold will pour forth. I need not kill any one, nor perjure myself. But with my poverty, I lost my peace of mind. A shade followed me everywhere! Every instant it seemed to me that I heard a voice crying out, 'Restore what you have stolen!' I never went without poi-

son about me, determined not to survive the shame of a discovery. I repeated in vain to myself that my fears were groundless; that the proprietor of these riches no longer lived; but spite of all, I feared, as children fear the night, instinctively, and without knowing wherefore."

Launay stopped. For some moments he seemed to breathe with great difficulty, and frequently carried his hand to his chest. After a short silence, he continued:

"But what are these details to you, monsieur? The recital of my temptations can only interest myself. Pardon me, I will withdraw."

He moved toward the door, but paused a moment as though he desired something he dared not ask for.

"We shall meet no more," said he, in a broken voice, without raising his eyes. "The farewell which I bid you now, should perhaps be considered that of a dying man. Monsieur, I had wished—I had hoped that it would not be heard alone. O, that she would look on me once more, that I might hear her speak again!"

He paused and looked towards Mr. Morpeth, but he in turn lowered his eyes.

"I understand," said Edward, overwhelmed. "You judge me unworthy of this last favor. I have no right to demand it; the pure alone can exact pity."

He bowed profoundly, and turned to depart, when Fanny suddenly appeared. She was clothed in white, her hair in disorder, and her eyes burned with a feverish fire. On perceiving her Launay could not restrain a cry; the lovers stood face to face, speechless and trembling. Morpeth hastened to his daughter.

"You here, Fanny, at this time?" cried he. "Return to your room at once!"

"Ah, monsieur, do not deny me this last, sad joy!" said Launay, in such moving tones, that the young girl burst into tears. He turned towards her. "Miss Fanny, bless you for those tears, bless you for coming! I did not hope to see you again."

"I have heard all," murmured she between her sobs.

"You despise me, then?"

Her only reply was to throw herself in his arms. Launay had so little expected this, that he was filled with happiness; and pressing the young girl to his heart, he covered her face with kisses. At length the two lovers seemed to recover from their emotion. Morpeth, who had remained silent and stupefied,

forcibly seized his daughter's arm, and strove to tear her from the embrace of Edward, but Fanny resisted.

"Let me be, father," said she, with a wild exclamation. "I have promised to be Mrs."

"Fanny, you are mad!"

"I have promised to be his, and I will not leave him."

"Monsieur," said the Englishman, trembling with rage, "on your life, let go this young girl!"

"Hear me, father!" said Fanny, falling on her knees to him. "Abandon me, and let me follow him. I cannot live without him; but we will bring no shame upon your house—you shall never see us more!"

Speaking thus, Fanny turned to Launay, and hid her dishevelled head in his breast. Morpeth could bear this sight no longer. Full of rage, he seized Fanny with one hand, and raised the other with menace upon Edward.

"No violence, sir," said he, with an effort. "Fear nothing. I will not accept the sacrifice of this angel. I cannot accept it. I was unwilling to live poor—think you, I will live poor and dishonored? Take away your daughter! Monsieur, do you not see that the poison was sure, and that I am dying?"

Fanny with a shriek sprang toward the tottering young man, and received him in her arms; his head fell back upon her heart, and with a long-drawn sigh Edward Launay expired.

In the little graveyard on the edge of the Black Forest, a single stone covers two graves; and there are many there who still tell the story, as they had it from their fathers, of the "Felon's Secret."

#### SMOKING OF ARSENIC.

M. Montigny, French consul in China, in reference to the use of arsenic by the northern Chinese, says they mingle it with their smoking tobacco. According to missionaries who had lived a long time there, tobacco free from arsenic is not sold. The same witnesses assured the consul that the arsenic smokers were stout fellows, with "lungs like a blacksmith's bellows, and as rosy as cherubs." The publication of Montigny's statement has called out a letter from Dr. Londe, who announces that some years ago, in the course of a discussion at the Academy of Medicine, on the agents to be employed to cure tubercular consumption, he told the assembled doctors that he had found but one successful means of combating this dreadful disease; that means was the smoking of arsenic. The doctor reaffirms his commendation of this remedy.—*Journal of Commerce.*

#### THE MILKY WAY.

The milky way forms the grandest feature of the firmament. It completely encircles the whole fabric of the skies, and sends its light down upon us, according to the best observations, from no less than 18,000,000 of suns. These are planted at various distances, too remote to be more than little understood; but their light, the medium of measurement, requires for its transit to our earth, periods ranging from ten to a thousand years. Such is the sum of the great truths revealed to us by the two Herschels, who, with a zeal which no obstacle could daunt, have explored every part of the prodigious circle. Sir William Herschel, after accomplishing his famous section, believed that he had gaged the milky way to its lowest depth, affirming that he could follow a cluster of stars with his telescope, constructed expressly for the investigation, as far back as would require 330,000 years for the transit of its light. But presumptuous as it may seem, we must be permitted to doubt this assertion, as the same telescope in the same master-hand was not sufficiently powerful to resolve even the nebula in Orion. Nor must we forget that light, our only clue to those unsearchable regions, expands and decomposes in its progress, and coming from a point so remote, its radiant waves could be dispersed in space. Thus the reflection is forced upon us, that new clusters and systems, whose beaming light will never reach our earth, still throng beyond, and that, though it is permitted to man to behold the immensity, he shall never see the bounds of creation.—*Marvels of Science.*

#### QUAKERS IN BOSTON.

The first Quakers who came to Boston arrived in May, 1636. From 1664 to 1808 the Friends held regular meetings in Boston. This sect built the first brick meeting house in the town, somewhere in the neighborhood of Brattle Street Church. In 1708 the society sold their house of worship and the town authorities refused permission to erect a new one of wood. A second brick edifice was erected in what was afterwards known as Quaker Lane, now Congress Street. This was destroyed in the great fire of 1780, but was immediately replaced. It stood till April, 1828, when it was sold and removed. It had hardly been occupied for twenty years. A neat stone edifice was erected in Milton Place, which is occasionally used for public worship. How differently the Friends are now regarded from what they were by the Massachusetts colonists in 1675, when a law was enacted subjecting every person found at a Quaker meeting to be committed to jail, "to have the discipline of the house, and to be kept to work with bread and water, or else pay £5."—*Drake's History of Boston.*

#### CEREMONY.

Ceremony was but devised at first  
To set a gloss on faint deeds—hollow welcomes,  
Recanting goodness—sorry o'er 'tis shown;  
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.  
SHAKESPEARE.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE WATER-SPIRIT.

BY H. M. S.

Maiden of beauty, peerless and bright,  
What dost thou here, from thy realm of light?  
What dost thou here, in a world of shade—  
Here, where the bright are the first to fade?

Birds are asleep in their leafy bowers,  
Star-gleams are rocking to sleep with the flowers;  
Moonlight and music of murmuring rills  
Are weaving a hale o'er meadow and hills;  
But moonlight will vanish, and blossoms decay,  
So, maiden of beauty, away, away!

Why dost thou pause, like a glorious dream,  
Bending above the enamored stream?  
Why does the fire in thy dark eyes glow?  
Why throbs the pulse in thy breast of snow?  
Passion around thee enchantment flings,  
Fettered, alas! are thy golden wings;  
Lost as thou art in love's maddening bliss,  
Little thou dreamest of its wretchedness!  
Better the sea, with its tempest swell,  
Had crushed thy heart in its wave-washed cell;  
Better thy willowy limbs, sweet girl,  
Were laid in death on thy bed of pearl;  
For love 'tis a gleam of the setting sun,  
Through a flood of gold when the day is done;  
Faint and more faint droops the purple light,  
Till the heart is alone on a rayless night.

MORPHO MORNAND

Maiden of beauty, beware, beware,  
Thy bliss will turn to as wild despair;  
Ere long thy deep soul from its dream of bliss,  
Yield never more to love's glowing kiss;  
Free thy proud heart from the tyrant's sway,  
Maiden of beauty, away, away!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE PRESENTIMENT.

BY HENRY M. STONE.

CIRCUMSTANCES, which there is no need of relating here, made it expedient, if not absolutely necessary, for me to leave New England, and my first thought was of California, that El Dorado of America. Meeting with a friend, who was bent on going to Australia, I changed my plan and agreed to accompany him. I spent a week with him in New Haven, by particular request, before we sailed, and became exceedingly interested in his family; he had a young and very lovely wife, and a most beautiful little daughter. What wonder, that it was like the bitterness of death to part

with them? But necessity knows no law; and William Warner knew very well that he could no longer support his family, under the discouragements and losses which the last year or two had brought to him.

"I have a terrible presentiment of coming evil, Frank," he said, to me the very night before we sailed. "I dare not tell Maria, for she would be almost frantic after I am gone, if she thought I entertained such a feeling; but I have had strange dreams, and in every one my wife has been threatened with danger, though of what nature, I wake too quickly to ascertain."

I tried to laugh him out of the notion, attributing his troubled dreams to his harassed state of mind, and his regret at leaving her. He shook his head, and answered mournfully:

"Coming events cast their shadows before."  
"True," I responded, "they do; but in this, or indeed any other, one knows not whether this step, or that would hurry or retard the danger. It seems to me, that an omen that does not point out the way of escape from the danger it warns us of, can be of precious little service, and only tends to unsettle the mind, which otherwise would be composed and tranquil to meet it."

He sighed, as if not satisfied at my reasoning, and bade me good night. I bade Mrs. Warner farewell then, for I had no desire to break in upon their parting the next morning, and intended absenting myself before she arose.

Warner was the last on board; and when he came, his heavy eyelids and pale face showed that the parting struggle had been a severe one. For many days he exhibited a direct contrast to the bright, cheerful fellow, whose open, frank bearing had rejoiced me so much that he was to be my "compagnon du voyage." He was dull, melancholy, and even gloomy. At last I won him to talk of his grief, knowing that sorrow is half cured when shared with another. It was the confounded old dream that still clung to him like the poisoned shirt of Nessus, and which had been repeated, he averred, every night since he came on shipboard.

"O God, Frank!" he would moan, "if my wife should suffer in consequence of my going away; if anything should befall her that I could have averted by staying, I shall kill myself, I know I shall! I could not live. Why, our very natures are so closely entwined together, that every fibre of our souls beats in unison, and neither of us is a complete being.

unless joined heart and soul in presence of the other. You smile, Frank, but your time is to come. Years hence you will tell me that you understand the mysterious tie that binds two souls into one. Now, you can only smile at what you deem extravagant sentimentality; but believe me, it is not that. It is too real."

I apologized, and made all due apology for not fully understanding the marital relation; and expressing a hope that some one as fair and beautiful, and withal as sensible, as Mrs. Warner might some day initiate me into the mystery. "But come, my friend," I added, "you are surely not to allow a mere dream—an 'unsubstantial vision'—to darken your life through your whole voyage. Cheer up, man! Take what good the gods send you; and remember that your wife would be unhappy enough, if she knew that you were borrowing trouble on her account needlessly."

This conversation seemed to restore him to a better frame of mind; he did not mope as much, and he sometimes joined in the few amusements which passengers can indulge in on shipboard. We arrived at length in Australia; and, as good luck would have it, both Warner and myself were soon established in business, and together. We were more than ordinarily fortunate, and soon riches poured in upon us. Warner lost the faithful sense of coming evil in the excitement of making money; and a few cheerful and brave letters from Maria served to banish all faith in pre-sentiments for the time.

When we had been there seven or eight months, Warner wished to make a larger remittance to his wife than he had yet done. Every letter he had sent had been charged with a golden bullet; but now he was anxious to send a sum which should secure her against inconvenience in money matters for a year or two. While he was worrying about this, a man entered our store, with whom Warner was acquainted. He was a person of amiable exterior, highly polished manners, and gentlemanly address; he had called frequently, and though I forbore giving my opinion, as he was Warner's friend, I was certainly far from pleased with him. He proclaimed his intention of returning shortly to New England. Warner started. "Good!" he exclaimed. "You are the very man, then, who can do me a favor;" and he proceeded to explain how.

I watched Liston narrowly, thinking to myself that his was not a face in whose company I should want to trust my money. He affected to decline taking charge of it. "No, no,

Warner," he said. "If anything should happen to me with such an amount upon my person, and it should be lost or stolen, I could not afford to replace it, and it would place me in a miserable situation. I have the highest respect for Mrs. Warner," he continued, laughing, "and I don't want to peril her good opinion of me, which I should certainly forfeit, if aught should happen to prevent me from fulfilling my charge."

His excuses were very transparent to me, but not to Warner; he insisted on sending by him the full amount he had intended; and as Liston was going immediately, Warner placed in his hands the large sum in gold, and this without any written acceptance or acknowledgment.

"You are mad!" I said to him when Liston was gone. "You will rue the day when you trusted gold to that man."

Warner turned a look of genuine surprise upon me. "Do you know what you do, when you take a honest man's character away from him in that way?"

I felt condemned; for mine was only an inward conviction, and I had nothing to support it but a sort of instinct, which has ever enabled me to detect a knave. I apologized to Warner for my speech, and resolved to think no more of Mr. Edward Liston until we should learn from Mrs. Warner that she had received her remittance.

We had long, long to wait. Letters had arrived punctually for months to Warner; but an ominous silence ensued that awakened Warner's worst fears for the life and health of his family. When not immersed in business, he was constantly fretting. I began to be seriously alarmed for him; he ate nothing, slept little, and was worn almost to a shadow. At last, as no response came from home to his distracted inquiries, he fell sick with a fever, brought on wholly by agitation of mind.

Every moment I could spare from the double amount of business now devolving on me, I was in his room, devising everything I could think of for his comfort; while at the same time, bachelor-like, I inwardly execrated women as the cause of more suffering than she could ever cure. It was dreadful to hear Warner's delicious cries; he would call Maria for hours together, and then, uttering the most touching and pathetic lamentations that she was dead, he would fall asleep exhausted as a child, and sleep heavily, still moaning for something lost forever.

While he was in this state, a letter came to

him bearing date one week after the probable arrival of Liston in the States. As he was incapable of knowing anything, I took it upon me to open it. It was from Liston; he wrote thus:

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—I cannot endure to pain you by news which, I know, must bring so great suffering to you. When I arrived here, I sought to find your family at once. What was my grief and surprise, to find that Mrs. Warner was no longer living! She died the very day of the steamer's arrival, of fever. I am endeavoring to carry out what I conceive would be your wishes for the child. I have her in my own care, and have ventured to retain the money you confided to me, for the purpose of supporting and educating her. I have no words to comfort you under this affliction, except to promise to take care of your child. Should you decide to stay in Australia, which I think you will, I will engage to take her out to you, whenever you desire it; or, if you think best to educate her here, I will see that she has everything for her happiness.

Yours, EDWARD LISTON."

Merciful Heaven! how should I convey news like this to that man? It seemed to me that nothing would tempt me thus to agonize a soul already on the brink of destruction. In my grief, I went to the clergyman, who had manifested an interest in my afflicted friend, and begged him to spare me that sad, sad task.

He did it kindly and tenderly. Its effect was perfectly terrifying. For hours he lay in a fit, from which I hoped at last that he would never recover; for I felt that death would be preferable to hopeless idleness, which was all I had a right to expect. Poor Warner, how sad was the ending of his hopes! How truly had his fatal presentiment wrought out its accomplishment!

He awoke from that dreadful state to one of agony indescribable; realizing all the grief that may be supposed he would endure with an organization so excessively sensitive as his own. I had no comfort to give him, save to speak to him of the infant, whose loving heart would one day be to him in the place of hers who had departed.

"What shall I write to Liston?" I asked, more to divert his mind from his greatest trouble, than from any hope of a reasonable answer.

"Tell him to keep her. I could not see her now; it would kill me. Send him more gold—heaps on heaps, if he will but keep her away from me."

I resolved not to obey him in either command; he was not himself yet. Liston had carried away money enough to keep the child

handsomely for ten years. Warner's illness would cost him a small fortune in Australia, where physicians' services and medicines were enormously high. So I merely wrote a few lines to the man, whose smooth letter had not increased my faith in him, stating that Mr. Warner had been dangerously ill, and was incapable at present of deciding respecting his child. In all probability he would have her come to him when his health was completely restored, which I hoped would be speedily. I wrote, too, that I intended advising Warner to visit the United States as soon as he recovered. Warner mended slowly. A settled melancholy pervaded his mind, and for several months he shunned all society but mine.

Our landlady had two beautiful and interesting daughters, one of whom was a widow, whose young husband had died at the mines. Insensibly he became attached to her, fancying that she resembled Maria. I was glad to see that a growing affection was forming between two thus situated. I felt that Warner only needed the companionship of a wife, to restore his mind to its balance; and I truly rejoiced when, at the end of eight months, he was married to Mrs. Fitz-Henry.

For the next three months they were continually talking of going to fetch Warner's child. They were on the eve of departure, and my friend had just completed his arrangements, and his wife had gone out to take a farewell of her mother, leaving him to follow and return with her. Warner and I had a few more words to utter respecting business, which detained us until dark; but the fire-light was strong and a solitary lamp burned on the table.

A slight bustle was heard in the hall, and the servant showed in a lady. She advanced timidly towards Warner. I looked at him, wondering that he did not speak to her; he was gasping for breath, and the large drops of perspiration were beading his brow. I thought he was going mad again, and went to his chair, begging him to be composed; he answered by pointing wildly at the woman, who sat there looking as ghastly as himself.

"What does it all mean, Warner?" I cried, almost vexed by his childishness. "Madam, who are you, that can thus impress Mr. Warner? His nerves are weak from last year's illness, and it would be cruel in you to attempt any mesmerizing power upon him."

Before I had ended, he had spoken the single word, *Maria*! Good heavens, I thought, can the grave give up the dead? I looked at



the pale, haggard woman, and could not identify her with the pretty, sweet-looking Mrs. Warner, whom I remembered in my friend's home. She looked like one who had suddenly faded under some crushing, blighting influence. As I gazed, her looks came back to me. She *did* resemble her. Still she sat immovable. The sad story began, however, and we will tell it as briefly as possible. With her, it was a work of time, broken as it was with sobs and tears. I offered to leave the room, but they both entreated me to stay. Listen—the double-dyed villain that he was—tempted by Warner's gold and the beauty of his wife, invented a tale of her husband's death. After a time he proposed marriage; he had never spoken, of course, of meeting her husband, or of the trust he had placed in him. On the contrary, he had represented him as dying very poor; her poverty and her love for her child induced her to listen to his proposals, and she married him! His letter to Warner was solely to obtain more money, ostensibly for the child. What was Maria's agony, when informed that her husband's death was a false tale! Leaving the villain who had deceived her to learn her departure as he might, she went out and begged the money to take her to Australia. A double anguish seized her when, after inquiring for her husband's residence, she learned that he had married! Despair was in her heart, yet she had enough of woman's spirit within her to wish to tax him with treachery to her. Warner lighted another lamp, and took out the fatal letter, which he had carried about him ever since his illness. She read it, and then, with a face full of woe, she went to him, put her arms about his neck, exclaiming, "My poor Will, how you have suffered!" She seemed to think only of him, putting her own deep sorrow out of the question.

The worst was not over, however; for soon, all unconscious of the scene that was to follow, Mrs. Fitz-Henry, as I must now call her, returned, and came into the room. She was thunder-struck at the faces that were so plainly written all over with perplexity and trouble. She eyed the haggard woman that stood close to her husband, as she still thought him; and then, as if some glimmering of the truth was struggling slowly through her brain, she went and sat down by Warner, motioned Maria to a chair opposite, and demanded of him an explanation.

For a moment his agony got the better of him; he bowed his head and wept like a child.

Then, gravely and kindly, he told her from the beginning to the end of this sad story. Mrs. Fitz-Henry heard him through silently, and then, with a magnanimity that none but a good and pure woman would have practised, she went up to the forlorn stranger and put her hand into Warner's.

"He is your husband, and the father of your child. I married him innocently, loving him well and truly. Take him! I will return to my mother's house, and trouble you no more. Only," she said, turning to Warner, "only bear witness for me, that I did not err willingly, nor did you, I am sure."

Warner sat like one stupefied. It was not until she rose to go, that he seemed to come to his senses. "Dear Jane," he said at last, "you have suffered so much through me, that I know not how to compensate you. It is all through that villain, Liston, that we are thus afflicted."

"Liston!" said Mrs. Fitz-Henry. "Is it Liston who has wrought this woe? Why, he already has a wife and children here, and has within a year forsaken them all, and left them to charity."

Maria was too feeble and exhausted to bear more. She fainted, and her generous rival had her carried to a chamber, where everything that could soothe or restore her was done under her supervision. When she revived, she gently took leave of her, and returned home, to think over the strange scene.

Maria soon recovered; her child is to be restored to her, Liston having deserted it and carried off the stolen money. The police in various towns are on his track, and he will not long escape the reward due to his crimes. Warner still believes in "presentiments."

#### HOW TO LOOK YOUNG.

How is it that some men thought to be so old, still look so young, while others thought young must still look old? The cause lies very frequently in themselves. Mr. Rant, once, on being asked the reason, said: "I never ride when I can walk; I never eat but one dish at dinner; I never get drunk. My walking keeps my blood in circulation; my simple diet prevents indigestion; and never touching ardent spirits, my liver never fears being eaten up alive." But he forgot to add one of the greatest causes of lasting youth, "a kind, unenvious heart." Envy can dig as deeply in the human face as time itself.—*Concord Freeman.*

The civilized was the natural state, so long as man continued in communion with God. The savage state was the awful consequence of deserting God.

[ORIGINAL.]

AT LAST.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

Husbandman of God, take heart!

Lo, the field is ripening fast;

Through the burden and the heat,

Thou shalt bind thy sheaves at last.

Worker in life's busy hive,

Off by weariness oppressed,

God shall crown thine earnest toil

With the benison of rest.

Pilgrim through the vale of years,

Mid the gloomy overcast,

Lo, the mountain-tops appear,

And the shadow lifts at last!

Mourner, lift thy troubled gaze!

Faith's fair rainbow spans the gloom.

With its augury of peace,

"Sweetly arching o'er the tomb."

Sufferer, sitting dumb with pain;

Hero, in the battle fray;

Martyr, in the van of right;

Lowly souls, who watch and pray;

Woman, by your lonely hearth,

Living o'er the buried past;

Ye who work, and ye who wait;

God shall crown thy need at last!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE PRIDE OF BIRTH.

BY FRANCIS A. DUBIVAGE.

At some leagues from Paris stood, in the centre of a vast immemorial forest or park, traversed in every direction by winding carriage-roads and bridle-paths, the ancestral chateau of the De Courcys. It was a vast pile of gray stone, and covered a large extent of ground. At the four angles rose as many massive towers capped with high-pointed roofs covered with slate. In front was a large *porte cochere*, or arched carriage-way leading into the courtyard. This was formerly furnished with a portcullis, now rusted and disused; the whole building had been anciently surrounded by a moat, but it was now filled up and planted with flowering shrubbery.

During the revolution the chateau had been plundered and despoiled. A provincial revolutionary committee had established its headquarters there, and republican troops had biv-

ouached in its courtyard, and revelled in its halls. But the tables had been turned. Louis the "well-beloved" had been restored to his throne by the bayonets of the allies, and those of the old noblesse who had survived the pangs of exile, or the wars of the continent, had been restored to their old possessions. Among others the widow Marchioness de Courcy came back to enjoy her own, and with wealth to restore her old ancestral manor to its pristine splendor. Again the flowers bloomed in the vast pleasure of the chateau; again rich furniture, and sumptuous drapery, and costly paintings, decorated the long-deserted and dismantled halls; the broken fountain again poured forth its sparkling streams through the shells of renovated Tritons; again horses neighed in the stables, and dogs bayed in the kennels; the broken encaustics on the walls were replaced with fresh shields, and the proud name of De Courcy stood as fair and high as ever.

Adolphine, Marchioness de Courcy, was well fitted to be the chateleine of this proud domain. Beautiful she was, though age had silvered her once dark tresses; but it had not bowed her spirit, or her frame. Pale as marble, her fair, oval face showed not a line or wrinkle, and her dark eyes were as lustrous as when they first claimed the admiration of her lord at the brilliant court of the unfortunate Louis XVI. Yet serene as her habitual expression was, exile, suffering, the teaching of religion, had failed to subdue a certain aristocratic haughtiness of mien, the indication of that pride of birth which the highborn lady cherished in the midst of all her trials and humiliations.

Such was the lady, and such she appeared, as she sat with her young niece, the beautiful Amandine de Fleury, in one of her elegant saloons on a bright summer morning.

"Do you expect the viscount to-day?" asked the young girl, carelessly.

"I ought rather to ask that question of you, Amandine," replied the lady. "You are, or should be, more interested in the movements of the Viscount de Montville than I am."

"I am sure I'm not particularly interested in him," replied the young girl, with a slight curve of her eye under lip.

"You know, my child," said the marchioness, rather severely, "that I design him for your husband. The match is a suitable one in point of rank; the viscount is a very accomplished gentleman, and your estates join each other."

"But, suppose I can't love him, aunt?" suggested the mischievous beauty.

"Love him!—my dear child, I perceive you are inoculated with the cant of the republic and the empire. Thank Heaven, those romantic notions about marriages of love are fast being exploded, and we are settling back into the good old system of marriages of convenience."

"Did you marry the marquis without loving him?" asked Amandine.

"I adored him," said the marchioness. "But," she added, quickly, "I should have married him at any rate; the match was arranged by my parents, the queen favored it, our rank and fortune were equal, and I should never have questioned my heart, had I been even indifferent to my suitor."

Amandine sighed; after a moment's thoughtful pause, she asked:

"Are all the preparations making to-day in the chateau to do honor to the viscount?"

"No, my dear. I meant to manage a surprise for you, but you are so inquisitive and impatient, that you spoil all my plots. To-day, to-day, Amandine," she continued, with unusual emotion, "I embrace, for the first time for many, many years, my son, my dear boy Eugene; he was torn from my arms by the storm of the revolution—war, and trouble, and the chances of a military life, separated us. Young as he is, he was a colonel in the Austrian army; but he has thrown up his commission, and come back to represent his father in the proud halls of De Courcy."

At this moment a trampling of hoofs in the courtyard was followed by a loud cheer. The marchioness turned deadly pale—she attempted to rise, but her strength failed her, and she sank back in her chair; the next moment she was folded in the arms of a handsome youth in a gay, undress uniform.

"My dear, dear boy! Now I feel that I can die happy."

"Dear mother, I will never leave you!" cried the young man, tenderly. "Ah, the miniature you sent me, and that I have worn next my heart, did you injustice. Yet my heart would have recognized you anywhere!"

"Let me look at you, Eugene!" cried the happy mother, holding him at arm's length and gazing fondly on his face. "Yes, yes, you have the features and the air of a true De Courcy! No one would mistake you for a roturier. But I am selfish—I have forgotten your cousin Amandine."

Amandine had withdrawn to a window to

avoid disturbing the meeting of mother and child. She now advanced; but the moment she cast her eyes on Eugene, she uttered a faint cry, while the young officer stood speechless with astonishment; he recovered himself, however, before his emotion was noticed.

"My dear cousin," he said, with easy self-assurance, "I am delighted to meet you!" and he kissed her cheek affectionately. "Amandine," he whispered, "are you sorry to find the poor student Karl, who won your heart at Baden-Baden, the proud heir of the De Courcys?"

Amandine pressed his hand as she relinquished it—this little passage occupied but a moment.

"Amandine is young," said the marchioness, smiling, "but she has already made a conquest."

"I know it, mother," replied Eugene.

"You know it?"

"I mean," said the young man, "I can easily believe it, for a single glance shows that she is born for conquest."

"You have learned to flatter, cousin, in the army," replied Amandine, gaily.

"Here comes old Philip Marbois," said the marchioness. "I knew he would be among the first to greet your arrival."

Philip Marbois was the faithful and attached steward of the family, who had shared its misfortunes, and now basked in the sunshine of its prosperity; he was a grave, gray-haired man, with very much the air of a gentleman; he advanced to Eugene, and greeted him respectfully.

"Give us your hand, Philip," said the young soldier. "I have heard so much of you from my mother, that you seem like an old acquaintance. You don't know me. I've grown somewhat, I fancy, in twenty years."

"I should know you as a De Courcy," said the old man, tearfully.

"You are right," said the marchioness. "There is not a feature of his face but speaks of high lineage; there is not a plebeian line in his countenance, is there?"

"Not one," said the old man, sadly. "That face would have cost him his life in '92."

"Ah, don't speak of those times!" said the young man, shuddering. "Rather tell me of the present, my old friend. How's the shooting in the forest? You must show me the stables and the kennels. How's the neighborhood? Are there any parvenus? Are there any of us?"

"Our nearest neighbor," said the marchion-

cas, "is the Viscount de Montville, a very agreeable young man. I think you will like him amazingly; he is older than yourself, but still young; one of our first families, you know—a perfect gentleman. You ought to cultivate his acquaintance; for you are soon to be nearly connected with him."

"What do you mean, madame?"

"I mean that it is arranged that he shall marry Amandine; the wedding was only delayed till your return."

"Is this true?" exclaimed Eugene, with emotion.

"I never jest," replied the marchioness, gravely.

"And do you love this person, Amandine?" asked the young man, earnestly.

"Do you ask me, Eugene?" replied the girl, tearfully.

"Enough, enough!" cried Eugene, impatiently. "I congratulate you, mother, on your tact in match-making. Come, Philip, I want to see the stables. I am anxious to know how you mean to mount me. But I give you fair warning; I'm rather difficult to please. *Adieu, mother; au revoir, Amandine. You'll see me again.*"

"Does the viscount come here often, Philip?" asked the young man, as he walked with the steward to the stables.

"Every day," replied the old man.

"About what time does he usually come?"

"About this time, colonel."

"What road does he usually take?"

"The main road through the forest, colonel."

"Good! And now let's see your horses. So!—a tolerably creditable set of nags. Show me your best horse, my friend," he added, to the head groom.

"This gray, colonel, is the best horse in the stable, as you can see with half an eye; he's a full-blooded Arab."

"Clap saddle and bridle on him instantly!" said the colonel.

"O, for Heaven's sake, Eugene—Colonel de Courcy, I mean," faltered the old steward, "don't ride that horse! he has nearly killed one man already—he is perfectly ungovernable."

"Does he go in a snaffle or a curb?" asked de Courcy of the groom, without noticing the steward.

"We have an Arab bit for him, colonel," said the groom. "But you must ride him with a light hand, or he'll rear over backwards."

"I'll pull him over backwards, if he tries

that game," said the colonel, vaulting lightly on the animal's back as he spoke.

A furious struggle between horse and rider ensued in the courtyard of the chateau. The horse used every endeavor to unseat and crush his rider; but the latter rode him so lightly, fearlessly and firmly, that the spirit of the desert-horse was soon subdued. A ruthless spur soon completed his subjection, and when Eugene dashed through the courtyard he was completely master of his horse.

Leaving the chateau, the young colonel plunged into the forest at a flight of speed. A thousand wild thoughts were hurrying through his brain, and he was scarcely aware how rapidly he was borne along; he had not ridden more than a mile or two, however, before he encountered a horseman coming from the opposite direction. A pang of jealousy in his heart told him that the handsome mounted cavalier could be no other than his unconscious rival. Reining his horse back on his haunches, he calmly waited till he should come up; the stranger did so, and with a courteous salutation was about to pass.

"Monsieur de Montville, I believe," said Eugene, bowing.

"The same, sir, at your service," replied the viscount; "but you have the advantage of me."

"My name is Eugene de Courcy, sir," replied the young officer.

"Indeed, I was about calling at your chateau—but I was not aware of your presence. Your mother, probably, intended a pleasant surprise for me."

"How pleasant the surprise may have been, viscount, it is not for me to say. It remains for you to decide whether we are to meet as friends or enemies."

"I am at a loss with regard to your meaning, sir," replied the viscount, haughtily.

"O, sir, I shall make it perfectly plain. I understand that you have certain intentions with regard to the hand of Mademoiselle Amandine de Fleury."

"Well, sir; suppose I have?"

"Nothing especial, sir; only when informed that the lady has a prior attachment, I presume you will see the propriety of abandoning the suit at once."

"I certainly do not perceive the propriety of doing so."

"Very well, sir; when I add that I myself am addressing the lady, you can have no doubt about it."

"Colonel de Courcy," said the viscount,

haughtily, "I admit the right of no man to interpose between me and the object of my addresses."

"By Heaven, sir," cried the fiery young colonel, "I promise you no man shall cross my path."

"You are an insolent boy!" retorted the viscount.

"Monsieur de Montville," said Eugene, "you will please consider that I have laid my riding-whip across your face."

"I understand you, sir," said the viscount. "You have now only to choose your weapons, time and place."

"If I am rightly informed, sir," replied the colonel, "hard by here in the forest is a glade in which stands an old stone cross. If you will be there in half an hour, with a pair of pistols, we can settle our pretensions, without witnesses, like soldiers and gentlemen of honor."

"Agreed, sir," replied the viscount. "Present my compliments to the ladies of the chateau."

"I will do so," said Eugene, "sir."

Eugene galloped back to the chateau at furious speed, and threw himself from his horse. The groom was about to remove the saddle, but he forbore him, and instantly sought out the steward.

"Philip," said he, "you will find a small mahogany case in the boot of my travelling carriage. Bring it hither, directly."

The steward obeyed. Eugene took a key from his pocket, and unlocking the case, took out a pair of pistols, and loaded them carefully. The steward watched him, pale and trembling like an aspen, and when the colonel, having completed the operation, closed the box, and taking it in his left hand, swung himself into the saddle, Philip ventured to grasp the bridle.

"Colonel De Courcy," he said, "whither are you going?"

"What is that to you?" asked the young man, haughtily. "Let go my rein, sir!"

"You are bound on an errand of death!"

"What then?"

"Think of your poor mother."

"I do think of her. If evil befall me, my last thoughts will be of her and Amandine," he said.

"Think of your father," cried the steward, in agony.

"If my father were alive," replied the young man, "he would be the first to arm me for the field of honor. Let go my rein, old man!"

"Eugene," cried the steward, with startling energy, "I command you to forego your fatal purpose!"

"You command me!" cried the young man, furiously. "You command a De Courcy! Stand back, yassal, or my horse's feet shall trample on you! Back, or I will smite you!"

Bursting into tears, the old steward relinquished his hold of the bridle, and the furious young man spurred forth on his mission.

An hour afterward, as the marchioness and Amandine were seated together, Eugene burst into the apartment, pale, but joyous, with his left arm in a sling.

"Mother, forgive me! I have fought the viscount. I have compelled him to relinquish all claims to the hand of Amandine, whom I met incognito at Baden, loved and wooed. It was a secret between us, and I thought to surprise you with the story when we met. De Montville stood in my way; he refused to relinquish his suit, and a hostile meeting was the consequence. Amandine, you are now free; will you bestow your hand on me?"

"On one condition," said Amandine, wiping her eyes, "that you promise to give up duelling, for my sake."

"Anything, everything you desire."

The marriage of Eugene and Amandine soon followed this event.

#### A TRAVELLING COMPANION.

From the Rio Colorado we had been constantly followed by a large gray wolf. Every evening as soon as we got into camp, he made his appearance, squatting quietly down at a little distance, and after we had turned in for the night, helping himself to anything laying about. Our first acquaintance commenced on the prairie where I had killed the two antelopes, and the excellent dinner he then made, on the remains of the two carcasses, had evidently attached him to our society. In the morning, as we left the camp, he took possession, and quickly ate up the remains of our supper and some little extras I always took care to leave for him. Shortly after he would trot after us, and if we halted for a short time to adjust the mule-packs, or water the animals, he sat down quietly until we resumed our march. But when I killed an antelope, and was in the act of butchering it, he gravely looked on, on loped round and round, licking his jaws, and in a state of evident self-gratulation. I had him twenty times a day within reach of my rifle, but he became such an old friend, that I never dreamed of molesting him.

—*Adventures in Mexico.*

'Tis in books the chief  
Of all perfection to be plain and brief. — *Butler.*



## THE TITLE OF EARL.

The English title of earl is one so ancient that its origin cannot be clearly traced. Among the early Saxons, nobles of corresponding rank were called earldormen, signifying the same as senator, or senator, among the Romans; they were also called in these times "sciremen," because they had each of them the civil government of a separate division or shire. On the invasion of the Danes, the latter changed the name to earls, which meant the same in their language. In Latin they are called *comites*, (comparisons,) a title first used in the Roman empire, from their being attendants or associates of the sovereign in his council and martial actions. Within the Conqueror gave this dignity in fee to his nobles, annexing it to certain counties or provinces, and allowing them for the maintenance of it a certain portion of money from the prince's profits from the pleadings and forfeitures of the provinces. From this, remarks Camden, they were called counts and countees; but they did not long retain that name themselves, though the shires are from thence called counties to this day; and thus the wife of an earl is called countess. The name of earls or counts (or *comites*, as it was sometimes written) has now become a mere title; they have nothing to do with the government of the county, as formerly, which at the present time devolves on the sheriff, the earl's deputy, or *vicecomes*. The title of earl is the most ancient in the English peerage, there being no title of honor used by our present nobility that was likewise in use by the Saxons, except this of earl, which was in early time applied to the first in the royal line; and anciently there was no earl but had a shire or county for his earldom. Earls, however, at the present day, generally take their titles either from some part of a county or town in which they have interest, or from their own seats. Earl Russell's is, however, an instance, among others, where the title has been added to the name. There are one hundred and eleven earls, "peers of the realm." An earl's coronet, like a duke's, has a finely chased circle of gold, with eight strawberry leaves; but between each pair of pearls appears, raised upon a spire above the leaves, chip, etc., similar to a duke's.

## NATURE AND HUMANITY.

From nature's beauties onward things,  
What gleams of hidden life we win!  
For still the world without us sings  
Strong shadows of the world within!

## RANKING ON MONEY.

"The art of living easily, as to money, is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. Comfort and enjoyment are more dependent upon easiness in the detail of expenditure than upon one degree's difference in the scale. Guard against false associations of pleasure with expenditure—the notion that because pleasure can be purchased with money, therefore money cannot be spent without enjoyment. What a thing costs a man, is no true measure of what it is worth to him; and yet how often is his appreciation governed by no other standard, as if there were a pleasure in expenditure per se. Let yourself feel a want before you provide against it. You are more assured that it is a real want; and it is worth while to feel it a little, in order to feel the relief from it. When you are undecided as to which of two courses you would like the best, choose the cheapest. This rule will not only save money, but save also a good deal of trifling indecision. Too much leisure leads to expense; because when a man is in want of objects, it occurs to him that they are to be had for money, and he invents expenditure in order to pass the time.—Taylor.

## MODERN INFANTILISMS.

**DISTANT RELATIONS.**—People who imagine they have a claim to rob you if you are rich, and insult you if you are poor.

**BELLE.**—A beautiful, but useless insect, without wings, whose colors fade from being removed from the sunshine.

**HEART.**—A rare article, sometimes found in human beings. It is soon, however, destroyed by commerce with the world, or else becomes fatal to its possessor.

**HOUSEWIFERY.**—An ancient art, said to have been fashionable among young girls and wives, but now entirely out of use, or practiced only by the lower orders.

**EDITOR.**—A poor wretch who every day empties his brain, in order that he may fill his stomach.

**HONOR.**—Shooting a blind you love through the head, in order to gain the praise of a few others whom you despise and hate.

**NOTE.**—Some with difficulty reach the comprehension of evil and ingratitude; they require harsh lessons before they recognize the extent of human corruption. Then, when their education in this line is completed, they rise to an indulgence which is the last degree of contempt.—Palmer.

[ORIGINAL.]

EDITH.

BY J. E. L.

There's many a name I love to hear,  
And many I love to call,  
And many a one to romance dear—  
Yet none sounds sweeter on the ear  
Than Edith, of them all.

It 'minds me of the olden time,  
When knightly banners flew;  
Of old St. Mark's cathedral chime,  
When maidens at the matin time  
Bound flowerets wet with dew.

They brought them to the convent gate,  
The lady Edith's dower,  
And laid them with her robes of state,  
To crown her virgin martyr fate,  
Beneath its pealing tower.

It 'minds me of a vow beside  
The Saxon royal spoke;  
Of her, proud Harold's plighted bride,\*  
Where slept he at the battle-tide,  
And never more awoke.

But there's a little fair-haired girl,  
Of wondrous smile and mirth,  
With azure eye and cheek of pearl,  
Who bears this name—nor child of earl  
Could gladden more of earth.

She came as princely maidens come,  
In robes of 'broidery;  
Choice treasured in that waiting home,  
Where hope impatient had become  
The angel-guest to see.

And when glad shouts betokened there  
The advent and the stay,  
Spontaneous gushed the grateful prayer,  
E'en backward turned the heavenly choir  
Who came to show the way.

One blissful summer numbers up  
The blossoms of her years;  
Yet not so much of joy and hope  
The past has in its broadest scope,  
As in this one appears.

And shadows from the future gleam,  
Dear Edith, maiden child,  
That take all forms, and hues, and seem  
Each picturing thee, as some fond dream  
That in the heart runs wild.

And parents lay the gem aside,  
That shall thy breast become,  
Or jewelled band, in treasured pride,  
That shall, perchance, when thou art bride,  
Flash back the light of home.

Thus evermore thou dost beget  
Fond fancies, wild and strange,  
And fears that fancies oft beset,  
Which even in illusion met,  
Make solemn interchange.

But be the fairest pictures drawn  
The longest to endure;  
And fancies wakened with thy dawn,  
Be real, ere its light hath gone,  
So may thy God insure.

[ORIGINAL.]

## PAYING FOR A PORTRAIT.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

"JOHN! John Do-Nothing! John, I say!"

The words proceeded from a voice as shrill, as harsh, as unpleasant, as any voice could well be. Its unwelcome tones were doubly displeasing to the individual for whose ears they were intended—a pale, slender boy, who was digging potatoes in a lot near the house. With a sigh and a shudder, he threw down the spade, and hastened to the orchard, from which the call proceeded.

"Pick up that basket, and carry it to the kitchen, you lazy brat!"

It was a very large basket, and filled to the brim with apples; the boy stooped down, raised the basket a few inches from the ground, and then set it down again.

"I can't carry it, Miss Narcissa," said he; "it is too heavy for me."

"Don't tell me you can't carry it; you lazy, worthless do-nothing!"

"John Do-Nothing" was the name by which the boy was universally known. It had been bestowed upon him by Miss Narcissa, who called him by no other; and a great many persons supposed it to be all the name he had. His real name was John Gray.

"You *wont* carry it," continued the lady; "that's what you mean. Lift it, sir! Lift it up, this instant, and take it into the kitchen—quick!"

The child tried again. "Indeed, indeed, Miss Narcissa, I cannot carry it."

"You lie, you perverse puppy you! You are too abominably lazy, that's all. But I'll see if I can't put a little strength into your bones."

She cut a switch, or rather a stick, from an overhanging branch of the apple-tree, and flogged the poor child with it, most unmercifully.

\* Edith, the swan-necked, the betrothed of Harold II.

fully. Miss Tuck was seldom in a good humor, and this evening she was in a particularly bad one.

Under the stimulus of these terrible blows, the boy lifted the basket a little way from the ground, and carried it a foot or two forward. He was then forced to let it go again. The stick was then plied faster and more fiercely than ever, till he again took it up, and slowly and painfully advanced a few feet further.

In this way, the relentless woman compelled him to half carry, half drag the basket, till he reached the kitchen door; then, with one last blow, struck with all her strength, she knocked him almost senseless, and bade him go supperless to bed.

The poor persecuted boy was glad to get rid of his tormentor on any terms. With aching bones, and a no less sadly aching heart, he rose, as soon as he was able, and betook himself to the pillow which had for years been almost nightly moistened with his tears. This night it was literally drenched; for, in addition to the blows which he had received, he had so strained his back, with lifting a weight beyond his strength, that it pained him excessively, and prevented him from once closing his eyes through the long, long night.

John Gray was an orphan, without a friend or relative in all the world, so far as he knew. His father and mother had come to reside at Plainville, twelve miles from Summerton (near which the Tucks lived), while he was yet an infant. His father, who was a physician, died, about a year after their arrival, leaving his wife and child nearly destitute. The former struggled on a few years, and then she too sank broken-hearted to the grave.

Little Johnny was taken by a poor woman, who had been the fast friend of his mother, and who treated him as if he had been her own son. But in two years she also was taken from him.

He was now nearly old enough to earn his victuals and clothes, and he was received into the household of Mr. Elias Tuck, who was much the wealthiest man in all that region of country. He was a retired manufacturer and speculator. His wife was dead, and he lived with his only child and heiress, Miss Narcissa Tuck.

This lady, though never a beauty, had at one time the reputation of being a sort of a belle, and had sanguine expectations of making a brilliant match. But these expectations had been growing "small by degrees and beautifully less," till they became of much

more modest proportions than she would at one time have thought possible. Even now, however, she did not despair of hooking a Congressman, or some "big bug" of similar standing in the matrimonial market.

The temper of the heiress had never been remarkable for its serenity, and its acerbity was manifestly heightened as her bellehood waned. Very trifling causes would set it all flaming, and then woe to the luckless wretch who first came in her way, and who, nine times out of ten, was Johnny Do-Nothing.

She called the poor child her "page;" it would be hard to tell why, unless it was because of the many black marks she made upon him. That he was not a *lettered* page is beyond all doubt. Reading and writing were as great mysteries to him as to the dog, whose superior condition he often envied.

The fact is, the poor little drudge was a scape-goat, upon whose luckless person were accumulated the sins of all whom Miss Narcissa was not in a condition to punish as she pleased. Even when eligible gentlemen thought proper *not* to propose, poor Johnny was almost invariably flogged for it.

After the affair of the basket, the child was positively ill, for weeks; he could not stoop without very severe pain. But this procured him no remission of the cruelties habitually practised upon him. Though she had called him John Do-Nothing so long that his real name was almost forgotten, she took good care that, sick or well, he should never be allowed really to earn a title to it; and, whatever his condition might be, every gust of passion had its rebound upon his defenceless head.

At last, the poor boy was goaded on to an attempt at relieving himself from this intolerable tyranny, by running away. The great world seemed to him like a vast wilderness, filled with terrific monsters ready to prey upon him. But it could not be more fearful, he thought, than his pitiless mistress. Even the cold dark grave, terrible as it was to the imaginative child, could hardly be worse than the death by inches to which he was day by day subjected.

One frosty morning in November, nearly two hours before daybreak, he left the hated household of the Tucks, to seek his fortune, in "the wide, wide world." He was then nearly twelve years old, but slender and small of his age. He had no breakfast, and had had no supper the night before. A few flinty apples were all that preserved him from absolute starvation.

He was obliged to pass through the neighboring town of Summerton, or else leave the high road; but at that very early hour he found nobody stirring. He pressed forward, with all the speed he could make, he knew not whither. All directions, all places, were alike to him.

It was late in the afternoon before Johnny ventured to halt. By that time he was very much fatigued, and his feet were very sore; he was also very hungry. He sat down by a little stream of water, took off his shoes and his fragments of stockings, and bathed his bruised and blistered feet.

While thus occupied, a man approached, on foot, from the opposite direction, carrying a sort of knapsack on his back. Judging from the implements he bore, it was to be inferred that he was a travelling tinker, and judging from the cheerful air he was whistling, and his deportment generally, it could hardly be doubted that he was on good terms with himself and all the rest of mankind, in spite of his poverty.

“ Good day! good day, my little man!”

With this salutation he drew near, and finally relieved himself of his burden, and seated himself by Johnny’s side. His face was rough, uncouth, even, and so were his manners; but there was nevertheless something about him which won the lad’s confidence, and it was not long before he had told him his whole story.

If the tinker’s purse had been as large as his heart, Johnny would have been very materially benefited by this rencontre; but the purse unfortunately resembled the heart rather in its lightness than its magnitude. The tinker listened attentively, and when Johnny had finished his narrative, he produced a very fair supply of bread and cheese, which he shared with the famished boy.

The repast being finished, and diluted with copious draughts of clear cold water, the man drew forth a tattered old pouch, made of the skin of some wild animal, apparently, and shook out its contents upon the ground. There were three or four large bits of silver, a number of smaller bits of the same, and a dozen or so of copper. These the tinker carefully counted, and made out the sum total to be two dollars and twenty cents. He then took out one dollar and one dime, forced Johnny to take them, whether he would or not, shouldered his pack, bade him good-by, and walked away whistling as briskly as when he came.

The boy gazed after him a moment, and then burst into tears. Kindness was almost as rare as diamonds in his path, and this unlooked-for treatment wholly unmanned him. He never forgot the homely features of the tinker, and in after years he greatly regretted that he had not ascertained his name before he left him.

To trace the poor boy throughout his wanderings would make our story altogether too tedious. We must be very compendious in this part of our narrative.

He travelled on, making frequent exertions to obtain some sort of employment, but always without success. He was looked upon as a runaway apprentice, and in that character nobody wanted him. Few cared to hear his story, and few if any believed it. A cold, pitiless stare was all the attention he received from nine persons out of ten.

One very cold day he entered the thronged thoroughfares of a large commercial city. He was now utterly penniless, weary, footsore, hungry—in fact, desperate. With an early training, like that of many boys, or with no training at all, he would now have been ripe for any crime which he was capable of committing; but a “ still small voice ” from his dead mother’s lips still spoke to his heart, and faint and far off as it was, it was still sufficient to preserve him from temptation.

He walked about the crowded streets for a long time, and when it was almost dark, and he could walk no longer, he sank down upon a doorstep. The consciousness of his utterly forlorn and destitute condition came crowding upon his mind with such force that it utterly overwhelmed him, and after several ineffectual attempts to resist the impulse, he finally burst into tears of bitterest anguish.

“ What makes you cry ? ” said a soft, sweet little voice, close by his side.

Turning quickly, he beheld a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked little girl, some five or six years of age, who had been standing there and gazing intently in his face, for some time. Johnny attempted to reply, but his words were choked down by his tears, which would come, in spite of him.

“ Why don’t you go home to supper ? ” said the child again.

“ I have no home, no supper ! ” sobbed Johnny, with mournful emphasis.

The little girl opened her great blue eyes to their full size, and stared at him in blank amazement. To be destitute of home or supper was a calamity almost too vast for her

comprehension. But after a little reflection she seemed to comprehend the thing, and seizing his hand with great eagerness, she said:

"Come! Come with me! I'll take you to my home, and give you some of my supper."

Johnny sat still. He had little hope of finding a father and mother as soft-hearted as this little lady appeared to be. But she would not be denied. She pulled and tugged with all her might, and declared that she would drag him all the way, if he wouldn't come in any other manner. At length people began to stop and laugh, and Johnny thought it best to yield, for awhile at least. But the child was no less persevering than enthusiastic, and she compelled him to give way to her importunities, and in the end to go home with her.

She did, too, what she said she would; she gave him a part of her supper, and told her parents that he must have a part of her home. They gave it to him, first for the little girl's sake, and afterwards for his own; and Johnny, from that day forth, had a father, mother, and sister, hardly less affectionate than if they had been such by the ties of blood as well as of affection.

Fourteen years rolled by, and Miss Narcissa Tuck was Miss Narcissa Tuck still. With the exception of those changes which time never fails to make, she was the self-same Miss Narcissa, that flogged little Johnny over the apple basket, "only more so." In spite of all the efforts of art, it was plain that advancing years had not beautified her; that it had acidified her, every one of her associates and flatterers would willingly have testified—behind her back.

But the great hope, end, aim and object of her life had by no means been abandoned. She was determined to have a husband, and until she obtained one, she was determined not to grow old. She dressed more expensively, and even more youthfully than ever, and devoted herself with greater ardor than ever to the mysteries of the toilet. Her father was now dead, and she was the sole possessor of his wealth—in fact a millionaire.

Of the few persons in Summerton with whom Miss Narcissa deigned to associate, the most graciously received perhaps was Mrs. Stumbleton Sharp, wife of Stumbleton Sharp, Esq., the well-known lawyer. This lady was permitted to retail to her all the choice bits of gossip to be picked up in Summerton.

One fine spring day, Mrs. Sharp presented

herself to the heiress, with her face all glowing with—news.

"O, Miss Narcissa," she cried, "you cannot guess what an interesting arrival we have had in Summerton! But may-be you have heard all about it?"

"No, indeed, I have heard nothing at all."

"Then you will be gratified, I am sure, for it is something in your way, decidedly. Day before yesterday, in the evening train, there arrived the very handsomest young gentleman I ever beheld. Some might think that he has too much beard; but no true lover of the picturesque could raise such an objection, and every one must admit that a more magnificent specimen of the genuine oriental article could hardly be imagined. Anything so black or so glossy I never saw on human face before. And then his eyes!—no diamonds were ever half so brilliant—and they are blacker, if possible, than his beard."

"And his hair?"

"His hair is a luxuriant mass of jetty curls, as glossy and as soft as satin."

"Did you ever feel it?"

"No; but it is very easy to tell how a thing feels by its looks, you know."

"Not always."

"Well, well, you'll think just as I do when you see him, I am very sure. Everything else about the man is in keeping with what I have described to you. The Apollo Belvidere is not formed more gracefully, and yet his muscles would not disgrace a young Hercules. You think me very enthusiastic, Miss Narcissa; but you will not say that I have done him anything more than justice, when you come to see and judge for yourself. All the ladies in Summerton have declared him to be the handsomest man they ever saw."

"And who is this paragon, and what brings him to this sequestered spot?"

"It gives me the greatest pleasure to inform the Lady Patroness of art in Summerton that he is a painter, and a man of genius, too, I am very sure. With such a face, and such an eye, he could not be anything else. He comes here to replenish his portfolio of landscapes among our beautiful hills and valleys. But he is a portrait painter, also, I am told, and I have no doubt that he will be obliged to take up his palette and brushes as well as his pencil, if he should tarry here any length of time."

"Is he an American?"

"No, indeed, not he. We have no such native products, I am sorry to say. There is a



delicacy, a refinement, a *je ne sais quoi*, about him, which you would seek in vain among artists of American parentage. He is an Italian, fresh from the great art-capital of the world."

"Can he speak English?"

"Yes; and very correctly, too, for one who has been so short a time in the country. He has a foreign accent, of course, and seems to have acquired the language from books rather than conversation. He is very anxious to improve his English, and takes every opportunity he can find to converse with intelligent people."

"You have spoken with him, then?"

"Yes; Sharp introduced him to me, yesterday evening. We met him as we were taking a walk, and chatted together half an hour or more. His manners are exquisite. Sharp says there are nobles of the same name in Rome, and I shouldn't wonder if he should turn out to be one himself."

"What is his name?"

"He is the Signor Giovanni Farniente."

With much more gossip, on the same subject, Mrs. Stumbleton Sharp prolonged her visit to an unusual hour.

By the earnest solicitations of the *dilettanti* of Summerton, Signor Farniente was induced to inaugurate a studio in the place, and to paint portraits of the provincial celebrities, and all others who could or would comply with his terms. These terms were such as Summerton had never known before; but never before had Summerton known such an artist as Signor Farniente.

Great as was her wealth, Miss Narcissa Tuck's path through life had many thorns as well as roses in it. One of these thorns was the difficulty of reconciling her excessive penuriousness with the reputation for liberality which she was anxious to acquire. Especially was she desirous of being considered a munificent patroness of the fine arts; but the expense which the maintenance of such a position necessarily entailed was gall and bitterness to her diminutive soul.

Signor Farniente had received many visits from the lady-patroness-in-chief of Summerton; but nothing came of it, for a long time. At last, however, she made up her mind to order a portrait of herself. It was to be executed in the very highest style of "high art;" and the price, too, must be high, of course, but how high was to be a secret, for the present. She made it a special request to the signor that he would say nothing about it till she

chose to let it be known. The inference which she left him to draw was that her modesty was such that she preferred to make a secret of her liberality. Whether the signor really thought so or not, it was not easy to say. Notwithstanding what Mrs. Stumbleton Sharp had said about his desire to improve his English by practice, he was unquestionably a man of few words.

It was not long before it began to be whispered among the gossips of Summerton that Miss Narcissa was "setting her cap" for the handsome young artist—actually courting him. But the sittings for the portrait, of course, made it necessary that they should be much together. And people are so censorious—they make mountains out of mole hills. It must be confessed, however, that she did spend more time in the studio than was absolutely necessary. And that she gave evidence of great admiration for the well-bearded artist is also a fact not to be gainsayed; but she might do all that, you know, without "courting" him.

But about this time it also began to be whispered about that the painter, with a singular insensibility to the solid and weighty charms of the heiress, was actually "paying attention" to a poor school-mistress, in a village some miles from Summerton. And it was moreover asserted that when this came to Miss Narcissa's ears she deported herself like a crazy woman, and actually threatened the poor "schoolmarm" with personal chastisement. How people will talk!

But time ran on. The portrait was completed, delivered, admired, hung up—everything but paid for. That little ceremony was neglected, so long neglected, in fact, that the artist felt it necessary to jog the lady's memory on the subject. The answer he received was that the portrait was very well, but the price demanded was extortionate, unreasonable.

"But you have promise to pay it, madam," insisted the signor.

"I was a great fool if I did," answered the lady, "but that you will have to prove before you get the money. If you have any document with my signature appended, or any competent witness, to establish the fact of such a promise on my part, well and good; but if you have not, then I will pay just what I think fit, and no more."

"Ah, Meess Narcissa, you are too much smart for me, altogezzair. What a wife you would make for a poor arteest!"

The painter's white teeth gleamed through

his jetty beard as he made the remark; and the lady displayed her still whiter ones, in a grim smile, extorted by the compliment, and there the matter ended, for the present.

The next report which created a sensation in Summerton, was to the effect that Signor Farniente was preparing a "portrait of a lady," for a great artist's exhibition about to be held in New York. A portrait of *what* lady? The curiosity on this point was immense, particularly among those ladies who thought their own portraits worthy of being *the* portrait; and that there were some few at least of that way of thinking the reader will willingly believe.

He would be a bold man who could withstand the reiterated importunities of a hundred fair questioners, sometimes in small squads, sometimes in one solid phalanx. Our artist certainly was not bold enough. The secret came out—the lady to be exhibited was Miss Narcissa Tuck.

"Just so. Men of genius are just like the rest of the world—dazzled and blinded by the glare of gold! Pity 'tis 'tis true!"

If not the very words, such at least was the substance of the remarks which proclaimed that ninety-nine out of the hundred ladies had been grievously disappointed, while Miss Narcissa, in the words of her bosom friend, Mrs. Stumbleton Sharp, was "almost tickled to death."

She certainly did enjoy her triumph, and make the most of it. Pride and arrogance were mild terms for the demeanor she assumed. She actually "cut" Mrs. General Boggs, in the streets of Summerton—pretended that she had forgotten her name.

The idea of having the very best representation of herself that the art of painting and the arts of the toilet combined could furnish, exposed among the *élite* of the land, before the public of a great city, of the whole country, in fact, was truly something to glory in—it suited her exactly.

With the most gracious countenance that she knew how to assume, she one day called upon the painter, and asked, as a great favor, that she might be allowed to see the portrait which he was about to send to the great exhibition. She knew that he had refused a great many, who were anxious to see it; but she could not believe that he would be so cruel as to refuse *her*. This she said with a knowing leer, which was meant to be captivating, but which was in reality almost hideous.

The signor, however, acceded to her re-

quest, conducted her into an inner room, and withdrew the curtain which concealed a picture in a remarkably handsome frame. A smile of gratified vanity already overspread the lady's features; but a single glance at the picture converted it into a sardonic grin, which was again speedily metamorphosed into a stare of ineffable horror and consternation.

It was her own self—no likeness could be more perfect—but, instead of the carefully gotten up face and form which she was accustomed to contemplate in the picture ordered by herself, she was represented *au naturel*, in all her native hideousness—precisely, in fact, as she appeared when she first left her bed, in the morning, before any of the carefully studied appliances of her dally dressing had been brought into her requisition.

The unpainted cheeks, all sunken in for want of the artificial support which the dentist's ingenuity supplied, were of the color of smoke-dried parchment; the head, in place of a luxuriant crop of light brown curls, bore but a few stubby gray hairs about the temples, nine-tenths of the poll being as bald as the palm of her hand; the mouth, instead of being garnished with a double row of teeth in shape, but pearls in lustre, exhibited but "a beggarly account of empty *gums*," which were shown to the best advantage by a ghastly grin, contrived by the artist for that purpose; and the form, unstayed, unstuffed, unpadded, appeared in all its genuine angularity and disproportion, with the hoopless dress hanging upon it "like a carter's frock upon a beanpole."

Nor was this all. By way of a climax of horrors, she was painted in her own dressing-room, which, by some mystery which seemed to her absolutely demoniacal, was depicted as accurately as if, instead of being the very *sanctum sanctorum* of her virgin solitude, it had been as open to the public as the marketplace of Summerton.

And there, upon her dressing-table, and around it, were strewn all the implements of beautification—her false hair, her false eyebrows, her false teeth, her false shape, in all its minutiae, her "puffs, powders, patches," in short, the entire apparatus of the art of rejuvenation, all the elaborate contrivances which go to make up what are denominated "the mysteries of the toilet," all were there displayed as accurately as if the painter had been Miss Narcissa's tiring-woman for half a lifetime.

Already in imagination she saw the picture in its place in the exhibition, surrounded by a

gaping, grinning, sneering crowd, while her own name was passed from mouth to mouth in reply to the oft reiterated question, "Who can that hideous old hag be?" The idea was awful—what would the reality be? She could never survive it. Anything, anything but that.

"Can that picture be purchased?" gasped the belle of Summerton, in a voice that was barely audible, while she clutched the back of a chair to prevent herself from falling.

"Yes," replied the artist.

"For how much?"

"For five thousand dollars."

"For wh-wh-what?"

"For five thousand dollars—not one penny less. It goes to New York to-morrow."

Overwhelming as her agitation was, Miss Narcissa observed, with wonder almost amounting to awe, that the signor had suddenly lost every vestige of his foreign accent. Before night, he had the five thousand dollars, and Miss Narcissa had the picture.

The next day, a gentleman driving a buggy, some miles from Summerton, overtook a poorly dressed man, on foot. He looked at him intently, for some time, and eventually asked him to get in and ride with him. The pedestrian, after a modest demur, which the gentleman summarily overruled, entered the buggy, and the two travelled on together. A number of questions were asked and answered, and it came out that the poor man, who was well advanced in years, had been travelling this road for a long time as an itinerant tinker.

After a while they reached a small stream, and a spring flowing into it. It was a pleasant spot, shaded by thickly branching trees. Here they alighted, and seated themselves in the shade, the gentleman having produced from the interior of his vehicle a plentiful supply of eatables and drinkables, all of the very best quality. These were placed before the poor pedestrian, with a cordial invitation to help himself without ceremony.

Never before had such a display gladdened the eyes or tickled the palate of the hungry tinker, and it did not require much persuasion to induce him to fall to. The gentleman kept him company, but rather for company's sake than for his appetite's, seeing that he had partaken of a plentiful breakfast but a short time before.

The fact is, this lunch had been provided for the especial delectation of a young lady with whom he proposed to take a ride that day, and it must have been some rather strong

controlling sentiment which induced him to divert it to this strange use. Though not able to eat much himself, he evidently witnessed the trencher-feats of the tinker with no ordinary degree of satisfaction. The latter was quite an old man, but he was still hale and hearty, and could make way with as much bread and beef as most men.

The repast being ended, the gentleman took out a port-monnaie, which he emptied upon the grass. It contained two hundred and twelve dollars and twenty-five cents, precisely. Counting out one hundred and six dollars and twelve and a half cents, he placed it in the hands of the astonished tinker, sprang into his buggy, and in a few minutes was out of sight. It was our painter, of course.

And who was the painter? The reader has already guessed, and he will make assurance doubly sure by following him to the residence of the poor schoolmistress, in whom he will find the little girl who, fourteen years before, met poor Johnny in the street and took him home. Her father was a painter, and he made a painter of the boy, who found means to get to Italy, where he remained many years. When he returned, he found his benefactor and his wife both in the grave, and their daughter teaching for a living. In less than a week after this visit, she and the painter were married.

That same day, Miss Narcissa Tuck was sitting in her boudoir, with her niece, a girl of seventeen or eighteen years of age, just arrived from boarding school.

"Anna," said Miss Tuck, "you are an Italian scholar—can you tell me if the words Giovanni Farniente have any meaning?"

"Yes; aunt, they mean John Do-Nothing."

And then Miss Narcissa was as wise as the reader.

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**SIMPLE DIET.**—In 1799, an Englishman describes the Russian grenadiers as follows:—"They are the finest body of men I ever saw. Not a man is under six feet high. Their allowance consists of eight pounds of black bread, four pounds of oil, and one pound of salt per man for eight days; and, were you to see them, you would be convinced that they look as if they lived on roast beef and English porter." In 1864, when the Russians surprised the world by standing against the attack of the allies on the bloody battle-field of Alma, were found dead Russians with their provisions in their knapsacks, and these provisions were black bread crumbs in oil.

[ORIGINAL.]

## BY THE TIDE OF THE KENDUSKEAG.

BY HARRIET M. BEAN.

Do the school-girls pause as they did of old  
 By the tide of the Kenduskeag,  
 To talk of the gossip about the town,  
 Or tell of the day's fatigue?—  
 And slowly still from many a mill  
 Do the rafts go gliding down,  
 In the morning haze of the summer days,  
 To the docks of the busy town?

The Mystic sings of heroic things,  
 As rolls its winding tide,  
 But never a song of my olden home,  
 As I stand its waves beside;  
 And I only go back o'er memory's track,  
 To view the early scene,  
 Now doubly bright in the softened light  
 Of the years that intervene.

The young at will rove careless still  
 By the old stream's tributary;  
 Young hearts are light, and young eyes bright,  
 And childhood's laugh is merry.  
 Still children dream beside the stream  
 Of brighter days to be;  
 The wave forbears to tell of cares,  
 Why should it check their glee?

When winter chained the river's waves,  
 Boys, full of martial pride,  
 In mimic warfare used to meet  
 Midway upon the tide.  
 And very angry some would be,  
 When chance the victory gave  
 To those of the opposing bank—  
 For "how could they be brave?"

Now counting up the hurrying years  
 Scarce reach we a decade,  
 Ere meet they in a common cause,  
 With bayonet and blade;  
 For in the self-same path the hand  
 Of destiny has guided  
 The hearts a river's narrow tide  
 Ten years ago divided.

Opponents once, but comrades now  
 In perils and fatigue,  
 They've wandered from that river's tide  
 Full many and many a league;  
 For now they've entered heart and hand  
 Upon an earnest strife,  
 With loftier hopes and higher aims  
 Than marked their earlier life.

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When all is done, human life is, at best, but  
 like a forward child, that must be played with  
 and humored a little to keep it quiet till it  
 falls asleep, and then the care is over.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MY STEPMOTHER AND I.

BY JULIA C. OSGOOD.

My stepmother and I are safely come to the  
 dear old home at last. I was born here—so  
 many years ago that the freshness of my youth  
 is quite lost, and among the young and gay I  
 feel like an interloper. Yet, may be, this  
 change is not all attributable to the years.  
 Rather is it the work of sorrow.

But why should I talk of myself? I thought  
 that in my joy to be at home again, the mem-  
 ories of the past would lose their sting. This  
 is the end I resolved to achieve. All my en-  
 ergies have been consecrated to it. That I  
 might accomplish this purpose, I have forced  
 my weary brain and weak hands to unreason-  
 able labor.

Why am I not happy in the accomplishment  
 of my aim? It cannot be merely because all  
 the familiar objects around and within the old  
 house recall so vividly the baffled hopes of my  
 youth. There is the matted ivy whose long  
 sprays Philip was wont to fashion into gar-  
 lands for our May-day festivals. There is the  
 holly bush which he planted, and yonder the  
 lane where we used to walk at sunset, Philip,  
 Lillian and I. Philip is beyond the seas, and  
 Lillian—ah, how inexpressibly painful to think  
 of her!

We bury our dead, and the gentle, persis-  
 tent hand of time covers their graves with  
 green grass, and drops flowers among them.  
 Summers come and go, winters of sleeted  
 snow shroud them, the ripe autumn lets fall  
 its red and golden leaves around, the shadows  
 of fleeting clouds sweep by, and the still, blue  
 heaven forever enfolds them. So, by-and-by,  
 they cease to torment us with heart-breaking  
 sorrow. At last we speak their names softly,  
 with reverent whispers, and may be falling  
 tears; but no longer with irrepressible sobbing,  
 and a wild longing that breaks out in passion-  
 ate cries in the pitiless midnight.

There is a sorrow worse than this—a sor-  
 row that refuses to be assuaged—which time  
 can never overlay or soothe. Nay, one that  
 with the lapsing years cuts always deeper in-  
 to the soul, because hope fades from year to  
 year, and at last one sees that grief can only  
 loosen its hold when the heart which has  
 suffered it ceases to beat.

Until yesterday that was the nature of our  
 sorrow for Lillian. Mine, rather, for that frail

old lady who sits knitting in yonder chair is past all trouble or fear of it now. If Lillian were to come to her now, and kneeling ask to be forgiven, I am sure the wild, vacant eyes would look upon her absently, and the feeble voice still go on crooning the fragment of old song which is forever on her lips. Hear her now. She bends forward, smiles a foolish, complacent smile, and the withered lips quiver indistinctly the words. A stranger would not understand her; but I remember that Lillian herself used to sing them, laughing and appropriating their flattery with all her grace and archness:

"Wee, bonnie Lillian,  
Golden-haired Lillian,  
Lillian!  
Fairer than  
Roses or pearls!"

Poor, weak mother! Well that you could not see how the pearls had become ashes, and the roses blanched to ghostly pallor. It would have broken your heart to see the face that of old was always dimpling with mirth, set in despair.

But enough of this—enough of weeping for what might have been—the past is irrevocable. I have sometimes thought that my life was anomalous. Sometimes, in reading critiques upon fictitious works, I find the author censured for depicting the dark side of life, its losses and sorrows, its deceptions and baseness. Such cant wearies me.

What do they know of life—those fair-weather voyagers over summer seas? Let them breast its storms, let them be tossed by its waves, and be driven by its merciless winds, and they will understand how cruel it may be.

Thankful that at last I am sheltered in a peaceful haven, I look back with wonder and self-pity over the past. Hope for the future I have none. I know my duty. It is to wait upon that frail, imbecile old lady until the veil shall fall and hide her from me, and then—ah, I will not look into those possible years of loneliness. Even I, submissive as I have learnt to be, shrink from the prospect.

Would you find any hint of former statelyness in the bowed figure in the arm-chair? Fifteen years ago my stepmother was tall and graceful, bearing herself regally, and wearing an air of aristocratic hauteur that became her vastly. I don't know how she consented to marry my father, or how, indeed, he ever dared to aspire to the hand of one who must have allowed him to see that she felt herself

his superior. But I suspect she was very poor, and looked to the marriage as a means of support. It was a fragile reliance, for two years after their marriage, poor papa's health gave way, his business fell into disorder, and finally he was compelled to come to Belvoir and seek a shelter in the cottage which was my mother's patrimony. Doubtless it prolonged his life. He grew brighter and stronger, almost happy again. But in a year or two the stimulus lost its power. He drooped. His genial cheerfulness fled, and morbid fancies haunted him. Always gentle and yielding, he was now more than ever accessible to influence. Strange to say, he grew indifferent to me, his only child, and regarded with especial favor his beautiful step-daughter Lillian.

I suspect that some ungenerous means were made use of to effect this result. Heaven forgive me if I do my step-mother injustice. Then, indeed, I did not surmise it. I was naturally timid. I knew I was not beautiful, and the consciousness was always a source of pain. My step-mother's habitual depreciation humiliated me. In everything I was contrasted with Lillian, and in everything I bitterly felt myself her inferior. So I shrank out of sight, was silent and awkward in the presence of strangers, and dared not caress my father as Lillian did. It is true that at times something within me rebelled. I angrily asserted myself her peer. I called her artful, worldly, hollow-hearted. I said her simplicity was a sham, her goodness affectation, her amiability a mask.

But afterwards I reproached myself with injustice, and struggled against the envy which I feared was growing up within me. One word, one look from Lillian was enough to make me convict myself of unkindness, such was her power over me. Which estimate was the true one? I dare not decide, for I know I have prejudices which must weigh heavily against her.

We had been three years at the cottage, when our wealthy neighbors, Mr. Belvoir and his son, returned from a tour upon the continent. Mr. Belvoir had known my mother, and had always retained a kindly regard for her husband; he therefore called upon us soon. My step-mother received him with infinite cordiality. Into her hauteur she threw just a shade of deference which I could see was not without its effect upon the somewhat egotistical squire.

How sweet and friendly was Lillian! As



much so as I was awkward and shy. She won his heart at once; but that was only what might have been premised. She was so winning, so affable, so gay, her manner was so filled with a certain intangible flattery, that in her presence you seemed to float in an ethereal atmosphere. She was fascinating. Is there not a suggestion of evil in the word?

Between the graceful mother, the lovely daughter and the invalid, the squire was, as I have said, captivated. I sat unnoticed in the corner and listened. I had, to be sure, come out of my shell at his entrance, and been formally introduced, but since then no one had cast a glance in my direction. Now when Mr. Belvoir rose to go, he graciously promised a visit from his son, and turning to me, he said:

"Miss Margaret must remember Philip?"

I stammered assent.

"Philip was quite eager to meet you. Indeed, I could hardly have the heart to send him to M— upon business, as I was obliged to do," said the squire, gallantly.

I crimsoned with pleasure. Then came my step-mother's silver tones:

"We shall be delighted to see any friend of our shy Margaret. He will find her little changed."

Mr. Belvoir took a courtly leave, my step-mother gazed after him with a look of complacent satisfaction upon her fine countenance, and Lillian, turning to me, said gaily:

"Now, Margaret, you shall tell us all about this playfellow friend of yours. How old is he? Was he handsome? Was he dashing? How came he to like you?"

"I don't remember much about Philip Belvoir, except—" I hesitated painfully. How could I drag my memories of him into the light?

"Except what?" demanded Lillian, impatiently.

"Except that he was very kind and good."

"Did you like him?"

"Lillian, my love, don't tease Margaret. Don't you see how she blushes?" interposed my step-mother.

"Yes, indeed; it's quite becoming. I shall tell Mr. Philip Belvoir—"

"O, I beg you will tell him nothing," I exclaimed, in distress.

"Why, what a scene, Madge! I declare it is highly tragic, isn't it, mama?"

"Quite! Perhaps Madge has histrionic powers. If it should prove so, we will do all we can to cultivate them. Most plain people

have some compensation. As for you, Lillian, you have only your beauty."

Lillian shook back her curls, and went away singing:

"Wee, bonnie Lillian,  
Golden-haired Lillian."

My step-mother shook her head. "I hope Mr. Philip Belvoir won't fall in love with our Lillian. What do you think, Margaret? She is a child still, with a child's caprices and impulsive gayety; just the style to attract such a man as I conceive this young Mr. Belvoir to be. Well, it is a comfort to have one daughter sober and staid, like you, my dear. You said Mr. Philip Belvoir was sedate and old-fashioned—a little bit of a Methodist, perhaps!"

"No, ma'am, I didn't say so," I replied, with indignation.

"Don't speak so, Margaret. Put your replies in a different form. You are much too abrupt and decided. And you should speak in a milder tone. Your voice is naturally somewhat harsh and unpleasant, I admit, but with effort you can modify it. You did not tell me this? Then I must be thinking of something I have heard from another, or perhaps I inferred it from—from—"

"If any one has told you that Philip Belvoir was not a manly, spirited young man, you were told a falsehood!" I said warmly.

"Margaret, Margaret, when will you learn to speak more gently? Such vehemence is very unladylike. Besides, this warmth exposes you to mistrust. Indeed, you must be prudent. Doubtless Mr. Philip was kind to you as a child—young men fancy all young girls—but now, my dear, your relations are altered. I hope you will meet him quietly, and not allow him to think that you presume—"

I rose. "Believe me, I will not presume. You may trust me!" I said, with great difficulty controlling the rising sobs.

I flew from the room. Once alone I cried without restraint. O, that I had never heard of Philip Belvoir! I presume, I fancy that he could care for me—poor, plain, bashful as I was.

"But," said self-consciousness, "were you not pleased to know that he still remembered you? Didn't your heart leap with delight as you thought that you, insignificant as you are, had possessed the power to interest Philip Belvoir?"

"Too true, too true," I admitted; "but now I see how foolish it was. How absurd for me to fancy that Mr. Belvoir was sincere! How unreasonable to take for truth the mere com-

mon-place courtesies of speech! But I will not make myself ridiculous again. My step-mother's amused contempt has shown me my folly. I will not be sneered at again. Let Mr. Belvoir come here; Lillian may see him—I will not. If he should inquire for me, I will not go down, and if he comes often, if he admires Lillian, as my step-mother hinted, I will keep out of his way as much as possible. He shall not think that I presume, Lillian shall not."

This was my soliloquy. Now I can smile at its weakness. Then it was extorted by real suffering and mortification. I notice it now to show how easily a proud, shy, sensitive nature is affected. Want of self-appreciation is as real a defect as conceit. And yet I do not think it was the admiration of others that I wished for. I wanted love.

I hungered for it. I had never known it since my mother died in my childhood. It seemed to me an injustice that I could not win affection as others did. Why was Lillian beautiful, captivating, amiable, and I shy, plain and awkward? I know this injustice embittered me. I see that my feelings were morbid and unchristian, but how was I to help it? I have noticed that people who have never seen any sorrow, people of elastic, sanguine temperaments, people comfortably self-complacent and obtuse, are full of sunny theories of life. They talk of its compensations, of the silver lining of the cloud, of the duty of cheerful sacrifice, and the like stale moralities. Ah, it is so easy to sacrifice the happiness of others!

I do not mean to say that I was not wrong, I would only show that the on-lookers have other work than quietly recommending contentment where nothing except discontent is possible. When a young person is growing up morbid, melancholy or painfully timid, when by any manifestation the mental constitution is seen to be unsound, you may be sure some one is more blameworthy than the unhappy victim. If you have anything except a morality learned by rote, you will know how to heal the wound. Don't suppose the dry advice of good sense will be enough. Youth does not reason, it feels, and sympathy will touch when logic is powerless. I am impatient with the government of youth. What good can lecturing do? You have talked to your wayward son till you are tired, and it doesn't do any good. Of course not; why should it? To understand the force of your "lecture," presupposes in him a knowledge and experience equal to your own. To him

it is jargon. Be loving, prudent; have tact, diffuse your counsel, drop a golden word here and there at fitting opportunities, advise indirectly, keep yourself in sympathy with youth by holding your own fresh feelings late.

But I did not mean to be betrayed into a homily upon education. The wasted years of thousands might, however, excuse me. Ah, if a miracle were to be effected; if a generation of judicious, wise parents could be placed full grown upon the earth, what might not be hoped from their children? But perhaps that would put the doctrine of total depravity *hors du combat*, and therefore would not be admitted by the theologians, if it were feasible. So for the present young people must grow up as I did, making mistakes half a lifetime, to lament and blush for them the other half, and just as one begins to fancy he has learnt to live reasonably and happily, he passes out of life. Yet doubtless eternity has a use for the acquisitions of the earthly life.

After resolving that I would not see Philip Belvoir, I supplemented my purpose with a decision not to think of him, and this was the way I kept my resolve. I recalled all the sweet days of that sweet summer when I first knew him. My mother was ill. We had been sent down to Belvoir to try country air. Philip came into our way by accident. Afterward he came every day. He taught me Latin, instructed me in the mysteries of chess, took me out boating, brought mama flowers and fruit, and read to us rainy evenings.

I remember the most trifling detail of that time, for, do you see, it was the last bit of sunshine in my life. In the autumn my mother died, and I went back to my father's house in town. Philip went to college. I wish I could tell you how happy those days were. I did not know my mother was so ill. I thought the hectic flush was a renewal of the bloom of health, and I enjoyed Philip's companionship more than you can imagine.

All these reminiscences I wove up into a delicious picture, till one morning I was startled by the appearance of the hero himself upon the scene. I dropped my sewing and sprang to my feet in utter consternation.

"Margaret!" exclaimed Philip, in a tone of glad surprise. "I know you, and yet you are much changed."

I put my hand in his mechanically, and replied in a stiff way to his greetings. Something disconcerted him. He drew back embarrassed. Just then father woke from his nap.

"Papa, here is Mr. Belvoir."

"Ah, how do you do? Glad to see you, sir. It cheers a sick man, sir, to have his friends come to see him. And how is your son, Mr. Belvoir?"

"This is Mr. Philip Belvoir," I explained.

Papa's illness was beginning to tell upon his mind. He apologized, and I waited for an opportunity to say that I would call my mother and Lillian, if he would excuse me. Philip's eyes were upon me, and I said it awkwardly and fled. I did not return. I dared not. I knew I should disgrace myself. I knew, too, that my step-mother did not want me.

It was a morning call, and a long one. I listened to the laughter and the gay talk, and to the music, for Lillian sang, and sweetly, as she always did. After this he came often. Sometimes I saw him, and he was kind enough to talk to me. I, bashful and constrained, answered stily.

Lillian was charmed. My step-mother said Philip was also. I did not question it. He sang with her, rode with her, and lent her magazines and books. Lillian praised them, but I read them. Sometimes I caught his eye, and was puzzled to see in it something sad and questioning. I had a momentary fancy that he was pained at my indifference; but directly I thought how foolish it was to imagine that my demeanor was anything to him.

A few swift weeks passed in this manner. In the interim, my father perceptibly failed, so that it was scarcely with surprise that I heard myself called at the dead of night.

"You must get up, Margaret. Your father is very ill. Susan refuses to go for the doctor. You must go."

It was the work of a moment to dress. Half a mile down the road was the village; still a half mile further off was the doctor's residence. I ran at first, then becoming exhausted, was forced to walk. I passed the houses, with a stillness like that of death over them all.

I reached the doctor's house. After much effort I succeeded in breaking the strange silence—strange it seemed to me, with every pulse throbbing, and every nerve tremulous—and begged the physician to come quickly. But I could not wait for him, and hurried away. Presently I heard wheels. It should be the doctor's gig, but it is not. I know it for the roll of Philip Belvoir's light wagon. I heard him say yesterday morning that he was going to the Kingsbury races in the after-

noon. Now he is coming home at midnight. It was full moonlight, but I thought if I did not turn my head he would not know me. I was mistaken. The wagon rolled rapidly by, stopped and awaited me.

"Why, Margaret, what's the matter?"

I told him. He had already sprung to the ground.

"I will take you home. Come!"

It was useless to refuse. Once seated by him, my reserve melted all unawares to me. When he took me out at my own gate Philip said, looking at me steadily:

"You have not spoken twenty words, Margaret, but they have seemed like yourself. I am glad to have found my Margaret again; but who is this that has been acting in her stead?"

I made some evasive reply, but he demanded:

"Can you promise me that you will let me see Margaret when I come next?"

"I will try," I said, and escaped into the house.

At another time these words would have filled my thoughts for days; but in the events which succeeded they were forgotten. The doctor came, but from the look which passed over his face when he examined his patient, we foreboded the worst. In a few days our fears were realized.

It was upon one of the soft, bright days in early October, that he died, when the falling leaves were thick among the withered grass, and the haze lay warm upon the hills.

Was it indeed true that there was little real grief except my own? Was I wrong in mistrusting that my step-mother was almost glad to be relieved? If that was unjust, I am right to say that no one mourned him as I. None other had lost their only friend. What was there left? I felt utterly desolate.

The evening after the funeral Mr. Belvoir, senior, called. Have I said that at every succeeding visit—and he came frequently—the squire seemed more and more fascinated by my graceful step-mother? This evening she was, perhaps more charming than usual. The deep mourning became her fine figure and pale, classic face. Her whole manner was a little softened.

Lillian sat down apart by the window, and gazed into the twilight—watching for Philip, I fancied. Before the lights were brought I stole out.

Toward the village the road led through a wood. The massive shadows of old oaks fell

upon the path. The deep gloom which gathered around me, as I entered it, had no terror for me. I walked on, and where the road opened upon the fields, I met Philip. He looked at me earnestly, as he took my hand.

"You are pale, Margaret. Go back with me!"

Going to see Lillian, I thought. As if he read my mind, he said:

"I wanted to see you, Margaret!"

"Me?"

"Yes, you. Why not?"

I was silent.

"Why not?" he repeated.

"I do not know why you should wish to see me," I faltered.

After a minute he said, "Margaret, do you remember the strawberry field, and the path through the woods to M——?"

Did I not? We gathered berries for my mother there, and many a time he had come to meet me in the forest path, when I came home from the village.

"And the meadow, and the haymow, and the bridge where you fell into the brook?"

"Yes."

"And the evenings when we read 'Faust' together?"

"I remember them."

"You sigh, and yet those were happy times, were they not?"

"Yes."

"The happiest times you have ever known?"

I did not answer.

"How was it, Margaret? You were bright and sweet then. A little grave, quiet sobriety in your manner; but your smile was ready, and came from the heart, and when you laughed—"

"We must hasten," I interrupted; "the dew begins to fall."

"Stay, wait a little—it is cloudy—there is no dew. And why should you wish to go back when you are not missed?"

"Nobody misses me, no one cares for me!" I broke forth, passionately.

"Poor little Margaret! In those days of which I was speaking, she was not so utterly forlorn. I cared for her. But now, Margaret, you are different. You look as if under that white, impassive face were concealed I know not what depths of woe. Your tone is dreary. There is no color, nor warmth, nor sunshine about you nor in you."

"Let me go, then," I sobbed. "Why do you keep me here?"

"Because I am resolved to bring you sunshine and life."

"You cannot."

"I can."

"You cannot. I cannot change in a day. I am gloomy and dreary, and pale, and wan, as you say. How can I help it? No one can help it. How can you make me forget all these miserable years, all the loneliness, the despair of the past?"

"By my love, Margaret!"

A great tree near us shivered through all its boughs, and a shower of ripe leaves fell over us. I stooped and picked up a handful, and let them fall one by one between my fingers.

"Will not that make your life warm and golden?"

"You mock me, Philip!"

"Margaret!"

He compelled me to look at him. I would not—I could not, I dared not—believe what I saw in his face.

"You are going to marry Lillian."

"I am not. Lillian!"

He was almost angry. That cleared away the mists that had been blinding me.

"Lillian! I will marry you, Margaret. I love you!"

"You cannot love me. I am plain and awkward, and shy, and—"

"Well, go on."

"Lillian is beautiful!"

"I do not care. Speak, Margaret, will you be mine—plainness, awkwardness, shyness, and all? Only one thing I cannot do without."

The cricket chirped in the October night. The moon dropped out of sight, and by-and-by the lights in the cottage.

"I am going in," said Philip.

"O, no, not with me." I was frightened.

"Yes, with you," he returned resolutely, and he went.

The next day it was all known to my step-mother and Lillian. My step-mother acquiesced gracefully. Lillian's manner I could not understand.

I will not linger to speak of the weeks that followed. When the winter snows came Philip was forced to leave Belvoir. There were compensations in life, as I found, for this brought me the weekly joy of a letter. The months flew fast. Meanwhile Philip's father was our frequent visitor. It was strange that I never suspected the occasion of his visits.

I said I could not understand Lillian's man-

ner. Still less did I understand it now. The change disquieted me. One evening when I returned from the post-office I found my step-mother alone.

"Is Lillian ill?" I asked.

"No."

"What is the matter with her?"

"Why should you ask? Absorbed in your own happiness, how can another's suffering touch you?" She spoke with apparent emotion.

"You are cruel, mother; you know that what concerns Lillian *does* touch me."

"How do I know it?"

"What do you mean?" I demanded, impatiently.

Some glimmering of her meaning had shone upon me from the first, but I had shut my eyes to it.

"If you look on and see her die, am I to trust your professions of regard?"

"Die! Why do you talk of Lillian's dying?" I asked.

"Margaret, you will kill me! Do you not see that Lillian is fading away? Have you not supplanted her? Did you not come between her and Philip Belvoir? Did you not artfully work upon his sympathies until you had wrung from him a declaration?"

"Mother!" I gasped.

"Did you not let him see that you pined for him, until from compassion, he—"

"Stop, stop!" I interrupted, fiercely. "Philip loves me. It was not compassion."

A smile of pitying contempt crossed my step-mother's face.

"How dare you say such things?" I said, passionately.

"Because they are true," she answered, quietly.

"Why do you say so? You are unjust to me. You are so blinded by your love for Lillian that—"

"I cannot see your attractions," she said, sarcastically.

"Perhaps so, but what will you say if I tell you that I have the best authority for my opinion?"

"Don't you think Philip's own father understands his son? Ask him if he did not see the process by which he came to think himself bound in honor to ask you to marry him. Ask him if Philip did not love Lillian first."

"Impossible!" I groaned.

"Are you so demented as to persist in disbelieving me? Then ask Mr. Belvoir, I beg. He pities Lillian; he appreciates the gentle-

ness with which she sacrificed herself. Lillian is generous."

"I understand you, but I will not give up Philip," I said, doggedly.

Are you surprised that I afterward allowed myself to believe that my step-mother had told me the truth, that I gave up my faith in Philip, and thought it was right to sacrifice him to the puerile sentiment which Lillian affected? I did it. How, I do not know. I know I wrote to Philip, and refused to receive any answer. I went away from Belvoir. Before the summer was ended, I was informed that my step-mother was betrothed to Philip's father. Afterward I heard that Philip had come home. A long time—a dreadful, agonizing time—passed, for I said to myself, this will test it. If Philip does not marry Lillian, then I may believe he loved me, and in that knowledge I could live content, were I never to see him again.

But by-and-by there came a letter for me, in which my step-mother said that she trusted my good sense had enabled me to overcome any little pique I might have felt at Philip's preference of Lillian, and they hoped I would do them the favor to be present at the wedding, etc.

A year passed. I was still separated from them. I had heard that Philip had taken his wife to London, where she was much admired. It was added that she was fond of gay society, and indifferent to her husband. This did not move me. At length, came a message, begging me to come instantly to Belvoir. The news which accompanied this message shook even my apathy. Lillian had fled from her husband's house!

I went at once to Belvoir. My step-mother was almost frantic. She implored me to help her save Lillian. She would follow them to the continent; she would move heaven and earth but she would rescue her. She talked incoherently; before the next day she was stricken with brain fever.

When she rose from her illness she was what you now see her. It is ten years since then, and all that time she has sat in the arm-chair, knitting and singing softly to herself. And the marriage with Mr. Belvoir was not consummated. I doubt if it would have been if this misfortune had not befallen.

A month since we came back to our cottage. Strange that the first news that came to me should be that of Lillian's death. Strange that Mr. Belvoir should be the bearer



of the intelligence. Death is terrible, always. What is it when you cannot ask about the details which attended it, without humiliation and shame?

Mr. Belvoir is much changed. He prayed me to forgive the share he had in what he called a crime. It had darkened four lives. It had brought imbecility upon one. Another had been driven into temptation, which she did not resist. Was not he to blame for Lillian's fate? But Philip had forgiven him—Philip, who had suffered most. Would I forgive Philip, he asked. But I said:

"Will Philip forgive me?"

Philip has come. I read over these pages. I look at the path I had marked out for myself; but it is all changed. It turns into pleasant places. It is again October, and brightening down through the years, I see the Indian summer of my life.

#### SLEEPINESS IN GERMANY.

People become stagnant at the age of thirty; at forty they become puffy, and waddle like ducks; at fifty they become bald-headed and apoplectic, and carry their hats in their hands to keep their brains cool; at sixty a leg or an arm gives way, and has to be dragged along or nursed; at seventy they take to little hand carriages, and get rolled about the public promenades by servants in livery; and at eighty or ninety they peg out for want of breath, and help to make vegetables for new generations. All this time the sun rises and sets exactly once a day, for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year; the town clocks toll the quarter-hours and hours; the police mount guard at the gates and salute the passing officers; soldiers hug and kiss the girls every evening in the by-ways and alleys; old burghers take their afternoon stroll around the glaciés and drop in at their regular beer-house, where they sit for hours gossiping over the affairs of the city; children go to school and back again, with their satchels on their backs, and in the course of time go to business and gradually merge into old fogies like the rest of the good citizens—and so wags the world in Germany. So says J. Ross Browne.

#### MUSIC.

There is a charm, a power that sways the breast,  
Bids every passion revel or be still,  
Inspires with rage, or all our cares dissolves;  
Can soothe distraction, and almost despair—  
That power is music.—ARMSTRONG.

#### THE GOOD OLD WINTERS.

In 401 the Black Sea was entirely frozen over. In 763 not only the Black Sea, but the Straits of Dardanelles, were frozen over, the snow in some places rose fifty feet high. In 822 the great rivers of Europe, the Danube, the Elbe, etc., were so hard frozen as to bear heavy wagons for a month. In 860 the Adriatic was frozen. In 991 everything was frozen, the crops totally failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1067 most of the travellers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1134 the Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea; the wine sacks were burst, and the trees split by the action of the frost, with immense noise. In 1236 the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained long in that state. In 1316 the crops wholly failed in Germany; wheat, which some years before sold in England at 6s. the quarter, rose to £2. In 1306 the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued that the poor were reduced to feed on grass, and many perished miserably in the fields. The successive winters of 1432–3–4 were uncommonly severe. In 1368 the wine distributed to the soldiers was cut with hatchets. In 1683 it was excessively cold. Most of the hollies were killed. Coaches drove along the Thames, the ice of which was eleven inches thick. In 1809 occurred the cold winter: the frost penetrated the earth three yards into the ground. In 1716 booths were erected on the Thames. In 1744 and 1745, the strongest ale in England, exposed to the air, was covered in less than fifteen minutes with ice an eighth of an inch thick. In 1809, and again in 1812 the winters were remarkably cold. In 1814 there was a fair on the frozen Thames.—*Merchants' Magazine.*

#### HOTEL CHARGES AT WASHINGTON.

I went to Washington and put up at a leading hotel, where, seeing the landlord, I accosted him with:

"How d'ye do, squire?"

"Fifty cents, sir," was his reply.

"Sir?"

"Half a dollar. We charge twenty-five cents for lookin' at the landlord, and fifty for speakin' to him. If you want supper, a boy will show you the dining-room for twenty-five cents. Your room being in the tenth story, it will cost you a dollar to be shown up there."

"How much do you ax a man for breathin' in this equinomial tarvun?" sed I.

"Ten cents a breath," was his reply.

*Artemus Ward.*

## LETTER WRITING.

We have almost made up our mind that the ability to write a good letter is a gift of nature, and cannot be acquired. Schools may teach orthography, punctuation, syntax and prosody, but neither schools nor colleges, with all their drilling, can enable a student to write an easy, flowing, agreeable letter. There have been "Complete Letter Writers" published, but whoever trusts to them for communicating with friend or foe, finds himself going lamentably astray—for circumstances alter cases. When the unlettered refer to one of these manuals, they generally copy bodily the forms they see before them, simply filling up the blanks left for the proper names. Still, an indifferent epistolary style may be amended by the study of good models. There are many such in the French language—of course it is needless to refer to the world-famed epistles of Madame de Sevigne. Lord Byron's correspondence is among the most easy and agreeable in English. Burns, on the contrary, wrote shockingly stiff and stilted letters. Horace Walpole's letters are very agreeable, gossiping, fluent and well spiced.

Many people succeed in letters who fail in almost every other species of composition. One does not naturally and inevitably write a good letter because he can write a good poem or a good essay. Illiterate or inexperienced correspondents have certain stereotyped forms with which they always open their communications—"These fu lines come hopping to meet you in good health." There is a certain sunny cheerfulness in the idea of the Terpsichorean alacrity with which these "fu lines" perform their part. There are certain letters that it is impossible to find fault with, no matter how cramped and crabbed the penmanship may be, or how curt the document. For instance—"Please find enclosed a draft for \$5000 payable to your order." The most captious critic in the world could hardly have the heart to criticise this. We find some capital hints on letter writing in the works of St. Gregory.

"If you have many things to say," says he, "you will do wrong to confine yourself to too narrow a space. If a word will express your thought, spare me tedious details, not very agreeable. You should measure the length or brevity of a letter by its subject. It is not enough to be precise, you must be clear in all things; a letter is not a sign; it would be better to be somewhat gossiping than to be obscure in aiming at brevity. In a word, a

letter written with a suitable clearness, a well written letter, is that, which, understood by the ignorant as well as by the cultivated man, pleases both equally.

A third quality in letter writing is grace: without it, a letter is dry, sad, monotonous; with it, on the contrary, the style is lively and flows pleasantly and currently. Piquant maxims, proverbs applicably quoted, rallying pauses, ingenious sallies—a letter admits everything which can excite the mind, but still without affectation. Purple is only admitted as a trimming; and a letter only allows of an unexaggerated elegance. The figurative style is only admissible on this condition—that it shows itself rarely and modestly. We will leave to rhetoricians, apostrophes, antitheses and members of phrases symmetrically arranged; or, if sometimes we borrow the apparel from them, let it always be in sport. I cannot better conclude than in the following trait of apologue: Once upon a time, when the birds were disputing for the throne, and each eagerly adorning himself, the eagle judged that his finest adornment was to be without any. (Beauty when unadorned, adorned the most.) The finest letter, in my opinion, is that which derives all its ornament from the simple, easy and natural manner in which it is written. Such, I think, are the qualities of the epistolary style. What I may have omitted, will be suggested to you by your own reflections."

The above is not only a sound treatise on letter writing, but a happy example of its best style.

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**POVERTY.**—Bulwer says that poverty is only an idea, in nine cases out of ten. Some men with ten thousand dollars a year suffer more for want of means than others with three hundred. The reason is, the richer man has artificial wants; his income is ten thousand, and by habit he spends twelve or fifteen thousand, and he suffers enough from being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day and does not run in debt, is the happiest of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this, but it is as true as God's word. There are people, of course, who are wealthy, and enjoy their wealth, but there are thousands upon thousands with princely incomes who never know a moment's peace, because they live above their means; there is really more happiness in the world among working people than among those who are called rich.

[ORIGINAL-]

## LONGINGS.

BY G. W. CROWELL.

The past is but a dream,  
Or like a dream to me;  
For shadows slowly drift,  
Like mists from off the sea.

Between the dim unseen,  
Where hope allied with fears,  
Looked forward from the past,  
Into the golden years,

I saw within the flush,  
Where darkness stood with light,  
In fancies paradise,  
A vision of delight.

Receding ever still,  
The phantom onward flies,  
Behind the weary past,  
Before the golden prize.

The colors of my life  
Are changing from their day;  
The rosy flush of dawn  
Is melting into gray.

The silent hours of eve  
Are mingling with its light;  
Before, a fading glow,  
Behind, the solemn night.

Yet from this fevered dream  
The struggling soul shall rise;  
And reach its longed-for goal,  
Its home in paradise.

[ORIGINAL-]

## MR. RANDOLPH.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"WANTED.—A seamstress, by a lady residing fifteen miles from the city, in the village of Woodvale. Testimonials of good moral character will be required. Address for the next ten days,

"MRS. R. M. EASTMAN,  
"Box 1002, Woodvale."

IN utter despair I had taken up the sheet containing this advertisement, listlessly casting my eyes over it, because I was thinking so deeply that I knew not what I did. It was singular that I read it at all, for the type swam together, and the letters were so blurred, that it was with difficulty that I managed to deci-

pher it. Perhaps it was this very illegibility that first drew my attention.

I was glad that I had seen it, for it gave me something new on which to ponder. I could wonder if I should get the place, provided I applied for it; and acting on an impulse, for which I cannot account, I instantly sat down and offered my services to Mrs. Eastman. I despatched the letter to the post-office, and the sense of utter desolation in my heart was relieved. I had a small interest to watch—something to wait for, even if it brought me only disappointment.

Motherless from my early infancy—and recently made fatherless by a fearful railway accident, which had torn my only relative from my side, and left me to live on alone—I had just come to the knowledge that of my father's handsome property not a single penny justly belonged to me! Always of a yielding disposition, my father had largely endorsed the notes of dishonest friends, and the whole of his possessions would barely cover the amount of indebtedness.

I had no inclination to battle with the law—I gave up all, everything, even to the plate and household furniture; and now, homeless and destitute, I found myself the inmate of an humble boarding-house, with a bleak, dreary future stretching out before me, in which I was to earn my bread by the toll of my hands. It was the old, old story. Hundreds—ay, thousands—have lived just such lives before me—loveless, alone, without sympathy or friends; and I like to think that ere this they have found their recompense in heaven.

Once I had had faith in life; once I had been weak enough to believe in love. Behold how changed! Six months previous I should have scorned the one who had told me that my loss of fortune would have mattered to Philip Harstein. In my trusting confidence, I would have staked my soul on his loyalty; and I should have lost!

For two years we had been engaged. A thousand times had he assured me that no changes could influence his love—the one he once loved he loved forever. I wonder how any one can live with a heart so full of deceit. When I most trusted him—when, after the death of my father, I found myself desolate, I looked for Philip to come to me; I longed for the strong, sweet protection of his presence, but he sent me a note instead.

The scathing words of that sheet are burned into my memory. I read it through twice, and laid it in the flames, where watching it

fall to dead gray ashes, I registered a vow to put Philip Harstein out of my life henceforth and forever. The vow was kept. Because I had lost my fortune, and with it social position, he deemed it imprudent for us longer to consider ourselves bound to each other; he gave me back my freedom, and remained very respectfully my friend. That letter destroyed my faith in humanity, and seared my affections to new loves; but I thank God for it, nevertheless. Doubtless it saved my life from utter shipwreck, for now that the scales have fallen from my eyes, I know that the devotion of one like Philip Harstein would never have satisfied the requirements of my being.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, in a few days, I received a letter from Mrs. Eastman, of Woodvale. She was satisfied with the references I had given. My father's name was sufficient—she had known Mr. Albans well; and I would do her a favor by coming out to Woodvale as soon as possible; her need of a seamstress was pressing.

The next day at sunset I dismissed the hackman at the door of Eastman Hall, and a moment later was shown into the presence of my employer. Mrs. Eastman was a fair, haughty-looking woman, of elegant manners, and very few words. Her eldest daughter, Marion, was about to be married, she said, and it was to assist at her bridal outfit that a seamstress was required. She had a competent *artiste* to oversee everything. I would only be expected to obey this person's orders. And with a stately courtesy, she committed me to the care of the housekeeper, who showed me to my room, and sent up my tea.

Eastman Hall, so far as I could judge from the hasty view I had obtained on my arrival, was a large mansion, pleasantly situated, and heavily shaded with magnificent elm trees. Wealth and taste had added much to the natural points of attraction, and within doors luxury abounded.

The ensuing morning I entered on my new life. It was by no means an easy one. Reared, as I had been, in affluence, with my lightest wish anticipated by attached servants, it was not a facile task to submit quietly to the caprices of Marion Eastman, the bride elect. Fastidious and exacting, thoughtless, but not heartless, Miss Eastman was a severe taskmistress; and her beautiful sister Helena had such a way of patronizing me, that I found it exceedingly difficult to keep back the sharp words that would rise to my lips.

There was a great deal of company at the

house; fat mamas, to advise with Mrs. Eastman over housekeeping details; gay young girls, to inspect the *trousseau*; and perfumed young gentlemen, to flirt with Helena, and envy Mr. St. Urban his "divine Marion."

With none of these had I anything in common. The old ladies patronized me; the young ladies indulged in covert giggles, and wondered if my hair curled naturally; and the young gentlemen surveyed me through their eye-glasses, with all the *nonchalance* one would employ in looking at a dancing bear, or a performing horse in the circus.

One topic of conversation was never exhausted by the young lady visitors of the Misses Eastman; and that topic was Mr. Randolph. I had heard his name so continually dinged in my ears, that I fairly despised the owner of it, without ever having seen him. Mr. Randolph was the lion of the neighborhood; the greatest "catch" in the country, according to everybody's asseveration. Wealthy, handsome, talented, unapproachable, but so fascinating, when he chose to be, said Helena; and all the other girls nodded acquiescence, and added some adjective of quality to the endless list of the man's perfections. Such a splendid house as he had, and such a garden; and such horses; and such gloves, imported from Paris expressly for his use!

All Woodvale was in raptures over Mr. Randolph, and I at once set him down in my own mind as an unmitigated coxcomb, and sincerely hoped he would not intrude himself and his immaculate gloves into the work-room, as so many gentlemen visiting did.

One morning, Mr. St. Urban, with the free-and-easy privileges of a *fiance*, brought in a gentleman whom I had never before seen, to pronounce judgment on a set of pearls he had just purchased for the bride. They came into the room where I was sewing, as being at that time the quietest in the house, and continued their conversation without regarding my presence. There was something in the appearance of this stranger which attracted my attention at once. Singularly handsome of face, tall, and rather strongly built, with a voice of rare depth and fineness, and manners elegant, without being fincial, I had never seen one who so strangely interested me.

Directly, Helena burst into the room; but at sight of the guest, she stopped in the gay air she was humming, blushed, simpered, and exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Randolph, what a surprise!" He turned toward her, paid her some exquisite compliment, and together they left

the room. Five minutes afterwards I saw them drive down the road in a chaise.

In spite of all my efforts to banish it, the face of Mr. Randolph haunted my thoughts continually. Asleep, he was present; awake, I found my mind wandering from blonde lace and linen ruffles to the calm dark eyes of the owner of Glenmore. Angry with myself at the perversity of my thoughts, I applied myself still more rigorously to my work, and Saturday afternoon found me totally unable to hold the needle, blinded and racked by a raging headache.

Toward night I threw on a shawl, and went out for a walk; the cool, soft air somewhat revived me, and glad of the freedom, I rambled on and on until having passed a long stretch of meadow, I stood on the shore of a beautiful little lake, fringed with silver-leaved willows. Across the water on the opposite side, boldly defined against the hemlock-crowned hill which rose behind it, was a large and picturesque mansion, built of dark gray stone, and half covered in a luxuriant growth of climbing roses, now in full bloom. How pleasantly inviting looked the broad piazza, with its fretted columns twined about with the trumpet flower, and the open hall door, through which the golden sunset streamed on the crimson matting which covered the broad staircase! A garden, filled with the choicest plants and flowers, sloped down to the water's edge, and I could catch, like aerial music, the drowsy murmur of the fountain as it dripped into the marble basin. I spoke my thoughts aloud:

"What a beautiful place!—the owner must be very happy."

"Why do you think so?" said a not unfamiliar voice at my side, and turning, I saw Mr. Randolph.

"Because everything is peace inspiring; the heart is made happy, and the soul is exalted, by the contemplation of beautiful objects!"

"I think so," he remarked, quietly, without taking his eyes from my face.

A thought struck me; from what I had heard, this must be Glenmore, Mr. Randolph's residence. I made assurance sure by asking him:

"That is your home, is it not?"

"It is. Mine, and that of my parents before me."

"They are dead?"

"Yes."

An inexpressible sadness fell over his face, and over mine also. In one respect this great

man and the poor seamstress were alike. I turned to go.

"Stay a moment—you are Miss Albans?"

"You are right. Good evening, Mr. Randolph."

"Good evening, Miss Albans."

This was the beginning of our acquaintance, if the "good morning" with which Mr. Randolph afterwards invariably greeted me, could be called an acquaintance. I saw him almost daily; he was, or gossip said, deeply smitten with Helena, and certainly he paid her the most devoted attentions. Why should this send a thrill of pain through my bosom? What was it to me, if Mr. Randolph wooed the proud beauty of Eastman House? Why need it give me a passing emotion of joy, sorrow, or idle curiosity? At that time I did not dare to look into my own heart. I feared what I might see there, and turned resolutely from the inspection.

Time passed rapidly. It was the night preceding the morning set apart for Marlon's bridal. The whole house was alive with company. Mrs. Eastman was giving a ball in honor of the expected event. The music made me dizzy; it penetrated up even to my solitary chamber, and unable longer to sit quietly and listen to the merriment, I stole down the back staircase, and escaped to the garden. At the foot of the long wall there was a grape arbor. I was about entering its shelter, when the sound of voices within arrested me; the first was that of a man, raised in bitter expostulation.

"Once more, Catherine, I beseech you."

"Enough! I will never willingly look upon your face again!" The reply was made in a woman's voice, deep, determined, and relentless as fate.

"Then die!" cried the other; "for, by the heavens above me, none other shall you smile upon!"

There was the sound of a dull blow—a smothered scream. I caught a glimpse of the dark figure of a man bounding over the garden fence; then I sprang forward to the door of the arbor, which I reached just in advance of a gentleman, who, addressing me by name, discovered the voice of Mr. Randolph.

The beams of a full moon streamed into the arbor, and revealed with almost noonday distinctness the pale, blood-stained face of the woman, lying there so still and deathlike. Mr. Randolph gathered her cold figure up in his arms, while his lips sought hers in a kiss of agony. I was paralyzed by the scene, and



did not think to go away. A few moments he held her thus, moaning over her as a mother might over her dead child; then a joyful cry broke from him:

"Thank God, she lives!"

I stepped forward and offered my assistance; he looked at me a moment as if in doubt, then he said:

"Miss Albans, if you assist me, you must go with me and this lady to Glenmore; and afterwards you must spend the greater part of the night alone with her, knowing that she may perhaps die at any moment. Have you the courage?"

"Try me and see."

"Your voice is steady. Very well; follow me."

He lifted the still unconscious form, and strode rapidly off across the fields in the direction of Glenmore. Not a word passed between us on the way, and when we reached the house, my companion admitted himself with a latch-key. He bore the lady up to a chamber on the second floor, and placing her on the bed, lighted the chandelier; then he turned to me:

"Here on this table you will find everything necessary to restore this lady to consciousness. Be swift and silent, and do not let her talk to you. I am going for a physician, and as there is no medicine man whom I can trust this side of Bordentown, I shall not probably return before daybreak. Have faith and courage."

He went out, shut the door, and locked it behind him. For a moment I was bewildered by the strangeness of the position in which I found myself. But the next I set myself about applying restoratives to the unconscious lady, and after a time I knew that my efforts were not in vain. She shuddered, put her hand to the still bleeding wound in her shoulder, and opened her large brown eyes full of fright.

"Has he escaped?" she cried, breathlessly.

"You must not talk," I said, gently. "Mr. Randolph said so."

"But the—the man who wounded me—tell me that; has he escaped?"

"I think so."

"Very well. I will be quiet, if you wish."

For full two hours she lay there still as death, yet not asleep; for her sad, beautiful eyes were open, and her lips parted in eager expectation.

At the end of that time Mr. Randolph returned; he ushered in a stranger, evidently the physician, led me from the room to an ad-

joining chamber, where bidding me wait for him, he left me alone. It was not long before he came back, and said that I was at liberty to return to Eastman House.

He drove me thither in his phaeton, and on the way told me the sad, brief tragedy of the wounded lady's life. Catherine was his only sister; early wedded to a man of fascinating exterior but corrupt principles, her married life had been wretched, and two years before she had fled from her husband's house—fled from very fear of being murdered—to the protection of her brother. The family were proud, and people generally were given to understand that Catherine was a widow. Within a few months the profligate husband had haunted Glenmore, and by threats, extorted large sums of money from his wife's brother. For this purpose he had last night visited Mr. Randolph, and on being repulsed, had followed the brother and sister to the hall, vowing to declare himself the husband of the beautiful Widow Harley, unless his demands were complied with. His wife had continued firm, and in a fit of jealous rage, pretending to believe her attached to some one of her numerous admirers, he had attempted to take her life.

Catherine, Mr. Randolph said, valued her name higher than her life, and would not consent to a divorce; neither would she allow a word breathed against the fair fame of her husband. He had escaped, and no attempt would be made to bring him to justice.

Mr. Randolph left me at the foot of the garden, and from that time I saw no more of him. The wedding passed off with *eclat*, but Helena was sulky, for the chief attraction of the company was absent, and none could account for it. By-and-by it was currently reported that he had gone to Europe with his sister, whose health was poor, and after a nine days' wonder, the matter ended.

Toward the middle of February Mrs. Eastman informed me that my services were no longer needed; she paid me my dues, gave me a good recommendation, and saw me set forth in the stage-coach for Bristol, where she thought a friend of hers might like to employ me. It was near night of a cold, raw winter's day, and unutterably gloomy and oppressed in spirits, I took my seat in the comfortless vehicle. Again was I cast on the world alone!

I was the only passenger, and drawing my shawl around me, I sank into a corner of the coach, and wept silently—wept because I was so utterly lonesome and desolate. The stage

stopped at a roadside tavern; there was a flashing of lights, the door was unfastened, some one sprang in and closed it after him.

"Are you here, Edith Albans?" said the voice of Mr. Randolph.

I could not answer clearly for the choking tears, which were not yet dry. He sat down beside me, and drew my head to his bosom; and when I would have gone away from him, he only held me closer.

"Be quiet, Edith," he said, tenderly, "and tell me where you were going."

"To Bristol, for work."

"No, you are not going to Bristol; you are going home to Glenmore with me. Edith, I love you, and when I knew that you were leaving Woodvale, I set out after you. Am I to be blamed? Answer me, Edith."

Heaven only knows the rest and peace he gave me. No longer alone, but the beloved of him I had so long secretly worshipped!

There is no need of prolonging the story. We rode to Bristol that night, and in the gray of morning, at the house of the clergyman of the village, we were united in marriage. My home is at Glenmore now, and Mrs. Eastman, my former patroness, does not disdain to leave her card at my door. Catherine Harley is now a widow in reality; her guilty husband met his death the last summer in a New York gaming hell, and she is free. And I, reader, I have never regretted answering an advertisement.

#### VOICES OF ANIMALS.

There is a chapter in the natural history of animals hardly touched upon as yet, and that will be especially interesting with reference to families. The voices of animals have a family character not to be mistaken. All the canidæ bark and howl. The fox, the wolf, the dog have the same kind of utterance, though on a somewhat different pitch. All the bears growl, from the white bear of the Arctic snows to the small black bear of the Andes. All the cats *miau*, from our quiet fireside companions to the lions and tigers and panthers of the forest and jungle. This last may seem a strange assertion; but to any one who has listened critically to their sounds and analyzed their voices, the roar of the lion is but a gigantic *miau*, bearing about the same proportion to that of a cat as its stately and majestic form does to the smaller, softer, and more peaceful aspect of the cat. Yet, notwithstanding the difference in their size, who can look at the lion, whether in his more sleepy mood,

as he lies curled up in the corner of his cage, or in his fiercer moments of hunger or of rage, without being reminded of a cat? And this is not merely the resemblance of one carnivorous animal to another; for no one was ever reminded of a dog or a wolf by a lion. All the horses and donkeys neigh; for the bray of the donkey is only a harsher neigh; pitched on a different key, it is true, but a sound of the same character, as the donkey himself is but a clumsy and dwarfish horse. All the cows low, from the buffalo roaming the prairie, the musk-ox of the Arctic ice-fields, or the jack of Asia, to the cattle feeding in our pastures. Among the birds this similarity of voice in families is still more marked. We need only recall the harsh and noisy parrots, so similar in their peculiar utterance. Or take, as an example, the web-footed family. Do not all the geese and the innumerable hosts of ducks quack? Does not every member of the crow family caw, whether it be the jackdaw, the jay, the magpie, the rook, in some green rookery of the old world, or the crow of our woods, with its long, melancholy caw, that seems to make the silence and solitude deeper. Compare all the sweet warblers of the songster family—the nightingales, the thrushes, the mocking-birds, the robins—they differ in the greater or less perfection of the note, but the same kind of voice runs through the whole group.—*Agassiz.*

#### A FAST PRINCE.

Prince Paul Demidoff is a wild young man, well known about town in Paris for his intrigues, duels and extravagance. He is now in possession not only of the enormous fortune of the Demidoff family, but also, besides other gems of price, of the celebrated diamond known as the "Sancy," of historical repute, and estimated at 2,000,000 francs. Recently he appeared at the Count de Persigny's and Count Walewski's fancy balls with this matchless stone fastened in front of a velvet cap. The sensation produced when the "Sancy" was discovered to have dropped from its conspicuous position, until it was again fortunately found under an arm chair, may be easier conceived than described, says a London letter.

There is a set of harmless liars, frequently to be met with in company, who deal much in the marvellous. Their usual intention is to please and entertain; but as men are most delighted with what they conceive to be the truth, these people mistake the means of pleasing, and incur universal blame.—*Hume.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## "REST, PILGRIM, REST."

BY J. H. B.

Man is a pilgrim here,  
Journeying with sigh and tear,  
To a far land;  
Heaven is the holy shrine,  
Where he his toils resign,  
At God's command!

Rest for the sick and worn,  
Rest for the heart forlorn,  
From this low earth;  
The spirit in my breast  
Longeth to taste of rest,  
In a new birth.

The hour will shortly come,  
When thou wilt reach thy home,  
To sigh no more;  
Then mingle with the sod,  
The senseless valley-cloth,  
Thy sufferings o'er.

Rest with the leaf and flower,  
Till God's appointed hour  
Bids thee "come forth,"  
Fresh from thy sleep of rest,  
With light upon thy breast,  
To a new birth.

How still the dead man's night!  
How weak the arm of might!  
Beauty how frail;  
Death stills the wildest grief,  
Here anguish finds relief;  
The rudest gale

That ever swept life's sea  
Shall beat unmet by thee,  
In that calm hour!  
Poor inmate of my breast,  
Choose thee a place of rest,  
Safe in God's power.

And be it lone and wild,  
Where the rough hills are piled,  
And Nature dwells,  
In all her majesty,  
Beneath the arching sky,  
Among the dells.

There let the flowers of spring  
Yield me their offering,  
With dewdrops bright;  
The rose and violet  
Round my cold couch be set,  
With eyes of light.

Sleep for the weary one—  
When time's hard toils are done,  
The hour how blest!  
When this encumbering clay  
Shall hear the angel say,  
"Rest, pilgrim, rest!"

[ORIGINAL.]

## DONALD GREY'S LEGACY.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

WHAT was he to do with it? That was the question. And a very serious question it was, too, if Mr. Donald Grey's knitted brows and inexplicably puzzled air was any index of the state of his mind. Why, indeed, should he not be puzzled? Who in the world would ever have thought of bequeathing such a legacy to a sedate bachelor of thirty-five? There it lay before him—two round, white cheeks, soft and smooth as the sunny side of an apricot, two violet eyes shaded by the darkest and longest of silken fringes, and the tiniest pair of pink fists that were ever shaken in any mama's face; these, and the remaining details that went to make up the very sweetest little—Well, comparisons are odious, and I won't intimate, dear reader, that your own precious pet isn't quite its equal. But, really, it was a very sweet baby. Even, Donald Grey, bachelor as he was, was not wholly unappreciative. He leaned forward—the rising lawyer—and actually kissed the round, white cheek.

I tell you this in the strictest confidence. *Entre nous*, we know that the most stately and reserved of mortals, if carefully watched, may sometimes be caught sinning in a similar way. And Donald Grey was not stately and reserved. Far from it. He had a most genial, lovable nature, had hosts of warm friends, was everywhere popular, and, moreover, had been engaged three years, and was expecting to be married when autumn came again.

Surely, then, he was a happy man. Perhaps so, yet as he pressed his lips again and again upon that baby cheek, there came gradually into his face a look of unutterable sadness, and lifting the child in his arms, and holding it with a passionate embrace, he walked rapidly to and fro across the floor. In a few minutes the emotion, whatever was its cause, had subsided and left him quiet and pale.

"I shall have to advertise," he said, at last, putting down the child, and looking at it with an expression of grave concern. "Some one can be found to take care of the motherless thing—some good country woman, who will give her plenty of new milk, and educate her into a sensible girl."

That was the way he decided what to do

with it, and, being a man accustomed to act promptly, he went straight to his office and wrote an advertisement for to-morrow's Journal. In the meantime a dozen curious friends were asking how Donald Grey came by this singular legacy. To answer the question properly will require a little prefatory explanation.

Donald Grey was, as I have intimated, a rising lawyer. He was also what too many are not—a man of strict integrity, of a large-hearted benevolence, and of a singular transparency and simplicity of character. Some of his friends regretted that he had not more of the wisdom of the serpent, and prophesied that he would not succeed; but as, after seven years' practice, he was now rapidly winning his way to competence and fame, they finally admitted that to an honest man good sense may be as useful as craft.

Mr. Grey was a self-made man, consequently he began his professional career later in life than most of his early companions. This was the way it happened that falling in one day, to his great surprise, with an old schoolmate, he found him the head of a household. Like many another young man, he had weighed himself with the cares of a boyish marriage, and had never been able to do more than keep upon the surface. Financial embarrassment during the winter following that in which Donald renewed his acquaintance, carried him quite under, and, weakened and depressed, his vital energies were no match for a low, nervous fever which soon attacked him, and the rough winds of March blew over the desolate grave of the young husband.

In all this trouble Donald Grey had been his friend. With a great pity in his heart he had watched the young widow through the terrible trials which followed her husband's death, and, frail as he knew her to be, he could not understand how it was possible for her to retain her hold upon life. The slight thread could not always endure; it broke suddenly, at last, and when Donald Grey had seen her laid to rest under the June grass, he went back to his legacy, and considered what to do with it. If the child had been six years old, it would have been practicable, but a six months old baby!

I have told you that Mr. Grey was engaged, and doubtless you have said—you to whom children are treasures—why not place it at once in the care of his lady-love? I must own that this course did occur to him, but only to be instantly set aside as impossible.

Impossible, indeed, Miss Ella Sydney would have said if any one had suggested such a thing to her. She had her own routine of pleasure and work. She was going out of town this summer. Their house was to be full of company. And, moreover, she was getting ready to be married. So you see it was clearly impossible that she should take the baby. Indeed, I doubt if it ever occurred to her. She thought it was a very pretty, generous thing of Donald, a really chivalrous act, "like the Chevalier Bayard," suggested a friend. "Who? O, yes, quite!" and Miss Ella, finding it was something to be admired, grew really quite proud of Donald Grey.

What kind of a girl was Ella Sydney? It would be easier to tell you what she was not. She was not gifted; she had not genius; she was in no wise remarkable. She had not that nameless charm which some women possess, who have what is called a great deal of character, which, by the way, is only one manifestation of intellect.

Ella was pretty, sang and played well, liked some kinds of reading in a small degree, had easy, well-bred manners, and had her own charm, as most young girls have. She had, also, her petty sins, her little daily selfishness, as well as veins of generosity and high-mindedness. Donald Grey met her at a small party where Ella was a bit of a belle. Afterward chance threw her in his way, and finally he fell in love with her.

Don't ask me why he did it? How do I know? I wish I did. Don't I see every day men falling in love with commonplace women, women who lead hum-drum lives, who never have a flash of inspiration, who, compared with the men who loved them, are as pigmies to Apollo; women who have not even beauty. And these men are the best of the race; men whom the noblest woman alive—and there are few things nobler or sweeter when you have lifted the veil of reticence with which a delicate womanhood always shrouds itself—would be proud to worship.

I say I wish I knew why these things are so, because it would explain to me a psychological marvel which has puzzled me not a little.

Of course everybody wondered when Donald Grey's engagement was announced, but in process of time the wonder died away, and now, as I have said, they were to be married in the autumn. Miss Sydney's friends thought she had made an excellent match, and to say the truth, Miss Ella thought so too, and was

by no means indifferent to the worldly position which her union with Donald Grey would give her.

And now, leaving Miss Sydney to prepare her trousseau in quiet, we must make the acquaintance of the other personages with whom the destiny of our friends is so closely interwoven. It is a curious thing to know that, fifty miles away, or perhaps in the next street, lives the person who is to influence and shape your life more than any other has done or will do, and yet at the present moment you are utter strangers.

Esther Wilmot, living in one of those quiet villages of New England, where a Sabbath silence reigns all through the long, sweet summer days, knew scarcely a soul in the great city only an hour's ride distant. Nothing was further from her mind that sunny morning, when she put on her hat and gray cape to go up to the village store for some trifling, necessary article. She stood still a moment after drawing on her gloves, and while she did so, an invalid lady, sitting in a huge chintz-covered chair, said:

"Don't be gone long, Esther."

The tone was a little querulous, but Esther replied cheerfully:

"I'll come back as soon as I can, mother."

It was just the voice that would have ended the sentence in a word of endearment; but Esther had been brought up in an undemonstrative way, and it would not have been natural for her to have said anything caressing to her mother; but she shut the blinds that the sun might not shine too warmly upon the invalid's face, and carefully put a shawl over her shoulders. Then she tripped out of the house, and down the walk into the street with the quick, springing tread of youth. But she walked more slowly presently, as she fell to thinking upon a subject that was often in her mind of late.

It was a very homely theme. It was not the thought of any lover; it was no dream of romance that filled her mind. It was the practical question that exercises the faculties of most people who have reached maturity, and sometimes, I regret to say, weighs down and perplexes the young who should be carefree. It was simply how to eke out a scanty income, so that one could have a few more of the comforts of life, and here and there a luxury. Esther was bred to economy—she knew well how to make one dollar do the work of two—she was an adept at the art of making "auld things look amaisht as weel's the new."

But even Esther was certain that two persons could not live on a hundred and fifty dollars a year, even with the house rent and garden thrown in. And still worse, how was the doctor's bill incurred last winter to be met? Esther Wilmot was a clergyman's daughter. Her father had died five years before, leaving a holy name and a property consisting mostly of theological works and manuscript sermons, a wealth which seemed to have no appreciable value in the market.

A few kind friends had subscribed to purchase the little cottage in which the family had resided; but for the rest the widow and her daughter were thrown upon their own resources. They did very well at first, for Esther taught the village school; but by-and-by Mrs. Wilmot fell ill, and now for two years Esther had found her hands and her wits both overtasked by the thousand petty cares of housekeeping. Add to the little daily trials of her life the pressing want of money, and it is no wonder that Esther's step grew slow and heavy. She made her purchase at the store, and returned home, mechanically turning over the paper parcel in her hand. The roll of muslin she had bought was wrapped up in a fragment of newspaper. Very soon some of the printed words caught her eye—her face grew bright—involuntarily she quickened her pace, and, arriving at the cottage, hastened in and surprised her mother by a quick exclamation of pleasure.

"An advertisement, mother! A home wanted for a little child. See, it will just suit us! 'A liberal remuneration' Only think what a help it will be! I'll write immediately."

"I'm afraid we can never have the trouble of it," said the invalid, discouragingly, after reading the advertisement deliberately. "A cross, crying child will worry me to death, I'm sure."

"Perhaps it won't be cross," returned Esther, "and if it is not it will amuse you. At any rate, we cannot go on as we have done, and I thought this would assist us greatly; still, if you object, I will do nothing about it."

"I haven't objected," protested her mother. "Of course you ought not to let pass such an opportunity. It's the very thing you have been wishing for."

And now, having effectually dampened Esther's pleasure at the prospect of adding a little to their narrow income, Mrs. Wilmot, with an inconsequence peculiar to her, went



on to urge Esther to do the very thing she had at first deprecated.

Esther quietly wrote the letter, and despatched it by the next mail. It will not surprise you to know that Donald Grey was its recipient. He read and re-read the delicately written epistle, concluded that Miss Esther Wilmot was some spinster of refinement and culture who, in proposing to undertake the care of a child, was seeking an outlet for her unexpressed affections, congratulated himself upon the chance of disposing of his legacy, and finally took the next train of cars for Milton in order to complete the needful arrangements.

At the sight of the young face which met him at the door, the ideal, angular spinster faded into blank nothingness. He was painfully at a loss to go on with his business in the ordinary way. The little sitting-room into which he was shown had so plainly an air of gentility, despite the sorrowful shabbiness of its faded and worn furniture, Mrs. Wilmot, in her silk wrapper (a dyed pearl-gray that had been a part of her wedding outfit), was so truly a lady, and Esther was so surely a woman of a higher type than he was wont to meet, that Donald Grey, the self-possessed man of business, was at a loss how to intimate the idea of remuneration.

"A child will be a great deal of company for Esther, who is able to go out very little on account of my feeble health. It seemed such a pleasant thing to us, that I urged her to write at once," said Mrs. Wilmot, totally unconscious of the white lie she was telling.

Mr. Grey expressed his pleasure at finding so suitable a home for his friend's orphan child, promised to send it immediately, received an invitation to visit it at his convenience, and rose to go.

"I think the terms have not been mentioned, Mr. Grey," said Esther, with a slight smile.

Donald Grey looked at the graceful woman who stood there, wearing her six-penny calico as if it had been a queen's robe, and replied that she might settle them; he would assent to any terms she might propose. But Esther playfully demurred to this, and eventually Mr. Grey named a generous sum that gladdened Esther's heart, and was thankfully accepted. He could not fail to see her gratification in the quick flush of color, and the involuntary glance toward her mother.

Donald Grey took leave, turning his head to take another look at the small rooms where

he had been sitting. It looked singularly pleasant to him. It was so home-like, so cozy; its arrangements were all suggestive of a refined taste. There were books in plenty, tasteful conveniences embodying the beautiful things of wood and field, moss baskets filled with autumnal tinted leaves, a bookcase ornamented with pine cones, and a swinging vase overflowing with ivy; heliotropes and a daphne in full bloom made the room fragrant. Donald Grey walked away, thinking how pleasantly this low-ceiled sitting-room, with its flowers, contrasted with the drawing-rooms of his acquaintance.

And that beautiful, interesting girl, with her lady-like ways! Did she do all the work of the household, he wondered? There was no sign of a servant about, and he noticed, with his quick eye for details, that her hands, though small, were brown with work. But now he thought of it, he almost doubted if she were beautiful. She was too pale, too unpretending in dress and demeanor, and far too quiet and grave to have been called charming in the circle which he frequented. He remembered that as the sunlight touched her hair when she stood in the doorway, it shone like gold. And her eyes, too, haunted him. They were brown eyes, soft and deep, yet flashing out with a smile at times, as well as suggestive of unshed tears.

Doubtless life had not been kind to her. Mrs. Wilmot had told him something of her husband's life and death. Donald Grey, as I have said, was a self-made man. He had not forgotten the bitter taste of poverty. He pitied Esther Wilmot, and hoped he might know her better.

The next morning he sent his legacy to Milton by a trusty messenger. He spent the ensuing evening with Ella, and was several times on the point of speaking to her of his new acquaintances; but Ella was unusually talkative, that evening, so the time passed away, and he did not mention them. Just as he was going, Ella said:

"O, by the way, Donald, what have you done with the babe?"

"I've found a boarding place for her in the country."

"Ah, but that will be expensive, will it not? Couldn't you find some one who would adopt her?"

"I don't know," answered Donald, rather shortly, thinking how his heart had yearned to the little one that morning, and he had

hoped that when they were housekeeping, Ella would like to take it home.

But he said nothing of this, and went away, unable to account to himself for the vague feeling of dissatisfaction that possessed him.

A fortnight passed, and the winning helplessness of the babe had awakened a new feeling in Esther's heart. It brightened all her life; it made her labor seem light; it neutralized the effect of her mother's fault-finding and repinings.

About this time Donald Grey deemed it necessary to visit his ward. Esther's face surprised him—it had caught a new life—the light in her brown eyes was pure sunshine. He had no longer need to question whether she was beautiful.

Donald had a dim suspicion of what had wrought the change; but he did not know how attenuated the whole nature becomes when the affections are denied their natural development; he did not know how real a hunger was the craving for something to love. Perhaps he would not have understood it if he had been told, for he was a man, with all a man's resources in business, ambition and choice of friends. But he was a man of tender sensibilities and keen perceptions. Something of Esther's nature he did understand, and its knowledge stimulated him to know more. He would like to be her friend, he thought. His appreciation and interest showed itself in his manner, and Esther was touched and grateful.

It was not often that she was understood. The neighbors in a vague way thought she was different from themselves. She was called proud. No one of the farmer's sons who had been her schoolmates, would have thought of approaching her as a suitor; yet no one could have said why, for she was always affable and kind. So Esther had had few companions, and lovers none. The minister and the village doctor represented to her what she knew of masculine humanity refined by culture.

Donald Grey was of the same class, but a grade higher than they, and Esther was surprised at the pleasure which his society gave her. During his visit Donald Grey had in some way intimated to Mrs. Wilmot that he should soon have a home of his own to which he might call his ward.

"So I dare say you will not have it long," said Mrs. Wilmot, supplementing this unwelcome news.

Esther went to the cradle, and bent over

the child. The thought of losing it was intolerable to her.

"Mr. Grey is a very superior man," said Mrs. Wilmot.

"Yes, mother."

"I should like to see the lady whom he is going to marry," continued her mother, with a natural regret that her daughter was unsought.

"Perhaps he will bring her here sometime," suggested Esther.

But Donald Grey did not. Influenced by some indefinable feeling, he did not speak of the Wilmots to Ella.

June came with its heats, and Ella soon found the city unendurable. She was convinced that she could exist only at a watering place. To one of the fashionable resorts she accordingly went, with some regrets that Donald could not accompany her. It was so nice to have a lover, and there was so much *eclat* in being engaged. But Donald could not go. It occurred to him, however, to make another arrangement which suited him better. He took lodgings at Milton, and went into town daily. Ella wrote to him long letters full of accounts of the gay life she led, hoping they would amuse him, for she was sure he must be moped living among those stupid country people. Moped? Not a bit of it. In his youth Donald Grey had loved the country—longed for it, hoped sometime to make it his home, but in the turmoil of business this dream had faded away and might never have been revived but for his accidental visit to Milton.

Now it was to him as if he had suddenly been endowed with a new sense. He was lifted to a higher plane. How much of this was due to the new stimulus of Esther Wilmot's society he did not know. He felt that to be with her gave him a vivid pleasure, but he did not analyze his sensations.

Secure in his engagement, and her knowledge of it, he surrendered himself unhesitatingly to its enjoyment. I would not have you suspect that Donald Grey was capable of behaving dishonorably. On the contrary, he would have denied with surprise that his love for Ella had suffered any diminution.

As for Esther he admired her, and accounted it a privilege to be near her. He also pitied her profoundly. He understood all the little daily trials of her life—its annoyances and deprivations, from solitude and loneliness down to the hard labor which roughened her hands and spoiled their delicacy. He was in a dream from which he must needs have a rude awak-

ening. He went one evening to call upon her. Mrs. Wilmot met him at the door.

"Is not Esther at home?" he asked, in surprise.

"Esther is gone out with her cousin who has just returned from sea."

"Her cousin?"

"Her cousin, Richard Wilmot," explained the lady. "They were good friends in childhood, and I used to hope they would sometime be more nearly related. Richard is a fine young man, and very fond of Esther."

Mrs. Wilmot never knew why Donald Grey turned so suddenly from her, crushing a spray of wild flowers in his hand as he did so. She thought his voice sounded strangely when he said he must go, but she was not very keen-sighted, and did not divine the cause.

Donald Grey went away from the cottage with a legion of incomprehensible thoughts and feelings swarming in his brain, and crowding his heart. He strode on, passing Esther and her cousin who were just returning from their walk—passing them without a word of recognition—only giving one look at Esther—whose significance she was at a loss to understand.

"That is our friend, Mr. Grey, Pet's guardian!" said Esther.

"That savage-looking fellow? Never should I suspect him of doing a kindness. He did not speak to you."

"Something troubles him, I fancy."

"Do you see much of him?"

"Yes, a good deal."

"A lover?" asked Richard Wilmot, mischievously.

A soft color rose to Esther's cheek as she answered quietly:

"O, no! Mr. Grey is engaged, and is to be married in October."

"Ah, it seems to me he is in a dangerous position now. But seriously, Esther, there must be somebody waiting for you."

"I think not."

"Why?"

"Because—I can hardly say why, but I do not look for any change. I am not beautiful, I know nothing of the arts which win admirers, and then—I am getting old."

"How old, pray? Twenty-two or three?"

"Twenty-five!"

"Terribly old, that."

"You needn't laugh, Richard. Statistics show—"

"Don't quote statistics as authority for being an old maid."

They reached the cottage at this point, and here Richard destroyed all Mrs. Wilmot's fine castles, by confiding to her the news of his own speedy marriage.

Donald Grey was fighting out the conflict which all unawares to himself had sprung up in his heart. All at once he found his love for Ella dead, and a new and living affection planted in its stead. Indeed, it now seemed to him that he had never loved before. And this new affection had penetrated to the depths of his nature. It was like sacrificing his own soul to resign it. Marriage with Ella now would be a hideous mockery. But on the other hand, dishonor! He grew pale, and set his teeth hard and fast when he said it.

It was early morning when Donald Grey lay down exhausted with emotion. Whatever might be the issue, he would never be the same man again. He could never live again in surface trifles.

The next morning he was walking towards the station and met Esther. She marvelled at his pallor, and the strange, feverish eagerness of his manner. She inquired if he was well.

"Quite well, thank you. What have you there?" glancing at a magazine which she held in her hand.

"The ———. I am a good deal interested in a story contained in it."

"There are more stories in real life, and more tragic ones than are written. What is this one?"

"It is about a lover who found himself in a painful strait."

"What?" Esther looked wonderingly at Donald. This was a phase she had never seen.

"He was engaged, but afterwards unfortunately falling into the sphere of another young lady, found that he had misunderstood himself in the first instance—a sad dilemma, you will admit," she said, playfully.

"What did he do?"

"Fulfilled his engagement, of course."

"Why of course?"

"Because he was a man of honor."

"And does honor compel one to take vows that he knows he cannot keep? Does honor lead one to hypocritical falsehood? Is not marriage a crime without love? Has any man a right to perjure himself?" demanded Donald, vehemently. Esther did not speak.

"What do you think?" he reiterated.

"It is a sin to break one's vow," said Esther.

"It is a greater sin to be a hypocrite. Would you wish it—would any woman wish

the ceremonial form without the love which should have sanctified it?"

"I don't know. It is a difficult question. What do you think?"

"I? It is, as you say, a difficult question." Mr. Grey walked on without looking at her. Perplexed and embarrassed, Esther returned to the story.

"It all came out delightfully, however. The wife died, and after being properly sorry—"

"Esther!"

Esther stood appalled. She looked into his face. Slowly the consciousness of his love dawned upon her, bringing with it an intense joy in the midst of its struggling pain. For a full moment both stood still, then Esther, the tears struggling to her eyes, and trembling all over, put out her hand.

"We can, at least, thank God for the will to do right. Good-by, Donald."

"Good-by, Esther." They went their ways, he to drown himself in business and forget the past, she to bear the burden till it grew easy by submission.

In the midst of the cares which he had invoked, Donald Grey received a letter from Ella, asking him to come to her. It was difficult for him to leave, but he went, as if by indulgence in little things he could atone to her for the withdrawal of his love. Ella met him with some embarrassment. All the evening there was something about her which a watchful lover would not have understood. Donald Grey did not notice it. It is doubtful if he would have perceived any change in her now. Finally Ella said with a good deal of apparent reluctance, and a good many compassionate glances at her lover:

"I have something to tell you, Donald, which I am afraid will pain you very much."

"What is it?" he asked, indifferently.

"Why—I—you—that is, you have noticed that I have not written very often of late."

Donald had not noticed it, and answered:

"Well."

"It was because—because I have been thinking that we are not suited to each other, and—and I want to break the engagement. Don't blame me—indeed, it would not be best that we should marry," she added, misinterpreting his excitement, fearing the reproaches and outburst of passionate regret that she had anticipated. For Donald Grey had risen to his feet, his face all aglow, his eyes kindled.

"I release you, Ella. I hope you will be happy." He seemed to be going. Ella began to cry.

"Are you angry with me?"

"No. Shall I bid you good night now?"

They shook hands and he left her. Ella dried her tears. She had womanly pride enough to be piqued, and wit enough to see his relief. She was mortified and indignant.

"He did not even *profess* to be sorry," she said, angrily.

But the next day she was consoled, for Fred Zofted informed her confidentially that she was the sur-weetest girl he had ever known, and vowed for the dozenth time that he was her devoted slave. "When would his sur-weetest girl name the day?"

Donald Grey went back to town. A press of business awaited him, but he did not stop for its claims. The first morning train took him to Milton. The cottage door was open. The fallen leaves crunched under his hurried footsteps, and Esther, looking up from the face of the child in her arms, and pausing in her cradle song, grew pale upon seeing Donald Grey. He walked up to her chair, and clasping both her and the child, said:

"There is no one between us now, Esther. Will you be my wife?"

"You will let me keep Pet?" said Esther, when her rapture had grown familiar.

"Keep Pet? Who led me to my wife—who but Pet? No one ever had so precious a legacy."

Ella Sydney was married in October, and so were Donald Grey and Esther Wilnot.

#### CHOICE OF A WIFE.

The Indian sage Aurva, a great authority in matrimonial matters, gives minute directions for the choice of a wife, that every devout Hindoo does well to follow. The girl must be only a third of her husband's age, not very black, not yellow-complexioned, not a cripple, not deformed, not vicious, nor unhealthy, nor of low origin, but one who has been well brought up, and who speaks with propriety. She must not inherit a family malady, nor possess a masculine appearance; must neither speak thick nor thin, nor croak like a raven; must not keep her eyes shut, nor have them wide open; must not have thick ankles, nor dimples in her cheeks, nor goose skin, nor white nails, nor red eyes, nor fat hands, nor duck-like feet. She must neither be short, nor tall, nor fat, nor thin, but very middling. Her teeth must be very close set, and her eyebrows wide apart; finally, *her gait must resemble that of a young elephant.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE DEAD.

BY G. H. C.

The stars that disappear at morn,  
 O, think not they are fled;  
 They are not lost, they are not gone,  
 But, mid the glory shed  
 Around them by the source of light,  
 They shine more sweetly than at night:  
 It is the night that's dead.

And thus the loved who disappear,  
 Pass not, perchance, away;  
 But walk in light so sweet and clear,  
 It blinds us with its ray:  
 On this, to us, benighted clod,  
 The glory of Almighty God  
 Embosoms them in day.

Perchance they follow, fair as dreams,  
 The rosy morning's flight,  
 More immaterial than his beams,  
 And lighter than his light:  
 They sit upon the azure day,  
 They float on twilight's downy gray,  
 And on the clouds at night.

O deep and wondrous heart of man,  
 Strange fount of joy and woe;  
 In this sad life no eye may scan  
 Thy current's ebb and flow:  
 But in the glorious world to come,  
 The voice of discord shall be dumb,  
 And thou thyself shalt know.

[Translated expressly for The Magazine.]

## AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

BY M. E. B.

ON a beautiful evening in the autumn of 1842, seven persons, including myself, were gaily conversing in front of the country-house of Senor Arguellas, situated about a mile from Santiago de Cuba, in the eastern part of the island, and formerly its capital, when an incident suddenly occurred which had on our noisy gaiety about the same effect as if a bombshell had burst in our midst. But first let me say a few words about the seven persons and the circumstances which had thus brought them together.

There were first, three American merchants, gentlemen from the South, who had many business relations with the Antilles, and proposed to set sail the next day, the weather permitting (as the saying is), for Morant Bay,

Jamaica, in the ship *Neptune*, Captain Stearns; a lieutenant of artillery in the Spanish army, nephew of our host; a M. Dupont, a young and rich Creole, born of French and Spanish parents, and the reputed aspirant to the hand of Dona Antonia, the daughter and sole heiress of Senor Arguellas, a charming beauty of eighteen, an age quite matured in that precocious climate; then Captain Stearns of the *Neptune*, an Englishman of about thirty, of a very gentlemanly aspect; lastly myself, at that time quite a young man, and scarcely recovered from a severe illness, which a year before had compelled me to pass over from Jamaica to the more even and temperate climate of Cuba, although there is only a difference of five degrees between the two islands. I likewise was one of Captain Stearns's passengers, as well as Senor Arguellas, who had some business to wind up in Kingston, and intended taking with him Senora Antonia, the young lieutenant, and M. Dupont. The *Neptune* had brought to Cuba a mixed cargo, of cutlery, cotton clothes, etc. etc., and was to return with a half cargo of various articles. Among the rest was a number of barrels of powder, belonging to the American merchants, which had been found unsaleable in Cuba, and for which they hoped to find a better market in Jamaica. There were excellent cabins on board the *Neptune*, and as the weather was fine, and we hoped for a passage as short as agreeable, we were all, as I have said, in fine spirits, enjoying the best Havana cigars, conversing on the politics of Cuba, America and Europe, and earnestly arguing about the qualities of French and Spanish wines.

It was a superb evening, and a gentle breeze which had just sprung up, came to us laden with the perfume of a thousand tropical plants. Nearly all of us had drank deeply, perhaps rather too much. We did not begin to speak French, which every one understood tolerably well, until Senora Arguellas and her daughter withdrew. Senor Arguellas, as I should have before stated, was still detained in the city by some business matters which he wished to complete before embarking for Jamaica.

"Do not go away, I beg of you, until I have seen you," said Senora Arguellas, rising from her seat, and addressing Captain Stearns. "When you are at leisure, ring the bell and a servant will inform me of it. I want to converse with you about the arrangements of our cabin."

The captain bowed. Never as it seemed to me Antonia smiled more graciously than



as the ladies left us. I do not exactly remember the cause or circumstance of the change, but after some minutes every one felt that the conversation was taking a disagreeable turn. I thought that M. Dupont was but ill-pleased at the gracious expression of Antonia as she addressed the captain, but the bad temper which shone forth later did not appear to have arisen from that cause. The captain of the *Neptune* had agreed to transport several free negro families to Jamaica, where laborers who were skilled in the culture of the sugar cane were engaged at higher wages than they could obtain in Cuba.

The Americans had already found fault with this arrangement, but their disapprobation was expressed in joking the captain about his "black sympathizers," as they called this very moderate justification of his conduct. This, however, would have passed off without causing any unpleasant scene, had not the captain very imprudently ventured to declare that he formerly served as midshipman in the English squadron fitted out to crush the slave-trade.

I understood from the confused expressions of M. Dupont that his interests had suffered from the surveillance of this squadron. There arose a conflict of passionate words. The one attacking with bitter scorn the motives of the English for their intervention in the slave trade, and the other replying with more animation than ill humor. In short, in the midst of this dispute in which both heated by wine scarcely knew what they did or said, M. Dupont applied a disgraceful epithet to the queen of England, and the captain threw a glass of wine in his face. Both arose at the same time, having apparently recovered their sang-froid from this unfortunate incident. The captain was the first to speak.

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur Dupont," said he, with a certain embarrassment; "I was sorry, very sorry to have acted thus, though my conduct is not inexcusable."

"Pardon! Thousand thunders!" cried his adversary, trembling with rage, and wiping his face with his handkerchief. "Pardon! Yes—a ball through your head will grant you pardon!"

And in point of fact, in accordance with the ideas then dominant in Cuban society, a duel was the only possible denouement. Lieutenant Arguellas hastened into the house and brought forth a case of pistols.

"Let us meet," said he, earnestly, in a low tone, "in the neighboring wood."

At this moment Mr. Desmond, the eldest of the Americans, advanced toward the captain who had recovered his equanimity, and was standing by the table with folded arms.

"My dear sir," said he, "I am not quite a stranger to affairs of this sort, and if I can be of any use to you, I—"

"Thanks, Mr. Desmond," replied the captain; "I have no need of your services. Lieutenant Arguellas, you can remain here. I am no duellist, and I will not fight with M. Dupont."

"What does he say?" cried the lieutenant, looking wildly around him; "not fight?"

I then perceived the Anglo-Saxon blood at this apparent proof of cowardice in a man of their race, boiling as hotly in the veins of the Americans as in my own.

"Not fight, Captain Stearns!" said Mr. Desmond, with a grave, impressive air, after a moment's silence; "you, whose name is inscribed in the royal navy of England! You must be joking?"

"I am perfectly sincere. I am from principle opposed to duelling."

"A coward from principle!" cried Dupont, in a tone of irony and rage, at the same time shaking his fist at the Englishman.

This shameful epithet produced the effect of a serpent's sting. The black eyes of the captain blazed forth; he took one step toward Dupont, but of a sudden was again master of himself.

"Well," said he, "I will even bear that. I was wrong to use violence towards you, although your impertinence certainly merited a lesson. Moreover, I repeat to you that I will not fight with you."

"But you shall give my friend satisfaction," cried Lieutenant Arguellas who was as much excited as Dupont; "otherwise I swear to you I will denounce you everywhere as a coward, not only throughout this island but at Jamaica!"

To this threat, Captain Stearns made no reply, but coolly rang the bell and told the slave to announce to Senora Arguellas that he was on the point of departure, and awaited her orders.

"This brave Englishman is going to shelter himself under the petticoats of your aunt, Alphonse!" cried Dupont, with most insulting irony.

"I almost question whether Mr. Stearns is an Englishman," said Mr. Desmond, who, as well as his two friends, began to be greatly excited; "but at any rate, as my father and

mother were born and lived in England, if you wish to insinuate that—”

Senora Arguellas entered at this moment, and the American with difficulty retained his anger. The lady seemed greatly astonished at the altered looks of those whom she had left so recently; however, at the request of the captain, she entered the house and left the other visitors to themselves.

Ten minutes later, we learned that Captain Stearns had left the house, after having announced to Senora Arguellas that the Neptune would get under way the next morning at precisely nine o'clock! At this news words of rage and anger blazed forth anew, and for the time being a duel seemed inevitable between Lieutenant Arguellas and Mr. Desmond, who seemed determined to break some one's head, to sustain the honor of the English name. However, this did not take place, and the company separated in disorder and full of bitter feelings.

The next day at the appointed hour we were all on board. The captain received us with cold politeness, and I observed that the angry looks of Dupont and the lieutenant did not seem to disturb him in the least. The averted looks and air of disdain of Dona Antonia as she passed to her cabin with Senora Arguellas, the care with which she drew her mantilla still closer about her, as if she feared contamination from contact with a coward, made a marked impression upon him; but his features were not slow to recover their former calmness and serenity. However, we soon found that there was a limit to this patience. Dupont approached him and shouted in a tone loud enough to be heard by several of the sailors:

“Coward!”

Then turning on his heel was about to withdraw, when he felt himself held back by a hand of iron.

“Listen, monsieur,” said the captain, “personally I despise anything that you can say; but I am captain, and ruler on this ship, and will allow no one to insult me before my crew and enfeeble my authority. Try this on again, and I will put you at the bottom of the hold, perhaps in irons, until we arrive at Jamaica.”

Thus speaking, he thrust his astonished auditor violently from him, and went forward. All the passengers, white and colored, were on board, the anchor was weighed, the sails set, and in a few moments the ship was ploughing the waves.

A few hours sufficed to show that although

the captain might lack courage to fight a duel, he was nevertheless a thorough seaman, and the crew, composed of a dozen resolute tars, were in perfect discipline. Every duty on board the ship was performed with as much regularity and precision as on a man-of-war, and every one perceived that in case of a storm, or any species of danger, they could rely with entire confidence on the experience and firmness of Captain Stearns. The weather, luckily, continued fine; but the wind was light and changeable, so that several days after the blue mountains of Jamaica were in sight the distance had not been sensibly diminished. At length a strong breeze sprang up from the northwest, and we crept up to Point Morant. We doubled the cape and entered the bay about two o'clock in the morning. The voyage might now be considered as ended, and the passengers looked forward with lively satisfaction to the pleasure of disembarking and escaping the monotony of life aboard ship. There was an extremely disagreeable constraint about every man's deportment. The captain presided at table with freezing politeness, and the conversation, if it merited that name, was in monosyllables. All, therefore, were delighted to take their last dinner on board the Neptune.

When we doubled Point Morant, all the passengers were in bed except myself and Captain Stearns, who had gone below to his cabin, and was busy examining his papers. As for me, I was too much agitated to think of sleeping, and so continued to walk the deck with Hawkins, the first lieutenant, whose watch it was, eagerly watching the lights on the well known shore which I had left a year before, with very slight hope of ever seeing again. As I looked, suddenly a brilliant flash lit up the surrounding darkness, and quickly turning round I perceived a jet of flame issuing from the main hatchway, which for some reason or other had been left partially open. In the weak state I was still in, the fright caused by the flame (for I instantly thought of the barrels of powder), almost paralyzed me for the moment, and I should have fallen to the deck, had I not instinctively grasped the shrouds. The cry of “Fire! Fire!” the most fearful sound one can hear at sea, resounded through the ship. In spite of my agitation I could perceive in the midst of the confusion and disorder that at once arose, the imposing figure of the captain towering up amidst the frightened sailors who had sprung on deck, and who, commanding silence

in his powerful voice, had ordered the hatchway to be closed. This order being promptly executed, he darted down the forward hatch. The two or three minutes of his absence seemed a century to us, who were all so fully persuaded that our safety depended on his judgment and firmness, that not a look or word was exchanged till his return. At length he re-appeared singed by the fire, and dragging after him what seemed to be a corpse. He threw his burden on the deck, and darting to where Hawkins stood, said to him in a low tone:

"Hasten below, wake up the passengers, and bring me my pistols from the cabin. Quick! quick! the loss of a moment may imperil our lives."

Then turning to the sailors, he added, in a rapid, firm tone of voice:

"You know that I never deceive you under any circumstances, or for any motive. This brute whom you see here, the servant of Lieutenant Arguellas, has set fire with his candle to the rum which he has stolen; the entire hold is on fire, and it would be a loss of precious time to attempt to extinguish it."

With a cry of rage and fright, the crew rushed to the ship's boats, but stopped at the sharp, decided tone of the captain.

"Back, not a step further! Hear me. If there be the least disorder or precipitation we are all lost! But with courage and resolution perhaps all on board may be saved before the fire reaches the powder. And remember," he added, receiving his pistols from Lieutenant Hawkins, and cocking them, "that I'll send a ball through the first man who dares to disobey me, and that all my shots tell. Come, now! To work resolutely and with energy!"

It was a superb spectacle to see the influence exercised over the men by the imposing words and attitude of the captain. The panic which had seized them seemed to give place to firm resolution, and in a very few seconds the ship's launch and the long and the jolly boats were in the water.

"Well done! bravo! We have lots of time before us! Let four of you remain here with me" (and he told off their names), "three others leap into each of the boats, two into the barge, and pull them around to the shore side. The least precipitation will upset the boats, and we can only guard one gangway."

However, the passengers were rushing on deck, half-clothed, and in an ecstasy of terror, for every one knew that there was a large quantity of powder on board. Scarcely had

the boats reached the ship's side, when the men, both white and black, rushed before the women and children, apparently not giving a thought to those whom they would sacrifice, so eager were they to escape from the volcano which roared beneath their feet. But the captain, assisted by the four stout sailors, whom he had selected for the purpose, pushed them roughly back.

"Back! Back!" cried he, in a voice of thunder. "We must follow the order of a funeral here; first the women and children, then the aged. Give a hand there to Senora Arguellas, then to Dona Antonia, her daughter!"

As the young girl, more dead than alive, was on the point of descending, a jet of flame burst forth from the main hatchway with the noise of an explosion. The passengers uttered a cry of terror and made a rush to reach the gangway. Dupont dashed between the sailors with the violence of a madman, and struck against Antonia with such force that had it not been for the captain's exertions and great strength, she would have been precipitated over the side.

"Back, wretch! Back, coward!" cried the captain, carried away by the imminent danger of the young girl. And seizing him by the collar:

"Look there," said he, and pointing with the butt of his pistol, he showed him several white sharks, distinctly visible by the red light a little distance from the ship. "There!" cried he, "throw the first one into the sea that tries to pass before his turn."

"Ay, ay, captain," replied the men together.

This terrible threat at once restored order, and they lowered the women and children into the boat.

"Away with her!" shouted the captain. "She can carry no men with safety."

A smothered groan was heard and understood.

"Stop an instant," continued he, "let Senor Arguellas descend. All right, away with you, quick!"

The second boat was filled with equal rapidity. The three Americans, and the blacks with one exception, descended.

"You have a noble heart," said Mr. Desmond, seizing the captain's hand; "and I was a fool to—"

"Pass on," said the captain, "this is no time for compliments."

The order to put forth had just been given, when the captain's glance happened to fall on

me, who, silent from fear, stood behind him leaning against the shrouds.

"One moment," cried he, "here is a young man whose weight cannot make much difference to you."

And he gently let me down into the boat, saying in a low tone, "Gustave, remember me to your father and mother, if I do not see them again."

There was but one boat left, which could not hold more than eight persons, and we anxiously asked each other, how, beside the two sailors who were already in it, it could contain Lieutenant Arguellas, M. Dupont, a colored man, four sailors and the captain. All, however, promptly descended except the last named.

"Can you carry another?" asked he, in a voice as firm as heretofore. But I observed that his face, though full of resolution, was deadly pale.

"Since it is you, we are perfectly willing, but we are very heavily laden, and this is a dangerous neighborhood."

"Wait a moment—I cannot leave the ship while there is a soul on board."

He hastened forward and returned with the almost inanimate body of the lieutenant's servant, which he lowered into the boat. Then hearing a dull roar close at hand, he threw the painter into the boat, crying:

"Now away, and save yourselves!"

The men leaned to their oars, and the boat shot away. The captain, now that all except himself were in safety, began to look attentively in the direction of the shore, shading his eyes with his hand; presently he hailed the first boat:

"They must have seen us sometime ago, and the pilot boats ought to be on the way, though I don't see them yet. If you meet one tell them to hasten, and there may yet be a chance for me."

All this scene of anxiety and terror, which it has taken me so long to describe thus imperfectly, from my own recollections and those of others, did not last, as I was afterwards assured by Mr. Desmond, more than eight minutes from the embarkation of Senora Arguellas to the departure of the last boat.

Never shall I forget the spectacle which the ship presented wrapped in flames, the only object visible except ourselves, on that dark night, on the ocean's surface, and when we had left that heroic man, who, after saving us all by his courage and presence of mind, had condemned himself to an inevitable death!

We had scarcely gone two hundred yards, when the flames had entirely covered the deck, and mounted the rigging and some of the sails, marking out in lines of fire the body of the ship, with the masts and yards. The captain, in order not to lose the chance of which he had spoken, had retired to the extremity of the bowsprit, after having let go the jib and foresail, and there found a temporary refuge from the flames; but to what purpose, if it was but to prolong the agonies of the death which threatened him?

The boats glided on in profound silence, interrupted only by the regular dip of the oars, whilst more than one gaze narrowly scanned the shore with lively anxiety, in hope of at length discovering the pilot on whom so much depended. At length, a distant hall almost stopped the beatings of my heart; the sailors answered back, and a boat glided out of the dense obscurity, closely followed by another.

"What ship is that?" cried a man who stood in the bow of the first boat.

"The Neptune, and that is Captain Stearns on her bowsprit!" I instantly sprang up and shouted at the top of my voice. "A hundred pounds to the first boat that reaches the ship!"

"That's the voice and figure of young Latour," cried the pilot. "On! on! Hurrah for the reward!"

And the boats darted on with the same eagerness, without hesitating at the inevitable danger of the enterprise. A moment later another boat came up, but after asking a few questions, and learning the state of affairs, pulled up and took part of the passengers on board. Our own boats had almost sunk to the water's edge with their heavy loads, and the smallest one was in imminent danger of swamping. What agonies of suspense we suffered at that time; I can scarcely think of it even now without shuddering. I closed my eyes, and with beating heart awaited the explosion which would end all. And it came, at least so it seemed to me, and I sprang to my feet. But my brain, enfeebled by recent sickness and fright, had taken for the catastrophe, the joyous shouts of the harbor boats. There was no one on the bowsprit of the Neptune, nothing but a rope hanging from the end. The two pilots, doubtless fearing the danger, had immediately withdrawn from the burning ship. However our cries ceased not to encourage them. Suddenly a vast sheet of flame burst from the hold, and then a horrible explosion re-echoed through the air. I felt, or was overthrown, I don't know how, and

the boat was tossed about as if suddenly drawn into a violent eddy; then came the hissing and noise of numerous bodies darted from a great height into the sea; then to this blinding flash and fearful report succeeded profound silence, and darkness so dense that one could scarcely recognize his neighbor. This silence was broken by shouts from one of the pilot boats. We recognized the voice, and our lively exclamations showed the brave captain how rejoiced we were at his preservation. Half an hour later we joyously disembarked; and as the ship and cargo were fully insured, the only result of a disaster that had so imperilled our lives, was a tolerably heavy loss to the insurance companies.

A silver service was presented to Captain Stearns at a public dinner given in his honor at Kingston. In the speech of thanks which he made on that occasion, the captain explained his motive for so obstinately refusing to fight a duel with M. Dupont, of which the papers had published various accounts.

"Left an orphan at an early age," said he, "I was brought up with extreme tenderness by a maternal aunt, Mrs. C—," (and he cited a well known name.) "Her husband had fallen in a duel in the second month of his marriage. My aunt continued to bear her great sorrow till I reached my nineteenth year; her grief made such a vivid impression on me that I conceived an extreme distaste and horror for the barbarous usage which had caused it, so that it needed not the solemn promise which she exacted from me on her death-bed, to make me resolve never under any circumstances, to accept a challenge. As for what I did at the unlucky burning of the Neptune, recalled by my friend Mr. Desmond with so much praise, I simply fulfilled my duty—he and I belong to a class of sailors who consider it the captain's most sacred duty to be the last one to leave or abandon his ship. Moreover, I should have been the greatest of cowards to display any weakness in the presence of—of—that is to say under the circumstances which—in fact—that is—"

Here the captain blushed and stammered unaccountably. Evidently he was no orator. I don't know whether his embarrassment was caused by the peculiar expression with which Senor Arguellas regarded him, or by the glance he had given at the gallery, where he observed the calm gravity of Senora Arguellas, and the blushes of Dona Antonia; at any rate he continued to stammer painfully, though the company kept applauding to give him

time to recover himself. After a few unintelligible sentences he sat down, covered with embarrassment, but in the midst of strenuous applause and general good humor.

I have but a few words more to add. Captain Stearns has been long since settled in Havana, and Dona Antonia has become Mrs. Stearns. Three young Stearnses have already made their *debut* to my certain knowledge, and the captain is in a flourishing business. I don't know what became of Dupont, and in point of fact, have not the slightest curiosity. Lieutenant Arguellas attained the rank of major, at least I suppose he must be the major whose name I see mentioned in the papers, as slightly wounded in the expedition of the filibuster Lopez.

"And you, Monsieur Narrator," asks one of my readers, "How are you?"

"I am pretty well, I thank you!"

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#### THE DEATH OF MARTYRS.

Bishop Hooper endured fire for three-quarters of an hour, and died with perfect calmness. His legs were charred, and his body scorched, before he was fully surrounded by the fire, which was blown aside by the wind, and the pile was twice refed before he expired. Ridley's lower extremities were burnt before his body was singed, and he struggled in his agony. But bodily pain, when excessive, sometimes ends in positive pleasure. A youth named Theodosius was so exquisitely tortured for the religion that he nearly died. When asked how he could endure such torment, he replied, "At first I felt some pain, but afterwards there stood by me a beautiful young man, who wiped away my sweat, and so refreshed me with cold water that I was delighted, and grieved only at being let down from the engine."—*The Leisure Hour*.

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#### MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

The house will be kept in a turmoil where there is no toleration of each other's errors. If you lay a single stick of wood on the grate, and apply fire to it, it will go out: put on another stick, and they will burn; and a half dozen sticks, and you will have a blaze. If one member of the family gets into a passion, and is let alone, he will cool down, and may possibly be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper, pile on the fuel, draw in others of the group, and let one harsh answer be followed by another, and there will be a blaze that will entrap them all.



## The Florist.

Not one of Flora's brilliant race  
A form more perfect can display;  
Art could not feign more simple grace,  
Nor nature take a line away.

Yet, rich as morn of many hues,  
When flashing clouds through darkness strike,  
The tulip's petals shine in dew,  
All beautiful, yet none alike.—MONTGOMERY.

### Work for the Month.

This is an important month with the rose. First and foremost, the vigilance in looking for the breaking buds of stocks, which would rob the head of its growth, must be doubled, and every three or four days they must be examined and rubbed off. Suckers must also be grubbed up the instant they appear. The shoots of the buds of last year will make rapid growth, and require to be screened, that the wind may not break them out or damage them; and it is a very good plan to tie a stick to the stem, to reach a foot above it, and this does well to support any of the shoots. But when a bud throws up a very strong shoot, it is well to take the top off as soon as there are two pair of leaves, for it will make the shoot form a head the first season; but, in any case, the shoots must be supported by a loose tie to the stick above mentioned. The young seedlings will be up this month, and will require great care to keep them from damaging by too much wet, or burning up for want of moisture. Propagate perennial fibrous-rooted plants by cuttings. Propagate double wall-flowers by slips of the young shoots of the head. Sow annuals for succession—such as sweet-peas, nasturtiums, lavers, lupines, flos Adonis, etc. Take up those hyacinths, tulips, etc., which have done flowering, and dry them in the shade to put away. Weeds grow quickly now; hoe them up wherever you see them. Support all flowers with sticks; train them upright. Clear away all the dead leaves from your carnations, and gently stir the earth round them with your smallest trowel. Look round the borders now, and take off irregular shoots.

### Biennials.

Biennial flowers, as the name implies, are plants that exist only two years; they are propagated by seed, rising the first year, and flowering the second. If they continue another year, they are sickly and languid. The double biennials may be continued by cuttings and slips of the tops, as well as by layers and pipings, though the parent flower dies—but they are not so fine. A lady should have a space of ground allotted to biennial seedlings, so that a fresh succession of plants may be ready to supply the place of those which die away. The seeds should be sown every spring in light, well-dug earth; the young plants should be kept very clean, and some inches apart from each other; and they must be finally transplanted in autumn into the beds where they are intended to remain. Sow

your biennial seeds in March, April, or May. May is perhaps best, because the young plants in that month germ and vegetate quickly, surely, and without requiring defences from the frost. The stock gilliflowers, in particular, having long, naked roots, must be planted out very young, otherwise they do not succeed well.

Honesty is a very early, rich-flowering biennial, which requires no care; they shed their seed, rise, and flower without any assistance, in profusion. The only trouble is to weed it out of the beds, that they may not stand in the way of other flowers.

Sweet-williams may be increased by layers and cuttings, which is the only sure way of securing the sorts you like; for you may sow seed every year and not one in a thousand will reward you by coming up double.

Carnations are the pride of a garden, and deserve great care and attention. The common sorts, that are planted in borders, should have a good rich earth about them, and be treated like the pink; but the finer sorts should always be potted, to protect and shelter the plant from hares, rabbits, heavy rains, and severe frost in the winter. Refresh the top of the pots with new soil in June, and keep the plants free from decayed leaves. Gently stir the earth round each plant occasionally; and as plants in pots require more water than if placed in the ground, let the carnations be gently moistened about every other day during dry weather. Let the watering take place in the evening; no flower will endure being watered during the heat of a summer's day. Carnations love sand and salt in proper proportions. Water your carnations in pots once a week with lime water, if they appear drooping, for this proceeds from a worm at the root; but the brine will destroy all insects quickly, when poured upon the compost heap. A bed of carnations is a beautiful object. The pots can always be sunk in a border or bed in fine weather. Carnations may be layered, or piped, or slipped, for propagation.

### Plants in Houses.

Plants admitted into rooms to the extent that they are in general, can produce no effect injurious to the health of persons in general, but, on the contrary, will afford amusement to the mind and exercise to the body, both of which are so necessary towards the enjoyment of good health. The mind will be agreeably exercised in contemplating the beauty of the flowers, but more so still if the study of their respective parts, natures and structures, in a botanical or physiological point of view, be at the same time attended to. An agreeable and rational exercise will be provided for the body, if the proprietor, particularly if of the softer sex, take the entire management of her little *Window Garden* into her own hands. During the season when plants can no longer be attended to out-of-doors, this is a pleasant recreation.

## The Housewife.

### Doughnuts.

Cut up a pound of butter in three pounds of sifted flour. Add a pound of powdered sugar, a grated nutmeg, a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, and a tablespoonful of rose water. Beat four eggs very light, and pour them into the mixture. Add half a teacupful of yeast, and stir in a pint and a half of milk by degrees, so as to make it a soft dough. Cover it, and set it to rise. When quite light, cut it in diamonds with a jaggling iron or sharp knife, and fry in lard.

### Johnny Cakes.

Take a quart of sour milk, thick or otherwise, a teaspoonful of salt, sifted meal to make a stiff batter, a teaspoon heaping full of dissolved saleratus, with or without a spoonful of flour. Butter a pan, and bake nearly an hour. For tea, it is improved by adding half a teacup of molasses, a little allspice, and a spoonful of cream, or shortening.

### Soda Doughnuts.

One quart of flour, one and a half cup of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, and two of cream of tartar—soda dissolved in the milk, cream of tartar rubbed dry into the flour—two eggs, sugar and cinnamon to your taste. Boil in hot fat. They are nice when fresh, but will not keep long.

### To clarify Butter.

Scrape off the outsides of the butter you may require, and then put it into a stewpan by the side of a slow fire, where it must remain till the scum rises to the top and the milk settles at the bottom; carefully with a spoon take off the scum; when clear, it is fit for use.

### Indian Breakfast Cakes.

Take one quart of buttermilk, or sour milk, three eggs, butter in size equal to half a hen's egg; a little salt, one teaspoonful of saleratus, stirring in fine Indian flour till of a proper consistence; and then putting it into pans of an inch in depth, for a quick bake.

### To freshen Salt Butter.

Work it over in small quantities in cold water, changing the water till it is clear; then mix a teaspoonful of white sugar and a tablespoonful of fine salt into each pound of butter. Do up in rolls, or pack in jars.

### Soft Gingerbread.

Take six teacupful of flour, one cup of butter or lard; work well together; add three cups of molasses, one cup of sour milk, one tablespoonful of saleratus, and two tablespoonful of ginger.

### Rye Drop Cakes.

One pint of milk, four eggs, eight tablespoonful of flour, eight tablespoonful of rye flour. Bake in a quick oven, and serve hot.

### Jumbles.

Work together till of a light color a pound of sugar and half a pound of butter; then add eight eggs beaten to a froth, essence of lemon or rose-water to the taste, and flour to make them sufficiently stiff to roll out. Roll them out in powdered sugar, half an inch thick; cut it into strips half an inch wide and four inches long; join the ends together, so as to form rings; lay them on flat tins that have been buttered; bake them in a quick oven.

### Nice Gingerbread.

Two pounds of flour, one and a quarter pound of sugar, two tablespoonful of ginger, eight eggs, and one pound of butter. Rub the butter and sugar together till they are white; then break the eggs and strain them in; mix it well; put in the ginger, and sift in the flour; spread the cake thinly over tin pans or sheets. It will require a moderate heat; bake it twenty minutes.

### Honey Cake.

Three-quarters of a pound of honey, half a pound of fine loaf sugar, a quarter of citron, a half ounce of orange peel, cut small; of cinnamon and ginger, each half an ounce, four well beaten eggs, and a pound of sifted flour. Melt the sugar with the honey, and mix. Roll out the cakes, and cut in any form.

### Gooseberry Cake.

Press the juice out of some gooseberries, and strain it through some muslin; boil it up; strew in a pound of sugar to each pint of juice; stir well, and simmer till the sugar is melted; pour it into glasses; dry it in a stove till it will turn out, and then dry the cakes on plates.

### Gingerbread with Fruit.

Four cups of flour, one of butter, one of sugar, one of molasses, one of milk, four eggs, three teaspoonful of ginger, a teaspoonful of cloves and nutmeg, half a pound of currants and raisins; add the fruit last, and bake in pans, in an oven, not very quick.

### Sugar Gingerbread.

Take two pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, five eggs well beaten, two ounces of powdered ginger, and a teaspoonful of pearlash. Then mix, and bake.

### To protect Children from burning.

Add one ounce of alum to the last water used in rinsing children's dresses, and they will be rendered unflammable, or so slightly combustible that they would take fire slowly, if at all, and would not blaze.

### To restore Colors taken out by Acids.

Sal-volatile or hartshorn will restore colors taken out by acids. It will not harm the garment.

## Curious Matters.

### A curious Will.

The will of Richard Foster Breed, an eccentric Englishman, who died in 1857, and who was the owner of Breed's Island, in Boston harbor, is a singular document. His estate was large, amounting to \$300,000 or \$400,000, the island being estimated at \$200,000. The bulk of the property is given to his daughters, and his other legacies, which are numerous, depend mainly upon a successful sale of "my island." It appears to have been his habit, as the giving of any particular legacy occurred to him, to write it down on a loose piece of paper, sign his name to it, and have it attested. Another date upon the same piece of paper would be followed by the words, "Perused and approved, R. F. Breed." On another slip of paper this legacy would be revoked or changed, as he changed his mind, till sometimes it is difficult to tell what was his wish in reference to that particular bequest. Finally, he fastened together these scraps, and solemnly declared them, with what had been, or what might thereafter be, written upon them, to be his will. There are in all seventy-five pages, and upon these his signature occurs more than one hundred and fifty times. One servant signed her name as witness of his signature twenty-nine times, another twenty-three times, and a third eight times. The will was duly proved, and allowed both in England and in Boston.

### Intelligence of the Lark.

A pair of larks had built their nest in a grass-field, where they hatched a brood of young. Very soon after the birds were out of their nest, the owner of the field was forced to set his mowers at work, the state of the weather forcing him to cut his grass sooner than usual. As the laborers approached the nest the parent birds seemed to take alarm, and at last the mother laid herself flat upon the ground with outspread wings and tail, while the male bird took one of her young out of the nest, and by dint of pulling and pushing got it on its mother's back. She then flew with her young over the field, and soon returned for another. This time the father took his turn to carry one, being assisted by the mother in getting it firmly on his back; and in this manner they carried off the whole brood before the mowers reached their nest.

### A pleasant Incident.

In the town of Lakeville an estimable lady was deprived of her husband by death, and on opening the will, it was found that the wife had been placed in possession of certain property, which she was to hold as long as she retained the name which she adopted in marriage. The advent of a second marriage dawned upon the lady after a proper interval of time had elapsed between that event and the death of the testator, but the letter of the will was

strictly complied with in the new union. The happy bridegroom, whose affection was rewarded with the hand of the widow, also enabled the lady to retain her fortune, in the fact that he possessed the same family name which belonged to the first husband.

### An Indian Burial-Ground.

An old Indian burial-ground was recently discovered by the railroad laborers in excavating on the Scott farm above Coddington's Cove, near Newport. The greater part of the bodies had returned to dust, but fragments of bones were found in such numbers as to leave no doubt as to the use to which the ground had been put. One entire skull was taken out, the teeth sound and firm in the jaw, a portion of the scalp with a tuft of long black hair adhering to the back part of the head. A quantity of beads and other trinkets were found with this skull, which are supposed to indicate that the wearer was a person of rank. These relics have been presented to the Redwood Library in Newport.

### A curious Case.

The Brandon (Vt.) Monitor makes mention of a young woman of that place, the wife of a volunteer in the 6th regiment, who, at the time of her husband's enlistment, could neither read nor write. Being devotedly attached to her husband, and cut off from all communication with him except by letter, she could not endure the thought of being compelled to submit his epistle, designed for herself alone, to others to read to her, and she shrank from committing the secrets of her own heart to the pen of an amanuensis. So, day after day, since her husband's absence, she has taken her two little ones by the hand, and led them to the district school, laid aside her bonnet and shawl, seated herself upon a bench by the side of her children, and devoted herself to study. Within a brief period of time, so earnestly has she set herself about the task, this devoted wife and mother has surmounted every obstacle, and has acquired the rudiments of an English education. She now writes a fair hand and reads with fluency.

### Oaks in England.

The Parliamentary Oak, in Clifton Park, is said to be fifteen hundred years old. This park existed before the Conquest, and belongs to the Duke of Portland. The tallest oak was also his property; it was higher than Westminster Abbey. The largest oak in England is the Calthorpe Oak, Yorkshire; it measures seventy-eight feet in circumference at the ground. The Three-Shire Oak, at Worksop, called so for forming parts of the counties of Nottingham, Derby and York, had the greatest expanse of any recorded on the island, drooping over 777 square yards. The most productive oak was that of Gelenos, in Monmouthshire, which was felled in 1810; the bark brought the sum of £900, and its timber, £670.

## Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

### PICKING UP A PIN.

A young man once went with letters of recommendation to a large banking establishment. He called on the gentleman who was at the head of it, full of hope and confidence that he should obtain employment. The gentleman heard what he had to say, looked over his letters hastily, and handed them back to him, saying, "We have nothing for you to do, sir." The young man felt his heart sink within him. He was ready to burst into tears. But there was no help for it, so he made his bow and retired. As he was passing in front of the building, there was a pin lying on the pavement. He stooped down, picked it up, and then stuck it carefully under the bosom of his coat. The gentleman with whom he had just been speaking was at the window, and saw what took place. In an instant the thought occurred to him, that the young man who had such habits of carefulness as to stop in such a moment of disappointment and pick up a pin, would make a careful business man. He sent immediately and called him back. He gave him an humble situation in his establishment. From that he rose by degrees, till he became the principal partner in the concern, and eventually a man of immense wealth and the chief banker in Paris. So much for good, careful habits.

**A HEAVY FAMILY.**—A gentleman in Syracuse has a family that "it will do to brag on." It consists of one daughter and four sons. The aggregate weight of the sons is 888 pounds! The "girl" weighs over 300, and the father 260! Aggregate, 1448 pounds.

**PICKING UP.**—A fellow went to Saratoga for his health—to pick up a little, and picked up enough to send him to the State Prison for three years. This is recruiting with a vengeance.

**A CURIOSITY.**—In the window of a shop in this city a violin is exhibited, at a high price, being "the property of a gentleman in fine condition."

### DISCOVERY OF GUNPOWDER.

Gunpowder was first made and used in China. With regard to the introduction of gunpowder into warlike operations, Dr. Thomson has the following remarks: "The discoverer of this compound, and the person who first thought of applying it to the purposes of war, are unknown. It is certain, however, that it was first used in the fourteenth century. From the archives quoted by Weigleb, it appears that cannons were employed in Germany before the year 1372. No traces of it can be found in any European author previous to the thirteenth century; but it seems to have been known to the Chinese long before that period. There is reason to believe that cannons were used at the battle of Cressy, which was fought in 1346. They seem even to have been used three years earlier, at the siege of Algeiras; but before this time they must have been known in Germany, as there is a piece of ordnance at Amberg on which is inscribed the year 1303. Roger Bacon, who died in 1292, knew the properties of gunpowder; but it does not follow that he was acquainted with its application to firearms."

**RUSSIA.**—It is said that the gold mines of the Ural Mountains, which separate European Russia from Russia in Asia, are at least fifty per cent. more productive this year than ever before. This will add materially to the income of the Czar. The manufacture of arms and implements of warfare in Russia is very largely carried on at the present time, and a vast number of foreign artificers, chiefly Germans, are employed.

**LIGHT.**—An advertising tallow-chandler modestly says that "without intending any disparagement to the sun, he may confidently assert that his octagonal spermaceti are the best lights ever invented."

**SELF-RELIANCE.**—Those who have resources within themselves, and can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but know how to prize them the most.

## LOST ILLUSIONS.

What a singular propensity men have of turning everything inside out, of looking at the back as well as the front of a picture, of canting the statue from its pedestal to be satisfied that it is hollow and not solid. The savage who first beholds his image in the mirror immediately darts behind the glass; the child is dissatisfied with its accordion till it has ripped open the valve to see where the wind and the music come from. Man, savage, child, mourn over their lost illusions, yet persist in the processes by which they are destroyed. We are not content to sit before the foot lights and witness the pageant splendors that pass before our eyes; we must go behind the curtain, we must stand at the wings, we must gaze upon the black framework on which the canvass is stretched, we must discover that the soft waves that rise and fall in the port of Cyprus are nought but shaken carpets, that Cherry and Fair Star carry their own galley about the stage, and that Rosati, instead of floating like a summer cloud to the upper air, is pulled up into the "flies" by a couple of stout mechanics working at a block and pulley. From that moment adieu to our pleasures. We are no longer in fairy land when we are witnessing a scenic spectacle. Aladdin's palace smells of the lamp—not the magic lamp—but that which is fed with whale oil or baser lard. We no longer see before us airy sylphides—beings of another world—but Miss This or Mrs. That—people we no longer know by their theatrical names, but Smiths and Joneses and Browns. It is not the fairy Ardenelle who glides over the water in a car drawn by swans, but Miss Jemima Muggins, and her car is made of dirty pasteboard, and her swans are geese.

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**Liquidation.**—A cotemporary instances a genius on Lake Champlain, who takes a pair of skates and writes a four months' bill with such perfection, that in less than an hour the sun liquidates it.

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**FILIAL CONDUCT.**—Nothing sits so gracefully upon children, and nothing makes them so lovely, as habitual respect and dutiful deportment towards their parents and superiors.

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**TRUE.**—He who troubles himself more than he needs grieves also more than is necessary, for the same weakness which makes him anticipate his misery makes him enlarge it too.

## LAUGH AND BE HAPPY.

That is our creed. Don't go through life with a frown upon your face, and a sigh ever heaving your breast, but learn to look on the sunny side of life. Rebuffs and disappointments will sometimes come over us; but don't court their company by going half way to meet them, nor, when they have fairly come, welcome them by an embrace. Don't cut your throat nor hang yourself because Dame Fortune gives you the slip, and the sky is cloudy.

"Beware of desperate steps!—the darkest day,  
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."

Sit down to your dinner with a thankful heart—we mean the table of your life and fortune as well as that at which you dine. "Cheerful looks make every dish a feast," says Massinger. The truth is, we can afford to lose almost anything better than good humor; and if we only take care that it shall ever be the spring-time of the year in our hearts, we shall find cheerfulness, peace and quiet enjoyment blossoming there with the freshness of the season of flowers. Everything in nature teaches us this beautiful lesson—the birds in the green wood, and the tenants of the fields, the flowers, and the green herbage. We shorten life, all philosophers say, by unnecessary anxiety:

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;  
And every grin so merry, draws one out."

Cultivate cheerfulness, and people will love you for the sunshine that your presence will always bring with it. You will be better satisfied with yourself and everybody else, and time's wings will be gilded with happy remembrances of the merry faces and pleasant reflections that have crowned your pathway through life.

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**MARRIAGE.**—Marriage enlarges the scene of happiness or misery; the marriage of love is pleasant, the marriage of interest easy, and a marriage where both meet happy.

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**LAUGHTER.**—An agreeable and contagious convulsion of the human countenance, on receiving a tailor's bill, or being asked to return an umbrella.

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**EXPENSIVE.**—The cost of a brigadier and his staff is about \$10,000 a year, and the cost of a major-general and his staff, \$24,000.

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**A LARGE POND.**—The Pacific Ocean exceeds in superficial measurement all the dry land on the globe.



**DEPRECIATION OF CURRENCY.**

Many crude and incorrect ideas pervade the public mind touching the intrinsic value of paper currency as compared to the value of gold, and alarmists easily put the matter in a light which, having the aspect of truth, gives rise to needless alarm. The fact is that the value of paper currency can no longer be absolutely based upon the price of gold, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the national finances; but whatever government endorses as money is, and always must be, legal tender, and legal tender is worth dollar for dollar. But let us look at the matter in another light. It is generally believed that when gold is worth fifty per cent. premium, a paper dollar is worth only fifty cents, and that its depreciation is uniformly the same as the rise in the premium on gold. This error arises from a confounding of premium with discount. Fifty per cent. taken from an article is much greater than the addition of that amount. If we add 50 per cent. to 10 it makes 15, or one-third more; if we deduct 50 per cent., it reduces it to five, or one half. So a paper dollar, when gold is worth 50 per cent. premium, is worth 66 2-3 cents, instead of 50. The following is a simple way of showing this: Five gold dollars at 100 are equal to eight paper dollars at 100; hence each paper dollar is just five eighths of the other, or 62 1-2 cents. But the premium on gold is not now a test of the value of the bank and government circulation. The premium varies from day to day, according to the caprice of the brokers and speculators, and it is absurd to quote the results of their alternate inflations and depreciations, based on constantly changing circumstances.

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**A SAFE WAY TO VOTE.**—Two members of the general court were recently conversing upon the subject of voting, when one of them inquired: "Wall, now, what is a man going to do when he don't know anything about a matter?" "Well," replied the other, "I have got two rules about them; when anything comes up, I keep my eyes peeled and vote as somebody else does who I believe is honest, or else I vote against it. I believe, as a general thing, the safest way is to vote against everything."

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**STRONG COFFEE.**—The New Bedford people complain of finding gravel in their coffee. One lot of three pounds yielded three-quarters of a pound of gravel. That coffee ought "to settle" quickly.

**MARRIED FLIRTS.**

One of the worst features of modern fashionable society is a disposition to flirt existing among married people of both sexes. The wife arrays herself in silks and satins, loads her fingers and ears with jewelry; and, rigged in flounces and laces, lays siege to some poor puppet arrayed in broadcloth, who has more money than brains, and very little of either. On the other hand, the husband pays off his tricks in turn, and flirts with the reigning belles until the smell of fresh paint and the exhibitions of maudlin and puerile nonsense sicken him off the track. In some respects this is quite harmless and beneath notice. In others it becomes highly important, and demands radical and immediate reform. Social life has much to do with our national character and movements. As are the people so will be the nation, as a matter of course; and if there is rottenness in so-called "high society," it will taint the whole mass. It is a self-evident truth that married people have no business to "flirt." This disposition once indulged, the green-eyed monster takes advantage of open doors, and finds an easy access. The husband and the wife have, by the most solemn vows, devoted their lives and their all to each other's happiness; and those who array themselves for the popular eye more than for those who are theirs, and theirs only, by the marriage relation, are traitors. Another thing—flirtation carried on by married people not only destroys the sanctity of wedded life to a great degree, but is vastly destructive of common virtue. What man that beholds such exhibitions can have the least faith in that love which is fabled to exist around the family hearthstone? This is no trivial matter. It is one of the radical evils of society. It is a fester at the foundation of the social system, which, unless destroyed in its incipency, will rot down the whole structure. The distinguishing difference between heathendom and civilization, is the marriage relation. Let people beware how that relation is affected by a false morality and a false system of living.

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**WORK FOR THE HANGMEN.**—During the reign of Henry the Eighth, of England, crime was so rife that 72,000 thieves and rogues were hanged.

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**WICKED.**—A woman was lately arrested in Cincinnati for beating her husband with a bunch of candles. What a wicked act!

### THE ZODIACAL LIGHT.

There is observed in the western heavens, just after sunset, and at the very place where the sun has disappeared beneath the horizon, a body of pale whitish light, like that of the milky way, of a pyramidal form, inclined obliquely to the horizon, and extending far into the heavens. This pyramid of light is called the Zodiacal Light. It has the appearance of a double convex lens, seen edgewise, and always accompanies the sun, though not visible from the same point of the earth at all seasons of the year. The most favorable time for observing it in our climate is about the period of the vernal equinox, in February and March. The pyramid is then less inclined to the horizon than at any other period, and consequently more readily visible. Hitherto it has been supposed that this singular appearance was due to the sun, and some astronomers attribute it to the effect of the sun's atmosphere. But Laplace, the great French astronomer, showed from its form and magnitude that this was impossible. Others have held that the zodiacal light proceeded from a nebulous ring around the sun, similar to the rings of the planet Saturn. But the fact that we see no direct appearance of any such ring around the solar orb, renders that hypothesis very questionable. The whole subject, indeed, has hitherto been involved in the greatest uncertainty. Some new and original speculations were put forth a few years since, by Professor Nicol of England, based upon the observations of an American astronomer, who had been to Japan and other favorable points, for investigating the subject. It seems that at Japan the zodiacal light, which is only visible here in the form of a cone, extending partially into the heavens, there reaches across the heavens from horizon to horizon, like a belt. Upon this appearance Professor Nicol argues that the light is reflected from a great nebulous ring surrounding the earth, or rather several rings. He makes the distance of these rings about 100,000 miles, and their breadth about 52,000; the depth being unknown. His theory is, that the rings are composed of millions of asteroids circulating round the earth, which reflect the light of the sun in certain positions of that luminary, and thus cause the light spoken of. There is also said to be a faint, slaty-colored ring within the others, contracting towards the earth at an accelerated speed, now amounting to eighty miles a year; and if the rate of annual approach should increase to one hundred miles, he thinks it would reach

the surface of our planet in one hundred and eighty years. If this be so, it will be of the utmost importance to the people who inhabit the earth in the year 2040 to know what this supposed ring is made of. If it should prove to be made of meteoric stars, such as occasionally fall to the earth now-a-days, their lives would not be worth a pin's fee; for they and all that they possess will be battered to pieces and buried up with rocks. We shall need a little more direct evidence of the existence of these supposed rings, and of the solid substance of their component bodies, before we sound the alarm for posterity; for as at present advised, the substance of the zodiacal light appears to be so extremely rare that the smallest stars may be seen through it.

### STEADY PURPOSES.

Often as we laugh over the quaint epitaph found on an old gravestone, "I was well, I wanted to be better, I took medicine, and I am here," we overlook its general applicability to the affairs of life. As with health, so with business; nine persons out of ten ignore the golden secret of content; they are constantly striving after something different from that they enjoy. We do not deprecate enterprise, but it is the habit of change that we protest against—the habit of shifting from one pursuit to another. There are thousands of almost penniless and disappointed old men, picking up a precarious living at the extremity of life, because they have, in the course of their existence, tried a hundred different things, and abandoned all in turn simply because success was not instantaneous; to few men is it given to do more than one or two things well. The *Wife of Honeycombs*, and Master Simons and Admirable Crichtons are apt to be sad charlatans, deceiving themselves as well as others. There is scarcely any pursuit that, if followed out with singleness of purpose, will not yield a rich return.

**NEW IDEA.**—A circular bagatelle table, which, when closed, answers for a whist table or a chess board, is among the new ideas of the day.

**SHARING HAPPINESS.**—Men of the noblest disposition think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

**TRUTH.**—Truth is far more intensely interesting than fiction, when the heart and affections are enlisted in the subject.

## AN UNEXPECTED FORTUNE.

About once a month the press reports that a large fortune awaits some poor but honest individual, through the death of a relative. We have never placed much confidence in such reports, simply because none of our friends were ever favored by the visits of lawyers in search of heirs, although we have known legal gentlemen to hunt them up for entirely different purposes; but still there was a question of money between them, and it would have been satisfactory on both sides if a settlement could have been entered upon.

The last case of unexpected fortune, we notice, comes from Ohio, a noble State, and capable of enriching every one who lives in it, provided the right course is adopted for making money. The report states that a carpenter has fallen heir to about a quarter of a million of dollars, and these are all the particulars that we have received, although we would fain have known how the carpenter received the news of his good (or bad) luck, what resolutions he formed, and how he contemplates disposing of his money.

Let us imagine that the man is single, and that he has worked hard at his trade for ten years, at a small salary, and with no hope of ever increasing it. What effect will so much money have upon his nature? When the announcement was made that thousands awaited his command, did his head grow dizzy, and his eyes dim? Did his pulse quicken, as through his mind there passed a glowing view of the life which he could lead, with so much money at his command, with which he could purchase luxuries, exemption from toil, ease and comfort? Or, did his pulse maintain its steady beat, as he thought, with a sigh, of the cares which his fortune will give him? of the temptations to which he will be exposed, and the hundreds of men who will suddenly discover his worth, and make offers of friendship?

Or, if the man is married, and possesses a family, how his thoughts must have reverted to his wife and children, when he learned that money was at his disposal. Perhaps he could think of some little article, even in his great joy and surprise, that his wife and children had desired, and his means had prevented him from purchasing, and if such was the case, fortune has smiled upon a worthy man, one who will use his wealth to the advantage of society, himself and family, his country and his God.

But, as we said before, we don't believe in fortunes which the press chronicle, and our disbelief will continue until we have some substantial proof to the contrary, and in that case we want the news imparted to us in a very gentle manner, for fear of serious consequences.

## COMPARATIVE TERMS.

Riches and poverty are only comparative terms, and are, moreover, slightly understood. The world's goods are held in common much more than people imagine. The beauty of marble mansions and the velvety lawn, soft and variegated as a Brussels carpet, is enjoyed more by the spectator, to whom its beauty is new, than the proprietor, in whose mind familiarity has bred contempt; and to whom it is more associated with the tax office and gas bills, than ideas of the beautiful. The gale that wafts the aroma of the arbor and garden, greets the nasal faculties gratuitously with odors more delicious than the bottled essences of perfumery shops. Everything worth having is shared in common—the sights that please the eye, the sounds that delight the ear, are not limited to the organs of the millionaires, and those who own stock and houses. The philosopher may sing with the poet any day:

Behold my soul's inheritance,  
How spacious, how sublime,  
My tenement is boundless earth,  
My field is boundless time.

HOW THIS COUNTRY WAS NAMED.—When the seamen on board the ship of Christopher Columbus, after a series of fatigues, came in sight of St. Salvador, they burst out into an exuberant mirth and jollity. "The lads are in a merry key!" cried the commodore. America is now the name of half the globe. We are not prepared to endorse this as an historical fact, but it will answer all practical purposes.

GOOD ACTIONS.—The memory of good and worthy actions gives a quicker relish to the soul, than ever it could possibly take in the highest enjoyment of youth.

QUERY.—We see many advertisements lately, and hear frequently of Old Bourbon. Who is he? Any relation to Titus A. Peep?

WEALTH.—The most respectable quality of man, so regarded by Google

## TAKE CARE OF THE FEET.

"Of all parts of the body," says Dr. Robertson, "there is not one which ought to be so carefully attended to as the feet." Every person knows from experience that colds, and many other diseases which proceed from colds, are attributable to cold feet. The feet are at such a distance from "the wheel at the cistern" of the system, that the circulation of the blood may be very easily checked there. Yet, for all this, and although every person of common sense should be aware of the truth of what we have stated, there is no part of the human body so much trifled with as the feet. The young and would be genteel-footed cramp their toes and feet into thin-soled, bone-pinching boots and shoes, in order to display neat feet, in the fashionable sense of the term. There is one great evil against which every person should be on the guard against—we mean the changing of warm for cold shoes or boots. A change is often made from thick to thin-soled shoes, without reflecting upon the consequences which might ensue. In cold weather, boots and shoes of good thick leather, both in soles and uppers, should be worn by all. Water-tights are not good, if they are air-tights also; India rubber overshoes should never be worn, except in wet, splashy weather, and then not very long at once. It is hurtful to the feet to wear any covering that is air-tight over them, and for this reason, India rubber should be worn as seldom as possible. No part of the body should be allowed to have a covering that entirely obstructs the passage of carbonic acid gas from the pores of the skin outward, and the moderate passage of air inward to the skin. Life can be destroyed in a very short time, by entirely closing up the pores of the skin. Good warm stockings, and thick-soled boots and shoes, are conservators of health, and consequently of happiness.

**STRATEGY.**—A western writer says: "Gen. Blunt's strategy is in three parts; first, finding where the enemy are; second, immediately sending a bomb shell at them; third, going himself to see where it struck."

**THE RIGHT WAY.**—Plato being told that some enemies had spoken ill of him, said: "It matters not; I will endeavor so to live that no one shall believe them."

**QUEER.**—An inscription on a tombstone at La Point, Lake Superior, reads as follows:—"John Smith, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

## WAR!

War, war! The drums beat, the clarions sound, the artillery thunders, the earth quakes beneath the gallop of squadrons of cavalry. All is lost in a cloud of dust and sulphurous smoke. There are confused shouts, the flash of swords, the wave of banners, a convulsive *melee*, which rolls along, leaving behind it a long trail of blood. But at last the noise is hushed, the cloud re-opens, the victors reappear with conquered standards and captured cannons, and a humiliated and unarmed mass of men, who are doomed to expiate the chance defeat as if it were a crime. Let the cities now cull flowers to deck triumphal arches! Let constellated stars shine on bosoms swelling high with pride! Lo, the poets tune their lyres in honor of the victors. But look—what spectacle is that beside the vanquished? Instead of arches of triumph, long, yawning ditches, in which men are silently arranging corpses; instead of hymns of thanksgiving, a vast chorus of sobs. For war, like the ancient Janus, has two faces: one sparkling with joy, the other pale with sorrow, and each of these two faces looks alternately on every nation; for none has known success without reverse, or glory without humiliation.

**CURIOUS BLUNDER.**—In a work published in London, called "American Liberty and Government," by a Mr. Kyle, it is stated that "America is the ally of Russia, and that "in New York, the principal hotel is dedicated to the Russian saint, Nicholas!"

**PRECOCITY.**—Boys that are philosophers at six years of age, are generally blockheads at twenty-one. By forcing children, you get so much into their heads, that they become cracked in order to hold it.

**A CHARITABLE LESSON.**—It would be uncharitable too severely to condemn for faults, without taking some thought of the sterling goodness which mingles in and lessens them.

**ITS ORIGIN.**—It is said that the original of "My Maryland" is a German song beginning with the sentiment, "Don't hug me now—some other time."

**TRIALS.**—Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear; but they are so because they are the very ones he needs.

## Facts and Fancies.

### TROUBLES OF A SCHOOLMA'AM.

Miss Smix, who teaches school somewhere in the interior of Vermont, writes that she has had a terrible time with an eighteen year old youth named Heath, who did not know his letters when he first took his seat in the school-room. But we will let Miss Smix tell her own story, and in her own way:

"He was badly ashamed at first, but in play-time could carry so many children at once 'pig-a-back,' that they forgot his ignorance, in his humility and goodness. I confess my heart (like a *mother's*, mind you,) yearned for and towards him; and many a time, as I sat in the school-room near dusk looking at castles and spectres in the dying embers, prayed that God would give me power and capacity to pick a way into his encrusted brain. He was not dull, nor stupid in anything but mere letters. Cadmus in his head was embedded a fathom deep. At last I got him clean through the alphabet, and he could point out letters by name. In two weeks he got through his 'ba-be-bi,' etc., and one bright Monday morning I put him into 'L-a-l-a-d-y-dy. I had to tell him fifty times the nature of syllables, but his brain was as opaque as a rock.

"Do you love pies?" said I, in order to interest him.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, then, apple and pie put together, spell apple-pie, don't they?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"By a like rule, la and dy spell lady—you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Mince and pie spell what, then?"

"Mince-pie."

"Right! Pumpkin and pie, what?"

"Pumpkin-pie."

"Then what does l-a-l-a-d-y-dy spell?"

"Custard-pie!" said he, with a yell of delight at his success."

Miss Smix thinks that he is improving, and we hope so for her sake.

### MERCHANT VS. FARMER.

A shinplaster story has been localized in Boston, and applied to a popular dry-goods dealer. The story may have been in print perhaps, but a repetition will do no harm. As the story goes, a farmer purchased a few cents' worth of goods from this merchant, and gave him a bill to make change from. The latter returned him eighty-five cents in his engraved promises to pay, genteelly known as checks, but vulgarly known as shinplasters.

"What's them?" inquired the farmer.

"O," said the merchant, "those are a sort of currency we dry-goods dealers have," and went away to attend to another customer.

The countryman went off, not exactly satisfied, but shortly returned, and bought nearly a dollar's

worth of goods. After receiving the neatly tied up package, and being told the price, he deposited a number of pumpkin seeds on the counter.

"What are those?" inquired the astonished merchant.

"O," replied the countryman, coolly, "them's a sort of currency we farmers have," and thereupon left the store.

The story has it, that the dry-goods dealer, who appreciates good jokes, was so amused, he did not call his unprofitable customer back.

### AN UNFOUNDED CHARGE.

A leading officer in one of the courts was charged with never going to bed sober. Of course he indignantly denied the soft impeachment; and he gave the particulars of a particular night in proof. We quote his own words:

"Pretty soon after I got into bed, my wife said:

"Why, husband, what is the matter with you? You act so strangely."

"There's nothing the matter with me," said I; 'nothing at all.'

"I'm sure there is," said she; 'you don't act natural at all. Shan't I get up and get something for you?'

"And she got up, lighted a candle, and came to the bedside to look at me, shading the light with her hand.

"I knew there was something strange about you," said she. 'Why, you are sober!'

"Now, this is a fact, and my wife will swear to it. So don't you slander me any more by saying that I haven't been to bed sober in six months, 'cause I have."

Such testimony was considered reliable, and the man now enjoys his new-found reputation.

### ALL FAIR IN LOVE.

A physician in a neighboring county didn't like a young man who waited on his niece, so he gave the niece a powder to give the young man in some kind of drink. The young lady pretended to acquiesce, but slipped the powder into her uncle's coffee, who drank his own physic. Shortly after the doctor mounted his horse and trotted off. After riding a few moments he became very much afflicted, and in the extremity of his grief, declared that every drop of his coffee had been—not coffee—but Croton oil. Dismounting, the doctor sought a house and a bed, and after three days was able to proceed homeward. So he unwittingly took his own physic, and suffered the consequences. A few days afterwards the lovers were married.

### POWDER AND POULTRY.

A party of gentlemen were taking supper at a country inn, and one of the guests found the poultry rather tough. After exercising his ingenuity to no effect in trying to dissect an old fowl, he turned to the waiter, and asked:



"Have you any such a thing as a powder-flask?"

"No, sir, we have not; do you want one?"

"Why, yes. I think the shortest way would be to blow the fellow up."

#### A POSITIVE FELLOW.

A fellow groaning in the stocks, was asked what he was put in for. He mentioned some trifling offence.

"But," said the other, "they can't put you into the stocks for that."

"I tell you they did," said the victim.

"But I tell you they *can't* put you in for that."

"Why," said the impatient man, "don't you see I'm here?"

#### THE DUTCHMAN AND HIS DOG.

Abner was a quiet, peaceable sort of a live Yankee, who lived on the farm on which his father had lived before him, and was generally considered a pretty cute sort of a fellow—always ready with a trick, whenever it was of the least utility; yet when he did play off his tricks, 'twas done in such an innocent manner, that his victim could do no better than take it all in good part.

Now, it happened that one of Abner's neighbors sold a farm to a tolerably green specimen of a Dutchman.

Von Vlom Schlophsh had a dog, as Dutchman often have, and which had, since leaving his "fader lant," become sufficiently civilized not only to appropriate the soil as common stock, but had progressed so far in the good work as to obtain his dinners from various sheep-folds on the same principle.

When Abner discovered this propensity in the canine department of the Dutchman's family, he called over to his new neighbor's to enter complaint, which mission he accomplished in the most natural manner in the world.

"Well, Von, your dog's been killing my sheep."

"Ya—dat ish bad—he is von goot dog—ya—dat ish very bad."

"Sartin it's bad, and you'll have to stop him."

"Ya—ya—dat ish allas goot—but Ich weis nicht."

"What's that you say—he was nicked? Wal, now, look here, old feller, nickin's no use—crop him—cut the tail close off—chock up to the trunk—that'll cure him."

"Vat is dat?" exclaimed the Dutchman, while a faint ray of intelligence crept over his features.

"Ya, dat is goot—dat cure von sheep steal, eh?"

"Sartin it will—he'll never touch sheep meat again in this world."

"Den come mit me—he von mity goot dog, all de way from Yarmany. Ich no take von five dollar—but come mit me and hold his tail. Ich chop him off."

"Sartin, I'll hold his tail, if you want me to, but you must cut it up close."

"Ya, dat ish right, Ich make him von goot dog. Here, Blitzen, come right here, you von sheep

shteal rashkul—Ich chop your tail in one two pieces."

The dog obeyed the summons, and the master tied his feet fore and aft, for fear of accident, and placing the tail in the Yankee's hand, requested him to lay it across a small block of wood.

"Chock up," said Abner, as he drew the butt of the tail close over the log.

"Ya, dat ish right. Now, you tief sheep, Ich learns you better luck," and he raised the axe.

It descended, and as it did so, Abner, with characteristic presence of mind, brought Blitzen's neck over the log, and the head rolled over on the other side.

"Wal, I swow," said Abner, with apparent astonishment, as he dropped the headless trunk of the dog, "that was a leetle too close."

"Mine got!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "you shust cut him off de wrong end."

After the dog's death, Abner's sheep lived in peace.

#### A DIFFERENT LAY.

"Have you the 'Lays of the last Minstrel'?" said a city miss, addressing a young man who stood behind the counter of a store not many rods from Washington Street. "No, we haven't any of them kind," said the obliging clerk, "but we have good fresh hen's eggs, that we can warrant were laid no longer than last week."

#### "PROVIDENTIALLY DIRECTED."

Among the attendants at a late Methodist conference was a very beautiful and intelligent-looking young lady, who drew the admiring gaze of many eyes, particularly eyes masculine, always on the lookout for pretty feminine faces. During the intermission at noon, a spruce young minister stepped up to the presiding elder, and said, with an air of secrecy:

"Did you observe the young lady who sat by the first pillar on the left?"

"Yes," said the elder; "what of her?"

"Why," said the young man, "I feel impressed that the Lord desires me to take that lady for my wife. I think she would make a good companion and helpmeet in the work of the ministry."

The elder, as a good Christian ought, had nothing to object. But in a few moments another candidate for ministerial efforts and honors, and for the name of husband, came confidentially to make known a like impression regarding the same identical lady.

"You had better wait a while. It is not best to be hasty in determining the source of such impressions," said the prudent elder.

And he had said well, for hardly were the steps of the second youth cold at his side, ere a third approached with the same story; and, while the worthy confidant still marvelled, a fourth drew near with the question:

"Did you notice the fine, noble-looking woman on your left?"

"Yes," cried the swelling elder.

"Well, sir," went on the fourth victim of that unsuspecting girl, "it is strongly borne in upon my mind that it is the will of the Lord that I should make proposals of marriage to that lady. He has impressed me that she is to be my wife."

The elder could hold in no longer.

"Impossible, impossible!" he exclaimed, in an excited tone. "The Lord never could have intended that four men should marry that one woman!"

The elder was right, for the lady would marry neither of the candidates for her hand and heart.

#### A SECOND-HAND PRESIDENT.

The following story is old but good, and Mr. Fillmore often relates it:

President Fillmore, upon his elevation to the presidential chair, was obliged, in conformity with his new station, to purchase a carriage and horses. The horses were soon obtained, and Mr. Preston, of South Carolina, offered to dispose of his fine coach, which was accordingly sent to the new president for his inspection.

Irish Jemmy, the White House coachman, was on hand when Mr. Fillmore called at the stable to inspect it; and wishing an opinion from Jemmy as to the fitness of the coach, asked him if he thought it fine enough.

"Och, it's a fine coach, your honor," said Jemmy.

"But is it good enough, Jemmy?" said the president.

Jemmy, with a doubtful scratch of his head, answered again in the same manner; when Mr. Fillmore, wanting a positive answer, said:

"Jemmy, do you think a second-hand carriage would do for a president?"

"Och," said Jemmy, "remember your honor's a second-hand president—and sure, it's just right."

The president took the coach.

#### A FARMER'S MISTAKE

When "boarding round" was the fashion with school teachers, Farmer A., on coming to the house at tea-time, was introduced to the "schoolma'am." In a moment he perceived a strong odor of musk which came from the schoolma'am's clothing. He, entirely ignorant of the cause, immediately charged it upon Ponto, who had a strong propensity for muskrats, and at once reprimanded him:—"Ponto, you scamp, you have been killing muskrats; go out doors, sir, and get sweetened off." But Ponto did not stir, and Farmer A. spoke again more sharply, "Get out; you'll scent the whole house." The schoolma'am by this time was blushing red as crimson, while the girls and the boys could scarcely keep from bursting into laughter. One of them, unnoticed, at last made their father understand how the matter stood, and he, of course, dropped the subject. The evening passed away rather awkwardly with all, and the teacher failed to return the next day. On her account the affair was kept quiet until after she had left the neighborhood, when many were the hearty laughs had over Farmer A.'s error and the schoolma'am's discomfiture. She omitted musk thereafter.

#### A LOVER'S PROMISE.

Two lovers stood upon the shore  
Of Massachusetts Bay,  
Bidding a sad farewell before  
Seth tore himself away.

"I'll marry you when I come back,  
My Sally Ann," says he,  
And then he took a little *smack*,  
And went away to sea.

#### A BIT OF BLARNEY.

"A bright mornin' to yer fair face, Misthress Murphy!" said an Irishman, as he entered a shop.

"Well, a good morning, John!"

"Och, Misthress Murphy, whiniver I see a rale shiny Irish mornin' like this, it puts me in mind of the dear ould counthry, and of the time whin I lived wid yer father (rest his soul). A dacent man niver dhrew breath, and sorra a poor crayther iver passed his doors without a bite or sup."

"Troth, he was, John."

"Misthress Murphy (pulling a flask out of his pocket), would you thrust me for a half pint till I jist go down to the wharf? And may the devil fly away wi' the roof of my jacket, but I'll pay ye before the sun goes to bed!"

"Burn the dhrap, John, till ye pay me for the half pint ye got yisterday!"

"Misthress Murphy (*emphatically*), I knowed your modther, and she was an ould hod-carrier, and yer fadher was a dirty washerwoman; and I seed him hauled wi' six roarin' bulls to the gallows, ye ould 'ug—"

John sloped in double quick time, and a pewter beer mug rattled wrathfully across the pavement.

#### A COOL TOPER.

A good anecdote is told of a man named Bently, a confirmed drinker, who would never drink with a friend or in public, and always bitterly denied, when a little too steep, ever tasting liquor. One day some bad witnesses concealed themselves in his room, and when the liquor was running down his throat, seized him with his arm crooked and his mouth open, and holding him fast, asked with an air of triumph:

"Ah, Bently, have we caught you at last? You never drink, eh?"

No one would suppose but that Bently would have acknowledged the corn. Not he; with the most grave and inexpressible face, he calmly, and in a dignified manner, said:

"Gentlemen, my name is not Bently!"

# THE GOLD MANIA.



Mr. Oldboy, who has been unconsciously drawn into the vortex, buys eagerly at six per cent. premium.



Gold has gone up to \$1.49! "Of course, it would." Knows what he is about! Will buy more at once.



Gold quoted at \$1.72! Why didn't he manage to buy more in season? Is earnestly recommended by a friend to sell in time to save himself. No go!



# THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Gold down to \$1.42! A shock. As it gets lower and lower, Oldboy bears up manfully under the pressure.



Despair! Oldboy would be glad to get rid of the plaguy stuff 'at any price. Is told the supply is greater than the demand.



Oldboy gives evidence of his intention to shortly take up his residence in a Mad-House.

# THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII.—No. 6.

● BOSTON, JUNE, 1863.

WHOLE No. 102.

## JAPAN AND ITS RULERS.

If the readers of THE DOLLAR MONTHLY (we are pleased to know they are rapidly increasing) will but glance upon some accurate map, and search in the direction of the East, not far from China, he or she will discover a cluster of islands, which have recently been considered of great importance to the civilized world, simply because those islands contain much that is valuable to commerce; and for the sake of trade, man will do and dare everything. A few weeks since news was received from Japan, that the princes, or the party unfavorable to the foreigners, had prevailed with the tycoon, or emperor—the one who, wields all the real power, to the exclusion of the spiritual emperors—and that a decree of banishment was about to be issued, compelling all foreigners, excepting the Dutch, to leave the islands and the Japanese in peace and contentment. If such an edict is carried out, it is quite probable that complications will arise quite as difficult of solution as those which perplexed China, when England made a demand for supposed injuries. The ports of Japan, now that some of them are open, must remain open, in spite of Japanese hostilities to foreigners and commerce; and if peaceful words will not accomplish the result, strong blows will do the business—although we can't see that the United States can take a hand in the matter for some time to come. On this and the next page we give portraits of the tycoon or emperor, and his wife. They were sent to this country by Minister Harris, and from the sketches our engravings were made. No foreigner knows the age of the emperor, or indeed can see him, or his wife, except on rare occasions. How long they reign, or when they die, or are deposed, no one knows, except the court circle; and the members of that body are noted for their reticence. They are a singular people, and although we feted the Japanese ambas-

sadors on their visit to this country, it is doubtful if our merchants have yet realized much profit by the operation. But we have the satisfaction of knowing that our people stand as high, if not higher, in the estimation of the Japanese than the French or English; and this fact may be turned to advantage at some future period, in our commercial treaties with this people.



THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN

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THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

There is something peculiarly fantastic in the court dresses of the Japanese. These dresses are made of the richest materials, interwoven with gold, and more or less embroidered and covered with ornaments. To our eyes, the appearance of the human form, swaddled and bedecked in such grotesque habiliments, is awkward and clumsy in the extreme. The dress would seem to be more calculated for females than for males, as indeed most of their dresses appear. Were the habits of court potentates more active than is the case, it would doubtless cause a change for the better in their habiliments; but the indolent and effeminate nature of their occupations requires little or no bodily activity, and hence their clothing suits as well the occupation as the taste of the wearer. Throughout all the official population of Japan the same indolence prevails, there being swarms of office-holders placed over the people, and the great number making the occupation of each quite trivial. As regards the social customs of the Japanese, we may remark, that the ladies of Japan are fond of tea-parties, and of the innocent gossip that accompanies them. All civilized ladies seem to have a passion for such parties. In Japan they regard more the style of serving tea, and the etiquette connected therewith, than they do the tea itself.

Then the behaviour at the tea-table is considered a matter of much consideration. At a very grand party, the cups and bowls, and all the utensils employed, must be ornamented, and of high price. Everything connected with an elegant tea-party is laid down in books, that young ladies must learn at school, as much as how to read. The testimony is ample that the Japanese ladies are both handsome and charming. "The Japanese are the most fascinating and elegant ladies," says Sir James Drummond. "that I ever saw in any country in the world. They have a natural grace that cannot be described. Take away a few peculiarities, to which one soon gets accustomed by living among them, and they would, at their first debut, be admired at St. James's, or any other court of Europe." Marriage is contracted early in Japan. It is considered disgraceful for one to marry out of his class or rank. When a youth has the "tender passion" for a young maiden, he declares his affection by affixing a branch of a certain shrub (the *celastrus alatus*) to the house of the damsel's parents. "If the branch be neglected, the suit is rejected; if it be accepted, so is the lover." An excellent device, it would seem, for those lovers who cannot summon courage to "pop the question."

Like every other nation, the Japanese have their amusements and sports, some of which are very exciting. Some of their feats of art and cunning are remarkably acute and clever. Travellers have frequently described many of these modes of legerdemain and skillful manipulation. Mr. Harris, the United States consul, gives an account of a juggler's performance in the way of top-spinning, witnessed by him, which is truly wonderful. In the first place, the performer took an ordinary peg-top, and set it to spinning in the air. He then caught it on his hand and transferred it to the keen edge of a sword-blade, making it traverse from hilt to point and back again, by inclining the sword, the top spinning all the time. Another feat performed, was to set the top spinning in the air, and then to throw the end of the string towards it, and cause it to wind itself with the string, the other end being retained in the hand; so that the top returned to the hand properly wound and ready to be spun again. A sub-variety of this performance consisted in making the top spin up an upright pole, knock at the door of a little wooden house on the summit, and disappear within. In this case the hand end of the string was fastened near the door of the small house, and the top was made to climb the pole by the self-winding process. The Japanese jugglers perform many other curious feats, such as making paper butterflies fly in the air and alight where they please, by means of a common fan. Their dexterity in these matters baffles all description.

## CAPTAIN GEORGE H. PREBLE.

The readers of the DOLLAR MONTHLY are familiar with the name of Captain George H. Preble, of the United States Navy, for his recent trial by court martial, and sentence, attracted much attention. On this page we publish a very striking likeness of the gentleman, taken just before he assumed command of the blockading fleet off Mobile, where his misfortunes occurred. It was alleged that he did not make a vigorous effort to capture the Oreto, when she run into the rebel port, and on that charge he was found guilty and dismissed from the service, but the president restored him to his command, after much solici-

## AUTOMATONS.

Some wonderful accounts are handed down of mechanism so constructed as to resemble the figure and imitate the actions of mankind. Archytas, of Tarentum, about four hundred years before our era, is said to have made a wooden pigeon that could fly. Albertus Magnus constructed an automaton to open his door when any one knocked. The celebrated Regiomotanus made a wooden eagle that flew forth from the city, saluted the emperor, and returned. He also constructed an iron fly, which flew out of his hand and returned, after flying about the room. In 1738, an automaton flute-player was exhibited at Paris that played

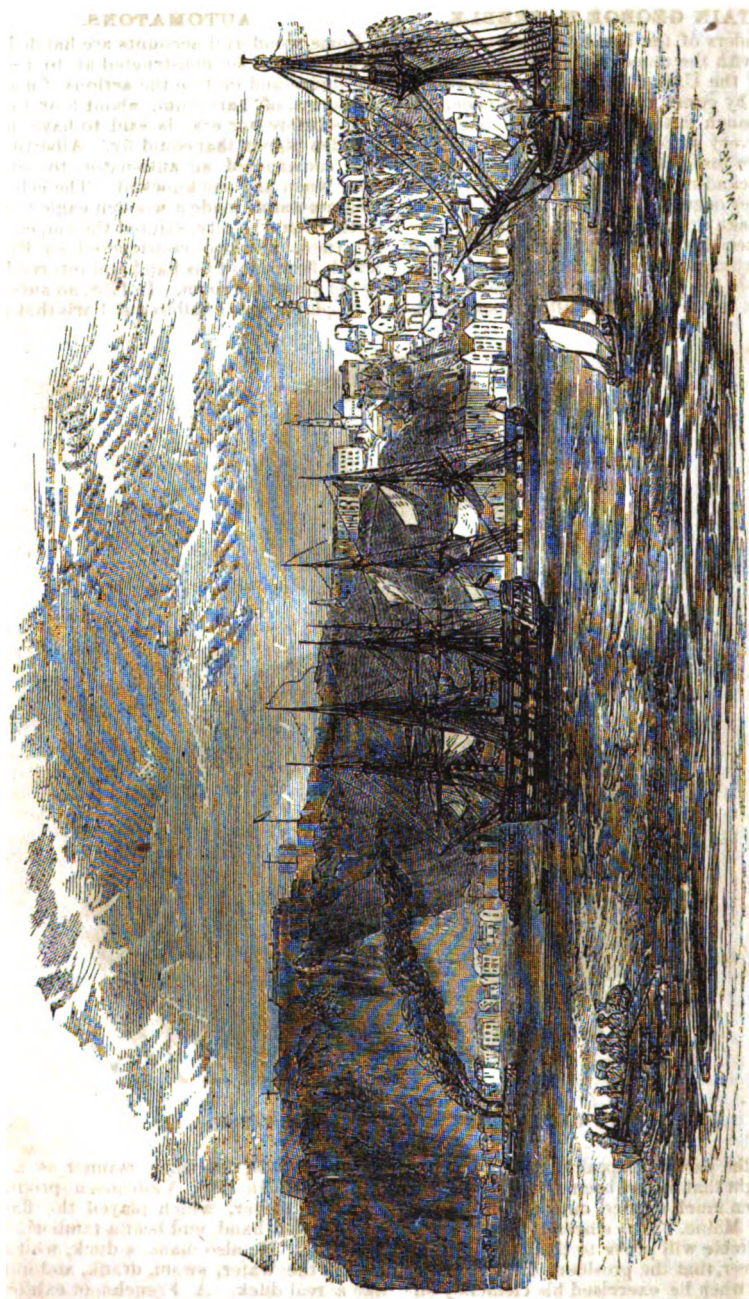


CAPTAIN GEORGE H. PREBLE, U. S. N.

tation on the part of Captain Preble's friends, who thought that he had been unjustly treated. He has seen much service, and is a native of Portland, Maine. We sincerely trust that Captain Preble will prove to the world, in his future career, that the president did not make a mistake when he exercised his clemency on restoring the officer to the navy.

Beau Brummel was reading the paper one day at Long's—a gentleman standing near him sneezed three times; after the third spasm, Mr. Brummel called out, "Waiter, bring me an umbrella; I can bear this no longer."

on the flute in the same manner as a living performer. In 1741, Vaucansen produced a flageolet player, which played the flageolet with the left hand, and beat a tamborine with the right. He also made a duck, which dabbled in the water, swam, drank, and quacked like a real duck. A Frenchman exhibited a duck in this city, seven or eight years ago, which went through several of the same operations. Automaton have been constructed which wrote, played on the piano-forte, etc. During the present century, a Swiss named Mallardes, constructed a figure representing a female, which performed eighteen tunes on the piano, and continued in motion an hour.



VIEW OF QUEBEC.

**QUEBEC, CANADA.**

The illustration on this page represents a portion of Quebec, an important stronghold of the Canadas. The name is derived from Quebelo, which, in the Algonquin tongue, signifies a sudden contraction of the river. The wide part of the river, immediately in

front of the place, has been called the "Estuaire," and is sufficiently deep and capacious to float one hundred sail of the line. Quebec was founded by the French in 1608. It is situated on the St. Lawrence, at its confluence with the St. Charles river, and 320 miles distant from the Atlantic Ocean. The city is

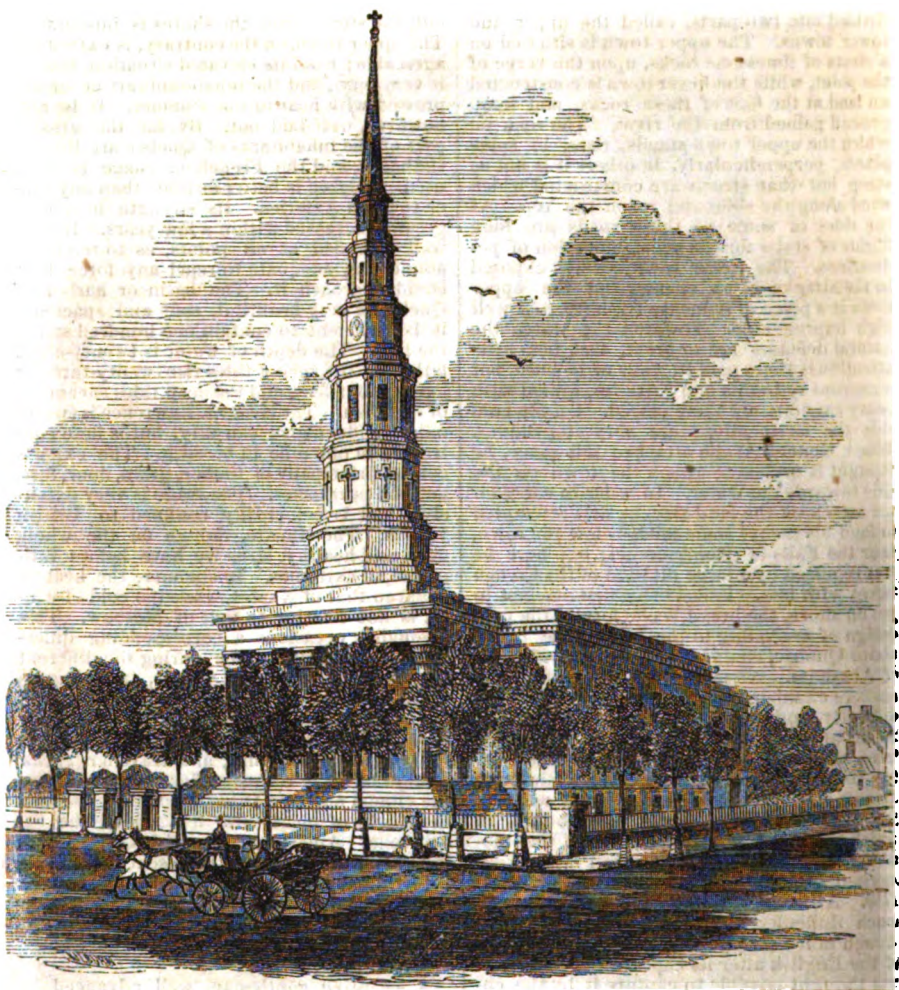
divided into two parts, called the upper and lower towns. The upper town is situated on a strata of limestone rocks, upon the verge of the point, while the lower town is constructed on land at the foot of these rocks, and upon ground gained from the river. The rock on which the upper town stands, rises, in some places, perpendicularly, in others it is not so steep but that streets are constructed which wind along the sides and reach the top. At the sides of some of these roads are long flights of stairs for the accommodation of pedestrians. The lower town is much exposed to the attacks of an enemy, but the upper town is a place of immense strength, and well nigh impregnable. Towards the water the natural defences are so great, that but little attention is there paid to walls of defence, but numerous redoubts and batteries, armed with heavy cannons, are there placed. On the land side the fortifications are very stupendous. When General Wolfe attacked this place, he thought it useless to attack the town on the side towards the water. In order to carry on the attack on the land side, he first attempted to land his troops some miles below the town, near the Falls of Montmorenci; but here he was repulsed by a large division of the French forces with loss. Foiled in his first attempt to get on shore, the brave Wolfe formed the bold design of ascending to the top of the banks above Quebec, commonly called the Heights of Abraham. After previous preparation, the soldiers clambered up the heights with great difficulty, and the guns were hauled up by means of ropes and pulleys fixed round the trees, with which the banks are covered from top to bottom. At the top, the plain commences and extends close under the walls of the city. Here the battle was fought, in which the lamented general fell at the moment his efforts were crowned with well-merited success. This capture was made in 1759. Although Quebec was captured with so much difficulty by General Wolfe, and although much strengthened while in the hands of the English after its capture by Wolfe, it was thought possible to capture it by the colonial troops, large portions of the attacking party on the previous occasions having been from the colonies, commanded by an English officer. At the close of 1775 and commencement of 1776, an attempt was made to capture Quebec by American troops, under Arnold and Montgomery. So impatient were the troops for the attack, that they did not wait the arrival of heavy artillery, but made the attack without. Even with this powerful aid, the issue would have proved doubtful; but without it, they were repulsed without difficulty. Independently of its fortifications and situation on the summit of a rock, Quebec owes much of its strength and security to the long duration and extreme severity of the winter—as in that season it is wholly impracticable for a besieging army to carry on the works, or to blockade the town. The lower part of the town is mostly occupied by the residents connected with the shipping, and formerly was a very disagreeable place, and now but slightly improved. When the tide is

out, the stench from the shores is intolerable. The upper town, on the contrary, is extremely agreeable; from its elevated situation, the air is very pure, and the inhabitants are never oppressed with heat in the summer. It is not, however, well laid out. By far the greater part of the inhabitants of Quebec are Roman Catholics, and the French language is most used. Quebec is better fortified than any other town in America. Its strength has been greatly increased within a few years. It is so well defended at all points, as to render it abundantly adequate to repel any force that could approach it. The basin or harbor of Quebec is very beautiful, safe and spacious; it is sufficient to contain one hundred sail of the line. The depth of water is twenty-eight fathoms; the spring tides rise twenty-three or twenty-four feet, and the neap tides seventeen or eighteen. The river St. Lawrence is twelve miles wide above the city, but is here contracted to one mile in breadth. The exports consist principally of timber, grain, flour, furs, pot and pearlshes. The trade is very extensive, and is principally confined to British vessels. The climate, though on the whole good and healthy, is, as we have before intimated, in extremes. In summer, the heat is equal to that of Naples, while the cold of winter is not inferior to that of Moscow. This inequality occasions a corresponding difference in the modes of life during the different seasons in the year. In winter, travelling is carried on by means of sledges and carioles, in the same way as in Russia. The first view of Quebec in sailing up the St. Lawrence is striking in the extreme; and travellers speak in high terms of the magnificent prospect from the citadel on Cape Diamond, which rises to the height of nearly 340 feet above the St. Lawrence. Americans, who visit Quebec during the summer months, represent themselves amply repaid for the time and money expended during the journey.

### BALLOONING.

A scientific gentleman, well advanced in years (who had "probably witnessed the experiment of the restoration of a withered pear beneath the exhausted receiver of a pneumatic machine"), was impressed with a conviction, on ascending to a considerable height in a balloon, that every line and wrinkle of his face had totally disappeared, owing, as he said, to the preternatural distension of his skin; and that, to the astonishment of his companion, he rapidly began to assume the delicate aspect and blooming appearance of his early youth! These things are all self-delusions. A bit of paper or a handkerchief might cling to the outside of the car, but a penny piece would, undoubtedly, fall direct to the earth. Wild birds do not return to the car, but descend in circles, till, passing through the clouds, they see whereabouts to go, and then they fly downwards as usual. We have no difficulty in breathing; on the contrary, being "called upon," we sing a song. Our head does not contract, so as to extinguish our eyes and nose with our hat; or expand to pumpkin size.





CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, PLUM STREET, CINCINNATI.

**CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, CINCINNATI.**

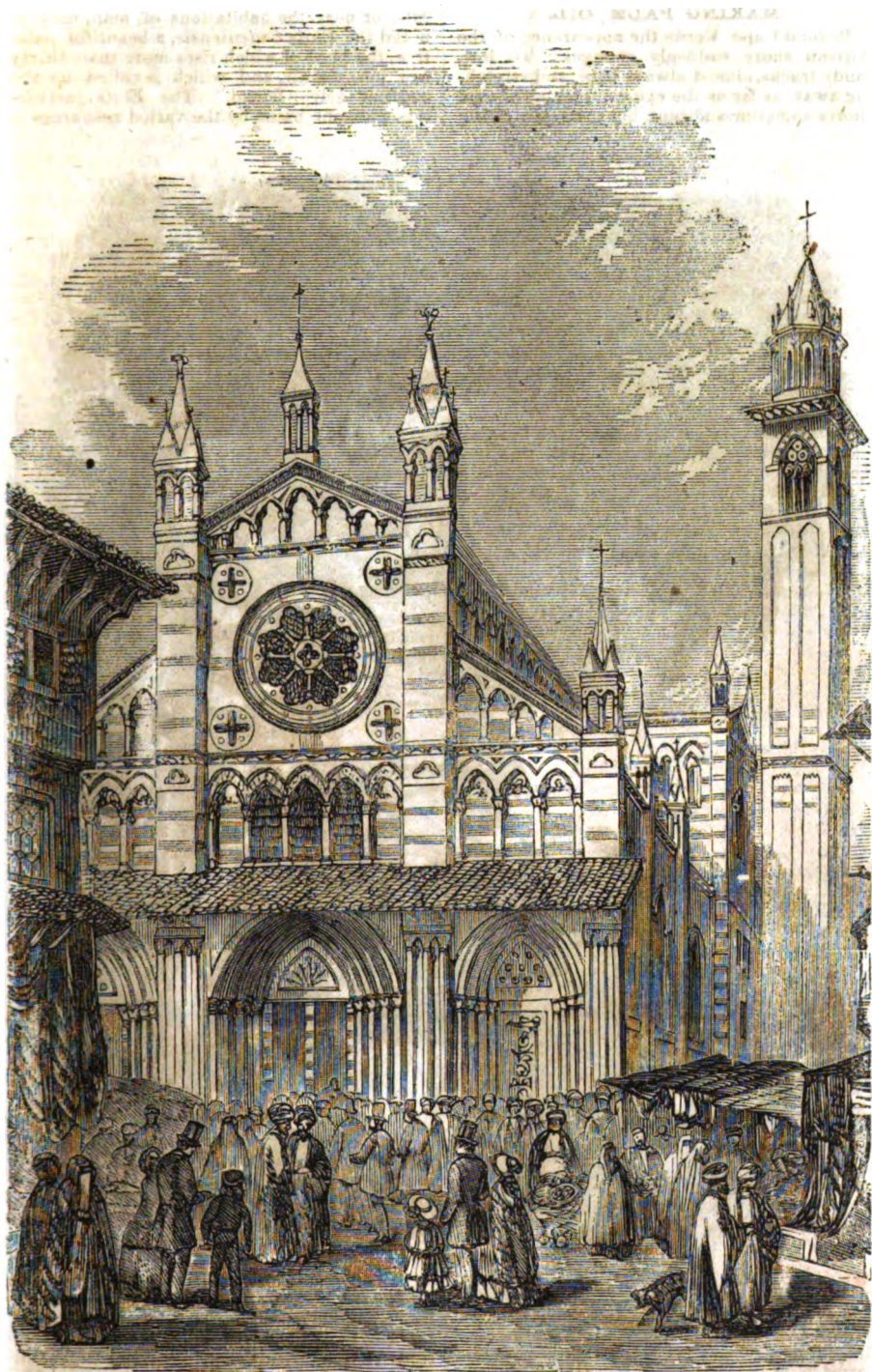
Strangers have said that Boston does not contain a single church possessed of architectural beauty, and while we will not admit of such a broad assertion, still we must confess that our churches are not paragons of art and beauty. We don't think that we have more than one or two churches that will compare in point of style with the Catholic Cathedral, in Plum street, Cincinnati, and we present the above engraving for the purpose of showing how much taste was displayed by the architect when he drew up his plans. It is built of stone, is in a pleasant location, and has been much admired by those who are able to judge of the merits of a fine building. We recommend it as a model for church committees.

**CHURCH IN CONSTANTINOPLE.**

In Constantinople one hundred years ago, if a Christian but dared to speak of building a

church for the worship of any other god than Mahomet, the daring Turk would have lost his life in a most expeditious manner, for the fanatical believers in the prophet were wilful and fierce, and had no idea of toleration. But within the last twenty years a great change has taken place in the character of the Turks. They have looked with more favor upon those who differ with them in religious matters, and since the war of the Crimea, Christians living in Constantinople, have had many favors granted them, and among the most important can be counted the privilege of building a church for the worship of God in the Protestant acceptance of the term. The picture which is before the reader, is a good illustration of the only Christian church in Constantinople. It was erected through the aid of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and cost near \$100,000.





MONUMENTAL CHURCH, CONSTANTINOPLE.



**MAKING PALM OIL.**

Beyond Cape Verde the appearance of the African shore suddenly changes. To low, sandy tracks, almost always bare, and stretching away as far as the eye can reach, succeed shores sometimes abrupt, but generally rising

east, or near the habitations of man, may be noted the *Elais Guieniensis*, a beautiful palm tree, the head of which rises more than thirty feet into the air, and which is called by the negroes their "friend." The *Elais* justifies this pleasant name by the varied resources it



MAKING PALM OIL AT WHYDA, GUINEA, GOLD COAST, AFRICA.

in gentle and gradual slopes from the seaside. The eye thus wanders over an amphitheatre of delicious verdure, losing itself amidst infinite shades; and the vigor of the vegetation surprises even those who are accustomed to the splendors of tropical regions. Among the valuable plants which grow in the superb for-

affords the poor inhabitants who take care of it. This tree supplies the native of the African shores not only with wine, but with oil, fishing-lines, hats, baskets, enormous nuts full of succulent juice, building materials, etc. Up to this time the oil is the only one of the products which enters extensively into com-



merce; it is of a buttery consistency, an orange color, and strongly odorous. England first employed the oil of the palm trees, in the manufacture of soap, but we know not the date of its first importation into England. In 1818 from 100 to 200 tons were annually imported; in 1841 the importation reached the amount of 200,000 quintals. Ten-twelfths of the oil is used at Liverpool, where, in 1831, a single establishment turned out 120,000 pounds of soap a week. The United States soon imitated the example of England. France entered into the business much later, but is giving serious attention to it, for English and American soaps have prevented the increase of the exportation of French soaps. Both the Americans and English produce with palm oil a coarser soap than that of Marseilles, but which has some qualities wanting to the French article, such as that of dissolving in salt water, which ensures its use on shipboard. They sell it cheap, and consequently it obtains a preference in the market. The great source of supply is that part of northern Guinea called the Gold Coast. It comes from Sierra Leone, Senegal and Gambia, but in less quantities. It is collected in the following way: At the period when the Elais palm produces its grains, they are gathered and thrown into troughs the sides of which are made of earth. A reference to our engraving will show the form of these structures. The grains, which are pretty hard, are easily crushed by means of the wooden sandals worn by the blacks employed in this process. As soon as the troughs are sufficiently full, the oil is received into earthen pots, and subject to a primary purification by boiling. It is then placed in casks and sent to the nearest entrepot. Various establishments have been formed in places where the Elais palm grows most abundantly.

#### AN EGYPTIAN FELLAH'S HOUSE.

The engraving on page 446 exhibits the curious sort of a hive in which an Egyptian fellah's family lodges. It is a far quainter domicile than a Hottentot hut. The houses of the richest inhabitants in Egypt are dirty and wretched abodes. During the year 1838, when the plague raged with fury, the viceroy caused the filthiest houses to be torn down. The fellahs were compelled to rebuild, and there was an excellent opportunity to improve their construction, as it was all-important to render their dwellings healthy; but their new dwellings were in the same style as the old, and the plague soon committed the same ravages as before. At the same period Mehemet Ali ordered all the houses of the villages to be white-washed, hoping by that means to induce the peasants to make some domestic arrangement less favorable to the propagation of the terrible scourge. The order was executed only in villages along the Nile, and here only the fronts of the houses which looked upon the river were white-washed. In this way the pacha was deceived into the belief that his plan had been accomplished, and thus a vain parade of a hygienic improvement of the utmost importance was made. In a few days

the women plastered even these fronts with the balls of manure which they dry for fuel. It is true that lately the pacha, terrified at the food which the accumulated filth offered to the plague, has undertaken to build entire villages himself. But the poor fellahs cannot afford to purchase the government buildings, for even the lash cannot extort money from paupers. The condition of many Egyptian villages is most unfavorable to health. As only earth is used for material, they must dig or build, and there is commonly a ditch about a settlement, in which the waters of the overflow of the Nile lodge, and finally send up the most nauseous exhalations and most pernicious miasmas. To this focus of the plague we must add the cemeteries, located in the midst of dwellings. The tombs are badly constructed—they are not deep enough, too many bodies are heaped up, and they are but imperfectly closed by blocks of stone. Hence morbid emanations rise incessantly from this fatal place, and with the odor of carrion abandoned on the highway, load the atmosphere with the most deleterious principles. The fellahs do not seem to suspect the unhealthy influences of putrefaction. They wash, water their cattle, and sometimes drink themselves in these pools of dirty and ill-smelling water. The ordinary dwelling of a fellah is a wretched hut, constructed of mud and *doura* straw cut in pieces. The trunk of the date tree furnishes the frame, and the roof is made of the branches and leaves of the same tree. The mother, father, children, cattle and fowls, are crowded together in the same space with the provisions and the dung-heap.

#### AN AFRICAN VILLAGE OF SKULLS.

The singular looking engraving on this page represents an African village of skulls, on the river Zambese. This place was once visited by Dr. Livingston, during his travels in Africa. He found the inhabitants of the village degraded and ignorant. The most precious thing, in their eyes, was the skull of an enemy, and when obtained was used as an ornament. The doctor counted nearly a hundred skulls, which were elevated upon poles in the most prominent places in the village. We quite agree with the doctor that there are more agreeable places than the village of skulls. For a permanent residence we should not think the place a cheerful one, but the natives are content, and look with astonishment upon such white men as visit them.

#### A STREET IN MOCHA.

At one time the readers of the *DOLLAR MONTHLY* might have been familiar with the fumes of Mocha coffee, but within the past few months compounds with queer names, and composed of foreign substances which it would trouble a chemist to analyze, have made their appearance in the markets, and Mocha is no longer heard of, unless you dine or breakfast with a millionaire. On page 450 we give our readers an excellent view of a portion of Mocha, an ancient city of Arabia,



whose name was formerly in the mouth of many men, for from Mocha is shipped the coffee which is now so scarce and dearly prized. It is a walled city, and at one time was a place of much importance, but it has declined in power, and now a large portion of the city is in ruins. Such seems to be the fate of all those eastern cities which have figured so extensively in the former history of that part of the world.

#### MASSACHUSETTS HOSPITAL.

The view given on page 449, of the Massachusetts General Hospital, M'Lean Street, Boston, is a very correct one, and reflects credit on our artist. The hospital is well known in every part of the Union. It stands on a lot of four acres on the borders of the Charles River, at the west part of the city. It is one of the noblest, best endowed and best furnished institutions in the United States.



EXTERIOR OF AN EGYPTIAN FELLAH'S HOUSE.





VILLAGE OF SKULLS, ZAMBESE RIVER, AFRICA.

**AN ANCIENT MODE OF WARFARE.**

The spirited picture on page 450 delineates a thrilling episode in ancient history, the attack of a band of robbers on a cave in the face of a rock, by the soldiers of Herod, king of Judea. The position of the bandits would seem to be almost impregnable, and nothing short of desperate valor could prevail against them. The engraving shows how these formidable enemies were reached. Strong boxes of wood, clamped with iron, and full of armed men, were lowered by chains down the face of the cliff, and the assault was then commenced. Herod, proclaimed king of Judea by the Roman Senate, was forced to wage a fierce contest with Antigonus, the son of Aristobu-

lus, to obtain possession of his states. The victories he achieved over his rival soon gave him possession of all Galilee, with the exception of a considerable band of robbers (or, more probably, partizans) who sought for Antigonus, and who being pursued unsparingly, sought refuge in caverns situated near the village of Arbela. King Herod ordered an attack to be made on them in the inaccessible retreats to which they had fled with their families. The historian Josephus has related this engagement, and tells us how Herod's men triumphed, by the aid of strong boxes in which they were lowered to the mouths of the caves. Here the robbers fought fiercely, yielding when they could no longer struggle.



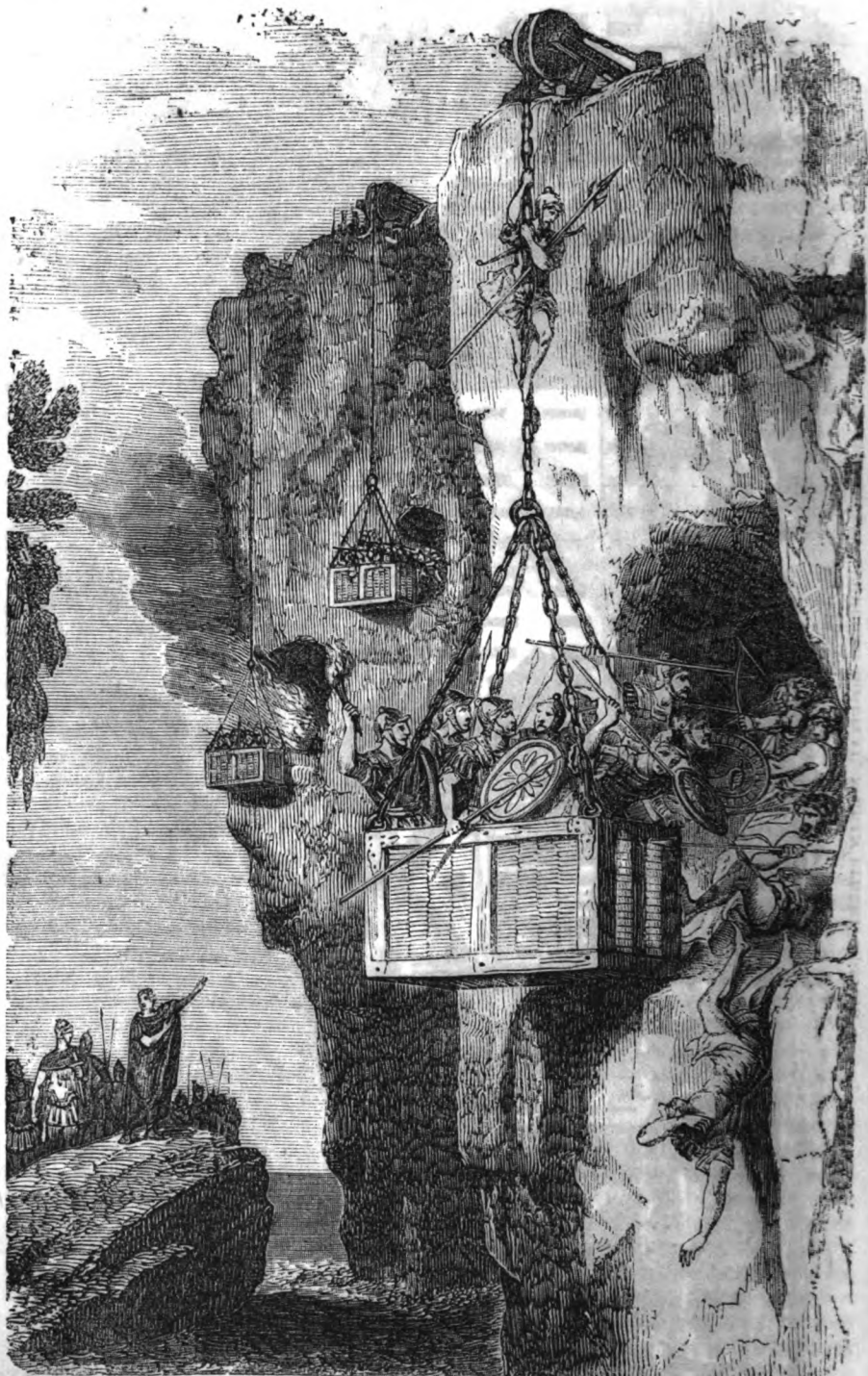


A STREET IN MOCHA.



MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL, WILKINSON STREET, BOSTON.





AN ANCIENT MODE OF WARFARE.

[ORIGINAL.]

## DO A GOOD TURN WHEN YOU CAN.

BY BELLA FENNIMORE.

It needs not great wealth a kind heart to display—  
If the hand be but willing, it soon finds a way;  
And the poorest one yet, in the humblest abode,  
May help a poor brother a step on his road.

Whatever the fortune a man may have won,  
A kindness depends on the way it is done;  
And though poor be our purse, and narrow our span,  
Let us all try to do a good turn when we can.

The fair bloom of pleasure may charm for a while,  
But its beauty is frail, and inconstant its smile;  
Whilst the beauty of kindness, immortal in bloom,  
Sheds a sweetness o'er life, and a grace o'er our tomb.

Then if we enjoy life, why, the next thing to do,  
Is to see that another enjoys his life, too;  
And though poor be our purse, and narrow our span,  
Let us all try to do a good turn when we can.

[ORIGINAL.]

## CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

BY THE OLD UN.

At a very early hour of a fine autumnal day, a very pretty young lady, expensively attired in a walking-dress of a fashion that passed for the latest Parisian, was daintily picking her way over one of the crossings of Broadway, anxious to preserve the immaculateness of the gaiter boots, and perhaps to display an ankle that might have served as a model to Canova. Just as she reached the opposite sidewalk, her foot slipped on the curbstone, moist with Croton, and she would have fallen had she not been caught by a young man, smartly attired, who happened to be passing at the time. A mutual recognition instantly took place.

"Why, Mr. Bliffin, is that you?" exclaimed the young lady.

"Nothing shorter, Jenny," answered the smart young man. "What a coincidence! I was just thinking of you when you tumbled into my arms."

"Perhaps you think I slipped on purpose, Mr. Impudence," retorted the young lady.

"Nothing of the kind," said the smart young man. "But what brings you from Albany? Have you left your place, as I have mine?"

"O, no, indeed," said the girl; "Miss Jefferson is as kind to me as ever, and so is her

good old daddy. Indeed, she has promised me a thousand dollars on the day of her marriage with young Popkins."

"A thousand dollars?" exclaimed Mr. Bliffin. "O, Jenny, how I adore you! When will you be mine?"

"Just as soon as ever my young missis becomes Mrs. Popkins."

"But that's settled, isn't it?"

"I am afraid not," said Miss Jenny, shaking her head. "You know the old gentleman's regard for truth, and you know what a habit Popkins has of fibbing. To be sure, he only tells white lies, but he's a terrible romancer."

"Well, what of that?"

"Simply this: Old Jefferson, who abhors anything like falsehood, is determined to put him to a terrible proof. He swears that if, in the course of to-day, he catches Popkins in a single fib, he shall never have his daughter."

"And of course your thousand dollars is all moonshine!" said Mr. Bliffin. "We must warn the young gentleman."

"Impossible, and useless if possible," said the pretty chambermaid. "He is now with Miss Emma and her father at the American House. Now, I am going to keep an eye on him all day, and you must help me. There's a little ante-room commanding a view of their parlor, of which I have the key. You must be there, and see and hear everything that is going on, and be prepared to act as your quick wit shall prompt."

"Bravo!" said Mr. Bliffin. "A thousand dollars and a pretty girl are worth an effort. Show me to the hiding-place, Jenny, and I'll second your endeavors."

The pretty chambermaid performed her promise, and then joined her mistress.

"Father-in-law that is to be," Mr. Popkins was saying as she entered, "I wish I'd known of your coming before—you should have had an apartment in my house."

Jenny trembled, for she knew very well that Popkins did not own a dollar's worth of real estate.

"Your house!" exclaimed old Jefferson. "I wasn't aware you owned a house."

"The most charming little box of a place on the Third Avenue," said Popkins, readily giving way to his inveterate propensity.

"What did you pay for it?" asked the old man.

"Guess."

"Tef thousand dollars."

"I won it at a raffle. Twenty dollars a share—what do you think of that?"



"Ex-tra-or-di-na-ry," said the old gentleman, slowly, and eyeing the young man very keenly. "I'll go directly and see it. I shan't believe your good luck till my eyes have evidence of it. Come, Emma, you shall go with us."

"Stop—stop!" said Popkins, nervously. "I forgot to mention one thing: I sold my house this very morning."

"The deuce you did!" cried the old gentleman. "What did you get for it?"

"Ten thousand dollars," replied Popkins, boldly.

"My dear boy, I congratulate you," said the old man. "And there's something selfish in my joy, too; for I am unexpectedly called on to pay a note of a thousand dollars this morning, and I have no available funds by me."

"There, again—confound my luck!" cried Popkins. "I forgot to mention that I was in debt to the fellow who bought my place. So you see his claim sweeps up the whole eight thousand."

"Eight thousand! Very well, you said you got ten thousand for your house; you can certainly accommodate me with half the balance."

"Johnson hasn't paid up yet, sir," said Popkins, involving himself deeper and deeper in the meshes of falsehood. Emma was very much vexed, and Jenny gave up the case as hopeless.

"What's to be done?" said Mr. Jefferson.

"Nothing that I can see but to wait for the arrival of Mr. Thompson with the money," said Popkins.

"Thompson! Why, you said just now his name was Johnson!" said the old gentleman, testily.

"That was his given name," answered Popkins, hastily. "Johnson Thompson in full." And he hastened to change the subject.

But the old gentleman's suspicions were now fully awakened; and though Popkins rattled away with his usual volubility, his intended father-in-law was quite cool and monosyllabic in his answers.

After a lapse of some time, a waiter presented himself, and announced Mr. Johnson Thompson. Popkins was as much astonished as if he had "called up spirits from the vasty deep," and he could scarcely reply, "Show him up," in an audible manner, when in walked Mr. Bliffin, so disguised in a red wig and spectacles, that even Miss Jenny scarcely recognized him.

"I beg pardon for intruding, Mr. Popkins,"

said he, "but I only called to say the deed was all right, and I have paid the two thousand into your lawyer's hands. Pray call round and see me when we get settled in the new house. My wife is very anxious for the honor of your acquaintance."

"Give my respects to Mrs. Thompson," said Popkins, recovering his *sang-froid*, "and tell her I shan't fail to call with—with Mrs. Popkins," he added, smiling on Emma, "after the happy event."

The imaginary Thompson took leave with a profusion of bows.

"My dear boy," said old Jefferson, shaking hands with Popkins, "pardon me. I suspected—I feared that you had not broken yourself of your accursed propensity to tell fibs; and I resolved if I caught you in a single violation of truth, you should never marry my daughter. My pecuniary trouble was all humbug. You have stood the test nobly. Take her and be happy."

His narrow escape taught Mr. Popkins the importance of a virtue he had never practised; the example of his wife completed his cure. Mr. Bliffin was duly rewarded for his opportunity "conclusive evidence," and made happy in the possession of the pretty waiting-maid; and if a cloud comes over the felicity of Mr. Popkins, it is only when his father-in-law urges him to make that promised call on Mrs. Johnson Thompson.

#### PHOTOGRAPHIC.

The transformation of photograph into indelible pictures, colored and fixed, is a beautiful development of photographic art. It resembles the usual operations of painting on porcelain, though it is performed on glass and enamel. The paper of the positive is consumed in the heat of a muffle—or an enameleur's oven—leaving the photograph on the porcelain, glass or metal. These are colored with enamel colors, and burned in. The operation is performed on white and colored bases. On the dark bases, the lights are formed by the reduced silver deposit, which obtains a great brilliancy from the fire. On porcelain, white enamel and transparent glass, the blacks are formed by the metallic deposit, which is afterwards treated with the salts of tin, the salts of gold, and of chrome. Another method is, to cover the porcelain, glass or enamel with a sensitive resin, and by means of a negative, to print a positive thereon, on which the operator works with enamel colors to supply the place of the sensitive varnish.



[ORIGINAL.]

## SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

BY MRS. E. B. EDSON.

In the ghostly light of th' winter's morn,  
 A boatman, having some task to do,  
 Found, with the seaweed in his hair,  
 Somebody's darling—God knows who!  
 Pallid lips, that are dumb and cold,  
 Who ever pressed sweet kisses there?  
 Or who has caressed with loving hand,  
 These beautiful curls of sunny hair?  
 What fair fingers have toyed with their gold,  
 Brushing it back from the laughing brow  
 That the summer sunshine loved to bronze—  
 Alas, it is solemn and white enough now!

Rigid limbs, that are wet and cold,  
 Though you have wandered in paths of woe,  
 There are lips somewhere that used to smile  
 At your restless patter to and fro.  
 Idle hands, that are calmly crossed,  
 Where, in the beautiful long ago,  
 Did you gather daisies and violets,  
 And pinks, and daffodils white as snow?  
 Drooping lids, that are veiled fore'er  
 O'er the tender, glorious eyes,  
 Where is the heart that lived in your smile?  
 Whose is the terrible sacrifice?

Nobody knows on the busy quay,  
 Nobody knows in the crowded street,  
 Nobody knows at the station-house,  
 Nobody knows on the watchman's beat.  
 All they can tell is, that stark and white,  
 He drifted in on the rising tide;  
 Bury him tenderly out of sight,  
 Somebody's darling—somebody's pride!  
 Tenderly fold the poor pulseless hands,  
 There is no more work for them to do;  
 Kiss him softly with solemn lips,  
 He was somebody's darling—God knows who.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TWO WAYS.

BY N. W. DUDLEY.

"O, no, indeed, you're not to go!" And Eva Darling put up her hands with a pretty gesture of command.

"Really! and why not pray?" demanded the gentleman in surprise.

"Because I want just one more walk with Louise, with nobody else by."

"Yes, Mr. Montgomery, you must spare her to me half an hour more. After that my claims will yield to yours."

Mr. Montgomery smiled acquiescence. "I may come and meet you, I suppose?"

"If you will, thank you."

The two girls went down the path leading to the front gate, now showing white and clear in the moonlight. A golden currant bush shook its fragrance around them as they passed out, and up from the low bed of the purple hyacinths floated its fine, penetrative odor. They had gone some paces along the road before either spoke.

They were not given to sentimentalizing—they were too old. Where sixteen would have talked sweet nonsense unhesitatingly, twenty-six was reticent and bashful. The two had been friends from childhood. Their fathers' houses lay a half mile apart. When Louise came to call upon Eva of an evening, it was her familiar custom to walk back with her as far as the great elm at a certain corner. Sometimes they did not part here, but whiled away hours of the golden summer night in pacing up and down the village street.

So many times had they walked thus, so many of Eva's sweetest memories were linked with these evening hours, that she felt as if in bidding good-by to Louise at the great elm, she should also say farewell to all her past life.

"You are thinking it is the last time, Eva?"

"Yes, Louise. It seems so strange to think that it is the last time. I feel as if I were starting for an unknown country. All behind is so familiar, all the future so unreal."

"Yet it is a road many have travelled," said Louise, playfully.

"True, but—don't think me silly, Lu—I have thought to-day that if it were not for shame I should retract now."

"Like a famous literary lady who ran away at the very altar," laughed Louise. "But you are not really in earnest?"

"I don't know. My thoughts and feelings are not clear to me to-night; but there is a vague apprehension which distresses me. I fear we shall not be happy."

Of course Louise had little to say to this. She could praise the betrothed lover, and hint of morbid fancies, prophesy that to-morrow all would be hopeful and gay, and drew pretty pictures of wedded bliss for the hundredth time; but when they reached the great elm, and Eva bent her head to kiss her, there was nothing to be said in depreciation of the tears which stood in the eyes of both.

So Eva turned to go home, feeling as if she

had left all her past life behind her. How uncertain the future looked! How she shrank from venturing upon the unknown way! But presently a figure stood out plainly in the moonlight. Firm, rapid steps rang along the walk, and in a moment more, Eva's dim forebodings vanished. Why should she dread entering upon a new path sustained by one so kind and strong? All at once Eva felt as if she had come into a pleasant shelter. A sense of protection and trust filled her heart, and she no longer dreaded the future.

Those delightful June days, when the grass and foliage are green as emerald, when the sky is of the loveliest blue, and the fleecy clouds sail so gracefully along its immeasurable space, when the birds are overflowing with joyous music, and the air is warm and fragrant, must have been especially designed for weddings. To be married on a drizzling, gray day, is neither sensible nor romantic. Eva Darling's wedding morning was one of these delicious June days.

One can imagine the happiness of the bridal pair. Eva is pretty and ladylike in her silver-gray travelling dress, and her bridegroom is fine and manly looking. The last congratulations, and the last blessings are said, the carriage is at the door, and presently the newly married have started upon the bridal tour.

In these imitation days all bridals are alike. There are the months of weary, perplexed-preparation; there are the cake, the cards and the invitations; then succeed the return, the cares, the social gaieties. Yet in the midst of this multitude of common places, the one fact of a new life begun redeems the whole monotonous routine. There is always something which appeals to one's interest, and sympathy in the new household set up, and in the new existence, whose dangers and joys are about to be attempted.

In September behold our friends come to their own home. Mr. Montgomery had made all the arrangements, chosen their carpets, the furniture, the curtains; stealthily learned all Eva's little fancies, and studiously consulted them. His own fine taste had harmonized everything, and the *tout ensemble*, though simple, was in the highest degree attractive. Full of satisfaction, Mr. Montgomery led his wife over the house the evening of their arrival.

"You see, Eva, nothing is very expensive. The parlor carpets were a dollar and a quarter a yard, which I thought enough for our circumstances, and I did not want anything

too good to be used. This little inlaid table is for your especial use, and this low chair by it, my love. And do you see this—what do you call it? The basket is for your work, you know."

"How very pretty!" Eva examined the tasteful, convenient thing with great satisfaction. "But then I shall not sew in the parlor."

"Not sew in the parlor!" Mr. Montgomery looked dismayed. "Now I imagined you would sit here with your sewing, and I should read to you in the evening. Why not sew in the parlor, Eva?"

"O, I dare say I shall, sometimes," replied Eva, thinking in her heart that for every day the sitting-room up stairs was quite good enough.

"Well, *nous verrons!* But come here." Mr. Montgomery led her to the dining-room, and opening a cupboard door, revealed a charming array of table ware. There was a pretty China set, and a full dinner service of the more common material. "I thought it best to get but one, dear. We are not rich enough to buy anything more expensive than this just now, and I like to have the usual table furniture such that we can invite a friend to dinner, without the extra trouble commonly resulting from having 'company.' If anything is broken it can easily be replaced. In short, Eva, you know my theory is to live tastefully and in comfort every day, even if, in consequence, we have nothing to spend upon show, or great occasions."

Eva had listened to enunciations of this theory before, and as now, without making any objections. Indeed, it sounded very agreeable as it fell from her lover's lips, and she had not considered how contrary to her habits its practice would be. In the first place economy had always been necessary to her family; still there was a natural ambition to stand well in the world. This led to a hoarding of all the nicer articles of family use, and the common employment of inferior ones. Out of this had grown an inclination for "keeping the best things nice."

Now that circumstances were changed, and a necessity for close economy no longer existed, it was natural for these early acquired habits still to retain their force. If Eva had seriously considered her husband's theory of domestic living, frankly told him what her habits had been, and they thus had come to an understanding, no difficulty would ever have occurred. But she did not do this. She

simply wished to please her husband. She did not consider that it would ever become hard to do so.

The second evening after their establishment at home, Mr. Montgomery returned from his counting house early. A most charming scene greeted his eyes. The gas was lighted in the parlors; an agreeable warmth was diffused throughout them. A piece of embroidery lay on the inlaid table, and a book was open close by. The white keys of the piano had just now perhaps been touched. Mr. Montgomery's face lighted with pleasure.

"This is just my ideal," he soliloquized. "I hope Eva won't give up her music as most women do."

The thought of the wife led him to the dining room to seek her. Here, too, everything was bright and genial. The soft glow of the gas light fell pleasantly upon the crimson table cloth, and the glittering silver and china. Eva, in the prettiest of dresses, was just adding the froth to some custards.

Ah, it was very pleasant. Mr. Montgomery had a good many little things to hear and relate. Eva described the people who had called upon her; the leaves of a new book were cut; letters from friends were read and discussed. By-and-by there was a little silence. Mr. Montgomery sat in the comfortable arm-chair. Eva embroidered diligently.

"This is delightful, Eva!"

"So you have remarked before," replied Eva, roguishly.

"But my pleasure is so great that it bubbles over. I'm glad you are not one of those who are willing to freeze simply because it is only September. I once spent the last week in March in the family of a prosperous merchant. Of course, the weather was frigid, and we all burrowed together in the kitchen, in company with the Irish girl. The lady apologetically informed me, that 'they were out of furnace coal, and Mr. — thought he wouldn't get any more, it was so late in the season.'"

Eva laughed, and her husband proceeded.

"I know hundreds of well-to-do families who live altogether irrationally, either from mistaken or unnecessary economy, or because they will not take the trouble to live otherwise. I know beautiful parlors shut up from one party to another, or opened only to callers. I know plenty of farmers who never go into the sitting-room except on Sundays. Their wives bake, wash, brew, churn, cook three meals a day in the kitchen, and then after all

this tiresome work, sit down in the same dismal room, where the air is redolent of boiled potatoes and sour milk. Meanwhile the sitting-room grows musty and dusty. I have intimate friends upon whom I dare not call at tea time, when business takes me into their neighborhood, because the advent of a visitor throws them into confusion, and is felt to be such an interruption and inconvenience that all pleasure in his coming is lost in the disturbance of mind which it occasions. I know young wives, whose husbands are fond of music, and who were first drawn to them by their gifts in that art, but you never hear the sound of the piano in their home. 'They don't play now. They don't have time to practise,' they say; but I notice that their children's pantalettes are elaborately embroidered, and their own dresses are be-ruffled to the last degree."

"What strange friends you must have."

"You needn't laugh at me, Eva. I am convinced that two-thirds of the people in the world—of those I mean who are in comfortable circumstances—lose nearly all the pleasure they might have in life because they don't know how to live. Of course they miss the refinement, the culture and moral elevation which arise from tasteful and pleasant surroundings. So children are driven from these unlovely homes, husbands desert the wife who has no attractions left for them."

"If he loved her for her skill in music, he deserved—" indignantly began Eva; but a side glance at her husband's face of mock seriousness checked her.

"Ah, that arouses you!" he said, laughing.

"I was having the talk all to myself. But I suppose you were going to say he deserved disappointment, certainly. Quite true, and yet married people ought to try to make themselves as agreeable as possible to each other, since it is in the close intimacy of married life that faults are developed."

"But aren't you attaching too much importance to material surroundings? We ought not to be very dependent upon them," argued Eva.

"Not dependent, Eva, but we cannot help being influenced by them. To a person of refined taste a dimly-lighted, uncomfortable apartment is a positive source of discomfort. Doesn't it become me to moralize upon other people's mistakes, when I'm so superlatively lucky myself? I don't see how I could have remained so long a bachelor!"

I do not believe that when Mr. Montgomery

uttered this little bit of wonderment he at all thought that he should ever wish he had remained a bachelor. Certainly the idea never occurred to him during the next three months, when the pleasant home daily grew more attractive, and Eva more charming. Mr. Montgomery had a fondness for literature. Eva, in the seclusion of her country home, had found leisure for reading, and one of the things which had first interested Montgomery was her intelligence and appreciation of literature. In those evenings of late autumn and early winter they read much together, went to see pictures and to hear good music. Mr. Montgomery saw with pleasure that, under such stimulus, Eva's mind rapidly unfolded. He was proud of her.

They saw a good deal of company. Mr. Montgomery particularly liked to have a friend drop in unexpectedly. He liked informality and neighborly freedom. So it happened that visitors frequently came of an evening, and the parlors were gay and festive.

In January there came a succession of violent storms. Even the amusements of the city were a little impeded by them. In the retired street where the Montgomerys lived it was more than usually quiet. Coming home after dark upon one of these tempestuous evenings, Mr. Montgomery pleased himself with thinking what a different scene awaited him. From the houses which he passed in his way, soft lights shone out. Ripples of music stole forth into the blustering night. Mr. Montgomery hastened eagerly forward, but upon reaching his own door, stopped in surprise. The windows were dark. He let himself in by his own key. The hall lamp was burning, but in the parlor the gas was unlit. A stream of cold air rushed out as he opened the door. Just then the domestic passed through the hall.

"Is Mrs. Montgomery ill?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"What can be the matter?" he thought, and he went up stairs to the little snugery where Eva was expected to do such pieces of work as made litter and required the sewing-machine. It was admirable for its own special purpose, but not particularly commodious for sitting in, being small and rather scantily furnished.

Eva looked up from her embroidery as he entered.

"Why, Eva, I was afraid you were ill. Why aren't you in the parlor?"

"I knew there would be no one in to-night,

and I was very busy, and as there would be nobody but ourselves, I thought we could sit here just as well."

This kind of reasoning did not suit Mr. Montgomery, but he only said, playfully:

"Nobody but ourselves! Has it come to that?"

Eva smiled, but said decidedly, "It really seemed an extravagance to light and warm those two rooms just for us." And she went on with her work.

Mr. Montgomery did not contest the question, but he sat down, took his newspaper from his pocket, unfolded it, and began to read to himself. A very common-place act indeed, but under certain circumstances it may be construed into a sign of displeasure. Eva, glancing at his face, saw that he was troubled. She had half a mind to lay down her work and console him, but she wished so much to finish a set length of the pattern, and then he had his paper, and gentlemen think so much of their newspapers. Therefore Mr. Montgomery read, and Eva embroidered until the clock struck ten. By that time Eva was sleepy. She put away her work, and going behind her husband's chair, placed her hands over his eyes.

By this time, too, Mr. Montgomery's discontent had worn itself out, and he did not turn away from the tacit attempt to restore harmony. A few amiable, caressing words conducted all the harmful electricity away from that ill-omened cloud. But Eva had discovered that she liked sitting in the snugery. It accorded with her early habits, and on the next stormy evening she again omitted to light the parlors. Mr. Montgomery remonstrated gently. Eva defended her actions on the score of economy.

"But I don't want to economize in that way," protested her husband.

Eva yielded the point, but indemnified herself in another way. She had always thought the table linen was too fine and nice for common use. She provided herself with unbleached articles of coarser quality. When these first appeared, Mr. Montgomery made a comic grimace of disapprobation.

"What a frightful metamorphosis!" he said, examining his napkin with great care.

"Linen goods are very high, and I thought these would do just as well for every day," apologized Eva.

"The others are much prettier," said her husband.

"But these are cheaper, and, besides, it is a

great deal of trouble to look after the washing and ironing of fine white damask."

Mr. Montgomery did not say that he thought the gratification of his wishes was worth some trouble. I will trust he did not think it, for it is a sad thing, and the forerunner of dissension, when husband and wife think unkindly of each other.

By little and little they ceased to sit in the parlor evenings. If Mr. Montgomery remonstrated, Eva allowed herself to think that her husband was exacting. Once she told him so, and he replied with some warmth:

"That can be nothing to you, since you take no trouble to please me."

Then Eva cried, and it ended by each begging pardon. But little disagreements do not make people love each other better unless special pains are taken that the cause for disagreement should not again occur. Our friends did not take such pains. Out of this neglect there grew great future pain for them.

One evening Mr. Montgomery met an old friend from a distant city. With his natural hospitality he at once invited him home. The invitation was accepted; but no sooner were they on their way than Mr. Montgomery began to feel uneasy lest he should find the parlors unlighted, and be unable to give his friend a pleasant reception. Vexed with himself because there was an occasion for feeling thus, he reached his house in an unenviable mood. It was as he apprehended. The windows gloomed darkly upon them, and no pleasant warmth disputed the entrance of the frosty air. Mr. Montgomery showed his friend into the dining-room, lighted the gas in the parlors, and opened the registers himself, and then sent the servant to call her mistress.

Eva came down mortified and flushed. She found it was a gentleman with whose name she was familiar, and for whom her husband had great admiration. Eva was not at ease, therefore she did not make a favorable impression.

Her husband saw it, and was disappointed and angry. Things went wrong from the beginning, and it required an hour or two to set them right. After the guest had retired, Mr. Montgomery said, with some bitterness:

"I hope, Eva, you have mortified me enough now to do as I wish in future."

"How could I know you would bring company home to-night, of all nights?" demanded Eva, with rising sobs.

"How could you know?" he reiterated,

with growing irritation. "Haven't I told you I wished to live every day so that company may come at any time?"

"I cannot do so. It takes a great deal of time to keep things in order," persisted Eva.

"You can find time enough for such occupations as suit you," returned her husband, coldly.

Eva was indignant at what she thought injustice, and this time there were no kind, reconciling words. If they had put aside their vexation, and been calm and kind, a better state of things might have followed.

We pass over ten years. They have brought changes. Mr. Montgomery has grown rich. Eva has grown—stay, let us see Eva. At dusk, one winter's day, a coach drove up at Mrs. Montgomery's door.

"O, mama, somebody's come!" shouted little Donald.

"Dear me, who can it be?" Eva came to the window. A lady was alighting. "Dear, what if it should be Mr. Montgomery's rich aunt? And there's no fire in the furnace, and the parlor hasn't been open for two months. Dear me, how unfortunately things do happen! Donald, be quiet there! Luly, don't make such a noise; you'll wake the baby."

Eva prepared to go down very unwillingly; but when she reached the foot of the stairs, and saw the visitor, she sprang forward.

"Why, Louise! Is it possible?" And the two old friends embraced warmly.

Louise's quick look comprehended all that the years had wrought in Eva. "Married—unhappy—dwarfed by petty cares!" was her mental comment.

"I shall have to take you up into the nursery. I don't sit in the parlor—the children put things out of place so. But I'll have a fire made at once."

She left Louise in the nursery, while she went down to give directions. When she returned, Louise had rocked the baby to sleep and was telling stories to Donald and Luly, who sat at her feet delighted.

That evening, when Mr. Montgomery came home, he was surprised by lighted parlors, and a tea-table bright with silver and china, and snowy linen. He greeted Louise most cordially; but she noticed that he looked older and graver than his years warranted. Nevertheless, his face lighted up under the stimulus of agreeable society, and the evening passed delightfully. They talked of literature and art—Eva sitting silent. Mr. Montgomery



found a vivid pleasure in the conversation of a cultivated woman. His face showed his admiration and interest. Eva was deeply mortified. For years past she had read but little, and now found herself at a loss in such conversations as they had that night.

"What a fine woman Louise is!" remarked Mr. Montgomery that night.

"She has had no family cares," sighed Eva.

"Women had better remain unmarried if family cares must necessarily dwarf and lower them," he replied.

"Was it necessary?" questioned Eva. That night her married life came up in review before her as it had done before in hours of discouragement and sorrow; but this time with an earnest endeavor to find where the wrong lay.

Louisa spent a week with them. On the last day of her stay, Eva said:

"Louise, I don't understand why you are not married!"

"Nor I either," returned Louise, with a face of mock despair.

"You are so fitted to make some one happy."

"I'm afraid the gentlemen don't think so, else I shouldn't be a maiden at thirty-six," said Louise, merrily.

"Do such examples as mine discourage you?" Louise was silent. "You must see that I have missed happiness." Eva stopped from emotion.

"Tell me about it. Perhaps I can help you."

Eva opened her heart with tears; but with hope. After two hours talk, Louise said:

"This is all very sad, but, thank Heaven, it is not yet too late. I know you can bring back all the freshness of your early love. You can draw your husband's heart back to you. It seems to me you have undertaken too much. Can you not have more help?"

"Yes, but servants are such a plague. Still perhaps I can manage it. I believe my fault arose from habit. I begin to see that I should have raised myself to my husband's level, rather than have tried to bring his tastes to the level of mine."

"Few people are insensible to their surroundings. They affect our happiness more than we think."

"I will try," said Eva, and as she was a person of will she set about it directly.

The day after Louise went, Eva saw that the lights were bright, and that the rooms had a summery warmth. She arranged some beautiful flowers, threw the piano open, and after an hour's practice was surprised to find her fingers acquiring their old skill.

"If I practise a few weeks I shall play quite well again," she said delightedly.

She closed the piano, and went up stairs to dress. She took down a new dress, a crimson and black silk. She had thought it too good for every-day wear, but now she was going to put it on. She dressed her hair in the broad braids her husband used to admire before they were married. When the little pearl brooch had fastened the delicate thread-lace collar, she blushed with surprise and pleasure to find so much of her early beauty remaining.

"Are you going out to-night?" was her husband's question as they met at the tea-table.

"No," was the quiet reply. She thought with pain, "He does not notice my braids. He does not care for me."

They went into the parlor. "I half promised to go down town," said Mr. Montgomery, lingering.

"O, don't go," pleaded Eva.

Mr. Montgomery looked gratified, and sat down. Eva exerted herself to talk. By-and-by her husband said, "I miss Louise's music."

Eva hesitated. "Would you like to hear me?" she said, timidly.

"You! I thought you were so much out of practice—certainly, my love."

Eva's heart swelled at the sound of the old endearment. She went to the piano. Before she had finished the first piece, Mr. Montgomery was at her side.

"Why, Eva, you play almost as well as ever." He looked at her earnestly.

"What is it?" she asked.

"You look odd," he answered with a puzzled air.

"Is it my hair?" she ventured.

"Ah, I see!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm.

"How came you to think of that?"

"I hoped it would please you," Eva said, trying to restrain her tears.

"Do you care to please me?" asked her husband, drawing her close to him, and kissing her as tenderly as if he were a lover.

Now that our friends are on the high road to happiness, we may leave them. I would not, however, have you think that a few caresses and mutual acknowledgements can right the mistake of years. Patient perseverance works the true atonement. Eva persevered. It is true her means were greater than those of many, but her experience may be diminished to suit your own unpretentious habits. The difficulties may all be similar, though upon a different scale.

## THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

I'll ne'er forget the cherished spot,  
 My own dear country home;  
 Its gentle memories follow me  
 Where'er I chance to roam;  
 For I was born beneath its roof,  
 Upon a summer day,  
 And ever since I've loved the place,  
 And hope I ever may.

There was a long and lofty porch  
 Upon the southern side;  
 And there my bedroom was, and there  
 My pet canary died.  
 The window of my little room  
 Was curtained all in white,  
 And through it came the morning sun,  
 And twinkling stars by night.

A rose-tree crept along the wall,  
 With blossoms white and red,  
 And all their precious odors came,  
 And floated round my bed.  
 The lilac-bush grew further on,  
 Its blossoms embowered in green,  
 And darling little violets  
 Filled all the space between.

A line of currant bushes grew—  
 I knew them one by one—  
 Their berries wet with morning dew,  
 And red with noonday sun;  
 I loved to pick my way along  
 The path that led to them;  
 Each scarlet orb, to my young eyes,  
 Was like a ruby gem.

Beyond, two sunflowers, large and round,  
 Swayed on their slender stalks;  
 And dahlias, too, and marigolds,  
 And tapering hollyhocks.  
 Against the fence a columbine,  
 Outspread with beauty rare,  
 Its fragrance poured from every stem,  
 And loaded all the air.

A noble pear-tree, old and worn,  
 Stood further from our doors;  
 Each summer holding grateful shade,  
 Each autumn yellow stores.  
 How often have I watched its leaves,  
 On some November day,  
 Tremble upon the blast, and then  
 Blow fitfully away.

If for an hour I strayed from home,  
 Along the neighboring brook,  
 My childish steps were watched anon  
 By Carlo's honest look;  
 And when uneasy back I came,  
 So late, 'twas almost dark,  
 The leaping dog with wagging tail  
 Sent up his welcome bark.

But other little feet are there,  
 Where mine were wont to run;  
 And other little eyes now watch,  
 As mine, the setting sun.  
 The summer flowers and autumn fruits  
 Are plucked by other hands,  
 But yet the place seems sacred where  
 That dear old homestead stands.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE BROKEN TROTHPLIGHT.

BY HESTER C. LAUREATE.

It is the cold and bleak December. Without, the winter wind surges and moans like the wall of a spirit in distress; the windows rattle drearily as the storm beats against them, and the leafless trees sway to and fro, bending with the fury of the blast. Ah, the night must be very desolate without; but within, to young love is given wondrous power, and the blast sweeps by unheeded. For, upon the hearth burns a cheerful fire; a sturdy old back-log rests against the bricks of the chimney, looking with silent contempt upon the fore-stick, which has at length yielded to the repeated solicitations of young hickory branches and dry birches, and now blazes high, giving out both light and warmth to those gathered around the fireside.

In the warmest corner, in the chair most softly cushioned, sits my mother; her folded hands rest upon her lap, for my dear mother is an invalid, and her hands, busy when strong with youth and health, should rest now that sickness has weakened and youth gone far away from them. Yes, dearest mother, rest; for thy daughter has both youth and strength, and it is meet that they should minister to thy wants. Near thee sits one still stronger—one who will care for us tenderly—who will be to thee a son—to me a husband.

But I anticipate. As yet it is the bleak December, and our marriage hymn will not be sung till the delicate tracery the frost king writes with icy fingers is melted by the gentle breath of spring—not till the hedge-rows are green, and the hills purple and pink with the blossoms of the flowering heath. Then, when Nature has thus worked out the design of the great Creator, Edward Percy, the young lord of the manor, will lead me to the altar. Not proudly shall I enter those sacred aisles—unless, indeed, I am proud to have won the love of so good a man as Edward Percy—not

proudly, because henceforth I shall be lady of the manor; of that I shall think very little, for my noble lover would be quite as dear to me were he but an humble cottager. Of myself I have told you nothing; 'perchance you think me the daughter of a house, and a name noble as the house and name of Percy. It is not so; my father was a tenant on the manor of Grantly, and I am but my father's daughter.

Yet, notwithstanding this, Edward Percy loves me, and when the hills are empurpled with heath blossoms, I am to be his bride. Dost wonder that the chill of December rests not upon my heart? that the voice of the storm is heard, but heeded not? Edward sits beside me; with looks of love his eyes meet mine. Let the storm rage; let the wind cry mournfully. I rest securely—I love, and am beloved.

Why does my mother shudder as the wind rises above the storm, and shiver as it is lulled to rest? Why did she ask to-day if Squire Percy thinks me a fitting bride for his only son? If I did not fear that, amid the fascinations of town life, Edward would forget me? Why cannot she trust his love as I do?

"What are you writing, Jeanne?" asked Edward; and smiling, I made answer by locking the paper in a mahogany box.

The above was written a year ago. The days have passed away silently, one by one, since the last December; the hedge-rows have grown green, the violets have lifted their purple heads to the sun, and the hillsides changed from green to purple, rich with the bloom of the flowering heath, and a young bride has come to the manor house. My mother sleeps in the quiet churchyard, while over the dying embers I sit alone, in the room where last December my mother and Edward Percy sat beside me.

It was after the Christmas holidays that Edward went to London; when the rose leaves fell in crimson showers upon the green sward he brought his young bride home.

And thus my dream was ended. Had I known the world and life, I had foreseen this end. I had been happy in my innocence, and in a deep grave I laid the memories of Edward Percy to rest. But my poor feeble mother! fondly had she dreamed that her Jeanne's life was to be shielded by a fond love, and the rude awakening was too much for her enfeebled frame; and while my eyes were dry and tearless, angel hands wiped the tears from hers, and the pearly gates were opened wide

to admit the freed spirit to the world "beyond the river," and heavenly music sounded in her ear, as angel voices welcomed her to her everlasting home.

The village girls had strewed the road leading to the manor house with flowers; they did not think that those who followed my sainted mother to the grave would crush them ere she came; but so it was, and only crushed and faded flowers strewed the path of the lady of the manor.

It was June, when the summer flowers were dying, that I met him in the forest. He was very pale, but he extended his hand, and from his lips fell the old familiar words:

"Good morrow, Jeanne."

Only the tips of my fingers, icy cold, touched his, as I made answer:

"Good morning, Mr. Percy," then with hasty steps walked from him.

"I have something to say to you, Jeanne."

"If Mr. Percy has anything to say, I will receive him and Mrs. Percy in my cottage."

"Mrs. Percy! Have you met her, Jeanne?"

"I have not. Pray do not be alarmed."

"I have but a few words to say—of explanation—I will say them here."

"I do not choose to listen to them."

"You would have listened once, Jeanne."

"True, Mr. Percy. I have learned the folly of so doing. It will never be repeated."

"Don't be so hasty, Jeanne. I only wished to tell you—"

"Tell me nothing, Mr. Percy. I will not listen."

"I am sorry to see you so unhappy—so changed. I would be your friend."

"It is impossible. It is only natural that the death of my mother should be the cause of grief to me; it may have changed me somewhat; as for the little episode in our past, I only hope it disturbs your happiness as little as it does mine."

The words were spoken calmly; and turning, I left him standing alone all the while I knew that the happiness of the past would never be mine again—that never again would my heart thrill to words of love from other lips than his; that even now his voice awakened the tumultuous throbbings I had thought were stilled forever.

And this I knew was sin. Free no longer, Edward Percy was the husband of another, and there in the lone forest I resolved to flee from the temptation of again listening to his words—to flee from the home rendered dear to me by holy associations.

But where to go? Away from Grantly? Friend had I none; my only fortune was the voice which had first charmed Edward Percy. But the charm was broken, and never again should I soothe his hours of sadness with plaintive ballads of the olden time; never more watch the lighting up of his dark eye, as I sung of the days of chivalry. Edward Percy was lost to me forever. I must leave Grantly ere I met with him again.

But this was not to be. In view of the plans I had made, I dally trilled the songs I had sung of old, changing them often for the holy chants I had listened to in church.

One day I was chanting them, when a low rap sounded at my cottage door. Almost forgotten was my sad and lonely past; long since that gentle rap had grown familiar to my ear, for thus did Edward Percy ever announce his coming. And Edward Percy it was; but he stood not alone at the cottage door, as of old, with smiles chasing each other over brow and lip; beside him stood a lady—his gentle bride.

Fair as the Alpine snows was Mrs. Percy—graceful as an artless child. Her rosy lips were wreathed with smiles, and her eyes of deepest blue were radiant with love and happiness. Percy was very pale; his finely cut features sterner than I had ever known them.

"Jeanne," he said, "your songs have called Mrs. Percy to your door; she would listen to your music."

I invited my guests to enter. I placed a chair for the young wife who had won my lover from me, thinking how cruel he was to bring her there—how more than cruel to ask me to sing to *her* the songs learned only for *his* ear. While such bitter thoughts came surging over my heart, Mrs. Percy addressed me.

"I have heard snatches of your songs every day when walking in this direction, but Mr. Percy could never stop with me; he was in haste to-day, and I thought to stop and make your acquaintance ~~by~~ myself; but to please me, he has delayed his business a little while, that I may listen to your sweet songs."

He had not come willingly, then, to torture me thus, and my voice was never stronger or clearer than when I did his lady's bidding. She praised my simple songs, and I had loved her well had she not been the wife of Edward Percy.

"I think Mr. Percy called you Jeanne. Now, Jeanne, I want you to come to the manor house and sing to me there. I am sure that I have never heard a sweeter voice."

I looked at Percy; his face told the annoyance he felt. As I would have answered Mrs. Percy, he interrupted with the words:

"Mrs. Percy, Jeanne only sings for her own amusement; she may not wish to make a public exhibition of her talents. It may be unpleasant for her to come to the manor house."

Mrs. Percy looked wonderingly at Mr. Percy and myself.

"Is it so, Jeanne?" she asked. "Are you too proud to come to the manor house and sing to me sometimes?"

"If my simple songs please your ear, my lady, I will come and sing for you to-morrow."

Paler grew the face of Edward Percy, as thus I made answer, and I—it was sufficient for me that I had power to move him thus. On the morrow I went to the manor house, as I had promised, and after a little time, I went there every day.

The autumn months passed by, and the moorlands were now white with unbroken snow. It was the first snow of the season, and ever since I went to Mrs. Percy in the early part of the day, the storm had increased, and now Mrs. Percy would not consent that I should go even the little way between the manor house and my cottage home in the untrodden snow, so I consented to remain for that one night at the manor house. As we sat in the shadowy gloaming, Mrs. Percy proposed a plan for my future.

"Before my marriage," she said, "I lived a great deal with my aunt, Lady Moreton. Since I left her she has been very lonely. You are just the companion she needs, as she is passionately fond of music. I shall write to her of your songs—of the wonderful pathos of your voice—of its untutored strength, and, Jeanne, Lady Moreton will tell me to send you to her that you may receive instruction, and charm her hours of sadness with your songs. Will you go, Jeanne?"

"That will I, lady, if indeed Lady Moreton wishes it."

"She will; you may count upon it as something certain."

I would have expressed my gratitude to the gentle lady who had thus interested herself in my behalf. I did not hate her now, for having won Edward Percy's love. She did not know that near his home one waited his coming, whose love for him was more intense than she had any knowledge of. Had she known of the love, and come to the manor house proudly, as if rejoicing that, with the advantages of

wealth and station, she had caused my lover to cast me from him, I had hated her; but coming with her sweet, winning manner, and accepting his love as only her right, not as something stolen from another, I loved her.

My dream of happiness was over; yet I knew that the man sitting near us, so grave and silent, had not given to her who bore his name, and was mistress of his home, one tithe of the love he had once lavished on the humble Jeanne.

"Then you will be pleased to go to London, Jeanne?"

"It is the one wish of my life, lady, only that I did not know how it was to be accomplished."

"Lucy!" It was Edward Percy speaking to his wife, but his words sounded so hollow that we started involuntarily. "Lucy! I think you are acting upon impulse. Do you not see Jeanne is beautiful? Have you no fears in sending her to London? Is the responsibility nothing?"

"No, Edward, I have no fears; there seems to be no responsibility attending it. Lady Moreton will guard her carefully, and—even if she should not—a true woman is safe even in London."

"You need have no fears, lady. Mr. Percy has more reason; he probably remembers the follies of my girlhood. I will tell you of them."

Astonished at my boldness, Percy stood before me, silent, with a face almost livid, as he listened breathlessly to hear me tell his young wife the story of his falsehood.

"I was very young, Mrs. Percy, when I gave my heart into the keeping of another. I knew little of life, as of the world. I had not learned that between the rich and the poor the barriers of pride are too strongly built to be removed at will. I only knew that love was mine, and believed my lover to be all that was noble. He said he loved me; lady, I believed him; he offered marriage, I believed him still; and for a time I was even more foolish than this; he had gone from me, and I looked for his return. He never sought me afterwards. I had thought him noble and true, when only falsehood was in his heart. Lady, should there be those among the wealthy friends of Lady Moreton who would speak words of love to the poor dependant, you or Mr. Percy need not fear that I shall listen to such words. I shall know that the speakers only seek amusement for idle moments, and shall receive such words in the spirit in which they are spoken—as lightest mockery."

"And yet you need not, Jeanne; for, scorn him as you will, you know he loved you."

I laughed—a light, mocking laugh.

"Mr. Percy would defend the honor of his friend; his words are idle. I shall always believe myself a dupe."

"And he was duped as well; for, Jeanne, he thought you loved him."

"I did, Mrs. Percy, while he seemed noble and true; his falsehood known, I dismissed him from my thoughts."

"Just as you should have done, Jeanne; you were a brave girl," said Mrs. Percy.

It was very late, and for the first time in my life I went to rest beneath the roof of the manor house. To rest, did I say? I should not, for little rest came to me that night. I heard the gentle Mrs. Percy enter her chamber, and beneath my window I also heard a quick, impatient step upon the verandah.

Reader, I knew that Edward Percy paced up and down beneath my window, his heart filled with memories of the past—thinking of the bitter, taunting words I had that night spoken. False, all! for I knew that he did love me when we parted. Alas! I knew too well that this love, lulled to rest for a time by ambition and pride, had awakened from its short slumber, and kindled its fires anew in his heart.

Alas! I should be safer in London than at Grantly, and in the lonely night, listening to the sobbing wind and the ceaseless step without, I wept, till like a weary child, I had cried myself to sleep.

It was as Mrs. Percy had said. Lady Moreton sent for me to come to her. I had few preparations to make, and a few days after her summons found me in London. I was received as I might have been had my rank and station equalled Lady Moreton's, and after every kindness had been shown me below stairs, I was shown to a chamber opening into a dressing-room of rare beauty. As the soft carpets yielded to my fall, and the fragrance of flowers reminded me of the summer time at Grantly, I felt convinced that there was some mistake. I feared that, in the kindness of her heart, Mrs. Percy had not explained my true position to Lady Moreton. It was very pleasant to be thus tenderly cared for, but I scorned deception, and sending a request to Lady Moreton that she would come to me, I waited her coming.

"What is it, my dear? Are you not comfortable?" she questioned.

"Yes, quite comfortable. But your lady-



ship does not, I think, understand my position. I am but a poor girl, come to depend for a time upon your bounty, in return for which I am some time to sing you songs learned in my humble home."

"There is no mistake, Jeanne; you are a poor girl and an orphan; I am wealthy, but alone. If you will give to me a daughter's love, I will in return give you every advantage I would have given my own darling had she been spared to me."

Herg, then, was rest! The weary heart had found a haven at last, and from that moment I was as Lady Moreton's daughter.

The years rolled on. I turned away from the past and its bitter memories, to the present, and if I found not happiness, the secret was mine alone.

The whole course of my life was changed. Lady Moreton procured for me the best masters, and as my musical education progressed, I devoted myself to other studies; for, as Lady Moreton's adopted daughter, I was to enter upon the dissipations of a London season. Lady Moreton opened her house, and I was introduced to the gay world at home.

It was not long before my admirers were extravagant in their praise; they said that my dark eyes and pale, clear complexion were purely Italian; that my hands, so delicately white, with the rose-tint just blushing through, were proof of noble birth; and my voice—certainly that voice had mellowed into sweetness under no other sky than that of Italy. I was probably the daughter of an Italian exile—of noble birth; my manner was proof of the latter. Thus the world wondered, while I rushed madly into pleasures for the first time within my reach.

It was near the close of the season when Edward Percy brought his wife to Lady Moreton. She had never been strong, and latterly her little strength had failed. We watched over her tenderly—Lady Moreton and I—and summoned the best physicians, for she was very dear to us. Since I had been with Lady Moreton, Mrs. Percy had been with us much; and I wondered, O, how often, how the husband, who was all in all to her, could be so calmly indifferent to her gentle loveliness—shutting his heart so resolutely against it, and all the while keeping alive that other love, which should be but a memory of other years. For we were both so changed from the youth and maiden, dreaming love-dreams in the forests of Grantly. He had become stern

and silent; kind always to his uncomplaining wife, yet unable to give that which her heart craved—love; while I, from the dreaming girl of Grantly, had come to be flattered and caressed, a favorite in society. "A splendid woman, with a heart of ice," Sir Felix Darby said to Mr. Percy in my hearing; and the hot blood mounted to the brow of the listener, as he remembered that once he had held the key to the heart so frozen now; unlocking the doors closed until then; entering the sacred chambers closed ever before, appropriating to himself whatever of beauty he had found there, then, leaving the doors open wide, he had gone to win another heart, as fresh and truthful as the one he had left to its loneliness.

What wonder that, after a time, the doors closed of themselves; that the gentle fountains of love, murmuring so sweetly for a time, had frozen to solid ice? The sun, that for a brief time had made their murmuring like sweetest music, shone for them no more; the desolation of winter had long ago set its seal upon the fountain head.

There was no hope for Mrs. Percy; her disease was too deeply seated to be removed, and to our dear invalid Lady Moreton and I devoted ourselves exclusively. And Edward, as if in remorse for the errors of the past, lavished upon her words of endearing tenderness. But all in vain. Tenderness, endearing words—the semblance of love—even love itself, could not call back the spirit so near the world of mysteries.

"You are very kind, Edward; you would have me dream as I did of old, that you love me; you were not to blame that you did not, but the knowledge of it has been death to me. Through any of the past years since we were wed, only your love was needed, to call me back to life. You have been unhappy, and I have sorrowed for you, unknowing the cause. Kiss me, now, and let me sleep."

He bent over the couch where the last ray of sunlight lingered lovingly, and then with bowed head seated himself beside her couch.

"Jeanne, a kiss from you."

He pressed my lips to hers; there were tears resting upon her cheeks, the tears of the husband, who had given her but a divided heart. For two hours Mr. Percy sat with bowed head, while from the low window I looked out into the darkness. A gentle, tremulous sigh called me to the bedside.

"Aunt Agnes! Call Lady Moreton, Jeanne."

I called her, and as we entered the chamber of death, we heard:

"Angel, sweet wife! forgive!"

"Yes, Edward, I am very happy now."

Another hour, and only the motionless form of Lucy Percy remained to us.

One year from the night we folded her white hands on her breast, he stood before me. Stern and silent no longer; hope had awakened the dreams of other years, and words of love, deeper and more intense than those spoken at Grantly, fell from his lips. I interrupted him.

"Mr. Percy!"

"Stop, Jeanne! You must hear me."

"But, Mr. Percy, if—"

"I will listen to nothing! You loved me once; you would have me think that love quite dead. It is not; it cannot die. It may have slumbered, but it must have awakened to new life with the knowledge of my freedom. Jeanne, you loved me in your girlhood—in all the proud beauty of your womanhood; you love me now; you are cold; you would be revenged—but, be satisfied, for indeed you have had your revenge. By all I have suffered since we parted—by all my hopes of happiness—"

A firm tread sounded in the hall—a moment more Sir Felix Darby stood beside us.

"Mr. Percy, my husband. I would have told you of my marriage, but indeed you would not listen."

He bowed his head upon the marble mantel, and when he raised it, his face was almost as white as the marble upon which it had rested.

"The fault is mine alone: forgive me, Lady Darby." Then turning to my husband:

"And you, Sir Felix, I have been making love to your wife."

He left us. Then and there I told Sir Felix the history of our past, and that, kneeling before the coffin of the dead Lucy, I had vowed never to make the happiness of Edward Percy, the man who had crushed all the beauty from her young life—whose smile had also taken my happiness from me—whose love for me had closed his heart to her.

Three times I had refused the offered hand of Sir Felix Darby, telling him I had no love to give. He said he would trust to the future for love, and I had but to smile when the offer was repeated.

I have been Lady Darby five years, and perfect happiness is mine. In all these years I have not met Edward Percy; nor do I care to, as with a loving husband and smiling child, my cup of happiness is full to repletion.

## DARING OF ALPINE GUIDES.

It is almost incredible with what safety and ease the mountaineer passes the most dangerous places, carrying heavy burdens. When Hugi, on his Finsteraarhorn expedition could hardly get on, owing to an injury to his foot, Leuthold took him up *volens volens* on his back, and hastened with him down the glacier, whilst storm and night were approaching. The other two experienced guides, Wahren and Zemt, emulated him in carrying their master. Hugi says it was incredible to him how these men, without a stick, holding their burden with both hands, sprang over crevasses in the twilight where all was deceitful and uncertain. We have often heard of examples of the audacity with which the guides venture upon breakneck leaps; here is one more that will illustrate their courage in another way. Got. Studer, on his return from the Jungfrau, had let his hat fall into a deep crevasse, which sank without a break, with surfaces of ice as steep as the steepest tower. The crevasse grew narrower further down, whilst the opposite wall rose vertically out of the darkness covered with icicles. The guide, Bannholzer, who was annoyed at the loss of the cap, called out at once that he would see where it was, and in spite of all dissuasion, had the rope tied round his body, and let himself slide down into the awful depth. When he had got some way down, having got a footing on an ice pillar that threatened to give way every moment, he saw the lost cap lying still some way below him. The rope, held by the two men above was not long enough. The foolhardy Bannholzer untied himself and got further down. After an anxious pause he gave an exulting cry. He had got his prey, and came up again to daylight. Although he had been to a depth of at least 100 feet, he said that the crevasse continued to an unfathomable depth.—*Sketches of Life and Nature in the Mountains.*

## A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

If a man can raise a small city to be a great kingdom, can make bread cheap, can irrigate deserts, can join oceans and canals, can subdue steam, can organize victory, can lead the opinions of mankind, 'tis no matter whether his nose is parallel to his spine, as it ought to be, or whether he has a nose at all; whether his legs are straight, or whether they were amputated. His deformities will come to be reckoned ornamental, and advantageous on the whole.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE FIRST SPRING SHOWERS.

BY MARY G. GRANNISS.

Softly falls the early rain  
 Over russet hill and plain;  
 Waking from the silent earth  
 Bloom and verdure into birth!  
 How like love, the gentle showers  
 Come to glad expectant hours:  
 Touching springs of life again,  
 Stirring every pulse and vein,  
 Till each blade and bursting flower  
 Tells the beauty of thy power!  
 Like warm tears of penitence,  
 Washing out each old offence;  
 Softening o'er the acrid heart,  
 Till fair buds of promise start—  
 And above hopes withering,  
 Joyful reigns a second spring!

Type of love's expanding power,  
 Seen in opening leaf and flower!  
 Type of mercies flowing free,  
 That forever blest shall be!  
 Type of trust in darkest days,  
 Ending in triumphant praise!  
 Type of God's perennial spring  
 Of hope's heavenly blossoming:  
 Comes the warm, reviving rain  
 To our waiting earth again!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE BANDIT OF THE DANUBE.

BY JOHN MEADOWS.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE CATHEDRAL. THE LOVERS.

BORN of a hundred tributary streams in the very heart of Bavaria, and gathering strength from the mountains and rich valleys, winds along the lordly Danube, until passing through Austria and Turkey, laughing and weeping in turn at gorgeous cities, frowning castles, and magnificent country seats, with the power of all its mighty currents combined, it flows out free and wide into the Black Sea.

There is mass for the dead in the cathedral of Ratisbon, and the organ peals are swelling through arch and aisle; while at intervals the high priest is offering up the holy prayers, a crowd of mourners is kneeling on the marble floor, and muttering aves for the departed soul, and telling the beads and making the sign of the cross.

"And what's this for, friend?" asked a tall man, enveloped in a cloak, and wearing his hat slouched, to a soldier who was by his side and looking carelessly on.

"Mass for the honest burgher, Sestarf," was the answer.

"And where did he die?" asked the other; "and how did he die?"

"He was murdered among the mountains, three nights ago, by some banditti."

"And have the murderers been arrested, friend? Has any reward been offered?" continued the stranger.

"By the great pope there has!" answered the soldier. "A good round sum of gold. I've been on the chase myself for this whole day, but have met no success yet."

"I trust the robbers may be found," said the other, in an ironical voice, and then hastily disappeared.

And now the solemn chant reverberated through the air, and echoed from chancel, nave, and dome. Stealing forth gently, in tones of silvery sweetness, the melodies tell of the virtues that adorned the dead man's life—the faith, and hope, and aspirations—and again chiming out in startling volume, they praise the God who fashioned him, and defended his footsteps; and at last melting again into tender, soothing supplication, they plead for mercy for his sins, and happiness hereafter.

There was a young girl kneeling quite near the door, before a silver fount, over which a picture of the Madonna was hung. She was dressed in black velvet, and from her face a thick veil fell and touched the ground. The girl was weeping and praying as if her heart would break; and, though there were many persons around her, not one ventured to speak and comfort her.

"O, holy virgin," she said, "give me grace to bear my loss, and let me not complain that death has taken my father from me! O, mother, wilt thou protect with thy benignity the orphan child, and help her to love and praise thee at all times? Alas, my father, my dear, dear parent, slain by night, when there were none to assist thee. I know that dying thou must have blessed thy only daughter, yes, father, blessed her!" And the fair penitent bent lower, and shed fresh tears as memory thus afflicted her.

Through the great gothic windows the moon came beaming in, and her mild light fell upon the statues of saints, and symbols of Catholic worship. There were but a few torches burning, and those were at the altar;

and thus, while the faint glare fell lightly over the gathered devotees, and the boys were swinging the censers, the high priest extended his arms and gave the benediction.

The young girl arose, and crossing herself once more, moved towards the door, hurriedly, as if to avoid the crowd; and, as she was descending the stone steps, she felt her arm pressed, and when she looked up, the tall stranger was at her side. Now the cloak was flung more tastily, and his face, which could be plainly seen, showed the features of a man of twenty-five, handsome, and regularly chiselled. Long, curly hair tossed itself gracefully over his shoulders, and his dark eyes and thick moustache and beard gave him a manly and haughty appearance, that marked a noble distinction. He stooped and whispered in the girl's ear:

"To-morrow, love, you will be mine; say not nay—to-morrow was the day we set apart."

The maiden replied, "It cannot be so soon, Viscaro. O, it is not right, so soon after my father's death."

"But the time is pressing, Florine, and business requires my absence. O, let it be to-morrow."

"No, Viscaro, no. Heaven preserve me! but I must refuse, although I love you, and would die for you. I must respect my father's death. By the garden trellis, in the morning, when the bells sound nine, I will see you; till then, adieu."

And disengaging herself from her lover's ardent grasp, she ran rapidly down the street. Viscaro saw her beautiful form vanish in the distance, and then tightening his belt, from which were suspended a dagger and two pistols, he left the cathedral porch and directed his steps towards a high stone building, which was built, originally, for a convent, but had been altered and changed into a hotel. Calling for the landlord, he bade him bring his horse, which was done on the instant, and then telling the host that if any one inquired after the Garçon Precieux, he must say that he would be back in a week, as he had gone to Buchberg, he drove off, and out of the city.

The streets of Ratisbon are deserted, and the sober inhabitants lost in dreams. The moon is casting off its mellow rays from the grand old cathedral, and the only sounds that can be heard are the striking of the clocks and the watchman's lonely cry.

The morrow came; and as the sun was ris-

ing in the crimsoned east Florine awoke from slumber, and opened her casement to let in the pure air of heaven. She looked forth upon the glowing landscape—she saw the laborers going to their early toil—she listened to the birds as they warbled in tones of sweetest minstrelsy, but her heart was sad—Florine was unhappy. And so when the morning meal was spread, and the poor girl ate but little—her aged aunt, the only relative left her now, tried to reconcile her to the mournful change.

"Do not feel so melancholy, Florine; your father is far better off than when he trod this earth. We must all come to this in time; you must not feel gloomy, child, and do, pray, eat something."

But the orphan could not; she was thinking of her dead father—her lover, and the meeting she had granted him. She was thinking of Viscaro's strange proposal, and the very idea of her accepting it made her shudder. Then the repast being over, she strolled into the gardens, until she had reached the trellis arbor, and there sat down.

It was but a few minutes of the appointed hour, and she became more and more excited and apprehensive, fearful that her lover might not come, and yet dreading at the same time to meet him.

A slight rustling of the leaves, and Viscaro stood before the lady. He was dressed in the costume of a mountain brigand, and as he saluted Florine, he knelt at her feet and kissed the hand held out to him.

"Sweet mistress of my heart," he said, "your cruel words of last night have been haunting me ever since; they tormented my dreams, and even now they trouble my waking thoughts."

"And why should they have done so, Viscaro?" the young girl asked. "I only spoke the truth. I only did what I knew was right."

"Alas, Florine, call you it right to be so harsh to me, and to break the mutual vow we made! This day was to have made thee my wife—a brigand's wife—to live away, among the hills and caves, but to live contented with your Viscaro. And now, just as the moment arrives, and I am to be hurried off for a long while, you refuse."

The robber was still kneeling, and his attitude was so beseeching, and his words so heart-rending, that Florine had almost recalled her determination, and bade him lead her to his house a bride; but the memory of her father's death came again so forcibly be-

fore her, bidding her be mindful of his absence, and pay proper respect to his love and kind lessons when he was in the grave, that she immediately answered:

"Viscaro, you know full well how much affection I bear you; how much of reputation I sacrifice when I go to roam with you among the mountains, cut off from the world, and the wife of a proscribed bandit. But when filial duty commands me I must obey, for I know that you, my noble Viscaro, would show me but slight respect, did you find me flying from my father's shade, and forgetting that father's goodness. Why may we not wait until a proper period? Then I will throw all of worldly respect and good fortune to the winds, and make my palace in your rough retreats, and place my trust in your keeping."

"Ah, Florine, Florine, if this is then my doom, I must try and bear it; for I may not gainsay it. But should you never hear more of your Viscaro, when I am gone, O pray for me, for I have a secret, a dark and mysterious secret, that haunts me like a ghost; a secret, dearest, that you should never know, but which may ruin me forever."

The brigand's eyes flashed, and his countenance worked with passion; it startled the young girl, who could not interpret its meaning or cause, and alarmed, she said:

"O, Viscaro, what do you mean? For Heaven's sake, tell your own Florine!"

"No, sweetest, not for the whole wealth in Ratisbon, or the possession of the whole world, could I tell it thee. There, there," and he laid his hand upon his heart, "must it be buried. Florine, we must say farewell; be true to me, and we shall yet be happy."

"So soon, beloved—so soon must you go?" said the girl. "But 'tis my fault; my harsh words have done it all. O, Viscaro, believe me not unwise in doing this, but rather love me the more for it. Go and transact the business that calls you—join your band, but be merciful, and shed no blood—shed no blood!"

The last words were said in such an imploring manner, as if she had thought of her parent's cruel death, that Viscaro trembled and turned pale; but he quickly recovered himself, and then said:

"Trust me, dear girl; you know me to be humane, and that my band sometimes commit excesses. I will think of thee; and when I return (God only knows when), I will then claim thee. Farewell!"

A mutual and long embrace, and a kiss that seals devotion—a farewell, and they parted.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE BANDIT OF ERDBERG CASTLE—THE FATAL CELL.

PLANTED in stern defiance on an almost inaccessible rock, and overlooking the valley with terrific grandeur, Erdberg castle stood one of the most picturesque landmarks on the Danube. Its barbican donjons, draw-bridges, and flanking tower, formed a retreat, where of old feudal chiefs and princes dwelt; and added to this, the adjacent scenery, wild but beautiful, gave a charm that few fortresses in that part of the country boasted of.

To the east, in the dim distance, could be seen the tall spires of Ratisbon, and in the opposite direction, the silver river winding its way for miles and miles, as it journeyed on past Strasburg, and hastened to greet the friendly city of Passau.

And now, in this castle so celebrated and stately, dwelt Viscaro, the mountain bandit. Sprung from a noble family, but when a boy, checked and thwarted in his ambition, treated harshly by his parents, and coldly by the world, he had left his father's territories and fled to the mountains. There he joined a band of brigands, and as he advanced in years, and proved himself brave and faithful, he was promoted from one honor to another, until at last he became the captain of the troop. But unfortunately, Viscaro cherished the deadliest revenge for the past; he hated the world, and swore that he would win by cruelty and bloodshed such a name as should be the universal terror, and remembered in all times.

Well did he succeed; for he prowled over mountains, valley, and forest—he ventured among cities, towns, and open rivers; his band were ever on the alert, and ever merciless. Their daggers gleamed, and their carbines rattled by day and night. They attacked the peaceful traveller as he wound over the mountain summit, and flung him from the precipice. They robbed the devout priest as he went upon his pilgrimage, and hung him from the highest battlement of Erdberg castle. They offered insult to maidens, and ravaged the fertile fields for flocks and provision. Viscaro's gang was the most crafty and ferocious in that part of the country. In vain had the public authorities offered reward—in vain had they sent the soldiers in pursuit. The brigand eluded them, and by force or fraud cleared himself from all his enemies. He was looked upon as the scourge of humanity, and his death prayed for by thousands.



How to attack his castle and carry him off was the difficulty. He was only there part of the time, and then had but a few retainers with him; and it was when he was away, or in the dark nights, that vessels dared to pass down the river, for did the bandit but see what seemed to be a prize, he would rush forth to the attack, throw the oars overboard, or put them to the torture, pillage the cargo, and burn the boat, though at times, in more friendly moods, he would forbid a seizure when the great bell tolled to announce a victim. Viscaro was not always a villain, a fiend—for at times thoughts of the days when his boyhood was innocent, and he had sought for purity and happiness, came rushing before him, and then he would weep when none were near. In Ratisbon he had met Florine, and from his heart first sprang the fire of love. He told her what he was, and what had made him so, and she pitied him—she loved him in return—she loved him though he was an outlaw.

It had happened that Sestarf, the burgher, and who was Florine's father, was returning home by night from a neighboring village. The next morning he was found robbed and murdered, lying by a brook within a mile of Erdberg castle. Who committed the deed no one seemed to know. The body was carried to Ratisbon, and buried with much solemnity, for the deceased was a man of much popularity. Suspicion rested upon the banditti, and Viscaro was supposed to have been instrumental in this murder. So a large reward was offered, and the soldiery were sent to scour the country.

The burgher had a cousin, Coruf by name, and he offered to capture the bandit, as much out of family pride as hope of reward. He said he would resort to a stratagem, and accordingly prepared a small vessel, and loading her with merchandise, he commenced descending the Danube.

The sun was gilding the peaks of the far off mountains, and Viscaro, the bandit, was pacing, in much agitation, a chamber in his castle which overlooked the river, when he heard the sounds of the tocsin, and going to the oval window, he saw a bark that was sailing under a stiff weight of canvass, and within gunshot of the fortress.

"Fools!" he said, "to think to escape me thus early, and when such a breeze is blowing. Ho! Rondéz!" and he rang a silver bell; "ho! Rondéz, I say!"

The attendant appeared.

"Those knaves upon the water must be

caught; have out my boat, and tell six armed men to go on board. Be speedy, man—I will be there in a moment."

The servitor departed, and the orders were obeyed. In a few moments the bandit was aboard of the other vessel, and received with tokens of submission by Coruf.

"What is thy cargo, knave?" asked the haughty chief. "What hast thou brought, and whither goest thou? Speak!" And as he put the question, he turned and pointed to the six followers who stood silent and expectant.

"I have, most noble sir, silks, and wine, and brocade; and I am going some hundred miles down the river," answered the merchant.

"And what else, knave—what else hast thou got?" continued Viscaro.

"I have a few cattle, with—" and the merchant hesitated.

"With what?" said the brigand, sternly. "Speak, on thy life!"

"With a cask or two of specie for the duke's treasury," replied Coruf, in a half whisper.

"Specie!" roared the chief; "specie! The very thing we want. Bring up the metal instantly!"

"The metal for the robber!" instantly cried the merchant, and suddenly throwing back the canvass, thirty glittering lances were levelled at the banditti. Then the merchant shouted out: "I am Sestarf's cousin—soldiers, do your duty!" and led the combat.

It lasted but a short time. Viscaro's number was too small to contend with the enemy, and although he himself fought with desperation, at length he was taken prisoner, and his men threw down their arms. They were all secured and committed to the hold; but before Viscaro left the deck he cast one look upon his castle—a last look, and the tears almost came to his eyes as he said:

"Farewell, Erdberg, I shall never see thee more. Florine will never be thy mistress. Farewell!"

There were rejoicings in Ratisbon when Coruf marched through the streets in triumph, with the brigand and his men following him. Old and young came forth to see the man whom all had feared, and not a few were surprised that such cruelty and valor existed in one whose face and general appearance were so prepossessing. From the streets he was led out of the city, and carried to an old castle that stood on a high precipice, and at the entrance of a thick forest. It had been untenanted for years; but now it was guarded

by soldiers, and the brigands were placed in confinement.

The next morning, at the portcullis of the castle appeared a young and beautiful girl, and asked admittance. The sentinel was enraptured at her loveliness, and as he was a good-natured fellow, he asked the girl why she wished to enter.

"To see the bandit," was the answer. "I must see him—I must see him."

"But my good girl, I don't believe you can be allowed to see him; he is in close confinement, and this afternoon is to be executed."

"Great God! is it then so?" she shrieked.

The soldier began to wonder why the girl should take so much interest in the prisoner, and to satisfy his curiosity, said:

"But tell me, pretty one, do you know this Visconti? Are you his sweetheart—or his sister—or his wife?"

"I was to have been his wife," she answered. "Alas, for me, alas! Will he certainly be shot this afternoon?"

The man said that such had been the orders, and that unless he was reprieved, he would most certainly die. "For you see, my dear girl, this robber was a wicked man, and killed many citizens. Think of Sestieri!"

"O, don't mention that name; he was my father," she interposed.

"Your father?" said the astonished sentinel. "Is it so? and who do you think murdered him?"

"I know not; but I believe Visconti is accused of the deed. But this cannot be; he never would have done such a thing. O, holy virgin, no, he never would," she answered, as if her heart would burst, while tears of sorrow came trickling down her cheeks, and her form trembled with excitement.

"Well, I don't know, maiden; he was found so near the castle that it looked rather suspicious. But I don't say that Visconti did it; some of his men may have struck the blow. But still he is the captain, and as the government have been trying to catch him so long, they will now make him suffer. It is hard for you, I know, but the law must have justice."

The relief guard at that moment tramped up, and Florine in despair asked the officer who happened to come with it, if she could see the brigand. The officer, seeing her distress, said that if she would wait, he would go and see if it were at all possible. He soon returned, and offering Florine his arm, he led her within the castle.

"You will find this a sober, and yet a crazy

old pile of stones, fair lady," said the gallant. "It has been empty so long that the vines and mosses are growing all over it, toads and bats delight to live here; be careful how you tread."

Florine thanked him, and followed with her, guide through many long passages, and up rickety stone stairs, until they came to a large entry, and saw an iron door directly in front of them, and two soldiers keeping guard before it.

"Is it there they have imprisoned Visconti?" asked Florine.

"No," said her companion, "his six comrades are locked up there. Visconti is by himself in the highest tower in the fortress. He is kept alone on account of his being a chief."

High and higher they ascended, and when they had reached a long corridor which ran the whole length of that part of the building, they took a few steps to the right, and entered the north tower.

"Here we are," said the officer. And the girl saw one soldier only pacing backwards and forwards before the door of a cell.

"Tapez, you may unlock that bolt, for we will enter," said the officer to his inferior.

The man saluted him, and taking a large key from his pocket, unlocked as he was bid, and then swung the creaking door wide open. The officer then said:

"Lady, you may see the prisoner for twenty minutes," and Florine entered. But hardly had the soldiers left her, when they heard a shriek—a long and piercing shriek, that echoed along the walls, and told a tale of woe. They turned back into the entry, and when they ran into the cell, they saw a sight that made their blood curdle—a sight of mutilation and death. There, upon the damp floor, lay Visconti, the bandit, a mangled, bleeding corpse, his face disfigured, and his hair clogged in blood. O, horror! it ached their hearts, and made even those men accustomed to blood, recoil. Florine, poor orphan Florine, she was stretched at length near the body of her lover. The shock had been too great for her. It was her death blow.

How the brigand met his death none knew; but a sentinel said that during the middle of the night he had heard groans, and supposed the prisoner was drowning; and so it was ordered that poison should be placed in the fatal cell, and a strong double guard be stationed at hand. On the next morning, when the cell was thrown open, and the patrol entered to inspect it, they saw, twisted and coiled in every conceivable shape, twelve dead and slimy serpents! And thus Visconti perished.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SAILOR.

BY C. E. JOHNSON.

High on the winds, towering in his pride,  
Swept the storm-bird o'er the sea,  
While on the bosom of its rolling tide  
Sped a ship, fearlessly and free.  
An awful storm has swept the seas,  
Its boundless waves rolled mountains high;  
Low means the wind—the storm has ceased,  
Yet ever and anon the waves rolled swiftly by.  
Hovering o'er the bark, that bird kept his way,  
Guiding the lonely sailor to his home;  
While from the clouds each sunlit ray  
Gave joy and gladness to the gloom.  
In that storm he thought of home,  
On his wife and child he lingered long;  
While he, alas! doomed to roam,  
Through the surges of the night—  
He saw his cot among the verdant hills,  
And all was calm and peaceful there;  
The soft, sweet music of the glassy rills  
Was wafted to his enraptured ear.  
Then o'er his soul stern melancholy crept,  
He imagined his wife on her dying bed;  
The scalding tears fell fast—that strong man wept—  
Thinking he saw her lie there dead.  
Other fancies roam before his sight,  
Which called forth a happy tear,  
The sun shone out, and each ray of light  
Proclaimed to him that God was near.

[Translated expressly for The Magazine.]

## THE OLD MAID'S WILL.

BY M. R. B.

"WHO, then, was your Aunt Martha?"  
"An extremely respectable lady, good and amiable, though of a certain age."  
"What do you mean by a certain age?"  
"Why, that age, whose number women always strive to conceal, but which time invariably stamps on their forehead."  
"She was old, then?"  
"Old? no, that isn't the word. She was quite matured; and there is a great difference between maturity and old age, you know."  
"Disable, how you disable this Aunt Martha?"  
"I am her cousin—and what is more, her nephew by alliance. Besides, what I say is strictly true; she remained handsome to the day of her death, and her eye till the hour of its closing sparkled most brilliantly under long black lashes."  
"She had been beautiful, then?"

"Of course, since she was still so after death."

"And her possessions?"

"Plenty of accomplishments."

"I mean her pecuniary possessions."

"She was rich, very rich."

"How, then, did she come to remain single?"

"I will tell you; her riches came too late.

When she made her debut in the world, it was in extreme poverty. A sad debut indeed, since for the poor, life is surely but a long struggle at best. Aunt Martha had a loving, passionate nature. But men don't concern themselves about the qualities of the heart; they require something more solid—sacks of rapeseed, ingots of gold, piles of bank-notes; but she had none of these. She carefully counted her years on her fingers, saying to herself, 'I am still young;' and consulting her mirror, 'I am handsome.' On hearing other women spoken of, she could not but think, 'And yet they are no more talented than I.' Alas! no, Aunt Martha; but those women had chateaux, rents, and countless other possessions, while you had nought but personal attractions. '*Truditor dies die*,' says the poet. Poor Aunt Martha saw her youth flee away from her. It was a trying moment when she discovered the first silver thread in her raven tresses. She had reached a certain age. Caustic words! The epitaph of hope! Extremes meet in the passions as elsewhere; and a heart born for love, which finds no food for its flame, ends by devouring itself, or by hating. Aunt Martha found refuge in the latter."

"A sad refuge!"

"Sad, indeed; but think how she had suffered. Chance favored her revenge. A magnificent heritage fell to her most unexpectedly, but too late. A few years earlier it would have brought happiness to her; now, it was nought but yellow, shining metal."

"That your aunt should have conceived a deep rancor against all men, I can readily conceive; but that the asperities to her yellow metal should have in turn been humbled by her, surprises me extremely."

"O, they didn't lack for encouragement, but they burnt their fingers, as the saying is. They found Aunt Martha charming, and proclaimed her rejuvenated, but she did not permit herself to be deceived by the hypocritical protestations of the worshippers of the golden calf. She remained firm and inflexible, smiling with irony when they called her cruel. She accomplished a just retribution, by de-

claring that never should a franc of her immense resource go to enrich one of these egotistical bipeds, who could not love her for herself."

"And what did she do, then? Could she have determined to have her fortune interred with her?"

"No, indeed, for they would not have been wanting who would have disinterred my poor aunt. A gold ring on the finger of a corpse has caused the sepulchre of the dead to be violated hundreds of times. She managed differently. She left her whole fortune to her five nieces, but on one condition a *sine qua non*."

"And that condition was?"

"That they should remain unmarried like their aunt, under the penalty of losing their share of the heritage, to be confiscated for the benefit of the obedient."

"But if all five should marry?"

"The fortune is then to go to the next heir—that is to say, to myself. But my aunt could not conceive of such a case; the hypothesis is absurd, if one reflects that my five cousins haven't a sou in their own right. The legacy of their aunt is their only fortune, and we don't live in an age wherein young girls are married without dowry. The five heiresses are, Madeline de Solange, a poor orphan, who lives with her aunt, and the four Misses Launay. 'O, why did Aunt Martha insert that cursed subsequent clause in her will? I should have married Madeline, whom I love; but how can I embark in matrimony with a young girl who has nothing—I a simple lawyer's clerk? No, it is impossible; and besides—besides—'"

Adolphe Beauvard did not finish his thought, but shook hands with his comrade, young Edouard Brenner, who passed on, laughing to himself at the old maid's will.

Adolphe, left alone, proceeded to his chambers, and spent three quarters of an hour in arranging his blonde hair and adjusting his cravat; then bounding down stairs, he found himself in the street. Half an hour later an omnibus had transported him far from the noise and smoke of the city; his lungs breathed in a purer air, and the verdure of the trees, the perfume of the flowers, and the warbling of birds, charmed his senses. The omnibus set him down before a little garden—a perfect basket of lilies and roses in full bloom under the windows of a modest cottage.

Adolphe entered the simple, prettily-furnished parlor with a pre-occupied air. A young girl, blonde like himself, and who would

have passed for his sister, was seated at a maple-wood table, pale and immovable as a marble statue, with an open book before her. The beautiful reader was resting her pretty head on a tiny hand, and seemed to have interrupted her reading to reflect or weep. At the sound of Adolphe's step she raised her head, and her face was instantly suffused with blushes.

"My dear Madeline," said Adolphe, taking the young girl's hand and carrying it to his lips, "I here come to bid you farewell."

"Farewell, Adolphe? You—you're not going away; it is impossible—"

"But your aunt's will?"

"My heart is not changed, sir. Can it be that yours is? O, yes, of course, you cannot marry a portionless woman. I am very, very unhappy."

"Can you think it, Madeline? It is I who ought not to accept your sacrifice. You are rich—forget me."

"And if I should prefer to be poor with you?"

These last words removed all doubts. Madeline de Solange became the wife of Adolphe at the expiration of her mourning, and the four Misses Launay shared her fifth of the heritage.

The Misses Launay, daughters of an honest city merchant of English origin, had received, thanks to the liberality of their Aunt Martha, a finished education, and consequently despised their father's commercial transactions. All four sat through the livelong day in one of those little salons overladen with curtains, marbles and porcelains, such as one sees every day in the houses of the rich *bourgeoises* of the city. These elegant young ladies worked, since absolute idleness has gone out of fashion, or rather formal nonchalance, and they had determined that inaction gives one an awkward air; that a woman can better pose herself with an embroidery frame in her hands, than with the arms crossed or by the side.

The four Misses Launay were, then, extremely busy. Bianca was winding silk with the whitest hands in the world; Marie, improvising some verses in her album; Marguerite, teaching her parrot new trifles; and Susanne, the eldest of the family, sewing on underclothes for the poor.

"Have you heard the news?" asked Bianca of Captain Duplesses, who stood behind her, leaning over the back of her chair, stroking his moustache. "Have you heard the news? O, what a terrible knot! How difficult it is to wind this silk!"

"Can I aid you, mademoiselle?" interrupted the captain, kneeling before her, and offering his hands.

"Behold Hercules at the feet of Omphale!" cried Marie, continuing to write in her album.

"Many thanks, captain," said Bianca, "but I think I shall be able to accomplish it alone. But have you not heard the news?"

"Ah, don't speak to me of news; politics bore me to death. Let me leave all that to the drivelling of old men. And after all, there is nothing new under the sun, as good old King Solomon says."

"Speak with respect of that sainted king," interrupted Susanne.

"I respect him infinitely, mademoiselle," replied the captain, "and am decidedly of his way of thinking. Men and beasts of the field have the same end. Life is a routine; one is born, marries, dies, and the curtain falls."

"The idea of calling marriage a routine!" interrupted Marie. "Ah, captain, you're a materialist. What that pure union of souls! O, I would not accept a man who looks upon marriage as you do!"

"But I don't speak of political news," continued Bianca. "Do you know that our cousin is married?"

"What cousin?"

"Why, we have only one—our cousin Madeline de Solange. Don't you remember her?"

The captain shook his head; Bianca smiled. A woman always hears with pleasure that any man has forgotten another of her sex, more especially when the one forgotten is more beautiful than herself.

"But try and recall her; a blonde, always dressed in white."

"Yes, I believe I do remember her; an insipid little blonde."

Bianca was a piquant brunette; her eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"Well, she has just been married, in spite of my aunt's will."

"And who is the fool that has married her?" stupidly interrupted the captain.

"How! the fool!" cried Bianca, blushing up to the ears.

The captain tried to take back his speech, but it was too late. Moreover, since the opening of the fatal will, he had only been waiting for a favorable opportunity to withdraw.

"I am forgetting the hour for review," said he. "Ladies, I wish you good morning."

"The monster!" cried Bianca, as soon as his back was turned, and straightway had a violent nervous attack.

The captain, an officer in the guards, was not the only monster. Of the four aspirants to the hands of the sisters, three had already deserted the house; and it was from pure politeness that the captain had continued his visits. Without dowry, without dowry! One must indeed love well, when these two words do not freeze the blood like the mysterious characters at the feast of Belshazzar. Do you know what the result was, gentle reader? "The four sisters remained spinsters."

By no means. M. Launay, the father, though he had no portions to give his daughters, carried on a flourishing business, and employed a number of clerks, whose attentions were endured by the four sisters. Bianca and Marguerite contented themselves with these substitutes. What! remain single when half the city was talking about their marriage? No, they had too much heart for that; and they were both happy, in spite of the representations of their father, who consoled himself, by reflecting that his other daughters would be enriched by the spoils of their sisters. As for Marie, her romantic spirit could not resign itself to a mesalliance. She had received the homage of a ruined marquis, whom Aunt Martha's will had put to flight. She therefore patiently waited for another marquis, or some one of lesser nobility. But no marquis or noble presented himself; but one evening at the opera, the romantic damsel, dazzled by the diamonds of a duchess in one of the boxes, could not remove her eyes from them; when a stout old gentleman, with the figure of Silenus, observing her ecstasy, remarked:

"You are fond of diamonds, then, mademoiselle? What do you think of this?"

And he cavalierly placed on the gloved hand of his neighbor an immense finger-ring adorned with a magnificent brilliant.

"I think it very beautiful," replied Marie, somewhat confused at finding her thoughts thus read.

"Well," continued the nabob, "my late wife had a complete *parure* of these same brilliants, and I intend it for her who shall supply her place to me, and console my declining years."

This declaration was a little brusque, although indirect. Marie did not know how to reply; but before the end of the opera, the nabob had succeeded in making her comprehend that, if the white hairs of a widower did not frighten her, there was nothing to prevent her eclipsing all the duchesses by the splendor of her *parures*. Marie had always in her dreams seen a handsome young marquis for



her lover; but remembering that these were but simple dreams, the offers of the nabob were accepted.

The modest and charitable Susanne was left alone, and there were no diamonds that could seduce her. She went over to England to visit a maiden aunt, and there, as at home, passed her time in ministering to the wants of the poor, and in listening to the sermons of the Rev. Dr. Sunbeam—a shining example of forgiveness of injuries.

This same Doctor Sunbeam was much struck with the fair Parisienne thus added to his flock, and seemed at one time to entertain serious ideas of proposing, but on reflection, he appeared to change his mind—it must have been from reflection, and not because of his having accidentally heard of the condition on which she held the wealth of which she was now sole heiress. At length Susanne announced her intention of ending her visit, and returning to France; and it was rumored that on reaching home she intended embracing Romanism, and entering a convent. The reverend doctor was among the first to hear this, and was not slow to consider himself the cause of it.

"It is doubtless despair of obtaining my love that drives her to this determination," thought he. "I have been too cruel! And after all, she has a rich brother-in-law, who will doubtless help her, and invite me to his chateau."

Full of good resolutions, Dr. Sunbeam presented himself once more at the house of Susanne's aunt, and laid before his fair temporary parishioner the rumors which were spread abroad of her probable fall into the errors of the Catholic religion. His duty as a pastor required him to try and bring back the erring sheep to the fold.

Susanne allowed herself to be easily reconverted by so magnificent a representative of divinity; for she was extremely devout, and above all, admired God through His ministers. And never had an evangelical chair been filled by a happier figure than that of the Reverend Doctor Sunbeam (an old mariner, one of his flock, as his exact weight was not known, had offered to take the long odds that it was a ton.)

Now it only remains for us to pay a visit to the eldest of the five new households. Let us take an omnibus, and put ourselves en route. We arrive at the modest little cottage of the poor orphan—no longer the poor orphan, for she has been a wife for a year; and a mother for an hour. A young man descends from

the omnibus with us; his face is radiant. He invites us to enter and rest ourselves in his house. We accept, and scarcely are we seated, when a peculiar cry strikes our ears. Adolphe Beauvard—for it is with him that we have made our little trip—starts and clears the stairs in a couple of bounds. The young mother shows him their infant.

"Isn't he a beauty, dearest?"

"Ay, and rich, too—rich as Croesus. Your four cousins are married, and we are Aunt Martha's heirs!"

#### CHINESE FORTUNE TELLERS.

These men carry on their profession in the streets of the city also, where there is space available. A mat is spread on the ground, with a stick fixed at each corner, around which a strip of cloth is cast to form an enclosure for the fortune teller and his hen, which is in a small bamboo cage. By his side is an open box containing a number of very small rolls of paper with sentences or single characters written on them. In front of him is a long row of fifty or sixty small pasteboard envelopes, which also hold single characters, or the divination sentences. A little board painted white, for writing on, and the "inkstone" and the pencil are at hand ready for use. An inquirer who wishes to consult him, squats down on his heels outside the enclosure, pays three cash (half a farthing) and tells his story, stating what he wishes to know. He is told to pull out a roll from the box, which having done, he hands it to the man, who unrolls it, and writes its contents on the board. He then opens the door of the cage, and the hen marches forward to the row of envelopes; after peering over them inquisitively, she picks out one and lets it fall to the ground. A few grains of rice are thrown into the cage, and she returns. The envelope is opened, and the character taken from the bundle, and read from the two inscriptions on which the consulter's prospects are announced. The hen is regarded as the arbiter of fate, incapable of moral motive in the selection of the roll, and is therefore supposed to give the decree of fate.

#### TRUE WORTH.

What is the blooming tincture of the skin  
To peace of mind and harmony within?  
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,  
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?  
Can countenances of form, or shape, or air,  
With consciousness of words or deeds compare?  
No! those at first the unwary heart may gain,  
But these—these only can the heart retain.—GAY.

[ORIGINAL.]

## VEAVER-WINE.

BY MRS. E. M. EDSON.

The day is dead—night lifts her wand,  
And girds the solemn hills about;  
The owl hoots in the hemlock wood,  
The sunset lights are almost out.

Pale saffron fades to dusky blue,  
Faint lines of purple flock the west,  
And Venus treads her gentry beat  
Across the ether's yielding breast.

The moon half hides her jowled face  
Behind the cypress in the south;  
While evening wooes the weary day  
With the sweet kisses of her mouth.

The gathering shadows swiftly glide,  
Like phantom coursers o'er the hill;  
And in the darkly-gleaming pines,  
There pipes a single whip-poor-will.

Across the stream a misty veil  
Falls like a coverlet, soft and white;  
And farm-house windows, one by one,  
Grow glad and gay with sudden light.

The housemaids gossip by the gate,  
The noisy streets are growing still,  
The glowing forge is dark and dumb,  
The wheel is silent in the mill.

The goodman reads the daffy news,  
The lovers sit apart in pairs;  
The housewife reeks in idle ease,  
The children hush their simple prayers.

Peace smiles in the calm heavens above,  
Low vespers all the glad earth sings;  
While over all with tender care  
Night softly folds her brooding wings.

[ORIGINAL.]

## AN ADVENTURE IN BRAZIL.

BY J. W. EVERSON.

It was a quiet and delightful evening in May, and our trim little brig lay moored in the harbor of St. Catharine's, nearly midway between the shores, and directly beneath the guns of the fort. The mild sea-breeze was barely sufficient to raise a ripple upon the water, and seemed rather to dally with the tropical fragrance of the shore; while the guitar's plaintive music, mellowed by distance, and mingling with song, came with the pleasant coolness like gusts from a fairy world. Here

and there a shore-light glimmered through the darkness, and the highlands were but just defined upon the sky above them, while, beneath the boldest height, and in the shadows of a seeming wilderness, lay, silent and unseen, the watchful monarch of all. I stood lofling upon the taffrail when the mate's voice startled me.

"Do you see it, captain?"

"See—" I looked in the direction he indicated, but discovered nothing unusual. He had evidently spoken before.

"A strange light for that latitude," he continued, still regarding his object. "A signal, I should say. And what's Don Sanchez at?"

Don Sanchez!—the name touched me to the quick. I had been his guest, and the favorite of the manor—his confidant, advocate, and even the betrothed of his only idol—the acknowledged belle of a dozen capitals, and the pride of all Brazil. Now I was an outcast, a butt for the planter's scorn, and a jeer for his very slaves. It was a mystery. A monk had appeared upon the scene in the midst of its glory, who, by some tact, or in virtue of his office, was at once established in the general good will. Thenceforth my star had declined, and in a week—only a week—I was but a grovelling thing, while he was all in all. The fault, however, was easily detected; but what motive the priest had I was at a loss to conceive. There was a dark, sinister meaning beneath his cowl, apparent to any impartial eye, and he courted the presence of the beautiful Bella with the eagerness of a cavalier; but his garb was proof against reproach, and I had contented myself with fruitless speculations. Of this was I certain—Bella was true in spite of "the mildewed ear."

"Quite on the bluff, is it not?" pursued the mate.

I looked again. A pale, green light shone from the black breast of land opposite the fort, on the most lonely limits of the don's domain. All about it was an unbroken gloom, with the ridge lengthening at the left into a silent void; but beneath it, and more at the right, the dim glare of the planter's halls shone from its vista, in the hills, while the clustering flambeaux, nearer the water's edge, defined the wakeful neighborhood of his slaves.

"Strange!" I muttered. "What can it mean?"

"That's a question. Between you and me, sir," he drew closer, and glanced cautiously about, "I believe that monk is the soul of

mischievous. I'd hang him for a *maravado*, and it would do him honor to swing him at yard-arm. I saw him last night, sir—this reminds me."

"What—who—the monk?" I cried, with agreeable surprise.

"Ay, sir, beneath that very bluff, too. A ship's boat was beached there, and he was in conference with a crew as fierce looking as Barbary pirates. Was not that suspicious?"

"Did they see you, Hal?"

"No, sir; and I watched them till they parted. It was quite dark, and I could not follow the boat's course. But old baldhead remained ashore."

Here, then, was a matter worthy of inspection. To my knowledge there was no craft but our own in port, though in that case a ship's boat, with a crew of foreigners, would have attracted but little attention. But the meeting, with its time and place, comprised an amount of mystery which it was impossible to overlook. Coupling this, too, with my own previous doubts, and then with the appearance of the strange light, a dreadful maze seemed the only possible result, where my own dearest hopes were lost amid the devil's handiwork. The monk, it appeared to me, was a plotting fiend; and Bella, my own betrothed, was his unconscious victim.

"Did you hear the conversation?" I asked.

"Not a word. It was very low."

"So much the worse. Don Sanchez was not there?"

"No, not a man that I knew except the priest."

I reflected a moment, and was struck with an idea that we might probe the matter. To do this, however, required caution in the outset, for I well knew that Bella was strictly guarded, and it was evident that our own motions were under a constant watch. My fears were all alive, and, to alleviate these, seemed worthy of trial, while a failure was the worst that could happen.

"Can we get ashore unobserved?" I asked.

"Try it, sir."

Hal understood me, and I knew that I could depend upon him.

"Have the boat manned and the oars muffled," said I. "Pick your crew."

He started to obey the injunction, and I went to my cabin to prepare for the experiment. Everything was conducted quickly and quietly, and when I returned to the deck, the boat was alongside, with the men already

at the oars. In a moment I was on board and at the helm; and beckoning the trusty mate to a seat beside me, I whispered a few words of counsel to the men, and put the prow to the point in question.

"The light has gone, Hal," I whispered as, while we gradually approached it, it suddenly disappeared.

"No, sir—you will see it presently—there's a bluff between us."

He was right; and the shadowy undulations of the shore were becoming visible in the gloom, with the familiar landmarks looming suddenly from their midst.

"See there, sir!" Hal suddenly exclaimed, as he seized my arm, and pointed at the same moment towards the mouth of the bay, where, in the shadows of the shore, a solitary light was seen precisely like that before us. There, all else was midnight blackness, and the object shone from our own level, and seemed, indeed, upon the water. "A boat, sir, I'll warrant!" he continued. "We may come to close quarters." And rising as he leaned forward to the men, he exclaimed, softly, "Long and steady! With a will, boys, with a will!"

The occasion was becoming momentous. My absolute and unconquerable love, my suspicions, the mystery that was gathering before us, all mingled into a perturbed chaos, that suffused and bewildered my mind. Even our own cautiousness seemed to inspire me with more concern; and the issue, remaining in a suspense that was worse to be borne than actual danger, seemed to resolve itself into the one entirety—neck or naught.

The men bent gallantly to their oars. The tall banana trees at the water's side came out in relief; voices from the land grew more and more distinct, and the light, streaming from an upland nook, threatened to reveal our presence. Discovery was failure, and in success was my all.

"Here's a beach ahead," the mate whispered, as he pointed to a small opening in the trees.

I had seen it, and settled the mode of procedure.

"Too exposed," I returned. "We must hide the boat in the bushes."

At the right was a curve in the shore, making a small bay, which, in fact, was a harbor to the don's dominions. Here were the boats of the plantation lying upon the beach, while a lawn opened beyond, which the slaves occupied with their dwellings. Between the two landings thus presented, a mass of

tangled vegetation skirted the water, and this I had fixed upon as a retreat. As the boat shot into the shadows, I turned her head towards the cove, in quest of a landing. A word above a whisper would have betrayed us; but we were silent, and not a sound came from the oar-locks, not a plash disturbed the water. Only the ripple at the prow was heaved to denote our best exertions. The objects of pursuit had disappeared, and we were drawing in upon the negroes' quarters, when we grounded the skiff in a bower of foliage, secure from observation.

In a moment more I was clambering up the steep, with Hal close at my heels. A new impulse had gained the mastery, and knowing that, by a short detour over the cliff, the slaves could be avoided, I pushed forward to creep upon the mansion, and gain an interview with Bella.

We soon reached the summit, and struck a path which I well knew, led on the one hand to that mysterious light, and on the other to the planter's door. The latter was distinctly visible; illuminating an open knoll, and my excited imagination already discovered there the idol of my soul; but all was silent, wondrously, fearfully silent. What could that mean? I had taken barely a step towards the house, when Hal suddenly brought me to the ground.

"Hark!"

A step was heard on the rock, and in a moment more, the dark outline of a man appeared, and moved towards us in the course we had taken. We were concealed in a cove of bushes, which his garment swept as he advanced; but I feared the strokes of my own heart when I recognized him as the monk. Here was proof enough that the signal was his. I hated him more than ever, and trembled with my frenzy. He passed us but a step, and I was upon his back like a blood-hound. Hal was true to his office, and beneath our united strength the wretch came to the ground, struggling the while like a madman.

"He must be kept here," said I, pressing his cowl into his mouth to prevent an outcry.

"Ay, ay, sir," said Hal; "the cliff—over with him!"

I shuddered. We were on a verge that was frightful; but Hal, with his own belt, had already bound the fellow's wrists; and, as the result of a second thought, he was thus to remain awhile, in charge of the mate, while I

made my visit to the mansion. In furtherance of this, I looked upon the priest's robe as an excellent disguise, and proceeded forthwith to appropriate it for that use; but beneath this sheep's clothing was a wolf, whose true character we had little suspected. He was armed to the teeth!

A chill went to my heart as I realized the truth, and I started back only the more disturbed, as Hal, with a nervous hold upon my arm, and pale with a sailor's dread, gasped:

"Pirate!"

A thought of my good craft in the offing—of the boat, too, upon the shore, both at the mercy of such fiends—flashed to my mind; but the emergency made me desperate. My love was uppermost, and without a word to my friend, without another glance at the captive, I drew the cask round me, and plunged off to the rescue.

The planter's door was ajar, and I was upon the threshold. The room was brilliantly lighted, and had, apparently been very recently occupied; but now not a soul was to be seen or heard. Was this part of the pirate's plan? I crept on and crossed the floor. Another door, a corridor, then Bella's own retreat—how well I knew the way! I softly opened the door of her room. A taper, which had burned to the socket, gave but just light enough to reveal the walls, and against one, the light, gauze-like drapery of the dark cushions betrayed the presence I so anxiously sought.

"Bella!"

There was no answer. I wanted none. In the face of so much danger, why should I dally for words? One kiss upon her warm lips—she was more like an angel in her sleep, so innocent and fair—one maddening kiss, and I raised her in my arms and flew from the house.

It was but a step to the coffee-patch, then the orange grove, and a little further I was at the top of the hill. A figure lay stretched upon the rock. He had been disarmed to equip another, who, sitting upon him, held a pistol pressed upon his head.

"Is it you, captain? All safe?"

"Is he fast, Hal?"

"Ay, ay, sir. Good for an hour, I'll warrant."

"Quick, then, for your life!"

It was impossible, with our burden, to return by the way we had come. The only safe course was by the path, to a point on the shore beyond the beach, then round the base

of the bluff back to our landing. This we followed, my fair charge never so light, and as unconscious as death could have made her.

We reached the gap, in the trees, to which Hal had alluded when in the boat, and were within a minute's walk from our skiff, when a low voice in Spanish, close by, brought me suddenly to a stand.

"Toes her aboard, sir—all ready!"

Beside me was a boat, with the men lying upon their oars, while one tall figure stood in the prow, whose character it was impossible to mistake. The cascock which I wore deceived them, but my heart sank within me.

"Hush—wait a moment!" I hurriedly whispered in the same tongue, hardly knowing what I said. In an instant more I had passed them.

"Quick!" Hal whispered, still at my side.

"Quick, sir, they are coming!"

"Steady—be prepared."

A step sounded behind us. I sprang into the thicket, and fell, rather than stepped, among our men. In a second we were clear of the shore.

"Now, lads, pull for your lives!" I exclaimed, as I sunk with my burden, and Hal seized the tiller.

The oars struck with a will, and the craft started like a swan. A light in the offing marked our course. Our enemies were more advanced, but the start promised us the advantage. Suddenly, however, their dark hull loomed up before us, as it darted from the shore in an effort to cut our course.

"Bravely, lads, give way!" I cried. "Pass them, and we are safe."

The men had discovered their neighbors, and they well knew the importance of the moment. The oars bent like reeds, and we moved through the swash with a speed that might have mocked pursuit. The pirate could but see that his only chance of conquest lay in his crossing our bow, and he sprung every nerve to the effort. He was equal to the chase, and we had diverged from our course to avoid him.

"We are losing, Hal. He is turning us from the brig."

"Shall I plink an oar, sir?" and he raised his pistol.

"Not yet," said I, shuddering at the thought of bloodshed. "They fear to create an alarm, and we may pass them at a close rub. Steady, now. Pull men, pull!"

The boat almost leaped from the water, and

we verged nearer to our pursuers. One moment was to settle the issue. Bella was still sleeping in my arms—soundly, boundly—I could not account for it. I finished as a pistol, and determined the cost of capture.

"Fire, Hal, don't let them grapple."

We fired simultaneously, but another report mingled with the echoes, and poor Hal fell senseless to the bottom of the boat. The pirate dropped off. We had shot ahead and were safe.

In a week our brig was at sea, and I stood, one evening, at the mate's bedside.

"You will be up in a few days, my good fellow."

"Yes, sir. But I am anxious. How did the chase end?"

"They were taken—caught napping in a little out-of-the-way cove. Bella was missed, too, at home, a search was instituted, the Father Baldhead was found, and our pistols gave a clue for pursuit. The old don was in ecstasies when all was known, and here is the reward he gave me—Bella, my wife."

Hal pressed my lady's hand to his lips, and remarked to me, with a proud light in his eyes

"It was my shot that took the prize."

### GIANT VEGETABLES.

Cabbages weighing fifteen pounds are wonders in the New York market; in San Francisco they are common. Whole fields of cabbage heads weighing twenty pounds each have been grown; and hard, solid heads, with no loose leaves, weighing forty-five and fifty-three pounds each are on record. One cabbage, which did not make a head, grew to be seven feet wide, throwing out leaves three and a half feet long on each side. In many cases the cabbage has been converted into a perennial, evergreen, tree-like plant, by preventing it from going to seed. Several of these are now growing in the State, with stalks from two to six feet high, and a foliage that grows through winter and summer. In 1857 one squash vine on the ranch of James Simmons, in Yuba county, produced one hundred and thirty squashes, weighing in all twenty-six hundred and four pounds! In the same year J. Q. A. Ballou, at San Jose, grew two squashes weighing two hundred and ten and two hundred and four pounds respectively.

### THE FLOWERS AND THE STARS.

Flowers of the sky, ye, too, to age must yield,  
Faint as your liken sisters of the field!

DARWIN.



[ORIGINAL.]

## ALICE DEANE.

## A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

FIFTEEN or twenty years after the Pilgrim fathers landed on Plymouth rock, a house constructed of hewn logs, and larger and more convenient than most dwellings of that description, was situated in a clearing made at the entrance of an extensive forest. The ground around where the house stood had been carefully smoothed, and it was now covered with short, thick grass of a deep verdure. A few magnificent oaks had been left, that they might throw their shade over the humble dwelling, while wild rose-bushes and wild grape-vines concealed with their green drapery the unsightly logs.

It was a bright June morning, and the slant beams of the sun streaming through the openings of the forest, lit up with dusky gold the huge trunks of the old trees, and shed a flickering light among the boughs as they swayed and undulated to the freshening breeze. Music too was there—those choral strains which ever, like spirit voices, steal through the dim and leafy aisles of the forest, and which were now occasionally mingled with clear and thrilling gushes of melody from the blue-bird, the thrush, and above all the mocking-bird.

At the extremity of one of those sweet glades where violets love to nestle among the gnarled roots of some giant oak, and where clusters of white blooms, like handfuls of pearls, lie among the wood-moss, stood two young girls, Edith Delaney and Alice Deane. Edith could not have been more than eighteen or nineteen, and Alice appeared to be at least two years younger. The home of Edith was in Virginia, or, as it was then called, the Old Dominion, and she was now on a visit to Alice, who was a distant relation. This accounted for the richness of her attire, which, though it accorded with the gorgeous beauty of the surrounding scenery, might have seemed out of place for an inhabitant of the rustic dwellings which stood near.

The dress of Alice afforded a perfect contrast to Edith's, though not greater than that presented by her different style of beauty. Edith was tall, with a clear, dark complexion, dark eyes, and an abundance of rich, jetty hair, which, while in her present rural retreat, she suffered to fall in ringlets, free from pow-

der, or the restraints imposed by fashion. Her features were regular and of antique cast, and her lips of that rich red, suited to a complexion like hers, and which, when she spoke or smiled, revealed teeth perfectly even and of pearl-like brilliancy.

The form of Alice, on the contrary, was a little below the middling stature, and of that symmetry and airy lightness which has often been distinguished by the appellation of sylph-like, while her complexion was of that snowy and transparent whiteness, which reveals the delicate tracery of the blue veins on the temples, and is so prompt to flush at any sudden emotion of the mind. A profusion of brown hair, over which, now and then, a sunbeam which chanced to find an opening in the foliage, threw a tinge of gold, fell over her neck and shoulders, a freedom to which it was not accustomed, as might have been inferred from a little cap of transparent lawn which hung fluttering at the extremity of a maple bough. She had just finished weaving a kind of coronal of green leaves and snow-white blossoms, which she playfully placed upon the head of Edith.

"There," said she, "I crown you queen of this sylvan recess."

"And I," said a young man, who suddenly emerged from behind a clump of trees which had prevented them from seeing his approach, "will be the first to do her homage," and as he spoke he gracefully knelt before her on one knee, and kissed the hand, which, with an air of assumed dignity, she extended towards him for that purpose.

Alice drew back a little, for to her he was an entire stranger, while Edith, the moment he had performed the mock ceremony alluded to, and he had risen to his feet, said to him:

"This is an unexpected pleasure, cousin Wilfred. When did you arrive?"

"Scarcely fifteen minutes since. I have only had time to exchange my travel-soiled garments for some a little cleaner and more comfortable, which a woman I saw at the house in a black silk cap, or hood, gave me to understand she thought quite an unnecessary piece of extravagance, and then I set forth in search of you."

Edith now introduced him to Alice as Wilfred Delaney, a cousin whom she had frequently heard her mention.

Instead of her cousin, he might, by a stranger, have been taken for her brother. There was the same dark hair and eyes; the same antique mould of features, the same expres-

sion of countenance. Each of these characteristics, however, which as belonging to her bore the impress of extreme delicacy, in him assumed a bolder and more decided cast, fully sufficient to exempt them from any imputation of effeminacy. At this moment, a few clear, trumpet-like notes resounded through the glade.

"What martial sounds are those?" inquired Wilfred.

"They are notes," replied Alice, "which Dame Thankful Crossman, the woman you saw in the black hood, has the art of eliciting from a large sea-shell, and which, far from being meant as a warlike summons, are merely intended to announce that dinner is ready, which to you, after your long ride, I think will not be unwelcome."

"By no means," said he, "and I am moreover pleased with the manner of the announcement, which appears to me to be quite poetical, and had I not unfortunately had a sight of Dame Thankful, imagination might have assigned to her the beauty as well as the shell of a Nereid."

"I warn you," said Edith, "if you would secure her good opinion, not a hint, when in her presence, that you delight in anything that is either grateful or beautiful. I should like to know what she thinks flowers were made for, or why the plumage of birds is so brilliant and so varied. Even these bright curls that adorn the head of Alice so offend Dame Thankful's eye, that she is obliged to hide them beneath a cap. But thanks to the curls, they are rebellious, if Alice is not, and will occasionally break from their bondage and wave and dance so joyously as to greatly elongate Dame Thankful's visage."

"Many allowances should be made for her," said Alice. "She left a pleasant English home to brave the hardships and privations of an abode in the wilderness, so my grandmother has often told me, at a time of life when it is hard to break up old habits and form new ones, and she is not of a disposition to delight in seeing others walk upon roses, when her own path has been so thickly strewn with thorns. My grandmother, the only mother I ever knew, for both of my parents died when I was too young to know my loss, is very different from Dame Thankful. Though this country ever has been, and must ever remain, a place of exile to her, she delights in making those around her happy. She brought her English tastes with her, and, sometimes she is very sad when she thinks of the sweet

cottage where she hoped to spend her days, and of the flowers she loved to tend."

Alice did not speak of her grandfather. She stood in too much awe of him to love him as she did her grandmother, for, as has been truly said, "perfect love casteth out fear." He countenanced none but the most austere domestic habits, and his religious feelings were not only solemn but gloomy. Hence he was not, any more than Dame Thankful, disposed to tolerate what he denominated the vanities of dress or an inordinate zeal for the world.

When the young people arrived at the house, they found that the frugal fare prepared for the noontide meal was already upon the table. Mr. Deane had seen and welcomed Wilfred when he first arrived, and he now stood with his clasped hands resting upon the back of his chair, which was placed at the head of the table beside his wife's, ready to say grace. Before it was finished, however, it partook of the qualities of a prayer, and he earnestly entreated that they might be delivered from pride and a spirit of contention. These elicited no response from Dame Thankful, but when he went on to desire that they might be enabled to eschew all worldly vanities, more especially a love of dress, the besetting sin of youth, she could not suppress a murmur of approbation.

They had hardly commenced their meal, when the sound of a horse's feet was heard upon the green sward. The face of Alice, who caught a glimpse of the rider through the open window, suddenly crimsoned, and then turned deadly pale. Her grandfather also perceived who it was, and remarked to his wife that their well-beloved Uriah Holbrook had arrived. The countenance of Mrs. Deane expressed uneasiness instead of pleasure at this information, while, on the contrary, something bearing the semblance of a smile, flitted over the pale face of Dame Thankful.

"Uriah is a precious youth," she remarked, "and he, no doubt, will bring a blessing to the roof that gives him shelter."

In a minute or two Uriah Holbrook entered, and removing from his head a heavy felt hat with a high, steeple crown, and broad, flapping brim, he placed it on a side bench beside Wilfred's gold faced beaver. The hats did not form a more striking contrast than their owners.

The complexion of Uriah was sallow, bordering on the cadaverous, and his black hair of that lank, unelastic kind, which inclines to fall in stringy rather than wavy locks about

the forehead. A slight stoop of the shoulders, by throwing his head a little forward, had the effect to exaggerate the cunning, prying look of his features, which, particularly when seen in profile, were of a disagreeable sharpness and prominence. A small, but keen and restless gray eye, completed a physiognomy, which served greatly to enhance the frank and manly beauty of Wilfred, as they sat side by side at the table.

It was evident by the gloomy glances which Uriah occasionally directed towards Wilfred that he regarded him with little favor. He even took occasion to condemn in a very indiscriminate manner all who wore so val as to wear gold or silver lace on their apparel, ruffles on their shirt bosoms or over their hands, or buckles of precious metals in their shoes, not forgetting those who were so foolish as to imagine sword-knots were desirable, or anything gayer than a strip of leather for a sword-belt. Many a searching though stealthy look he likewise directed towards Alice; but if this was done for the purpose of detecting her in looking at Wilfred, his labor was lost, for except a few times when she spoke to Edith, she studiously avoided raising her eyes during the meal.

After dinner Uriah sought an opportunity to speak with Alice apart. This she so carefully avoided, as to defeat his intention, and drew on her the reproof of Dame Crossman.

"You are," said she, "a stubborn, self-willed girl. I am sorry to say it, for Esther Miles, your mother, was my friend, both before and after her marriage with Elias Deane, your father, and it would be a sore trial to her, were she now alive, to see you shut your heart against such a precious youth as Uriah Holbrook, and suffer yourself to be ensnared so speedily by one who is given up to worldly vanities."

"It is not so," replied Alice. "I disliked Uriah Holbrook when I was a child, and since he has commenced urging me to accept of him as a suitor, he has become absolutely hateful to me. This is not because I am stubborn or wayward, but because by a more careful study of his character, I am able to discern more fully his deep hypocrisy and cunning."

Dame Thankful held up her hands in utter astonishment.

"I rejoice that your mother is spared the hearing of such words from the mouth of her child," said she, as soon as she was able to articulate. "Uriah Holbrook was almost as dear to her as you were."

"Were my mother alive," said Alice, "love for her child would make her clear-sighted as respects those dark shades in his character to which you and my grandfather are blind. Grandmother has long distrusted him."

"And has she also turned against him?"

"No, she has not turned against him. She is too good and too mild to be otherwise than a well-wisher to any person. She only wishes that there may be time to prove or disprove her fears, before I am compelled to sacrifice my happiness forever."

While Alice and Dame Thankful were thus engaged in conversation respecting Uriah Holbrook, Edith Delancy and her cousin, as they sat together in the shade of an oak, were speaking of Alice.

"I am half a mind to quarrel with you," said Wilfred, "for not giving me a more particular description of this sweet rose of the wilderness. I have wasted a fortnight hunting with Ned Whitworth, when I should have enjoyed myself twice as well here."

"My reason for not endeavoring to entice you hither by giving you a description of her," said Edith, "is because it is already arranged for her to marry this 'precious youth,' as Dame Thankful calls him."

"A precious scoundrel, rather," said Wilfred, "that is, if I have any art in reading human countenances. I am surprised that Mr. Deane, who is certainly a man of good sense, though he may have a little too much enthusiasm, does not suspect him merely from his overacting his part."

"The partiality that Mr. Deane feels for him," said Edith, "is, I believe, partly owing to the warm friendship which subsisted between the parents of Alice and those of Holbrook, who often discussed among themselves the probability that a marriage might take place between their children. Hence the feelings with which he regards the son, by being associated with recollections of the dead, have assumed a kind of sacred character."

"And is it possible that Alice will marry Holbrook?"

"I hope not, though if I had not come, I don't know what might have been accomplished by the united remonstrances and persuasions of her grandfather, Dame Thankful and the lover himself. Her grandmother has not joined them, though she has scarcely ventured to do more than to remain on neutral ground. She suspects that Holbrook is a hypocrite."

"I liked Mrs. Deane the moment I saw her,"

said Wilfred, "and I shall now honor her for her good sense and discernment."

Holbrook, who for a week or more avoided Wilfred, and scarcely spoke to him when by necessity they were brought together, all at once changed his demeanor. He had been in the habit of taking long and solitary walks, and sometimes, taking some rude fishing tackle belonging to Mr. Deane, he would follow up a trout stream. The rivulet or brook as it was commonly called, after quietly circling through a meadow, was suddenly impeded by a mass of rocks over which it foamed and raged with noisy impetuosity. From this point the channel of the stream cut through two rocky embankments, that gradually rose to the height of sixty or seventy feet, where they approximated so nearly to each other that the trunk of a pine tree had been thrown across, forming a foot-bridge sufficiently safe and commodious. The sullen rush of the stream could be heard by a person standing on the bridge, but a sunbeam never brightened its dark waters.

After crossing the bridge, an abrupt and broken path led to a glen, that sweeping away with a graceful curve lost itself among the hills. It was a spot of rare loveliness, presenting an intermingling of the wild with the beautiful, spread out with a lavish hand. Here the stream, as if rejoiced to see the sunshine, after dashing over a rocky barrier, throwing wreaths of foam upon the hazels and birches that grew near, glided merrily on, breaking into bright sparkles around obstructing rocks, or wandering away into little dreamy-looking pools, to sleep in the light shadows thrown over them by the wild shrubbery and flowers that grew on their borders. It was to this spot that Holbrook daily wandered, much to the annoyance of Edith and Alice, as it was their favorite place of resort. Yet, although he took a fishing-rod with him, he must have been an unskilful angler, as he generally returned as empty-handed as he went.

As already mentioned, he suddenly became inclined to be less distant and reserved than he had at first, in his demeanor towards Wilfred, who, possessing too much urbanity to repel his advances, an interchange of civilities, such as politeness demands from those who dwell beneath the same roof, was soon established between them. It was not long before Holbrook went so far as to invite him to join him in one of his fishing excursions. Wilfred consented, though he did not profess to be, as

Izaak Walton expresses it, "a brother of the angle." On the whole, however, he could think of no pleasanter mode of spending an hour, for the time chosen by Holbrook being when Alice was engaged in performing her part of the household labor, although it was a pleasure to watch her, as with springy steps she glanced from place to place, Wilfred knew that it would be useless to think of having her company. That of his cousin, also, was quite as much out of the question, she, for certain good reasons, being determined to become initiated into the mysteries of making tarts of green blueberries and of preserving wild strawberries, to say nothing of the art of compounding and baking an Indian pudding, so that when turned into the dish it would be encircled with a rim of whey of the color and transparence of amber. Though Wilfred neither was, nor professed to be, a skilful angler, he proved much more successful than Uriah, so that a few trout cooked upon a gridiron, and pronounced a dainty dish, even by Dame Thankful, who was not, to use her own language, given to lauding creature comforts, were almost daily upon the table. One day, Holbrook, who as he left the house, requested Dame Thankful to tell Wilfred that as he should be back in an hour, he hoped he would not go on his usual fishing excursion without him, turned in a direction opposite to that which led to the trout stream.

As Wilfred was engaged in writing letters, he would, setting aside Holbrook's request, have remained where he was; but Alice and Edith were determined to embrace so good an opportunity of re-visiting their favorite glen. They had a great deal to say to each other, as most girls of their age have when a third person is not present, that caused them to linger by the way. They had arrived at a spot where through an opening in a coppice they could see the rustic bridge which has been described. Suddenly Alice made a sign to Edith to be silent, for with his back towards them, and crouching upon the ground close to the end of the bridge resting on the embankment nearest them, she saw a person, who, as near as she could judge on account of the distance, and owing to his attitude, the imperfect view she could obtain of him, had the appearance of Holbrook. Edith, whom she told in a whisper what she thought, was of the same opinion, while each was at a loss to imagine what he could be doing.

That they might the better satisfy themselves, they crept cautiously towards the spot,

keeping themselves screened by the trees and bushes. They succeeded in approaching so near that no doubt remained as to the identity of the person thus singularly situated. It was certainly Holbrook, and his steeple-crown hat, also his coat, that probably impeded him in the performance of whatever he was engaged in, were lying on the turf at a short distance. Now and then they heard a noise that sounded like the sullen plunge of a rock into the water below, and it was a full half hour before he discontinued his strange employment. After that time he rose and walked towards the spot where he had left his hat and coat. He had not more than half reached it, however, before he turned, and again approaching the bridge, bent down so as to command a view beneath it. He took a long and searching look, and the result appeared to be satisfactory, for he rose and again approaching the place where he had deposited his hat and coat, he hastily put them on, looked carefully around as if to assure himself that no person was in sight, and then walked precipitately away, following a circuitous path that would enable him to approach the house at the point where he left it.

The curiosity of Edith and Alice was, very naturally, much excited, and after waiting till they no longer could catch an occasional glimpse of him through the trees, they proceeded to the spot to ascertain, if possible, the nature of the strange labor that had induced him to resort to subterfuge, that he might perform it in secret.

The first cursory examination revealed nothing, but Alice, by kneeling close to the verge of the embankment and bending forward, in the meantime sustaining herself by firmly grasping a sapling that grew near, perceived that the ground which supported that end of the bridge was almost entirely undermined, merely an inch or two of earth being left, which was held together by the firmness of the green sward by which it was covered. The bridge itself was kept from sinking by the limb of a tree, placed in such a manner as to serve as a prop. A slight blow must have removed this frail support, or perhaps even the weight or jar of a person in crossing it, might have sufficed for that purpose.

Alice, the moment she had made this discovery, hastened to remove from what she now became aware was a most perilous situation, for the rocks and the roots of trees and shrubs, supporting the embankment, had been so much loosened by the contiguous excava-

tion, that she felt the ground tremble beneath her weight.

That this trap which Holbrook had so warily prepared, was designed for Wilfred, they could entertain no doubt, from the circumstance of his having delayed its preparation almost up to the time, when, according to the custom established by tacit consent, they had gone together on their fishing excursion. The time, which, as has already been mentioned, was particularly agreeable to Wilfred, because he could not, on account of those household duties which she never neglected, hope for the society of Alice, was gladly acquiesced in by Holbrook, from its being likely to afford favorable opportunities for the accomplishment of his base design.

The first emotions of Alice and Edith, when satisfied as to the object of Holbrook, were those of lively thankfulness and joy at having discovered it in season to prevent its accomplishment. These were succeeded by feelings of alarm and apprehension, when they reflected, that, according to the time which had already elapsed since the departure of Holbrook, he might even then be returning, accompanied by Wilfred. They were unable to decide what would be best for them to do. At any rate, they could not hope to be able to return to the house in season to make known to Wilfred the treacherous intention of Holbrook. The sight of them near the spot, they were afraid would awaken the suspicion of the latter, yet to remain appeared to be the best thing on which they could decide. Happily, they were not compelled long to endure this harassing state of uncertainty, they being warned by the sound of voices of the young men's approach.

"I think we had better go and meet them," said Alice.

"I tremble so that I can hardly walk," said Edith, "yet it will be better than to wait here."

When they arrived within a distance which enabled them to observe the countenance of Holbrook, they perceived that it was even more cadaverous than usual, though his eyes, always keen and restless, sparkled with uncommon intensity. He gave a perceptible start when he saw them, while Alice, who seemed suddenly restored to her self-possession, remarked, that being unexpectedly at leisure, she and Edith had walked out for the purpose of visiting their favorite glen. Holbrook was evidently disconcerted, but only for the moment.



"We had better go forward," said he to Wilfred, "and convey our fishing-tackle across the bridge, and then return and assist the young women."

"I, for my part, need no assistance," said Alice. "I have crossed the bridge hundreds of times, when no person was within call, when if my foot had slipped, I should have found a bed too deep and dark for mortal eye to penetrate."

As she finished speaking, she sprang lightly forward, as if with the intention of crossing it. Holbrook, who with great vehemence called upon her to stop, was at her side before she reached it, and seizing her somewhat roughly by the arm, drew her back.

"You must not cross without help," said he, "the bridge is slippery. Let him go first."

"Yes," said Wilfred, who had lingered a little to listen to something that Edith had to tell him, "yes, I will cross first, but after what Miss Deane has said of the depth and darkness beneath, before I venture upon the bridge, I shall satisfy myself as to its safety."

"How can it be otherwise than safe?" said Holbrook. "Have you not crossed it every day for a week past?"

"True, yet there can be no harm in assuring myself that it is safe, and fortunately here is something exactly adapted to my purpose."

As he spoke, he seized a dry pine pole that Holbrook had placed near, so that if the weight of his intended victim was insufficient to cause the prop to give way, he could have the means of displacing it.

Wilfred approached the bridge within what he concluded would be a safe distance, and with a vigorous and well-aimed blow struck it near the end in a lateral direction. The prop at once flew out, and the bridge, after wavering a few seconds, ere the tenacious fibres of the turf were rent asunder, fell with a heavy lumbering sound into the dark channel beneath.

"It shall not avail you!" exclaimed Holbrook, his face flushing purple and the swollen veins of his forehead and temples deepening to a still darker hue.

These few words muttered with clenched teeth were drowned by the report of a pistol, and Wilfred fell.

"A living dog is better than a dead lion," said Holbrook, addressing Alice, "and may you live to prove the truth of it."

With these words he walked deliberately away. But Alice heeded him not. She and Edith were kneeling by the side of Wilfred. Their alarm, however, soon subsided, for the

ball having merely grazed his temple, he soon began to revive. In a short time they were able to return to the house.

They found that Holbrook had been gone about fifteen minutes; and Dame Thankful was still lamenting the departure of the "precious youth," who, she said, "took his port-manteau with him, and said it would be a long time before he should again visit them." Yet even she, when informed of his murderous intention, was forced to confess, though very reluctantly, that she had been deceived in him, while Mr. Deane became convinced that there may be a great deal of profession with little or no principle. Strange as it may appear, this very plain and simple inference had never occurred to him before, and the reflections that it now produced were eminently favorable to Wilfred. His cheerfulness no longer appeared to him to be levity, and his garments being ornamented with a few yards of gold lace, excited less disapprobation when he reflected how base a heart may beat beneath a brown serge doublet.

Mr. Deane's heart, thus warmed and softened towards his young guest, was in a fitting state to cast loose its prejudices, and to receive in their stead those favorable impressions richly deserved by his many good and noble qualities.

Soon afterwards, Wilfred ventured to request Mr. Deane's leave to address Alice as a suitor. His consent was freely granted; as to that of Alice, he probably had a comfortable assurance that it might be obtained before he ventured on so important a step.

Three months from that time, in the glade where Wilfred and Alice first met, they stood together under a canopy formed by training some wild grape-vines, now loaded with clusters of purple fruit, from bough to bough of some trees convenient for the purpose. Mr. and Mrs. Deane, Dame Thankful, and a few friends from a distance sat together on a rustic bench.

Edith and a young man every way worthy of her, and to whom she had long been betrothed, were also present, and stood with the young couple beneath the leafy canopy, during the performance of the marriage ceremony.

The words of the clergyman, pronounced in clear, distinct accents, seemed doubly impressive as they blended with the deep-toned murmur of the forest, and the few stanzas appropriate to the occasion that closed the ceremonial, as sung by the united voices of the bridal party, assumed all the majesty and solemnity

of a cathedral hymn, as the notes rose and floated away over the forest-top, or down its long dreamy aisles, till they were gradually lost in the distance.

### THE PREACHER AND THE ROBBERS.

A Methodist preacher many years ago was journeying to a village where he was to dispense the word of life, according to the usual routine of his duty, and was stopped on his way by three robbers. One of them seized his bridle reins, another presented a pistol and demanded his money, and the third was a mere looker-on. The grave and devout man looked each and all of them in the face, and with great gravity and seriousness said:

"Friends, did you pray to God before you left home? Did you ask God to bless you in your undertakings to-day?"

The question startled them for a moment. Recovering themselves, one said:

"We have no time to answer such questions—we want your money."

"I am a poor preacher of the gospel," was the reply; "but what little money I have shall be given to you."

A few shillings was all he had to give.

"Have you not a watch?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, give it to us."

In taking the watch from his pocket, his saddle-bags were displayed.

"What have you here?" was the question again.

"I cannot say I have nothing in them but religious books, because I have a pair of shoes and a change of linen also."

"We must have them."

The preacher dismounted. The saddle-bags were taken possession of, and no further demand made. Instantly the preacher began to unbutton his great coat, and to throw it off his shoulders, at the same time asking:

"Will you have my great coat?"

"No," was the reply; "you are a generous man, and we will not take it."

He then addressed them as follows:

"I have given you everything you asked for, and would have given you more than you asked for. I have one favor to ask of you."

"What is that?"

"That you kneel down and allow me to pray to Almighty God in your behalf—to ask him to turn your hearts, and put you in the right way."

"I'll have nothing to do with the man's things," said the ring-leader of them.

"Nor I either," said another of them. "Here, take your watch, take your money, take your saddle-bags. If we have anything to do with you, the judgment of God will overtake us."

So each article was returned. That, however, did not satisfy the minister; he urged prayer upon them. He knelt down; one of the robbers knelt with him; one prayed, the other wept, confessed his sin, said it was the first time in his life that he had done such a thing, and it should be the last. How far he kept his word is known only to him to whom the darkness and light are equally alike—to him whose eyes try the children of men.

### A GLOOMY BRIDAL.

We have heard of some dark scenes, but rarely encountered anything so utterly deficient in sunshine and whitewash as the following. It reads like a yard of crape: Gloom was upon her countenance and upon his. The man whose holy office was to unite them in bonds never to be torn asunder, stood like an executioner before the bride and bridegroom, and they—the pair waiting to be blessed—bent down their heads like criminals before him. In vain might the eye wander around the assembly in search of sunshine upon a single countenance; all was dreary black—and assistants as well as attendants at the ceremony were alike shrouded in one dark overshadowing pall of rayless gloom. Ah, joyful should ever be the linking of young hearts together, and terrible must be the feelings of those around whom the shadows of fate are gathering, even at the threshold, which should blaze in all their gorgeous coloring of hope and promise. Yet, the same sombre shade, the same gloom of hue, the depth of darkness, was seated upon every feature. No sudden blushing of the rose, no swift succeeding of the lily, no fitful changes telling of youthful passion, and warm, bright hope, were seen in that bride's cheek; but one unvarying shade of funeral possessed the bride, possessed the groom, possessed the preacher—in fact, they were all possessed. Reader, they were Timbuctoo darkies!—*New York Picayune.*

### JOY.

They,  
Rapt in sweet talk or lively, all on low,  
And sport, and tilt, and pleasure (for the time  
Was Maytime, and as yet no sin was dreamed,  
Nodded under groves that looked a paradise  
Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth,  
That seemed the heavens upbreking through the  
earth.

Tennyson.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO MY DEAR YOUNG WIFE.

BY N. B.

A mariner sailed o'er an ocean wide,  
In search of a beautiful isle;  
He wearily wight, and heavily sighed,  
As he sought it in vain the while.  
But onward he kept, with hope for his guide,  
And sails spread on his bending mast,  
Till the isle was seen, and he proudly cried,  
It is found—it is found at last!

Another one gazed at the starry sky,  
In search of a bright planet there;  
And long he looked, with a quivering eye,  
Up through the blue regions of air;  
But the clouds were between, the star was veiled,  
Throbb'd his heavy heart wild and fast;  
But the clouds went by, the planet he hailed,  
And he cried—it is found at last!

A poor poet lived in this winter world—  
His lot was a sad one and lone;  
His fate was dark, and his banners were furled,  
His dearest hopes were all—*all* gone.  
But he raised his eyes from a reverie—  
An angel form went floating past;  
And his soul grew warm, and his heart beat high,  
While he cried—she is found at last!

[ORIGINAL.]

## MY LOUISE.

A LOUISE STANLEY.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"She was a lady, my Louise;  
I was a poet, poor and proud;  
She was cradled in queenly ease,  
At my door Poverty called aloud."

ONLY *forty-two* years, yet I had lost the "fresh feel of life." I was a poet; perhaps this accounts for it. I think it does. My strong sympathies received the experiences of others, and I lived in their lives, while the years of my own staged far behind. I travelled far, far on paths with others which my feet had never touched. I felt their hopes, their disappointments, their surprises, their collapses. And I went on searching for the end, before my own life had ever known the beginning. So I grew to believing unconsciously that I knew life by experience. Love, and love's ways and delights, seemed an old story to me before I had ever been in love. I began to doubt my faiths—to find them slipping from my hold like dreams, because I thought I had proved them false, and they were only a

mockery. So I held them so carelessly that they slipped from my sight; and at twenty-four I found myself aimless, uncertain, and half-disheartened of life. It had lost its savor for me.

I had an invitation to visit Oakley—the country seat of the Howes. Mr. Howe had published my first book. I began to think it was the last, for how could I write of life and love, when they seemed to lay heavily on my hands, lacking all vitalization? He had said to me:

"Clyde, go out to Oakley this summer and see my family. It's a fine place, if I do say it, and the air will do you good. I am sorry to say you don't write as well as you did. You need a little wholesome exercise, I think. Go out, boy, go out! Mrs. Howe and my daughter have read your book, and will be delighted to see you."

He was a hale, hearty, hospitable old fellow; his kind cordiality moved my placid heart a little. I smiled slightly, thanked him, and said I would go some time. I did not believe I should, though.

The spring had come and gone, but it had brought me no inspiration. The stagnant pool of life I lay in was not rippled by the south breezes, and the sunshine only made it warm and flat. The June days, that are so golden and sweet in the country, were only harbingers of exhausting heat in the city. Yet I did not wish to go to the country. I could not see that it had any charms. I could not see happiness anywhere.

But I found out what all this meant when I lost my appetite, and grew pale and weak. I was ill—worn by nervous disorders. I should not have cared if I had died, but I had a half-devised, dumb sense that it was my duty to save myself, if I could; so I went to Oakley in cherry time.

I shall always remember that it was cherry time. Louise Howe came from the garden at her father's call, wearing a gray dress of some gauzy material, with a twig of cherries, ruby red in green leaves, fastened low on her brow. She was slender and graceful, with smooth, dark hair, and a pure, pale, oval face. Her mouth was red—as red as the cherries—and made me think of the comparison, "milk and wine," when she smiled it away from her white teeth.

"Did you call me, father?" she said, looking up at him with winning eyes, the color of which I could not tell.

"Yes, Louise. This is our friend, Mr.

Olyde; he is sick, and I want you to prescribe for him. Can you cure him in six weeks, do you think?"

She was evidently her father's darling; he looked at her fondly. Her soft, white hand was in mine.

"I will try," she said.

I had been over that scene—the first meeting of a man with the woman he is to love—a hundred times, yet I failed to recognize it. Miss Louise was a pretty lady. I looked at her with gloomy, indifferent eyes.

I lived in a kind of brute apathy for a week. They were all very kind to me, but I did not feel it. I could not have been grateful to save my life. I seemed to be dead, only that I ate and slept.

I began to wonder what Louise Howe thought of me, at last. I began to watch her as she glided about the house, almost always in gray, with something crimson, a coral pin or a rose-bud, at her bosom. She came and sat near me sometimes, but I think I hated her, for I could not talk. Yet she listened respectfully to my monosyllables, and smiled sweetly with a gentle smile, that had a touch of gravity in it. I watched her a great deal. There was such a soft coqueness about her face—such a rare, sweet repose in her manner.

There were a few guests at the house when I arrived; it was soon thronged. The house became very lively. I was drawn into the whirlpool of gaiety—I, with my pale, cold face, and misanthropic heart! I did not make the discovery that I was happy, but I was. I began to live my life, instead of taking it passively. I gave my mind to the trifles of the day, and found they satisfied better than tragedies. No, I did not find it—I felt it.

I was late at breakfast one morning. A party of us had spent the day at an island at some distance from the shore of a neighboring lake, and I had wasted myself at rowing home, and slept late next morning. The party broke into song as we came over the water—the measure of their chorded voices pulsing the still air. From song to song they went; the music rose and fell, and died away and rose again. A pain crept into my heart. I did not know why. The scene seemed a pause in the midst of our summer's revelry. Louise Howe did not sing, yet I knew her voice to be the sweetest and clearest of any there. She leaned back where she lay among the cushions, her head on her hand, her loose sleeves falling away from her white arm. I could see her eyes, bright and grave, looking

far out across the water; her cheek was very pale in the moonlight, which was reflected in the gloss of her dark hair. She did not move or speak for a long time. And through the water, under the moonlight, our freight of music and human life came ashore at last on the white sands.

When I entered the breakfast-room, there were only two persons at the table—Louise Howe and Waverly West, a young artist, talented and poor as myself. But he was not like myself; he lived to excess when he was able; he squandered the large price of a picture in one night. I knew where he got his models of women—so handsome and sensual. Louise Howe had told me that she did not like his pictures. He, Waverly West, was in love with her; no one knew it but myself, unless she did. I wondered sometimes if she did. It was my belief that he would be a good man, if she married him.

I saw in Louise Howe that morning, for the first time, a shy timidity. She did not lose her self-possession, but a rose-tint kept going and coming in her pure cheeks, and the white lids of her eyes drooped heavily. I noticed it more after West left us. She had finished her meal, but she poured my coffee, and sat chatting with me, and playing with her silver napkin ring. But some one called her at last, and she went out. The breakfast-room was upon the ground floor, and opened into the garden; there were people there talking.

"Who is he?" said the voice of a gentleman who had arrived the day before. "Miss Howe, I fancy—"

I did not hear the rest.

"O, he's an author. Writes well, I'm told; in fact, is quite promising. But he's poor; a very beggar, and has no social position at all. It's a wonder to me how he ever came here; but he's good company. I presume he is a sort of protégé of Howe's. Yes, I've noticed that Louise—"

They walked on. I knew how the sentence finished—"is very kind to him." I ground my teeth in a spasm of passion. Poor fool that the last speaker was, he was beneath my contempt; but I quivered with indignant scorn. I knew I was poor, but the fine courtesy of the Howes had made me forget it for a time; but these words thrust upon me the belief that I was looked upon by their guests as patronized by them. My blood burned in my veins like fire. I could not endure the thrust of inferiority. It galled me to the soul. And calm, pure-eyed Louise Howe was con-

sidered my patroness, was she? When she came and looked up in my face to talk with me, or laid her white hand on my arm, she was only kind! The thought almost stung me to death, for I loved her. O, I knew it then!—I loved her: I had placed her high, but not beyond my reach, which was also high; but *they*, fortune-favored fools! saw a gulf between us. Did she? Was she as sweet and familiar, because she believed I saw the breadth between us, and would not dare?

"Softened, quickened to adore her, on his knees he fell before her,  
And she whispered low, in triumph, "It shall be as I have sworn!  
Very rich he is in virtues, very noble—noble, *certainly*;  
And I shall not blush in knowing that men call him lowly born!"

She wore a snow-white wrapper with a tiny bouquet of golden mahernia at the belt. I took its sweet scent as she passed near the half-door, and I begged for one.

"You like them?" she said, smiling. "So do I! Do you know, Mr. Clyde?"—giving me three of the fragrant little bells—"I feel as if it were an affliction to wear flowers. It is such an universal custom among the heroines of novels!"

"But, Miss Louise, because they are made to adopt a sweet and beautiful custom, you should not discard it. The heroines of novels are not generally desirable people to copy from in all things, but this simple habit you should love and adopt for its own sweet sake."

"You are right, as you always are," she replied; "but I still cling obstinately to my wrong." And laughing, she tripped down the steps; she had gone to her morning task of gathering flowers for the vases. The next instant Waverly West sprang from the south door of the house, and joined her.

I watched them with an intense earnestness. She wore no bonnet. As she glided so purely white among the flowers, the sunshine seemed to fall down and fondle her. West kept close at her side; he seemed to be talking, and I thought she moved about as if she would like to be rid of him. She was pulling some purple morning-glories from the wall, when I remembered if I would catch the mail for the letters I had written for breakfast, I must go immediately to the office. I sprang down the steps. As I passed the garden wall on the other side, I heard Louise Howe say:

"I will marry no man who is not wealthy, and as well born as myself."

I heard the words as a criminal hears his sentence of death. My heart gave a wild, frightened bound, and then lay like a weight of lead in my bosom. I tried to say that she was unworthy, and it was not my fault that she was not as pure, and generous, and noble, as I had thought her. I could find no comfort in such reasoning. All brightness, all joy, all hope, seemed to be beyond my reach—never, never any more to be found again by me in life.

I could not but wonder at her after that day. How she could be so intelligent, and so charitable and sympathetic, and yet voluntarily bind her heart within such a wall of cold restraint, I could not divine. She would put her cheek against the white star on the forehead of her horse, and lie down on the grass with her dog, and let her bird feed from her mouth, yet when lover's love was mentioned, she answered from the coldest heights of pride. It was very strange.

But I saw the wisdom in this experience for myself. The summer's life had warmed and vitalised me so that the crust of prejudice had melted from around my heart; it beat fast and humanly again. I could see pleasant places in life for others, and I believed there were true hearts in the world and unselfish motives; and so I was grave, and not nervously misanthropical, because a heartless pride had met my fresh young love. Love had benefited me—made me purer and stronger, if sad.

The first of September I prepared to return to the city. Somehow I felt very old and grave. I told Louise I was going away the following day.

"So soon?" she cried. "Why, Mr. Clyde, the summer has not gone!"

I pointed to a vase of petunias that stood upon the table.

"Those are fall blossoms," I said.

"But they are early, and—O Mr. Clyde! has the summer really gone?"

Her voice was earnest and her eyes sad as she looked up at me. They were more than sad—there was a *pained*, startled look in their clear depths.

"You regret it? It has been pleasant to you?"

"It has been the sweetest summer of my life!"

I thought I knew the secret. I believed that she had learned to love some one of her wealthy guests.

"I hope you may see many more as happy, Miss Louise."



"Thank you, but I never shall. Mr. Clyde, did you ever wish you were back in your childhood?"

"Yes, many times, but it is a cowardly wish. It is a desire to escape from reality to illusion—from life as it is to life as it seems."

"But the temptation is so great when we reckon the sweetness of the illusion! We have roses at the noon of life, but dew but once—in the morning. O, the days that we watched its sparkle, and wondered what the still little flowers were thinking about, are always the happiest ones!"

"Miss Louise, I am surprised. I thought life was all a garden of roses to you."

"The roses have thorns, Mr. Clyde."

"Surely," taking the tender, little hand, "you cannot know what sorrow is."

"You would not say that, if you knew what is in my heart!"

"O, if you knew what is in my heart!" I thought.

"I felt something of this the night we rowed across the lake," she said, pressing her hand against her heart as if it pained her. "But I will not trouble you with my troubles, Mr. Clyde. Which train do you take?"

The troubled sweetness in her eyes, the sad smile on her mouth, gave me a wild, desperate resolve. I would tell her that I loved her. Perhaps there was a little hope; and if there were not, it might please her to know it, and it gave me no shame to tell what I felt. Her kindness was excuse enough for that. So I said:

"Louise, there is no one in the world who would receive your confidence more gladly, accept your trust more sacredly, or do more to relieve you, than I would. And do you know why?"

"No," she said, looking a little bewildered.

"Because I love you," I said.

She gave me a quick, startled glance, then her eyelids fell, and a soft glow rose up to her dark hair. Then her little snowflake hands fluttered into mine.

"And I love you! O Basil, that is what the pain meant! I have loved you all summer."

"But, Louise, will you marry me?"

"Yes."

The answer came frankly, with her trusting eyes on my face.

"Louise, you told Waverly West that you would marry no man who was not wealthy, and as well born as yourself."

"And I will not. You are rich in truth, and honor, and goodness—and why not as

well born, since you are as worthy of your manhood as I of my womanhood? Kiss me, Basil!"

And then I gave to my Louise our troth kiss.

#### ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

The manufacture of artificial pearls is very curious and remarkable. They are made of thin glass with the ordinary blow-pipe, and the liquor employed to imitate the pearly lustre is prepared by throwing into water of ammonia the brilliant scales, or rather the lamellæ, separated by washing and friction, of the scales of a small river fish digested in ammonia. These having acquired a degree of softness and flexibility which allows of their application to the inner surfaces of the glass globules, are introduced by suction of the liquor containing them in suspension. The ammonia is volatilized in the act of drying the globules. After having covered the inside of the pearl with this liquid, a coating of wax is added, which is colored to the required shade. The French are supposed to excel in the fabrication of artificial pearls. There are also manufactories in Germany and Italy, to a small extent, and the Chinese also manufacture them. False pearls were invented in the time of Catherine de Medici.—*Ladies' London Newspaper.*

#### VEGETATION IN NORWAY.

In a recent work on vegetation of Norway, it is stated that at seventy degrees north latitude ordinary peas grew at the rate of three and a half English inches in twenty-four hours for many days in summer, and some of the cereals also grew as much as two and a half inches in the same time. Not only is the rapidity of growth affected by the constant presence of light, but those vegetable secretions which owe their existence to the influence of actinic force on the leaves are produced in greater quantity than in more southern climates; hence the coloring matter and pigment cells are found in much greater quantity, and the colored part of vegetables is consequently deeper. The same remark applies to the flavoring and odoriferous matters, so that the fruits of the north of Norway, though not equal in saccharine properties, are far more intense in flavor than those of the south.

Indolence leaves the door of the soul unlocked, and thieves and robbers go in and spoil it of its treasures.—*Darkey.*

## THE CHORDS.

It was evening in New England,  
And the air was all in tune,  
As I sat at an open window,  
In the emerald month of June.

From the maples by the roadway,  
The robins sang in pairs,  
Listening, and then responding  
Each to the other's airs.

Sounds of calm that wrought the feeling  
Of the murmur of a shell,  
Of the drip of a lifted bucket  
In a wide and quiet well.

And I thought of the airs of bargemen,  
Who tamely recline,  
As they float by Ehrenbreitstein,  
In the twilight of the Rhine.

And then of an eve in Venice,  
And the song of the gondolier,  
From the far lagunes replying  
To the winged lion pier.

And then of the verse of Milton,  
And the music heard to rise,  
Through the solemn night from angels  
Stationed in Paradise.

Thus I said it is with music,  
Whereso'er at random thrown,  
It will seek its own responses,  
It is loth to die alone.

Thus I said the poet's music,  
Though a lonely native air,  
May appeal unto a rhythm  
That is native everywhere.

For although in scope of feeling,  
Human hearts are far apart,  
In the depths of every bosom  
Beats the universal heart;

Beats with wide accordant motion,  
And the changes among the towers  
Of the grandest of God's temples  
Seem as if they might be ours.

And we grow in such a seeming,  
Till indeed we may control  
To an echo our communion  
With the good and grand in soul.

As an echo in a valley  
May revive a cadence there,  
Of a bell that may be swaying  
In a lofty Alpine air.

As a screen of tremulous metal,  
From the rolling organ tone,  
Rings out to a note of the music  
That can never be its own.

As an earnest artist peeders  
On a study nobly wrought,  
Till his fingers gild his canvass  
With a touch of the self-same thought.

[ORIGINAL.]

## SIXTEEN AND THIRTY:

—OR—

## THE COST OF PASSION.

BY EDITH RIVERS.

## CHAPTER I.

A FOOTSTEP startled me. One affrighted glance over my shoulder, and the fatal letter was thrust between the folds of my dress, crushed, hidden, but rustling still with the tremor that shook my heart no less than hand. My cheeks were aflame, and the burning of my downcast eyes seemed to fall like a blight on the gorgeous mockery of rose blooms at my feet. I waited like a guilty thing for the voice that was to reproach my ready obedience to instinct my helpless yielding to an impulse, born of the gross elements in which my young life had been cast.

"Orissa, look up."

A firm hand touched my shoulder. I felt the face of which that footstep was the herald, dawning upon me, flooding the dim old library with the very light of manly truth. A broad forehead, with its overshadowings of thought and glee—the play of sunshine and lightings beneath; a firm, sweet mouth, unclosed for the utterance of naught but pleasant words; massive chin covered with a beard of brownest gold. There were the lineaments of the divine picture that for the last year had been growing upon the walls of my empty and silent life, till every nook and corner had become so many revel-halls for my bliss.

"My love, my wife to be, you surely can have no joy or grief I may not share. What, your face flushing, your form trembling under the weight of emotion, and my pulses retaining their eagerness and wonted play! Nay, sweet; let me help you."

I clutched the letter with a tightening hold. The crumpling sound awoke him to a sudden misgiving. I knew from the half-relinquished embrace—the falling chill of his tones.

"Orissa, I want to be trusted fully—implicitly. Can you not so trust me?"

An involuntary dropping of my head, and a relaxing of the muscles of my arm, furnished the slight assent waited for, and my affianced

husband drew the letter gently from my still reluctant fingers, whispering as he took me back to my place next his heart:

"Dear little trembler! The sooner this is over the better. And it shall be the last show of reserve between us, shall it not?"

I could not tell how this might end, and sheltered myself in silence.

"Darling, you do not know, you cannot know, how exacting my love has grown. I want you mine! Not alone this little brown hand, that in my clasp shall whiten and soften into rosiest beauty, nor even the rich rare soul hiding so timidly behind those velling lashes, destined under my fostering care to shine forth in matchless lustre. But I want to know and feel beyond the unlocking of a doubt, that each throb of this bounding pulse is a throb for me—that every thought and fancy springing from the luxuriant soil of your heart and brain, is but a blossom of my own planting. Can you understand me, love?"

I did not understand Ransom Burbank. It was not my time to read hearts as books. But I was too ignorant not to be ashamed of ignorance. So out of sheer desperation, and the exigencies of the moment, I ventured this implication of one whose name mingled with blessings, clung to the lips of each humble dweller about Hillside.

He did not heed it, but continued to regard me with his peculiar gaze of penetrative tenderness—busied himself a little in smoothing the wrinkled letter, then gathered me in his arms to a seat on his knee, silently caressing me, as one seeks to soothe the terrors of a stray child.

"Orissa, I am selfish in this. Life's crowning draught comes late to my lips, and I sip it with a deeper and more reverent joy than those to whom love has become a pastime—a familiar jest—a tale that is told. Twelve months ago I thought I had missed it, and eternity would find me athirst for human love. Sickened alike with hot-house fragrance, and the artificial bloom of fashion's gay parterre, I fled to my loved home. And here I have found my budding rose, with heaven's dew as thick on her heart as on her brow. I have chosen her before all the world. No other hand shall gather her. Mine, mine! forever mine!"

Awed by the solemn passion of his words, and stung by the little part of dissembling I had enacted, I sobbed out in a paroxysm of entreaty:

"O, Mr. Burbank, you won't be jealous?"

"I don't know, little one. I can tell better after measuring my rival."

And his frank blue eyes took in such a witchery of mischief, as bumbled half my dread. Resting his right arm on the crimson surface of the writing-desk—his left still encircled my waist—he bent forward, and through the sifting twilight began to read the communication that was appointed to work for me such a world of woe!

I watched him as ocean-wrecked mariners watch the distant horizon for the smallest speck that prefigures a coming sail. I saw the hot waves of passion surge redly to his brow—slowly retreat, leaving his face pale, cold and stern. At one of these changes, his arm fell from around me, and I slid from his knee, unnoticed, unrebuked, unbidden.

I stood there amidst the gilt and gloom, leaning against the crowded shelves, till all the rose-hued fancies I had woven into the woof of that afternoon's sunbeams faded into grayness, and slipped thread by thread through my fingers. Cold and shivering, with an indefinite sense of shame and misconstruction, I waited till the last page was turned, and the closing word passed in review under those eyes grown so terrible in the guise of scrutiny.

"Who is this Alden Brooke?"

The suddenness of the question made me start. His voice cut me like an unjust accusation. My heart grew steel in self-defence.

"My playmate in childhood, and I trust a true friend forevermore!"

"How old is your correspondence?"

"Two years—ever since he left his lame old father and went to a strange city." And my lip trembled at the recollection. I was yet a true child of nature—yielding as readily to tears, smiles, and flashes, as an April sky.

The changeful eyes fixed me, as the keen mind investigated the implied apology for my kindness, and my outward signs of emotion.

"What is he doing there?"

"Working at his trade—a book-binder."

"What age?"

"Twenty."

"Young, and I suppose handsome."

"I do not know, sir!" And now, for the first time since the opening of the colloquy, I looked my inquisitor full in the face. Step by step he had descended from the lofty pedestal on which my idolizing fancy had placed him, and just in proportion as he neared my former level, and towards which I always sunk in moments of temptation, I grew angry and insolent.

"Why have you never told me of him?"

"You are angry with me quite soon enough."

"Child!" he rejoined, almost passionately, "don't you know the difference between a voluntary and a forced confidence?"

"Perhaps you did not include that in your teachings of me. You remember I know little else."

Seizing at the humility of my words, and quite overlooking the bit of irony I intended to infuse, he regained his usual winning gentleness.

"Well, dearest, you know this pleasant interchange of thought must cease?"

"No, why?"

"Because this presumptuous youth addresses you in a language reserved henceforth for your husband—the language of love."

"I do not believe the word love occurs in the whole series. You may see every one!"

My words were flung out like a challenge.

"Very likely, but its spirit breathes through each line, and transforms every sentence into a glowing acknowledgment of the passion. I do not care to peruse the rest."

I was silent, not that I admitted the sweeping assertion, but from a consciousness of my inability to support my position against such an antagonist. And this idea of an inequality based on externals rather than the inner forces, beaming mistily through my undeveloped brain, tended more than aught else to the hurrying of my love-freighted barque on the stormy breakers lying just beyond a single gleam of sunshine.

"Orissa, do you want this arm to lean upon along life's rugged journey? Do you need this heart to love you through all coming time?"

Want! need! O, what revelations broke into my soul with the pronouncement of those two words! My whole existence, till I knew Ransom Burbank, had been one fixed eternity of both! Since, full to the brim—overflowing with new and ever-recurring delights! The arms I wanted were around me, close, close; the heart I needed was near me, telling in strong-passion-beats the story of its love.

"Sit here, my darling."

I was placed in the chair just vacated, before the rosewood desk. A warm breath fanned my cheek. The voice that was to me sweeter than the unimaginable music of the spheres, murmured softly:

"Write the intelligence of our coming bridal, and bid the youth a final adieu."

It was one of those moments in the history

of idolatrous woman, ere world knowledge comes with its chill as well as guard—when self is lost in devotion—earth is spurned beneath her tread, and heaven is but the smile of her beloved. O, that upon faith so pure, such fearful betrayals should ever fall! Wrongs must come, and the blindness of a trust so unreasoning invites them, but woe unto him by whom they come!

"There!" I had finished the letter, folded and superscribed it, replaced the pen mechanically in its stand, and now looked up with something of a martyr's holy fire, mingled with triumphant love, into the eyes that had watched my every word and movement. The answering gaze repaid me an hundred fold, and I turned my heart resolutely from the only friend of my once naked life without a tear.

The prolonged echoes of the old mansion clock startled me. Breaking from the arms that would fain have held me yet a little longer, I wrapped my shawl about my form—it was a frosty October night—and accompanied by my pleased lover, proceeded towards the door.

"Ah, I have left my letter." I hastened back to bring it.

"Orissa, do not delay now. I will mail it with mine, to-morrow."

The quick, eager accent struck me with the strangest chill. My perceptions were keen. Love had intensified them to their highest pitch. I had learned to trust them almost fully in my daily intercourse with a mind of superior culture. Without them I had been as powerless as any other unlearned country girl, with nothing but personal beauty, a high passionate nature, to recommend her. I did not stop to define it, but sought vainly for the missing object.

"It is in the desk, love. I placed it there. Do you really wish it?"

The apparent reluctance with which he gave me the key, made me study his face. A dissatisfied frown was clearly lined upon it. My heart stood still. Did Ransom Burbank doubt my truth of purpose? Was he afraid to trust my actions beyond the limit of his vision? I know not whether angel or demon whispered me to put to the test my awful suspicion. I only know that my nervous hand grasped the massive with a stronger and fiercer hold than that which in the twilight of this dark and dreadful night unfolded the letter of Alden Brooke.

"You had better leave it, Orissa. I shall not forget to mail it."

I shrunk back. Our eyes met in one transfixed gaze. Whether what I read there was the thoughts of his soul, or the reflections of my frenzied brain, it matters not. The same goal was as speedily reached.

"Mr. Burbank, neither you, nor I, nor any other, will mail this letter. I shall never send it. I was a fool to write at the dictation of one who knows me less than the veriest stranger travelling along yonder road!" And in a transport of rage I tore the delicate scroll in pieces.

A wild fright seized me as I contemplated the mad act, done past recall. I stole a side-long look at the man, who to my late towering passion had seemed but a mote in the sun-beam. How grand and majestic he appeared in that unruffled calmness!

"Hush, my darling. Let this pass. By-and-by we shall understand each other better."

Had he waved me from his presence as one unworthy to breathe the same atmosphere—banished me without a farewell, I might have sunk into a state of humility, from which he could have raised me at will—brought me to his arms by a word. But such a display of true generosity was beyond my comprehension. I found it far easier to forgive him for falling below my standard than rising above it. It showed me as I had never seen before, the immeasurable distance stretching between us, and my proud soul could not brook it.

He had moved nearer my side as he spoke, and was folding my shawl closer against the cold breeze sweeping through the open door. I snatched the fleecy covering from his hands, fixed my face as a flint toward the starless night without, exclaiming:

"We shall never, never understand each other! Opposite and warring spheres hold us. Here let us part, and take our separate roads."

My feet pressed the frozen ground. The dead leaves fluttered about me like a flock of scared birds. Before me glimmered a solitary light, and that was far down the valley.

A fleet step had overtaken me. A firm hand held me fast. A kind voice was striving to find my ear—my heart. Both were closed against him; and each knock for admittance but riveted another bar.

"Go back! Go back!" I cried, "to your world of luxury and idleness—your life of shams—your bloodless beauties—and leave me to my waving trees—my singing birds—the only voiceful things that never reproach me."

"And to—Allen Brooks?"

I could not see his face, and his guarded voice betrayed neither pain nor sarcasm. It must be one. I took him at the worst, as men and women are apt to take each other. The anger I had been nursing rose to a consuming flame.

"Yes, if he will take me! A thousand times sooner would I be his, an honored equal, a cherished companion, a fellow-troiler, than the miserable dependent on a rich man's bounty—the cringing slave of his caprices—the victim at last of his cruel neglect."

Wrenching my arm from his loosening clasp, which said clearly as dumb acts can speak, "Go, then," I fled with the swiftness of an arrow down the hill.

## CHAPTER II.

BREATHLESS and exhausted on reaching the little bridge, and still blindly persistent in judging a strong man of thirty by the stilted impulses of sixteen years—half expectant of a pursuer, I crept through the alder bushes into a path familiar to me as the beaten track. I crouched down by the brook—silenced my bosom's throbbing, and listened. No sound smote me here save the water's flaming against the rocks flanking this secret pass to my homeward way. I employed the pause in mailing myself in an armor that should resist all future regrets and opportunities, by accusing Ransom Burbank of being a proud aristocrat, against whose intolerance and exclusiveness my democratic heart with its passionate loves and gushing impulses would dash itself to death. I thought of his mother, too, in whose stately presence I had scarcely learned not to tremble. It was the rending of slavish bonds to be rid of her and him forever, as I was rid of them both this wild October night. I breathed it out in a whisper, and the hollow winds above me, and the rushing stream at my feet, seemed to say "Amen." It comforted me. Though all others should forsake me, Nature would remain true!

Again I listened, holding my ear close to the ground. No thrilling call—no nearing step—no expanding breath! He had gone back to his tall white mansion, with its broad crystal windows, that in the sun's earliest glow had seemed to my waking eyes the very gates of pearl through which I was to enter into rest. He had shut himself in with the gleaming statues, the glorious pictures, the world of books, the harmonious music, the



banquet of soul? I was without, in the darkness!

"It is well!" I said aloud, like the whistling schoolboy, to keep my courage up. "Who covets a prison, though it be a gilded one? Who disdains unfettered feet, though the road be sometimes thorny? Who scorns heaven's free air, because wintry winds pierce one's bones? I am content. Let me lack all things else, so I lose not liberty!"

I sprang up lightly, measuring my steps with care across the mossy stones, and then bounded fleetly along the sandy path, pausing not till I stood before the cot in the valley. It had been my home from childhood, but around it clung no hallowed memories to soften its rude proportions, or transform its naked ugliness into beauty. There it stood in its yellow, weather-stained garb, in a wide, open field, without the shadow of a tree to indicate its relationship to the forest kissing the distant horizon. Repulsed by everything without and within, visible and invisible, my hand fell from the latch. Shrinkling from the door, I peered steadily through the window that had guided me thither. A pitch pine knot blazed on the hearth, throwing fantastic shadows and glimmerings on the unpainted walls, the smoke-discolored ceiling flooding the two old faces with a transparency that brought their withered souls to the surface. Frozen cruelty, with an insatiable thirst for gain, stood out as distinctly on Adam Griffith's bald brow, as cringing fear and ignorant reverence had written themselves on the features of his broken-spirited wife. They were not my parents, and I thanked God while gazing on them both, that my veins were free of their blood, as my heart of the sordid passion and cowardly infirmities that had mingled there.

I could not meet that hard, prying man to-night. Too much of my service had been lost—thrown away, he would say now, the past year, to bear my unwelcome tidings. I had risen into a new value in his eyes, since the owner of Hillside made a morning terrace of the green slope this side the stream. His early proposal to teach me music and drawing had been received with strange delight. And two hours a day I was loosed from my drudging tasks, as a dog let out of his kennel. I did not dwell now on what those hours were to me. Next came whole days of absence, spent in hunting flowers in the forest, and scaling mountains for such views as appeared to me brief glimpses into heaven! I went home the first night like a culprit. The angry rebukes

did not come. Instead, much curious questioning, and nods of mysterious approval. Soon a boy was brought from a neighboring almshouse to fill my place as dairy-maid, water-drawer, hard-keeper, and the multifarious offices usually devolving on charity children. The last few weeks I had spent at the mansion by the request of Madam Burbank, whose pride revolted at the thought of receiving her daughter-in-law from the homely cot of Adam Griffith.

The shades of evening, nevertheless, had always heretofore found me in my accustomed corner, where the pitch-pine blaze could fall on my book, or seated at the window dreaming my maiden dreams, under the inspiring glances of the moon and stars. Alas! the nightly returns were over—the dreams had vanished.

No, I would not brave the storm awaking me to-night. Creeping around the house, I climbed through a frameless window and ascended the ladder-like stairs—to my garret, without so much as starting a mouse. I did the dwellers no harm. They thought me safe asleep at Hillside, and I had gained a lease of twelve hours in which to quell my tumult of emotion, and mature my plans for the future. The night grew colder. I undressed and went to bed as usual. It is only in romances that young girls fling themselves down under open windows to catch consumption and die. I had done with novels, and lost my faith in them from the moment the door of that magnificent library, with its real histories, fascinating travels, and glorious poems, swung on its hinges at my approach. But for the disenchantment, I might perhaps have packed up my scanty apparel, taken Alden Brooke's letters—the only ones I had ever received in my life—to play the part of jewels, and tramped out under the frowning heavens, across the midnight plains, dropped into some wicked city, and—God pity them—like thousands, sold myself for bread! I was assailed by no such perilous longing to escape from my painful dilemma. It may be there was in my making-up too much of the tenacity of the sapling, rooted in the seams and crevices of my native mountains. Swaying in the lightest breeze, bowing before the fierce tornado, escaping the fate of the oak, and dancing in the next sunbeam.

Before slumber overtook me, I nailed my resolution, to the purpose of grappling fearlessly with my cloudy present—taking back the ugliness and burden of my lot—wasting

no more energies in staring or helpless regret, but walking straight onward in my chosen path. Lastly, I sketched the outline of my future course toward Alden Brooke.

I had begun to think with a supernatural kind of awe, that his fate was in some way inextricably mixed up with mine. For him, whatever my designs or failures, I had been led to sacrifice everything. How knew I but in his friendship I might not yet find all I had lost?

Morning awakes me. I arose quickly, and sat down to the first lesson in my new task book. Opening a drawer containing the whole of Alden's letters save one, I read them over carefully. My heart throbbed, my cheek burned with an irresistible pleasure. It would have been a denial of my young womanhood to have sat there cold and unmoved. It is such a delicious thing to be loved, whether reciprocated or not, till we learn its dire cost. Mr. Burbank was quite right about the "presumptuous youth." And why should he not love me? It was meet. We were equals in everything. Could I love him? I might try. I had not seen him in two years. Possibly he had improved in the same ratio with his letters. The last had stirred a much wiser man to jealousy, if not envy. One word would bring him to his native valley. What would he think to see Alden Brooke and I promeneading up and down the morning terrace—his no more?

I wrote that word, then descended to the breakfast room. Adam Griffith's evil eye could not daunt me now. I had ransacked my memory and found a whip to keep a coward in the track.

"Hallo! you home? I thought you had taken up your abode at Ellside. When is the wedding coming off?"

"Never!"

"Tut! A lover's quarrel, I suppose—that's a thing easily made up."

"Understand me, sir! This is a quarrel that will be made up when you proud summit falls on its knees to this lowly vale, and lies as prostrate."

"Girl! Who has done this?"

"I, myself."

"In God's name, for what?"

"Because God never made me to crouch, an inferior, to groan an abject slave, to go mad under the master's lash, like your wife, there!"

I bent my head and heeded the last words in his ear. The victim sat by dressed in that

look of everlasting-eringing, which now at length had broken the vials of my wrath.

"That's mere dotage. She was always half fool. I didn't do it."

Ah, Adam Griffith! I knew what I was talking about. So did you. You tremble, too, for your secret and gold! You have found your conscience at last. It makes a coward of you. Henceforth a weak girl may lead you. She won't be hard with you, old man. She only wants a standing spot on her Father's footstool—a breathing place in his air. If she does not rule you, you will rule her, as you have ruled others, with a rod of iron. And the last is not wholly a simile. It holds a literal meaning as well. But the interpretation is not yet.

### CHAPTER III.

Own week later, Alden Brooke walked with me on the golden terrace. He had grown a tall, manly fellow, with the brightest of eyes, the richest of smiles, and the keener of wit. In his presence, the veriest misanthrope on the earth would have torn the crape from his cloudy life, and let the sunshine in. We talked over the early days when he used to drag me to school on his sled, thrash the boys for calling me "Ris Griffy" instead of Orion Wayne, and take the furrings that, in the impartial distribution of such favors fell to my lot, with as much grace as though they had been so many girlish kisses. And besides, such a panoramic splendor of city pictures as floated continually before me! Where had Ransom Burbank hidden himself during the years passed in city schools, the term at college within an half hour's ride of the glittering pageant—the entire round of his travels—that he had seen some of these dazzling things? Or, seeing, could refrain from representing them unto others? Why, my boy lover told me more, in the few brilliant hours spent together each day, of the great world behind those mountain ranges than the scholarly gentleman had imparted in the whole course of our intimacy.

Charmed into a willing forgetfulness of the past, I began to feel that my heart was being taken by storm. I could only wonder and wait, bidding him godspeed in the winning. Never was maiden more willing to be wooed, or lover more proudly hopeful of success. And yet the limited week of his visit—lacking a single day—had gone, and the magical word remained unspoken.

O, that Indian summer's day! How bright the dawn, serene its length, wearing to such a close! We had extended our walk to the confines of the village, a railroad station some three or four miles down the stream. A crowd had collected about the depot to witness the departure of a company of soldiers, made up of the finest youth in the country round. They had been ready for service several weeks, awaiting only a popular leader. It would be a rare sight for me, who had visited the village scarcely half a dozen times in my life. Supported by Alden's arm, I stood upon an eminence where I could witness all. Exhilarated by the martial strains, the inspiring banners floating above, I snatched my handkerchief and joined the throng in waving an adieu to the noble fellows marching to victory, and a jubilant return. Ah, we did not know what war was then!

The whistle shrieked, the music ceased, the engine came rushing on, holding its breath an instant, for the gay addition to its freight. Now came the partings. One scene was the eyecore of all eyes. The splendid form of the spangletted captain, bending over an aged woman—how she wept and sobbed in his embrace—doubtless his mother! Raising his head, he showed his face in a farewell bow to the cheering hundreds. O, my God!—it was the face of Ransom Burbank! One swift glance, like the concentration of many lightnings, swept the spot where I stood, and he was gone.

"You are faint, Orissa?" The supporting arm grew firmer, and the merry eyes looked tenderly into mine.

Faint, with that overwhelming flood of thought rolling lava-like through my brain. To have lost my consciousness a moment would have been the burial of countless agonies. No such relief for me. I stood and gazed on the moving train till it swept around the curve, as the poor wretch, rising on the billow for the last time, saw his ship sailing out of sight.

"Come home, Orissa. You look like a stone statue, and everybody's gazing at you."

"Yes, Alden, I will go."

In the multitude of gazers, I saw but one, and that eye made me strong to go forward, and mighty to bear the destiny I had invoked. It was the glance of the proud mother, turning away from her son's last adieu. I strode along the river bank, rejecting the proffered arm of my companion, seeing nothing of the wild touches of beauty that once had power

to wake my soul to sweetest frenzy. The sunny diuple in the bosom of the shadowed streamlet was heeded alike with the gold and purple pomp of the sunset heavens. All the loveliness, poetry and romance of my soul's life seemed suddenly to have slipped my grasp. Nothing was left but the gray sky of actual existence, the hard battle against want, the everlasting round of daily toil. I must make haste to chain my soul to the task wheel, lest at some casual rift in the clouds, the momentary gleaming of a star through my night of nights, the old longing should return, and I be tempted to soar again, to flutter another hour in the wake of an *ignis fatuus*, to break my pinions, and die forsaken, instead of flinging the gauntlet in the face of the future, as now.

Walking through the twilight shadows of the deep forest, I listened to Alden Brooke's passionate avowal, unmoved as by the wind singing autumn's dirge in the tree tops. And yet I accepted him, or did not refuse, which meant the same.

The touch of my hand chilled him as he pressed it fondly to his breast. The radiance overshadowing his face settled into a look of tenderest solicitude.

"You are ill, dearest girl. I have let you walk too far. Lean on me; you will not refuse me now?"

No, that breast was to be my support, my shield, my rest. I must learn to prize it, to make it warm against the cold encounters of the world, to keep it pure amidst earth's mildew and blight. I shrank instinctively. What had I to do with thoughts like these? They belonged to the gentle sphere of womanliness, from whence I had strayed and was lost. Thus, during the brief pause awaiting my final decision, holy images, haunting memories, remorseful convictions, pled with me against the cruellest wrong in the sum of woman's errors, the giving of a rifled heart to one who loves her wholly. As if there were any such thing as barter in the commerce of true love. But when, despite all, I yielded to the down-sweeping current into which I had so madly plunged, they forgot me. God's spirit does not always strive. Its next office is to harden, blind, condemn.

#### CHAPTER IV.

It was three days before the one fixed for our bridal—Alden's and mine. I sat by the cottage window facing the distant sandy road,

stealing out of the forest, stretching long and stark across the meadow, past the graveyard, losing itself under the alder bushes hemming the brook. I had been gazing on the sun-smit chain of hills. As thoughts of the approaching event took possession of me, I reverently withdrew my eyes from the beaming height, and dropped them on the gloaming below; I viewed its advance from a widely different standpoint than six months ago. I had lived so long since then. Fitful, passionate, impulsive sixteen no more.

A heavy calmness had settled down on my life, after the whirling drama of those two dreadful weeks in which I tore myself from one and pledged myself to another. Under the clearer light my soul emerged into from that darksome time, and when it was everlasting too late, I understood.

Ransom Burbank, I saw how at first my fresh bloom attracted him. His cultivated mind could not mate itself with what I was; but he believed me a genius, requiring no life-time for development, and schooled his heart to patient waiting. My daily progress, under his eye, grew into a wooing, sweeter than the *wearing* of another. I remembered how his grave face used to flash at each attainment, or revelation of the dweller within his chosen shrine. He had not talked much to me of love, till jealousy fanned its quiet glow into intense flame. I had come to discern how every word and deed of mine, in that autumn twilight, had fastened the conviction in his soul, that I was false, fickle, or dishonest. God knew me as neither. That it was hard for him to let me go, witness the entreaties and struggles of that night! The defiant flirtation—what else was it then?—confirmed anything, everything. Nought remained but to wipe me as a blot from his memory. It was easy after that last faithless picture. He saw my waving handkerchief; dazzled face, smiling lover; but, alas, he knew nothing of the madness that seized me, and swept my desperate soul out among the quicksands of falsehood, a wreck. He would never know it.

His mother had forsaken Hillside for a home nearer the seat of war. She did not love our solitudes, had yielded to her son's yearning for a few restful weeks in his birth-place. The protracted stay had ended stormily. They would not come again.

Here I reached an absolute certainty. My one love dream was over. And yet heart and life were strong. Mine was not of the sort

that breaks and dies. What lay before me? Should I give a curse or a blessing? It was in my power to bring heaven down to one waiting soul. I would do it, please God! With this resolve, I had taken up the year's toilsome march. I had travelled on, and found a measure of what every sincere and blameless heart may expect to the full-content.

"My future is not quite so gloomy as the surrounding scene."

I repeated it half aloud, in my childish habit, looking hopefully beyond the fields, where the stately trees mingled with the sky. A dark object broke from the shadows, and moved into the light; another; still another! I watched them with straining vision. To witness more than a single carriage, and that anything but a farm wagon, on this lonesome road, was an era in my existence. These were large and elegant vehicles. As they rolled slowly across the level reach of meadow, I could distinguish them clearly. The first was long and low, curtained like the night, with tall black plumes rising from the horses' heads, and nodding in the evening breeze. I had seen horses in the square of the storied page; I knew this was one. Breathing fast and heavily, I flung up the shawl, and leaned forth. The others were travelling benches, such as I saw in the nearest city, where a week ago I had bought my wedding dress.

Death—and here! I followed the imposing cavalcade with eyes more earnest than curious, till it disappeared in the deep ravine cradling our brooklet. I missed it a moment, but the rude echoes floating back, told me of the passage over the loose plank bridge. The entrance to the graveyard was this side, at the edge of the alders. Climbing summit after summit, dropping momentarily into the tiny vales, it wound up the hill. Whence its destination? How my heart shook and recoiled at the recollection that Hillside was the end of the broad carriage road. Beyond, it dwindled to a narrow, difficult pass through the mountain gorge. I sent a hungry look through the empty room, swept the wide, solitary field with a searching gaze. All alone! Would no-one come to my relief? How long could I endure the dreadful suspense? I felt like rushing out of doors, and rending heaven with my cries of alarm. But I dropped into my chair still and silent.

Adam Griffith and his wife had gone to the village. Soon they would return, and I should learn all. When I looked again, the

twilight and the mist had swallowed up the startling spectacle. O, if I could only force myself to believe it a mere vagary!

The lumbering tread of the old wagon struck my ear. I sprang to the door. The question arose to my lips. The wrinkled faces were bent on me in solemn compassion. Had they read me better than I knew myself? I hung around them with wistful eyes, speaking no word.

"Did you see the hearse and the carriages?"

The old men had grown amazingly kind to his child—he called me so now—and I did not repulse him.

"It was real, then?" And I seized his arm in pitiable weakness.

"Don't tremble so, child. It was only the body of Captain Burbank; he *sint* nothing to you now!"

#### CHAPTER V.

With what a knell did the old man's words fall upon my soul! Unheeding self, and everything but one, and she the poor mother, from whom I had witnessed his passing six months before, I gasped out:

"I know it, God help his mother!" and I sank down in a strange calmness on the doorstep. My prophetic heart forestold this an hour since, and its first wild agonies had been witnessed only by Heaven. His words had but crushed the last broken fragment of hope, and reminded me of an unwelcome truth.

"Tell her the rest, Mr. Griffith," I said. "Rissy wouldn't take it so terrible hard."

"There's *sint* much more to tell. He was killed in the last battle, and sent home to his mother. They had a grand funeral in the city, and now his mother has brought him back to the old place for burial. Come, old woman, let's have some supper."

Their footsteps on the floor and the rattle of dishes grated on my ear like the first handful of ground flung on my mother's coffin. I might have sat there till the night damps struck my fevered brain, and I had gone wild with my frightful stillness, but for the words:

"Come, Rissy, you'll catch cold. I suppose Alden will be here to-morrow."

I went in. Anybody could rale me now. I stole up to my little chamber. Lights were streaming from the windows. There was but one house to me that night in all the world, and that sheltered a face and form dust daged not touch till I had wept over it my long hoarded tears of penitence. It seems unnat-

ural in a girl never to have dropped a tear to the memory of a dead love. But in those first days of madness, my eyeballs were scorched and dry. When reason returned, I found it a sin to weep. Now the angels had taken him, who on earth or in heaven should forbid me the luxury of grief?

A wintry storm, the first of the season, was abroad. I welcomed it as I dropped noiselessly down the old secret-way upon the icy snow. The cutting sleet driving against my cheek was a kind diversion from the sharper pangs of my heart.

I shivered long at the door before demanding admittance. I felt that I might be regarded as a murderer stealing back at midnight to gloat over his prey. That haunting glance at the station-house returned and nearly made me what nature and circumstances forbade—a coward.

Madam Burbank did not know me till I whispered my name. Her stately brow unbent, and she drew me so affectionately to her bosom, that I unhesitatingly sobbed forth my errand.

"Poor child! You ask what God has denied the mother who bore him. They tell me—the friends who took him from the field of the slain, and who mercifully tore me from his coffin-lid, that no lineament of the dear face I so fondly loved—no semblance of the proud form I gave my country most willingly, remains to bless these aged eyes. Sweet mourner," and she, the haughty woman, kissed the tears streaming from my eyes. "You shall come near the sacred urn that holds his shattered form, and share a widowed mother's last vigil beside her only son."

I followed her footsteps obediently, blindly. I stood beside the coffin—my hands touched it—my tears fell upon it. In my agony I strove to lift my eyes heavenward. They fell on the rosewood desk. O, merciful Heaven, was there no other place to shelter thee for a night in thy final slumber, but this library! The scene of our parting, my folly and madness went over me as so many waters. His majestic face, loving words, and divine forgiveness, swept past me like a vision of angels, to show me all I had lost!

We sat together till the dawn, weeping over our dead, and offering prayers for the wounded and dying still stretched on the bloody field. When we parted—probably never to meet again, she had her journey to finish and I mine to make—she laid in my hand a sealed packet, bearing my name, and the words



"written the night before battle." I received it reverently as a dying testimony, for he fell in the next day's awful conflict.

I broke the seal in my chamber—the burial-place of many woes. Out from it dropped my picture—the rosy and passionate face he had taken between his palms and kissed so fondly the day I promised to be his wife. He had taken me to the village in his chaise, to sit for it, and I came back so proud and happy. I smiled at the sweet remembrance, forgetful of the deep grave that held him, and the broader gulf that divided us in life. How quickly I was flung down to the gates of despair! A folded letter met my gaze. My name was on it—the seal broken—the wrinkles in it still. There it lay glaring upon me like the ghost of a past crime. I flung it from me. The proof of my unworthiness had been kept near his heart as my glowing counterfeit. A little note fluttered from the empty envelope. Snatching it eagerly, I read a message that saved me from perjury, and kept my soul alive for that hallowed meeting still shining beyond the blue.

"My darling, you are with me to-night—not as you left me, in wrath and flame, but nestling to my bosom in the child-like trust that so gladdened my world-weary heart, never to prove false! I can swear it, by the anguish painted on your brow when I was swept from your sight. We shall meet again. Beyond the smoke and shell of to-morrow's battle, and perhaps a hundred like it, or in heaven. Either here or there, I shall find you, true, progressive, eternal. Be it as God wills, I am content—happy.

RANSOM."

## CHAPTER VI.

ALDEN BROOKS came the next day in his bridegroom attire. I met him with a clear, untroubled brow. The way was bright before me, and I waited not to confer with flesh and blood. Taking his arm, I led him to the fresh mound under the newly fallen snow. I told him of our mutual passion, all my weakness and frenzy, my struggles to brave and forget, the last night's weeping vigil, the revelation of his deathless love.

It was a bitter story to rehearse in the ear of an expectant bridegroom. I paused for the reproaches so dearly earned—waited for him to thrust me from his side, or fly as though stung by an adder. It smote him as a crash from the sun-lighted heavens, but he neither

wavered nor fled. A brighter crimson on his cheek—a deeper smouldering of the warm brown eyes—a gentler tone in his voice. And that was all. A momentary hush of the heart, as I recognized the spot that I had been beloved by two of earth's noblest men. And then I went on to say what I intended should mercifully crush out any lingerings of hope in his breast—that I no longer regarded him to whom my soul was indissolubly joined, as dead, but a living denizen of the celestial city, treading golden streets and wearing the crown of martyrdom. I said henceforth my life would be swallowed up in a single object—to make myself worthy of that world and the resurrection from the dead, where they neither marry nor are given in marriage. Now had my cruel wrong reached his soul. The blood forsook his face, a tremor seized his frame, a vice-like grasp was upon my arm.

"Orissa, do you mean that? I who have worshipped you from boyhood—resisted nigh unto blood the temptations of my path—put aside a thing that has driven better men to madness—am I to lose you at the last?"

Self-convicted, remorseful and powerless, I could only fling myself on his mercy.

"Would you take me with *his* name flooding my lips—an undying love consuming my heart—that vision burning over heaven's battlements and forever calling me to his arms?"

"Not now, Orissa." His voice was soothing and unutterably tender. Deeming me a victim of temporary madness, he could be patient and forgiving.

Standing by the wide-swinging gate dividing the snow-white field from the trampled road, where we were to part, Alden said:

"For whatever has been, or may transpire hereafter, I shall never reproach you. Will you grant me one poor promise—not to declare our broken anticipations till we meet again? I would make your home less painful, and, dear girl, pardon me for still hugging to my bosom a murdered hope?"

It looked a small favor—costing no evasion or falsehood. I acted as I liked now at the cottage without troublesome questionings. He did not know it, and I could not explain. The little world outside the gate rarely inter-meddled with Adam Griffith. I promised, seeing nothing of the bitter strait to which it would bring me. And yet had I known all, I might have done the same. What recompense is meet for the loss of a man's earnest trust?

The old man met me on my return at the

door. A strange pallor lifted the greenness from his face.

"Go in, Orissa, for the Almighty's sake, and see to that woman! I'm afraid of her!"

I shuddered at the picture. Crouching in the furthest corner, her face blanched to the snow of death, eyeballs glaring, white hair streaming over bent shoulders, the poor creature was hiding from her husband as though he had been an avenging fiend. On recognizing me; she threw up her arms in momentary gladness, and sank to the floor.

"He has not dared to treat you cruelly?"

And the hot blood rushed to my brow. From childhood I had been the witness of dread scenes under this roof. Here I had received my deep-seated hatred of oppression, my scorn of servility, my distrust of men and women in whom I discovered the merest approach to either. It may be my own early fits of passion were but the assimilation to be expected from a daily association with words, looks and acts of violence. I used to weep and tremble at first; then I grew indifferent, hard and defiant; at last, when the opportunity presented, I broke the galling fetters and was free. After that, I came to regard myself as a sort of umpire between the mismatched couple. No word. Tightly closed lips, fast-locked hands, iron-farrowed countenance.

"You will not keep anything from me?" I entreated, taking her wrinkled hands, and looking tenderly in her eyes. There was no dissembling in mine. From pity and the habit of protection, I had learned to love her. Still that stony gaze! There was something touchingly awful in the marble stillness before me. Flinging myself down at her side in a paroxysm of tears, I cried:

"O, mother Griffith, in mercy speak to me! Have I done anything to grieve you?"

The furrows relaxed, the eyes melted, one rigid hand broke from the clasp and smoothed my curls.

"No, no, not you?"

"Who then?" I must wring forth the secret now, or lose it utterly.

"The robbers—they've got the gold—he's killed me for it! See there! With an iron rod!" And she pushed the wild hair from her temple, and disclosed the reddened fissure of an old wound. I remembered that blow and the death-like stupor following it. The knowledge had served me well in one agony of my young life.

Adam Griffith came forward from his concealment. He understood the scene. The

outer wound healed long ago, but within rankled a hurt that cried aloud for vengeance.

"Old man," the tide of indignation ebbing out in the peaceful hours of the last year, returning like a flood, "your sentinel has gone mad at her post. Tell her that your vile dross is safe."

"Yes, yes, come here, both of you, and see."

The pitiable old wretch shook and cowered, as he seized a shoulder of each, and dragged us towards the broad fireplace, where the red heart of the oak crumbled under the cruel blaze. Kneeling down, he removed a single brick, scraped aside a pile of dust, and the sparkling coin met our eyes, the old man's and mine—not here! Seeing, she saw not—hearing, she did not understand—living, she was dead! Shivering under the horrible truth, the beggarly gold worshipper snatched at his wife's garments, and prayed unto her, while real tears stood aghast on his hard face.

"Forgive me, old woman. I didn't mean to kill you. I thought my gold was gone, and it drove me mad. You aint dead—don't say it again, and the gold is safe. Tell her so, Risey."

"Yes, Mother Griffith, you are alive, and there is the gold. Forgive your husband, and be kind while you may. 'Tis awful to weep remorseful tears over graves!"

The old man's repentant anguish stayed my gathering wrath, and I strove with him to bring her back to sense, to words, to her late reason—dimmed but not obscured.

It was in vain. Three months of incessant care and tireless watching brought us down to a night in mid-winter—the scene of a terrible tragedy.

I had warmed my helpless charge by the fire, undressed her as an infant, tucked her in among the blankets, kissed her withered cheek as was my wont, and crept up to my room next the sky. Here I could catch an occasional glimpse of the angelic face watching at heaven's portals for my coming, but O, my daily life below, how bleak and bare! No warmth—no light! Nought but the cold gleam of duty. O, day above, how long in breaking!

"Orissa, come down! Good God! What shall I do?"

The first words awoke me from my midnight slumber, like an alarm of fire—the last floated back, a wall of despair. I found the old man pacing the floor, wringing his hands.

"She's gone, Heaven only knows where! She aint in the house, I've searched it through,

nor the barn neither. See the storm without. She'll perish, and her blood after all will be on my head!"

Hurrying out of doors we alarmed both our nearest neighbors, half a mile distant in opposite directions. They in turn aroused the district, and the search began. Refusing the offers of the terrified women darting from their beds, I returned to the cottage to wait alone the revealings of the dawn. The sun was just kindling the east, when they brought her in, stiff and stark. Found under a snow bank at the foot of a hemlock beyond the brook. Bending over her in speechless awe, I did not mark the approach of two more, bearing another and heavier burden.

"Risey, don't! she's got beyead trouble. Look at me and lament! God Almighty has taken the rod into his own hands, now."

I looked. A form as prostrate, limbs as silent. Face only moving—speaking.

"A shock of paralysis, marm. He fell jest as we reached the hemlock tree. That will be a worse job for you than the old woman, if he holds on swearin' as he did all the way to the house."

## CHAPTER VII.

My homely neighbor was a true prophet. The remnant of the winter, after the solemn scene of the funeral, was spent by me in hourly ministrations upon one whose railings and imprecations drove the hardest visitor from the roof.

I alone could not flee. Neither did I wish it. God had set me a task, and with my native tenacity I determined to accomplish it, if death took not the work from my hands. Wondrous revelations had come to me with the experiences of the past year. I had seen the outer coverings stripped from proud, sordid and vulgar nature, and beheld the true light shining on the altar of each human heart. I had caught glimpses of it through even this debased tabernacle. I believed in the ultimate triumph of love. And I could afford to await for it.

It came with the birds and flowers of spring. I was sitting by his bed—he had made me move it into the kitchen, that he might the more easily watch the hiding place of his gold. He had been very silent and thoughtful several days, uttering no blasphemies, hardly an unkind word. It had been a blissful relief to me, but I yearned for some unmistakable proof of an inner change. Turning his head

—he could move it with difficulty now—he said:

"Risey, this has been a lonesome life for a young girl. I should have died long ago, with my sins heavy on my soul but for you. Your goodness, like the Divine, has led me to repentance—not that which is awakened by fear of discovery or punishment. I've had enough of that, God knows. But a repentance prompting me to a restitution of my evil deeds. You knew Squire Lombard and his sons were here yesterday. I sent you away so I could have all the joy of telling you myself. After restoring to each man what I had taken away unjustly, I have made you and Alden Brooke the joint heirs of my farm and precious gold. It has been to me father and mother, wife and child, everything worth living for, and almost dying to obtain! I worship it no more. Before your filial devotion it has paled into dross. My few remaining hours shall be passed in laying up treasure where thieves do not break through nor steal. Bless you, child, for the daily reading of that word. I cursed you at first, God forgive me! I knew not what I did."

I was weeping joyously over his late redemption, forgetful alike of the inheritance, and Alden Brooke. I felt not the dark presence hovering near.

"Risey," a fearful spasm crossed his face—"you will see how I have secured your happiness. Alden aint done right to leave you alone all winter. And you pining so, poor dear. I've fixed it, though—you'll understand—not to hold you—women are always true—but him. It stands thus. Should either fail to fulfil the marriage contract I myself witnessed, his share of the inheritance is forfeited. I was right, my good girl, wasn't I?" O, the earnestness of that look! and the unearthly brightness.

To have answered that appeal by an opposing word, or dimmed the dawning glory by a shadow of disappointment, would have been profanation. I would have starved first! Smoothing his brow—whispering in his ear words of holy comfort, I waited and watched his toilsome passage over the dark river.

## CHAPTER VIII.

We had returned to the house after the solemn rites of burial. One by one the neighbors retired to their homes. Alden Brooke and I were left alone. From the blazing hearthstone—it was a chilly sitting-room—he glanced uneasily toward the window where I

eat silent, self-contained and at rest. None but the merest courtesies had passed between us since his arrival. He had augured hopefully from the summons, I read it in his first gaze of questioning fervency. The will to which he had listened in petrified astonishment, explained away the sweet little mystery at his heart.

Again he was the subject of the torturing doubt, that had infused into his letters a melancholy so harmonious I had been unable to deny myself the pleasure of receiving them. He walked across the floor with a firm step and grave demeanor. Dignity and reserve became him—made him look handsomer and stronger. I watched him narrowly. I wondered whether pride and haughtiness would come with his new acquisitions. God forgive me! I had been used to associate such things. Besides, the desperate condition in which I had been left to battle with life, made me bitter.

"Orissa, do you not see how fate has joined hands with my long enduring love, and ordained us one?"

What! A consciousness of power flashing through his smiling eyes? Too soon! It moved me to the task I had deemed painful.

"I have defied Fate too often to be vanquished now. To save further words and unpleasant feelings, I have only to reiterate the declaration of six months ago. No earthly life can ever be inwoven with mine!"

It was a chilling thrust, sinking fathoms deeper than that passionate refusal above a new made grave. My inflexible tone, steady gaze, and calm manner, made it incontrovertible. He turned his face from me a moment, looking past the window, then he sought his hat and moved towards the door.

"Miss Wayne, pardon me. I meant to have gone without another word. I would not annoy you, but one thing I *must* speak. Here, before you, and in the presence of high Heaven, I wash my hands of any part of an orphan's heritage! I would die a thousand deaths sooner than stain my soul with such baseness."

"Sir," I rose up in the white heat of indignation, "to-morrow morning I shall depart from your house, leaving your gold untouched. Come back then, to take charge of it—mind, I give you sufficient warning—or leave it for the plunderers, the fear of which sent one poor human soul adrift. Think not I shall await here a like tragic end. I am no beggar, Alden Brooke, and you dare not treat me as such!"

The door swung slowly on its hinges, the light went out, rapid footsteps echoed on the gravelly path. I clung irresistibly to the window, watching with straining eyes the graceful figure till it mixed with the shadows. Then I drew the curtains closely, to make it night an hour sooner, flung a huge pine knot on the glowing embers, stole into my nook in the chimney corner, and wept, softly at first, and harmlessly as summer rain pattering on rose leaves. I was thinking of all the blessedness I had known, and it was not scant, for I had lived much in imagination, and who dwells there, rejoices in a world of his own bright creation. From out the sunny mists began to rise the rugged peaks, the frightful precipices, the deep ravines of my real existence. I reviewed it all with an occasional heaving sigh, and then gathered myself up to a fierce contest with the stormy present. So I had always grappled and conquered. But now, God help me! Lacking six months of eighteen, an orphan, without a single earthly tie, homeless and penniless, ignorant of the world, save through the medium of books—a poor recommendation for a wretched hand-toller—resolute as death never to eat a morsel of bread into which the brand of charity had been burned! Mine from childhood, I could taste the ashes yet! It had been proffered me again to-night, a life-long feast of bitterness, and I had hurled it back in the face of the donor with a vengeance that would silence repetition. Just before, I had crushed under my desperate tread a jewel so priceless and rare, that one might search the weary world through, weeping, and fail to find it—a good man's love. I had done it conscientiously, sacrificing the friend I loved, to keep myself spotless for him. I loved better, in the upper kingdom. I had done right in both, I could not beg, and I would not lie. But O, the desolation of the track before—the distance to the shining gate beyond!

Covering my face with my hands, I shrunk within myself, and let the tempest in all its fury roll over me. Thick and fast the great shivering sobs surged up from my breast, breaking in a torrent of tears and moans, I clung to my chair as though the next wave of sorrow were appointed to sweep me from my moorings.

Hush! What sound was that? The house haunted? They told me it would be—the superstitious neighbors. Where could Adam Griffith get so much gold unless—Poor fools, I smiled and sent them home. Then it was

bright daylight and human faces shone around me—now, black night and solitude.

I looked up fearfully, shudderingly. It was well to be thus forewarned, else at the sight meeting my gaze, I had fallen headlong into death's icy arms. A figure, still radiant, glorious. I had expected to behold it sometime, but not now, nor here. Raised for one hushed moment above mortal fear or passion, I cried:

"Do I see a vision, or has the grave yielded up its dead?"

"Neither, but a Richmond prison has disgorged its living. O, my waiting angel, my life's fullest joy!"

Ere the exclamation broke forth, I was snatched to a warm, throbbing breast, my lips drowned in kisses that thrill me yet, my heart fluttering within the clasp of arms strong, but O, so tender, my soul swimming in a sea of bliss, bliss beyond compare, exceeded only by the glory overshadowing earth-sundered souls when they meet in heaven.

"My Ransom, O, it cannot be! That burial—my picture—your farewell!"

And gathered once more to my seat on his knee, I wound my arms again about his neck, pressed my cheek close to his bearded face to make myself sure he was real, and no mocking dream.

"My mother offered a reward too tempting, for the body of her missing son. And darling, mine, you know little of the precious things bestrewing the field, where men pour out their lives, a willing libation to the world's last hope of freedom!"

And he slowly raised his sword arm. I gazed on it bewildered, dumb. It was handleless! Reverently, passionately, I carried it to my heart—my lips. One rush of blinding tears, and then—O my suffering country forgive—a bound of unutterable joy, that neither holy duty, nor thirst for fame, nor any act of conscription, could ever tear him from my embrace. He was mine, and mine only, till death should us part.

Alden Brooke invested the dead miser's hoarded treasure in a lucrative partnership with his employer. The old cottage cowers lone and silent in the valley, awaiting the time when worn with the city's din, the owner will come hither to build for himself and dear ones a nest of repose. I expect that hour, though he loves me yet. He is too strong, upright and unselfish to make himself forever miserable, because I am so gloriously happy. He writes us still. I can hardly realize that he ever wrote me, and not Ransom, my wretched

husband. I laugh quietly, as I think of that olden jealousy, and the eternal impossibility of a return, loving him as I do, so entirely,

"And to such refined excess  
That though the heart would break with more,  
It could not live with less."

I am writing this sunny afternoon at the rosewood desk. I hear a footstep in the hall. It makes me start, blush and smile. Ransom has been absent since morning. I cannot wait the dawning of his blessed face. I spring from my chair, strewing my pathway of roseblossoms with the leaves of my manuscript. I have grown so wholly his own, brain, heart and soul, that I cannot keep the charming secret, belonging rightfully only to the dear editor and myself, of an occasional indulgence in a sly bit of authorship.

#### SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

Saint John the Evangelist is sometimes represented in pictures as holding a chalice, from which a serpent is issuing. Mrs. Jameson informs us, that "Saint John is always in Western art, young, or in the prime of life, with little or no beard; flowing or curling hair, generally of a pale brown or golden hue, to express the delicacy of his nature; and in his countenance an expression of benignity and candor. His drapery is, or ought to be, red, with a blue or green tunic. He bears in his hand the sacramental cup, from which a serpent is seen to issue. Saint Isidore relates that, at Rome, an attempt was made to poison Saint John in the cup of the sacrament; he drank of the same, and administered it to the communicants without injury, the poison having by a miracle, issued from the cup in the form of a serpent, while the hired assassin fell dead at his feet. According to another version of this story, the poisoned cup was administered by the order of the Emperor Domitian. According to a third version, Aristodemus, the high priest of Diana at Ephesus, defied him to drink of the poisoned chalice, as a test of the truth of his mission; Saint John drank unharmed—the priest fell dead."—*London Miscellany*.

As the most generous vine, if it is not pruned, runs out into many superfluous stems, and grows at last weak and fruitless; so doth the best man, if he be not cut short of his desires and pruned with afflictions. If it be painful to bleed, it is worse to wither. Let me be pruned, that I may grow, rather than be cut up to burn.—*Bishop Hall*.



## The Florist.

The Violet in her greenwood bower,  
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,  
May boast herself the fairest flower,  
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

SIR W. SCOTT.

### Work for the Month.

Propagate carnations by layers and pipings. Propagate double sweet-williams and pinks by layers and cuttings, or slips. Propagate perennial fibrous-rooted plants by cuttings of the stalks. Transplant the large annuals from the seedling bed to the places where they are to remain. Let this be done in showery weather if possible. Take up all bulbs, ranunculuses, and anemone roots, etc., as the flowers and leaves decay. Water the delicate plants, if the weather proves dry; give a moderate watering every evening, but never in the heat of the day. Now get some hardy annuals, such as ten-week stocks, virgin stock, etc. Plant out China-asters, Chinese hollyhocks, ten-week stocks, large convolvulus, etc.; but let each root have a ball of earth round it. Examine the perennial and biennial plants, to cut off all dead, broken, or decaying shoots. Trim the African and French marigolds from their lower straggling shoots, that they may present a neat, upright appearance. Trim the chrysanthemums, which are apt to branch too near the root, and stake them neatly. Plant out carnations and pink seedlings into their proper places. Keep everything just moderately moist, if there is a long-drought in this month.

### Nosegays and cut Flowers.

Though these are very acceptable to most persons, there are few who rightly understand the art of keeping them long in a fresh state, or of reviving them when they are faded. It is true, that when a flower or branch is cut off from its parent plant, its support is thereby destroyed; but still some flowers may be kept in great beauty for a much longer period than others, and may for a far longer time than is generally done, or even supposed possible. For this purpose flowers should be gathered early in the morning, but not till the dew be nearly dried off them. They should be placed in a flat basket, or on a tray, so as not to press upon and crush each other; and they should be neatly cut and not mangled or bruised. When thus gathered, they should be covered with a sheet of paper, and immediately conveyed to the apartment where they are to be used, if that apartment be near at hand. But if they are to be sent to any distance, they should be placed in tin cases, such as botanists use when collecting specimens.

### Time of cutting Flowers.

Flowers should not be cut during sunshine, or kept exposed to the solar influence; neither should they be collected in large bundles and tied tightly together, as this invariably hastens their decay.

When in the room where they are to remain, the end of the stalks should be cut clean across with a very sharp knife (never with scissors), by which means the tubes through which they draw the water are left open, so that the water ascends freely, which it will not do if the tubes of the stems are bruised or lacerated. An endless variety of ornamental vessels are used for the reception of such flowers, and they are all equally well adapted for the purpose, so that the stalks are inserted in pure water. This water ought to be changed every day, or once in two days at the furthest, and a thin slice should be cleanly cut off from the end of each stalk every time the water is removed, which will occasion fresh action and revive the flowers. Water, about milk warm, or containing a small quantity of camphor, will sometimes revive decayed flowers. The best method of applying this, is to have the camphor dissolved in spirits of wine, for which the common camphorated spirits of the druggists' shops will be quite sufficient; and to add a drop or two of this for every half ounce of water. A glass shade is also useful in preserving flowers; and cut flowers ought always to be shaded during the night, and indeed at all times when they are not purposely exhibited.

### Proper Soil for the Rose.

The proper soil for the rose is strong rich loam, and well decomposed vegetable mould. If the soil be light, holes must be dug, and loam and dung forked in at the bottom of the hole, as well as the hole be filled up with the same mixture; for troublesome as this may be, it is the only way to secure a good growth and bloom, and it is next to useless to plant roses in poor light soil without this precaution. Kitchen gardens well kept up, will always grow the rose well, and unless the soil be very poor and very light, a good spadeful of rotten dung, mixed with the soil where the rose is planted, will answer all the purpose. As it is difficult, however, to give the rose too rich a soil, it may be as well, even if you think it good enough, to work in a spadeful of dung with it; for it will do no harm, even if the state of the ground be ever so good. As a general principle, it may be laid down that the rose requires rich soil; and that if you have it not, you must change the nature of what you have, by means of dung or loam, or both.

### Manures for the Rose.

One of the best manures for the rose is a mixture of one part of Peruvian guano, three parts charred turf and earth, and six parts of cow dung. A thin dressing of this should be pointed in with a trowel every spring. Roses may also be watered at any period of their growth with a mixture of one-fourth of a pound of Peruvian guano and eight gallons of water, to be applied with a watering-pot in the evening, or on a cloudy day.

## The Housewife.

### Boiled Plum Pudding.

Take one pound of good suet; cut it in small pieces, and add one pound of currants, and one of stoned raisins, eight eggs, one nutmeg grated, one pound of flour, and one pint of milk; to the eggs, previously well beaten, add one-half the milk, and mix well together; stir in the flour, spice, fruit and suet, and the remainder of the milk. Boil from four to five hours.

### Red Sugar-Beet Pie.

Pies made of the red sugar-beet are said to be delicious, somewhat resembling rhubarb-pie in flavor, though more rich and substantial. It is seasoned with vinegar, sugar and spices, to suit the palate. The root may be used without boiling, being chopped fine. Prepare the crust, and bake as you would a green apple-pie.

### Boly Foly.

Make a paste crust; roll it rather thin; chop apples, and spread them, with some chopped lemon peel, over it; then begin at one side and roll it up; tie it in a pudding-cloth, and boil for two hours; unless very small, serve with wine sauce. In the place of apples, any other fruit, jelly, or preserves, may be used.

### To perfume Linen.

Rose leaves, dried in the shade, or at about four feet from a stove, one pound; cloves, caraway seeds and allspice, of each one ounce—pound in a mortar, or grind in a mill; dried salt, a quarter of a pound; mix all together, and put into muslin bags.

### Boiled Custard Pudding.

Beat up six eggs, and add to them a pint of very good milk or cream; sugar and nutmeg to taste. Butter the basin you boil it in, and dip the cloth you tie over into boiling water, and flour it. Twenty minutes will boil it. Serve with sauce.

### Rice Pudding with Currants.

Boil for half an hour five ounces of whole rice in a cloth, with room to swell; then take it up; add five ounces of currants, three tablespoonsful of suet, shred fine, and two eggs well beaten; tie it up again, and boil it an hour and a half.

### Boiled Almond Pudding.

Blanch one pound of almonds; beat them in a mortar to a smooth paste, with three teaspoonsful of rose-water. Add one gill of wine, one pint of cream, one gill of milk, one egg, one spoonful of flour. Boil half an hour.

### Boiled Leg of Corned Pork.

One weighing ten pounds should be put into cold water; boiled three hours after it begins to boil.

### Roast Ham.

Spit a ham; set it before a moderate fire to roast about two hours, turning the spit frequently; then take it up on to a dish, peel off the rind, scrape all the fat out of the roaster, put it to the fire to roast again about two hours more; basting it frequently in the same way as for beef. To make the gravy, put the dripping from the roaster into a saucepan, add a cup of water, a little flour, and give it one boil. Served in a sauce-tureen. A roasted ham is far superior to a boiled one.

### Cold Butter for Tea or Breakfast.

This you can make up into many pretty forms, as small pats, in shape of a pine, making the roughness with a silver fork, and some done on a crimping board, and rolled on a cut pattern, either with name or crest, or scooped with the bowl of a spoon, then dipping the spoon in salt and water each time, it will form a shell; if sent up by itself, put parsley round; it may be used with anchovies, potted meats, or grated beef, or tongue, or radishes, etc.

### Boiled Ham.

A ham should be put into cold water enough to more than cover it, and boiled gently. A ham weighing fifteen pounds requires five hours' boiling. When about half done, and a part of the water has boiled away, add, if approved, a bottle of champagne, or a pint of good white wine vinegar; cover the pot close, to keep the flavor of the wine. An old ham should be laid in cold water over night.

### Pig's Head Cheese.

Boil a pig's head until the bone comes out, and chop this very fine; pound about eight soft crackers very fine, and mix this up well; add some sweet herbs, pepper, salt and spices. Put this into a mould, and press it for two or three days. It is very nice cut into thin slices, and eaten cold.

### To preserve Butter for Winter.

Take two parts of the best common salt, one part of good loaf sugar, and one part saltpetre; beat them well together; to sixteen ounces of butter thoroughly cleansed from the milk, put one ounce of the above composition; work it well, and put it into pots when quite firm and cold.

### Fried Pigs' Feet.

Make a batter with a little flour, water, a little salt, and one egg. Dip the feet in to cover them. Have your fat hot, and fry them until quite brown. Make a little drawn butter, and add a spoonful of vinegar to serve with them.

### To make yellow Butter in Winter.

Just before the termination of churning, put in the yolk of eggs. It has been kept a secret, but its value requires publicity.

## Curious Matters.

### "Is that Mother?"

Among the many brave, uncomplaining fellows who were brought up from the battle-field of Fredricksburg, was a bright-eyed, intelligent young man, or boy rather, of 16 years, who belonged to a Northern regiment. He appeared more affectionate and tender than his comrades, and attracted a good deal of attention from the attendants and visitors. Manifestly the pet of some household, he longed for nothing so much as the arrival of his mother, who was expected, for she knew he was mortally wounded and failing fast. Ere she arrived, however, he died. But he thought she had come, for while a kind lady visitor was wiping the death sweat from his brow, as his sight was failing, he rallied a little, like an expiring taper in its socket, looked up longingly and joyfully, and in the tenderest pathos whispered, quite audibly, "Is that mother?" in tones that drew tears from every eye. Then, drawing her towards him with all his feeble power, he nestled his head in her arms, like a sleeping infant, and thus died, with the sweet word "mother" on his quivering lips.

### How he got woke up.

A laughable case of somnambulism occurred in Salem not long ago. A young man left his bed and bedfellow and descended to the dining-room, where he opened the register to the air-tight stove, and pulling a chair near the stove, which by this time had become hot, braced his knees against it. This sudden start brought him somewhat to his senses, and he returned to his chamber. In the morning he was surprised to find a burn upon each knee, as large as a half dollar.

### An odd Carving-Knife.

A carving-knife was recently presented to the Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, Philadelphia, the blade of which was made of the point of a cutlass taken from the sloop-of-war Cumberland after her terrible conflict with the Merrimac, and the handle from a portion of a stock of a rifle once owned by the celebrated Indian Black Hawk, and brought from Florida by Captain Burk. The rivets are made from the ramrod of an old musket used at the battle of New Orleans.

### A curious Freak.

An old maid in Cologne was recently buried, and her funeral was attended by an immense number of people. On inquiry as to the cause of this honor being shown to a person of whom no one had ever heard before, it was found that she had in her will directed that ten silver groschen should be given to every one who followed her to the grave. Such a fact was not long in getting wind among the poorer portion of the population.

### Remarkable Optical Illusion.

The following instance of singular optical illusion recently occurred at Brussels. The victim was a gentleman, who, being somewhat troubled by cobwebs and spots in his eyes, rubbed them one night with a few drops of belladonna. In the morning the cobwebs were gone, but the old outer face of the world had changed. His newspaper, which had been placed by his bedside, was composed of type so small that he could hardly decipher it. He rang the bell, and his stout servant wench had shrunk into a thin little girl of ten years. He got up in a great fright and looked after his clothes—they were the garments of a child, but as his own limbs had diminished in proportion, he got into them. He found his wife and children at the table—the former a dwarf, and the latter a row of dolls. He hurried off to his physician; the horses he met looked like dogs, the dogs like rats. Everything was Lilliputian. Lotions were applied to the victim's eyes, and the next day Broddignag returned, bringing back the cobwebs and spots.

### Islandic "Skier."

Their daily food is taken cold, and consists chiefly of raw, dried stockfish and "akler." The latter dish is simply milk allowed to become acid and coagulate, and then hung up in a bag till the whey runs off. In this form it is both nutritive and wholesome, being more easily digested than sweet milk; while, to those who take to it, it is light, palatable, and delightfully cooling. Milk is prepared in this way by the Shetlanders, who, in the first stage, call it "run milk," and when made into skier, "hung milk." The same preparation is made use of by the Arabs, and it is also the chief diet of the Kaffirs and Bechuanas at the Cape. Our idea, that milk is useless or hurtful when soured, is merely an ignorant prejudice. Those who depend for their subsistence chiefly on milk diet, and have the largest experience, prefer to use it sour, and medical authority endorses their choice.

### Turtle Egg Butter.

One of the peculiar productions of Brazil, described by Mr. Fletcher, was "turtle egg butter." There are innumerable turtles on the sand bars of the Amazon, and the natives make it a business, at the proper season, to collect their eggs, which are deposited in the sand. These are thrown into a boat, and when a sufficient quantity has been collected, they are trampled by the feet of the Indians. After a short time an oily substance rises to the surface and is skimmed off, and this is "turtle egg butter." Many millions of eggs are consumed in this way every year, and the article is largely consumed. But Mr. Fletcher confessed that, although he had partaken of many strange dishes in the course of his travels, and had learned to relish them, he never could taste turtle egg butter. He didn't exactly like the manner of churning.

## Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

### SOMETHING NEW.

John Bull looks on with wonder at the ingenuity displayed by the few Yankees who make their homes on his soil. They are pretty sure to invent something that startles English old fogysism, and draws out the capital of the rich as free as water. As an instance of what we refer to, it seems that lately a Mr. Nathan Thompson, an American gentleman, has succeeded in organizing a company in England for the purpose of building boats by steam. The capital of the company is \$1,000,000. The works are at East Greenwich, where they occupy a space of 3 1-2 acres of ground, with a splendid river frontage. Here some most spacious sheds and boiler houses have been erected, with 23 machines for making boats, more of which are to be set up, so as to enable the company when in full operation to turn out work at the rate of 25 complete boats per day. By the present hard-labor method, to make a line-of-battle ship's launch requires at least from 8 to 10 days, and costs for labor alone, exclusive of material, from \$60 to \$80. Mr. Thompson has proved that by his machinery the same boat can be completed from the rough timber in five hours and a half, and at a cost for labor and machinery of from \$8 to \$10. The combinations of mechanism are, in some details, merely a novel application of old principles, though, as a rule, all the chief implements are perfectly new. Even, however, when old principles are used they are made almost new by the wonderful manner in which their sphere of operations is extended, and thus the same steam cutter which levels a lath for the side of a Thames outrigger is capable, by the most trifling alteration of the angle of inclination at which the knives work, to fashion a 50 feet oak plank for the side of a Margate fishing smack or a 100 ton yacht. Already the company have orders in hand to the amount of \$110,000, with a certainty of a large increase.

**CONTENTMENT.**—A contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world.

### NATURE IN THE CITY.

A few years since quite a number of young gray squirrels were introduced into the precincts of Boston Common from the country, and there they have made their homes and reared their young, and have become quite tame. These little graceful animals may be seen at all hours of the day frolicking upon the ground or chasing each other from limb to limb, in the very wildest spirit of sport, with quite as much freedom from fear as if they were at large in some dim old forest, or unbroken wilderness. They come readily on being called, and eat out of the hands of strangers and passers-by, and all without any apprehension of danger. It is a pleasant sight to see the children feeding them, and rarely if ever trying to annoy them. It is a daily occurrence to us, and yet we never fail to remember how different is the din and bustle of the noisy town from the green and silent shades that nature has dedicated to their tiny race.

**BOOK BINDING.**—Connected with our office is one of the most extensive custom book binderies in the city, and our friends are requested to leave their favors at our publication office, No. 118 Washington street, and they will receive prompt attention and at reasonable rates.

**FIRST-RATE PHYSIC.**—Some clever doctor has invented a new pill, to "purge melancholy." They are made of fun and fresh air, in equal proportions, and are to be taken with cold water three times a day. Sure thing!

**TRIBUTE TO A MASTER.**—A ball took place recently at Vienna, the proceeds of which are destined to serve as a fund, with which every year flowers are to be bought to decorate Beethoven's grave.

**SIREs.**—When are women fathers? When they are sighers (sires), which is not unfrequently the case.

**COAL-TAR PERFUME.**

In these days of new discoveries it is absolutely difficult to keep pace with the progress of the times. Coal oil, or tar, as it is sometimes called, which the wells of Canada and Pennsylvania produce, is now giving employment in its refining and various uses to thousands of people and millions of capital. Whale oil would be too costly for use in burning, were it not that these wells are pouring forth an inexhaustible supply of an article that is easily refined for burning and for various other uses. Coal tar has a most disagreeable odor, and yet the chemist obtains from one of its products a most agreeable perfume. This is nitro-benzole—a compound of nitric acid (aqua-fortis) and benzole. Coal tar when distilled yields naphtha, which is a liquid possessing great solvent powers. It dissolves gutta-percha, India-rubber, and many resinous gums. Naphtha, when distilled at a low temperature, yields benzole, which is a very volatile liquid. It has been used for making gas for illumination upon a small scale without distillation, but it is chiefly employed for cleansing soiled gloves, silks, etc. It dissolves grease and oils, hence its utility in cleaning light soiled articles. Benzole combines with nitric acid in definite proportions, and forms the heavy oily-looking liquid called nitro-benzole. Its odor is like that of the oil of almonds, and it is extensively used in perfumery as a substitute for it. We have also seen it stated that it is used in confectionary as a substitute for the oil of almonds. This is a dangerous application of it, because it is a poison, and is deeply injurious to the human system when taken in very small quantities. As a perfume it may be employed without much danger, but its use for this purpose should also be avoided. It may be safely assumed that it is not required, excepting to disguise unpleasant odors.

**THE DIVING BELL.**—The diving bell was first used in Europe in the year 1509. It was used on the coast of Mull, in searching for the wreck of a part of the famous Spanish Armada, some time before the year 1689.

**DEAD LETTERS.**—The amount of money taken from letters at the "Dead Letter Office" will, it is estimated, amount to \$30,000 the present year.

**BIG FIGURE.**—The Duke of Devonshire has an income of \$1,860,000.

**BANK NOTE ENGRAVING.**

Bank note forgeries, if provocative of ingenuity on the wrong side, do also inspire ingenuity on the right side; and now a new method of engraving and printing bank notes is announced, which is said to accomplish all that can be desired as regards security. The printing is so curiously interlaced, the black with another color, that copying by photography is impossible. The ornamental part of the plates is engraved from an arbitrary matrix of very intricate design, obtained by transposition after the manner of a kaleidoscope. No engraver could imitate or reproduce such a plate unless he were in possession of the matrix, which would seem to render forgery impossible; for a banker has only to hold possession of the matrix from which his own notes were engraved, in order to defeat any schemes of imitation that may be attempted. In a busy commercial community such as ours, a method which offers security to bankers will no doubt receive consideration; and it is probable that something might be made of the practical suggestions put forward by the late H. Bradbury, whose handsomely illustrated volume showed to what admirable perfection the mechanism for engraving had been brought.

**REFORMED DRUNKARDS.**—A writer in Frazer's Magazine says: "We have heard one who had had large experience in the temperance cause, declare that he never yet had known a reformed female drunkard, though he could point to multitudes of men who had been rescued."

**DRUM HEADS.**—To prepare skins for drum heads, the hides are not tanned, but soaked, treated with lime to remove the hair, then stretched on frames to be scraped and cleansed, and finally polished with whiting and pumice stone.

**WIFE AND HOME.**—Far sweeter music to a true woman than the tones of harp or piano touched by her hand, are the cheerful voices of husband and children, made joyous by her presence.

**ADIEU.**—There is something beautifully pious and tender about that word of sad import, "adieu!" That is, "May God guard you; to God I commit you."

**A CALCULATION.**—The dead exceed five fold the minutes since the creation.



## Facts and Fancies.

### AN ASTONISHING FEAT.

A correspondent, who says that he has laughed most heartily over the following astonishing feat, requests us to publish it in this column so that others may share his mirth. We comply with the request, making no apologies because the article was published some years since. It reads as good as new:

On the road between Boston and Albany a party was conversing, and one of the gentlemen was a mesmerizer—a regular “professor.” He was dilating upon its rapid development, its astonishing curative power for diseases, the extraordinary discoveries developed through its agency. Finally he got upon his superiority as a “professor”—a congenial theme—and here he was at home. After narrating a variety of experiments—some of them astonishing, of course—he spoke of the following with a gusto that was irresistible. Said he:

“Last week I was going through one of the streets of Rochester, and saw a man just ahead to whom I was anxious to speak. He walked too fast for me to overtake him without running, so I just straightened out my right arm, concentrated my will, made a pass at him—thus, and he stopped quicker than lightning.”

“Wh-why, mister, you d-don’t call that m-much of a t-trick, do you?” asked one of the listeners.

“Yes, sir, I rather flatter myself, sir, that it was a pretty strong demonstration.”

“W-w-well, it don’t b-begin with w-what I once did.”

“Then you are familiar with the science, sir, I presume.”

“S-s-some!”

“Might I inquire what was the case you spoke of?”

“O, c-c-certainly. Y-you see, I h-h-happened to be up in B-Batavia once, in the winter. G-going down to the c-cars, I saw a m-man on t-t-top of a building shovelling off snow. P-pretty soon his f-f-foot slipped and d-down he came. Wh-when he had got about half down, I just made a p-p-pass at him, and it s-stopped him quicker than p-powder. I c-came off w-without thinking a-a-anything more a-a-about it. If you are g-going to Batavia, I wish you would just let him down, for I p-p-presume he is h-h-hanging there yet!”

The crowd separated, amazed at the power of mesmerism.

### A WONDERFUL BOY.

“Pa,” exclaimed Cimon, looking as bright as a fresh bottle of ink, “pa, I’ve got a ca-num-scrum that you can’t guess—I know you can’t; now see if you can. How can eyesight be restored to a man what’s perfectly blind? Now tell quick, afore you think to tell right.”

“I give it up,” replied the old gentleman, ex-

pecting to hear something bright from the lad. “I give it up. How can it?”

“Let him carry a hive of bees.”

“How so?”

“Kus then he’ll be a bee-holder.”

The father sighed, looked at the boy’s mother, and then left the house for a long walk.

### AN OFFICER OF THE CUSTOMS.

An ambitious but not sensible man was recently appointed an officer of the customs, and stationed at a small port in Connecticut. Zekiel was his name, and the government representative passed his time fishing and waiting for business, for the arrivals were few, when one day “a long, low, black schooner” ran into port, dropped anchor, furled her sails, aquared her yards, and made all snug below. Zekiel momentarily expected that her captain would send her boat ashore with her “manifesto” for the custom-house, as in duty bound; but as hour after hour passed away without any indication of such a transaction, he began to be alarmed and suspicious. Determining to sift the matter to the bottom, he rolled up his fishing-line, jumped into a boat, and pulled off for the schooner, which he boarded. A man was pacing the deck to and fro with an abstracted air.

“Cap’n, sir?” said Zekiel.

“Yes,” was the gruff answer, which did not interrupt the promenade.

“Well, cap’n, I’m the custom-house officer.”

“O, you are, are you?”

“Yes,” said Zekiel, “and I want your manifesto.”

“Go to thunder.”

With that the captain resumed his march. Zekiel followed hard upon his heels, and looking over his shoulder in amazement. Here was a decided flx. Such a case was not in the books, and poor Zeke was nearly at his wits’ ends.

“Look here, cap’n,” said he, at last, “what are you goin’ to do about it? I jest advise you as a friend to gin me that ere manifest as quick as you can, and I wont say no more about it. I wont say anything about it to a single soul. But if you don’t—”

“Well, sir, what then?” roared the captain, in a voice of thunder.

“Why, then,” said Zekiel, stepping back to the bulwarks, “I shall have to report you to the collector.”

We should be sorry to soil our paper with the thundering anathemas levelled by the skipper at our friend’s head; he was over the ship’s side in one moment, and the next pulling for the shore with might and main. The moment his keel touched, he leaped on shore like a maniac, and loocomoted for the custom-house.

“Here, Mr. Collector,” he bawled out, “come right away along with me—you’re wanted. Here’s the very deuce to pay. Here’s an outlandish craft in our harbor, and the cap’n has been as sancy as a

woodsawyer's clerk on half-pay to me—and been calling me names—and wont give up his manifest, consarn his ugly pictur'!"

The collector started off post-haste. Arrived at the wharf, Zekiel pointed out the object of his suspicion and alarm.

"Why, bless your soul, Zekiel," said the collector, "that's the revenue cutter—it's sent here to watch you!"

A few weeks after that startling episode, Zekiel resigned—the only man that was ever laughed out of government employ.

#### AN INSENSIBLE LEG.

A member of the present legislature was addressing a temperance meeting the past winter, and after he had spoken for some time got rather prosy, but showed no disposition to "let up," though the audience waxed thinner. Finally the presiding officer got excited, and repairing to a friend of the speaker, inquired how much longer he might reasonably be expected to speak? Whereupon the friend answered, "he didn't exactly know—when he got on that branch of the subject, he generally spoke a couple of hours."

"That'll never do! I've got to make a few remarks myself," said the president. "How shall I stave him off!"

"Well, I don't know. In the first place, I should pinch his left leg; and then if he shouldn't stop, I'd stick a pin in it."

The president returned to his seat; and his head was invisible for a moment. Soon after he returned to the "brother" who had prescribed the "pin style of treatment," and said:

"I pinched him, and he didn't take the least notice at all. I stuck a pin into his leg, and he didn't seem to care. I crooked it in, and he kept on spouting as hard as ever!"

"Very likely," said the wag "that leg is cork!"

The president was suddenly taken with a fit, and the meeting was dissolved in a hurry.

#### A COLORED REFLECTION.

Professor Smith had a peculiar red nose—so red, indeed, that it was usually deemed a sign that the interior of the temple was dedicated to Bacchus. Upon this point the professor was peculiarly sensitive.

One day a chestnut, propelled by some invisible hand, was hurled across the school-room, and came so violently in contact with the learned gentleman's bald pate, that, glancing off, it spun almost up to the ceiling.

"Mr. French," thundered out the professor, "that was you, sir! I know it, sir! Don't deny it, sir! Your blushes betray it, sir."

"Do you think that I blush, sir?" modestly asked the student.

"Blush?" retorted the professor. "Your face is as red as a beet!"

"Pardon me, sir," replied French, "I think it's only the reflection of light—perhaps you looked at me over your nose."

#### THE BEAU'S MISTAKE.

Once in a grove, a pretty maid

Was walking with her "feller;"

While he was trying all he could

His ardent love to tell her;

When suddenly, with outstretched arms,

She paused—he thought her dying—

And then like Arneone broke the spell,

By pensively thus crying:

"Come, kiss me quick, my lips are burning,

For thy embrace my heart is yearning,

O, come!—nay, clown, I mean not you,

But yonder rosebud bathed in dew!"

#### MR. SCRUBBS IN THE LEGISLATURE.

Mr. Scrubbs is a short, thick-set, phthisicky old chap, who has been sent to the legislature for four or five years. Mr. Scrubbs is a smart fellow, and if there was anything going on in the house that required tact and cunning to command success, he was sure to be engaged by the interested parties in their behalf, by some means or other. Scrubbs had a pair of little twinkling eyes, that seemed to take turns in the visionary service they rendered, it being a very rare circumstance to find more than one of them open at a time.

Scrubbs could talk like a book, and sometimes, when it was highly desirable to gain time by delaying the taking of the question as to a bill before the house, he could make a tremendous long speech—bringing in Bunker Hill, Yorktown, Lexington, and other matters foreign to the subject. In short, he could puzzle the house and speaker to such an extent, that they scarcely knew what the question was before them, and certainly knew nothing of what Scrubbs was driving at in his heterogeneous speech and conglomeration of talk.

Once Scrubbs found himself in a minority, and very much interested in the passage of a certain bill; he had carefully counted noses, and found that four of his reliable voters were away and could not return before the next day. What was to be done? He had talked for an hour and a half, and from sheer exhaustion was forced to yield the floor to the other side. He heard his opponent's argument, and its effects upon the house, and finally observed that the question was to be put by the speaker. His cunning was never at fault. Just as the speaker's hammer rattled on his desk, preparatory to his going through the form, and he had already commenced to speak, Scrubbs jumped up and said:

"Mr. Speaker!"

But that functionary would not hear him; indeed it was out of order for Scrubbs to rise then.

"Mr. Speaker!" reiterated Scrubbs, peeping out of one eye, and then the other.

"Sit down, Mr. Scrubbs!" at last said the speaker, rather sharply.

"But, sir, I must speak—the fact is—"

"Order, order!" shouted the house.

"The gentleman will take his seat," reiterated the speaker.

"Mr. Speaker, there is danger!"

"Order, order!" shouted the members.

Scrubbs saw it was of no use to attempt to speak, and so raising his arm, he pointed calmly to one corner of the ceiling, and looked as much as to say, "you had better hear me." The members were puzzled, the speaker paused in his amazement. Seizing upon the opportunity, Mr. Scrubbs said:

"Mr. Speaker, I don't wish to speak on the bill; but, sir, there is imminent danger hanging over us!"

"What is it?—what is it?" cried fifty voices, following the still outstretched arm of Mr. Scrubbs with their eyes.

"I am told, sir, that the roof has partially given away, and you will see, sir, the big crack yonder. I propose, sir, that we adjourn, and that a committee be appointed to inquire into the state of the ceiling above, for I am told it is not safe for us to remain here a minute longer!"

Some ten or twelve of the opposition here withdrew. A committee was appointed to report the next morning, as it was now nearly dinner time. The next morning the committee did report that the roof and ceiling were perfectly safe. Scrubbs's friends had arrived from the country, the question was put, and he carried the day.

#### DANIEL O'CONNELL AND A WITNESS.

He was once examining a witness, whose inebriety, at the time to which the evidence referred, it was essential to prove. He quickly discovered the man's character. He was a fellow who may be described "half foolish with roguery."

"Well, Darby, you told the truth to this gentleman?" asked O'Connell.

"Yes, your honor, Counsellor O'Connell."

"How do you know my name?"

"Ah, sure every one knows our patriot."

"Well, you are a good-humored, honest fellow. Now tell me, Darby, did you take a drop of anything that day?"

"Why, your honor, I took my share of a pint of spirits."

"Your share of it; now, by virtue of your oath, was not your share of it—all but the pewter?"

"Why, then—dear knows, that's true for you, sir."

The court was convulsed at both question and answer. It soon step by step came out that the man was drunk, and was not therefore a competent witness. Thus O'Connell won his case.

Here is another instance of his ready tact and infinite resources in the defence of his client. In a trial at Cork, for murder, the principal witness swore strong against the prisoner, whose name was James.

"By virtue of your oath, are you sure that this is the same hat?" exhibiting one.

"Yes."

"Did you examine it carefully before you swore in your information that it was the prisoner's?"

"I did."

"Now, let me see," said O'Connell, as he took up the hat, and began to examine it carefully in the inside. He then spelled aloud the name of James slowly, thus—J-a-m-e-s. "Now, do you mean those words were in it when you found it?"

"I do."

"And this is the same hat?"

"It is."

"Now, my lord," said O'Connell, holding up the hat to the bench, "there is an end to the case—there is no name whatever inscribed in the hat." The result was an instant acquittal.

#### UNDERSTANDING LITERALLY.

The Belfast Journal tells the following story:—A gentleman of this city (Belfast) had at one time in his employ an Irishman possessed of a good deal more zeal than knowledge. His employer gave him a key one morning with directions to "go to the post-office and get the contents of forty." Pat vanished, but presently came back with pockets, hat and hands filled with a miscellaneous collection of mail matter, and the explanation, "I couldn't open forty, sir, but I opened all I could, and here they be!"

"Ah," said Dr. Boomerang, meeting a patient of his in Washington Street, "I need not ask you the cause of your being out again; you followed my prescriptions."

"No, I didn't, doctor. If I had done so, I should have been a dead man; for I threw them out of the window."

Ugliness is indicative of small intellect. You could not learn a bull-dog to "do a trick" in four months. If you're looking for an intelligent man, therefore, never consult a person who wears a frown, or takes to sulkiness.

A quaint old gentleman, in speaking of the different allotments of men, by which some become useful citizens and others worthless vagrants, by way of illustration, remarked, "So one slab of marble becomes a useful doorstep, while another becomes a lying tombstone."

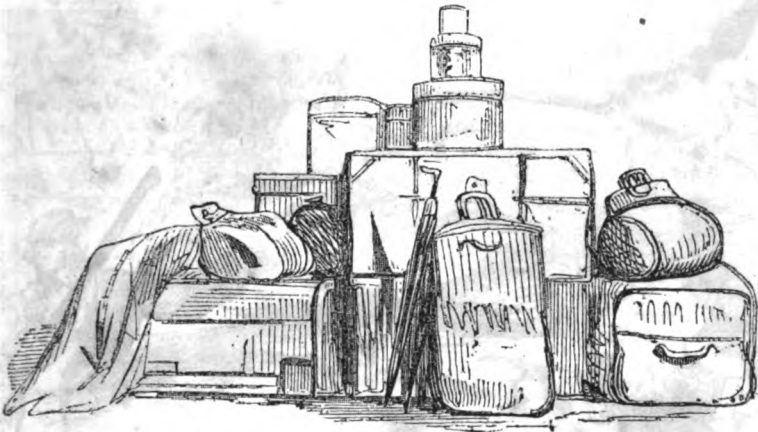
"Why don't you give us a little Greek and Latin occasionally?" asked a country deacon of the new minister. "Why, do you understand those languages?"—"No; but we pay for the best, and we ought to have it."

"That's what I call capital punishment," as the boy said when his mother shut him up in the closet among the preserves.

## MARIA MATILDA VISITS HER LOVER.



While reading his last letter, Maria Matilda thinks it would be so romantic to visit the dear fellow in the Army of the Potomac.



A few preparations are made in accordance with her decision.



A pleasant little episode upon her arrival at Washington.

# THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Agreeable company on board the boat bound to Aquia Creek.



The lovers meeting. A dilemma and a struggle. And a procrastination.



Maria Matilda has gratified her inclination to behold her lover in camp.